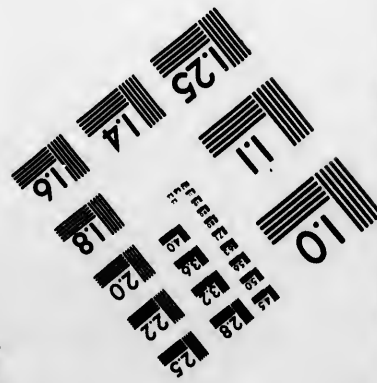
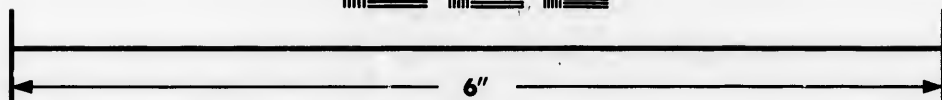
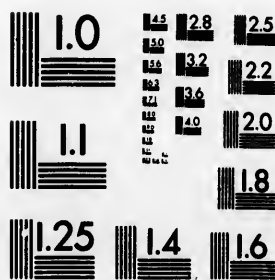


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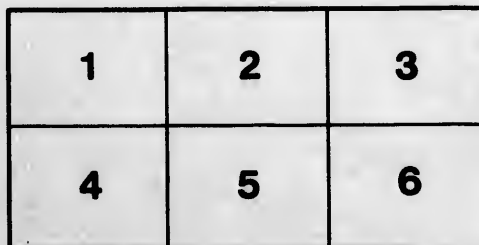
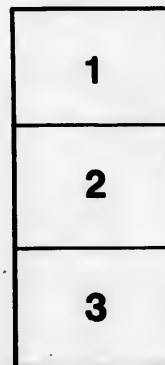
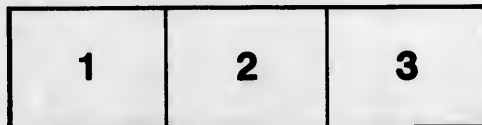
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MARK TWAIN'S SKETCHES.

THE CELEBRATED JUMPING FROG OF CALAVERAS COUNTY.

In compliance with the request of a friend of mine, who wrote me from the East, I called on good-natured, garrulous old Simon Wheeler, and enquired after my friend's friend, Leonidas W. Smiley, as requested to do, and I hereunto append the result. I have a lurking suspicion that Leonidas W. Smiley is a myth; that my friend never knew such a personage; and that he only conjectured that, if I asked old Wheeler about him, it would remind him of his infamous Jim Smiley, and he would go to work and bore me to death with some exasperating reminiscence of him as long and tedious as it should be useless to me. If that was the design, it succeeded.

I found Simon Wheeler dozing comfortably by the bar-room stove of the dilapidated tavern in the decayed mining camp of Angel's, and I noticed that he was fat and bald-headed, and had an expression of winning gentleness and simplicity upon his tranquil countenance. He roused up and bade me good-day. I told him a friend of mine had commissioned me to make some inquiries about a cherished companion of his boyhood named Leonidas W. Smiley—Rev. Leonidas W. Smiley, a young minister of the Gospel, who he had heard was at one time a resident of Angel's Camp. I added that, if Mr. Wheeler could tell me anything about this Rev. Leonidas W. Smiley, I would feel under many obligations to him.

Simon Wheeler backed me into a corner and blockaded me there with his chair, and then sat down and reeled off the monotonous narrative which follows this paragraph. He never smiled, he never frowned, he never changed his voice from the gentle-flowing key to which he tuned the initial sentence, he never betrayed the slightest suspicion of enthusiasm; but all through the interminable narrative there ran a vein of impressive earnestness and sincerity which showed me plainly that, so far from his ima-

gining that there was anything ridiculous or funny about his story, he regarded it as a really important matter, and admired its two heroes as men of transcendent genius in *finesse*. I let him go on in his own way, and never interrupted him once.

There was a feller here once by the name of Jim Smiley, in the winter of '49—or may be it was the spring of '50—I don't recollect exactly, somehow, though what makes me think it was one or the other is because I remember the big flume warn't finished when he first come to the camp; but any way, he was the curiousest man about always betting on anything that turned up you ever seed, if he could get anybody to bet on the other side; and if he couldn't, he'd change sides. Anyway, what suited the other man would suit him—anyway just so's he got a bet, he was satisfied. But still he was lucky, uncommonly lucky; he most always come out winner. He was always ready and laying for a chance; there couldn't be no solit'ry thing mentioned but thar feller'd offer to bet on it, and take any side you please, as I was just telling you. If there was a horse race, you'd find him flush or you'd find him busted at the end of it; if there was a dog-fight, he'd bet on it; if there was a cat-fight he'd bet on it; if there was a chicken-fight, he'd bet on it; why, if there were two birds setting on a fence, he would bet you which one would fly first; or if there was a camp meeting, he would be there reg'lar, to bet on Parson Walker, which he judged to be the best exhorter about there, and so he was too, and a good man. If he even saw a straddle-bug start to go anywheres, he would bet you how long it would take him to get to—wherever he was going to, and if you took him up, he would follow that straddle-bug to Mexico but what he would find out where he was bound for and how long he was on the road. Lots of the boys here has seen that Smiley, and can tell you about him. Why, it never made no difference to him—he would bet on anything—the dangdest

seller. Parson Walker's wife laid very sick once, for a good while, and it seemed as if they warn't going to save her; but one morning he come in, and Smiley up and asked him how she was, and he said she was considerable better—thank the Lord for his infinit mercy—and coming on so smart that with the blessing of Providence she'd get well yet; and Smiley, before he thought, says, 'Well I'll reek two-and-a-half that she don't, anyway.'

Thish yer Smiley had a mare—the boys called her the fifteen-minute nag, but that was only in fun, you know, because, o course, she was faster than that—and he used to win money on that horse, for all she was so slow and always had the asthma, or the distemper, or the consumption, or something of that kind. They used to give her two or three hundred yards' start, and then pass her under way; but always at the fag-end of the race she'd get excited and desperate-like, and come cavorting and straddling up, and scattering her legs around limber, sometimes in the air, and sometimes out to one side amongst the fences, and kicking up m-o-r-e dust and raising m-o-r-e racket with her coughing and sneezing and blowing her nose—and always fetch up at the stand just about a neck ahead, as near as you could cypher it down.

And he had a little small bull-pup, that to look at him you'd think he wan't worth a cent, but to set around and look ornery, and lay for a chance to steal something. But as soon as money was up on him, he was a different dog; his under jaw'd begin to stick out like the fo'castle of a steamboat, and his teeth would uncover, and shine wicked, you hear me. And a dog might tackle him, and bully-rag him, and bite him, and throw him over his shoulder two or three times, and Andrew Jackson—which was the name of the pup—Andrew Jackson would never let on but what he was satisfied, and hadn't expected nothing else—and the bets being doubled and doubled on the other side all the time, till the money was all up; and then all of a sudden he would grab that other dog fast by the jint of his hind leg and freeze to it—not chew, you understand, but only feet grip and hang on till they throwed up the sponge, if it was a year. Smiley always come out winner on that pup, till he harnessed a dog once that didn't have no hind legs, because they'd been sawed off by a circular saw, and when the thing had gone along far enough, and the money was all up, and he come to make a snatch for his pet bolt, he see in a minute how he'd been imposed on, and how the other dog had him in the door, so to speak, and he peared sur-

prised, and then he looked sorter discouraged-like, and didn't try no more to win the fight and so he got shucked out bad. He give Smiley a look, as much as to say his heart was broke, and it was his fault, for putting up a dog that hadn't no hind legs for him to take hold of, which was his main dependence in a fight, and then he limped off a piece and laid down and died. It was a good pup, was that Andrew Jackson, and would have made a name for hisself if he'd lived, for the stuff was in him, and he had genius—I know it, because he hadn't had no opportunities to speak of, and it don't stand to reason that a dog could make such a fight as he could under them circumstances, if he hadn't no talent. It always makes me feel sorry when I think of that last fight of his'n, and the way it turned out.

Well, thish-er Smiley had rat-tarriers, and chicken cocks, and tom-cats, and all them kind of things, till you couldn't rest, and you couldn't fetch nothing for him to bet on but he'll match you. He ketched a frog one day, and took him home, and said he callated to educate him; and so he never done nothing for three months but set in his back yard and learn that frog to jump. And you bet you he did learn him, too. He'd give him a little punch behind, and the next minute you'd see that frog whirling in the air like a doughnut—see him turn one somerset, or maybe a couple, if he got a good start, and come down flat-footed and all right like a cat. He got him up so in the matter of catching flies, and kept him in practice so constant, that he'd nail a fly every time as far as he could see him. Smiley said all a frog wanted was education, and he could do 'most anything—and I believe him. Why, I've seen him set Dan'l Webster down here on this floor—Dan'l Webster was the name of the frog—and sing out, 'Flies, Dan'l, flies!' and quicker'n you could wink, he'd spring straight up, and shake a fly off'n the counter there, and flop down on the floor again as solid as a gob of mud, and fall to scratching the side of his head with his hind foot as indifferent as if he hadn't no idea he had been doin' any more'n any frog might do. You never see a frog so modest and straightfor'ard as he was, for all he was so gifted. And when it came to fair and square jumping on a dead level, he could get over more ground at one straddle than any animal of his breed you ever see. Jumping on a dead level was his strong suit, you understand, and when it come to that, Smiley would ante up money on him as long as he had a red. Smiley was monstrous proud of his frog, and well he might be, for fellers that had travelled and been everywhere,

all said see.

Well, tice box town s a feller come a

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all said he laid over any frog that ever they see.

Well, Smiley kep' the beast in a little lattice box, and he used to fetch him down town sometimes and lay for a bet. One day a feller—a stranger in the camp, he was—come across him with his box, and says :

'What might it be that you've got in the box?'

And Smiley says, sorter indifferent like, 'It might be a parrot, or it might be a canary, maybe, but it ain't—it's only just a frog.'

And the feller took it, and looked at it careful, and turned it round this way and that, and says, 'H'm—so 'tis. Well, what's he good for?'

'Well,' Smiley says, easy and careless, 'he's good enough for one thing. I should judge—he can outjump any frog in Calaveras county.'

The feller took the box again, and took another, solitary look, and gave it back to the feller, and says, very deliberate, 'Well, seedr 'n no p'int about that frog that's better 'n any other frog.'

'Maybe you don't,' Smiley says. 'Maybe you understand frogs, and maybe you don't understand 'em; maybe you've had experience, and maybe you ain't only a amateur, as it were. Anyways, I've got my opinion, and I'll reek forty dollars that he can outjump any frog in Calaveras county.'

And the feller studied a minute, and then says, kinder sad like, 'Well, I'm only a stranger here, and I ain't got no frog; but if I had a frog, I'd bet you.'

And then Smiley says, 'That's all right—if you'll hold my box for a minute, I'll go and get you a frog.' An so the feller took the box, and put up his forty dollars along with Smiley's, and set down to wait.

So he set there a good while thinking and thinking to hisself, and then he got the frog out and prised his mouth open and took a teaspoon and filled him full of quail shot—filled him pretty near up to the chin—and set him on the floor. Smiley he went to the swamp and slopped around in the mud for a long time, and finally he ketched a frog, and fetched him in, and give him to this feller and says :

'Now, if you're ready, set him alongside of Dan'l, with his fore-paws just even with Dan'l's, and I'll give the word.' Then he says, 'One—two—three—git!' and him and the feller touched up the frogs from behind, and the new frog hopped off lively, but Dan'l give a heave, and hysted up his shoulders—so—like a Frenchman, but it wasn't no use—he couldn't budge; he was planted as solid as a church, but he couldn't no more

stir than if he was anchored out. Smiley was a good deal surprised, and he was disgusted too, but he didn't have no idea what the matter was, of course.

The feller took the money and started away; and when he was going out at the door, he sorter jerked his thumb over his shoulder—this way—at Dan'l, and says again, very deliberate, 'Well, I don't see no p'int about that frog that's any better'n any other frog.'

Smiley he stood scratching his head and looking down at Dan'l a long time, and at last he said, 'I do wonder what in the nation that frog throw'd off for—I wonder if there ain't something the matter with him—he 'pears to look mighty baggy, somehow.' And he ketched Dan'l by the nap of the neck, and hefted him, and says, 'Why, blame my cats, if he don't weigh five pound!' and turned him upside down, and he belched out a double handful of shot. And then he see how it was, and he was the maddest man—he set the frog down and took out after the feller, but he never ketched him. And—

Here Simon Wheeler heard his name called from the front yard, and got up to see what was wanted. And turning to me as he moved away, he said : 'Just set where you are, stranger, and rest easy—I ain't going to be a second.'

But, by your leave, I did not think that a continuation of the history of the enterprising vagabond Jim Smiley would be likely to afford me much information concerning the Rev. Leonidas W. Smiley, and so I started away.

At the door I met the sociable Wheeler returning, and he buttoned-holed me and recommenced :

'Well, thish-yer Smiley had a yaller one-eyed cow that didn't have no tail, only just a short stump like a bananner, and—'

Lacking time and inclination, I did not twait to hear about the afflicted cow, but took my leave.

HOW I EDITED AN AGRICULTURAL PAPER ONCE.

I did not take the temporary editorship of an agricultural paper without misgivings. Neither would a landsman take command of a ship without misgivings. But I was in circumstances that made the salary an object. The regular editor of the paper was going off for a holiday, and I accepted the terms he offered, and took his place.

The sensation of being at work again was luxurious, and I wrought all the week with unflagging pleasure. We went to press, and I waited a day with some solicitude to see

whether my effort was going to attract any notice. As I left the office, toward sundown, a group of men and boys at the foot of the stairs dispersed with one impulse, and gave me passage way, and I heard one or two of them say: 'That's him!' I was naturally pleased by this incident. The next morning I found a similar group at the foot of the stairs, and scattering couples and individuals standing here and there in the street, and over the way, watching me with interest. The group separated and fell back as I approached, and I heard a man say: 'Look at his eye!' I pretended not to observe the notice I was attracting, but secretly I was pleased with it, and was purposing to write an account of it to my aunt. I went up the short flight of stairs, and heard cheery voices and a ringing laugh as I drew near the door, which I opened and caught a glimpse of two young rural-looking men, whose faces blanched and lengthened when they saw me, and then they both plunged through the window with a great crash. I was surprised.

In about half an hour an old gentleman, with a flowing beard and a fine but rather austere face, entered, and sat down at my invitation. He seemed to have something on his mind. He took off his hat and set it on the floor, and got out of it a red silk handkerchief and a copy of our paper.

He put the paper on his lap, and, while he polished his spectacles with his handkerchief, he said, 'Are you the new editor?'

I said I was.

'Have you ever edited an agricultural paper before?'

'No, I said; 'this is my first attempt.'

'Very likely. Have you had any experience in agriculture before?'

'No, I believe I have not.'

'So my instinct told me,' said the old gentleman, putting on his spectacles and looking over them at me with asperity, while he folded his paper into a convenient shape. 'I wish to read you what must have made me have that instinct. It was this editorial. Listen, and see if it was you who wrote it:—

'Turnips should never be pulled; it injures them. It is much better to send a boy up and let him shake the tree.'

'Now, what do you think of that—for I really suppose you wrote it?'

'Think of it? Why, I think it is good. I think it is sense. I have no doubt that every year millions and millions of bushels of turnips are spoiled in this township alone by being pulled in a half-ripe condition, when, if they had sent a boy up to shake the tree—'

'Shake your grandmother! Turnips don't grow on trees!'

'Oh, they don't, don't they? Well, who said they did? The language was intended to be figurative, wholly figurative. Anybody that knows anything will know that I meant that the boy should shake the vine.'

Then this old person got up and tore his paper all into small shreds and stamped on them, and broke several things with his cane, and said I did not know as much as a cow; and then went out and banged the door after him, and, in short, acted in such a way that I fancied he was displeased about something. But, not knowing what the trouble was, I could not be any help to him.

Pretty soon after this a long cadaverous creature, with lanky locks hanging down to his shoulders, and a week's stubble bristling from the hills and valleys of his face, darted within the door, and halted motionless with finger on lip, and head and body bent in listening attitude. No sound was heard. Still he listened. No sound. Then he turned the key in the door, and came elaborately tiptoeing toward me till he was within long reaching distance of me, when he stopped, and after scanning my face with intense interest for a while, drew a folded copy of our paper from his bosom, and said—

'There, you wrote that. Read it to me, quick! Relieve me. I suffer.'

I read as follows: and as the sentences fell from my lips I could see the relief come, I could see the drawn muscles relax, and the anxiety go out of the face, and rest and peace steal over the features like the marvellous moonlight over a desolate landscape.

'The guano is a fine bird, but great care is necessary in rearing it. It should not be imported earlier than June or later than September. In the winter it should be kept in a warm place, where it can hatch out its young.'

'It is evident that we are to have a backward season for grain. Therefore, it will be well for the farmer to begin setting out his corn-stalks and planting his buckwheat cakes in July instead of August.'

'Concerning the Pumpkin.—This berry is a favourite with the natives of the interior of New England, who prefer it to the gooseberry for the making of fruit cake, and who likewise give it the preference over the raspberry for feeding cows, as being more filling and fully as satiating. The pumpkin is the only esculent of the orange family that will thrive in the North, except the gourd and one or two varieties of the squash. But the custom of planting it in the front yard with the shrubbery is fast going out of vogue, for it is now generally conceded that the pumpkin as a shade tree is a failure.'

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'Now, as the warm weather approaches
and the ganders begin to spawn—'

The excited listener sprang toward me, to
shake hands, and said—

'There, there, that will do ! I know I am
all right now, because you have read it just
as I did, word for word. But, stranger,
when I first read it this morning I said to
myself, I never, never, believed it before,
notwithstanding my friends kept me under
watch so strict, but now I believe I am crazy;
and with that I fetched a howl that you
might have heard twomiles away, and started
out to kill somebody—because, you know, I
knew it would come to that sooner or later,
and so I might as well begin. I read one of
them paragraphs over again, so as to be cer-
tain, and then I burned my house down, and
started. I have crippled several people, and
have got one fellow up a tree where I can
get him if I want him. But I thought I
would call in here as I passed along, and
make the thing perfectly certain ; and now it
is certain, and I tell you it is lucky for the
chap that is in the tree. I should have
killed him, sure, as I went back. Good-by,
sir, good-by ; you have taken a good load
off my mind. My reason has stood the strain
of one of your agricultural articles, and I
know that nothing can ever unsettle it now.
Good-by, sir.'

I felt a little uncomfortable about the
cripples and arsons this person had been
entertaining himself with, for I could not
help feeling remotely accessory to them ;
but these thoughts were quickly banished,
for the regular editor walked in ! (I thought
to myself, now, if you had gone to Egypt as
I recommended you to, I might have had a
chance to get my hand in ; but you wouldn't
do it, and here you are. I sort of expected
you.)

The editor was looking sad and perplexed
and dejected.

He surveyed the wreck which that old
rotter and those two young farmers had
made, and then said, 'This is a sad business
—a very sad business. There is the muci-
lage bottle broken, and six panes of glass, and
a spittoon and two candlesticks. But that
is not the worst. The reputation of the
paper is injured, and permanently, I fear.
True, there never was such a call for the
paper before, and it never sold such a large
edition, or soared to such celebrity ; but does
one want to be famous for lunacy, and pros-
per upon the infirmities of his mind ? My
friend, as I am an honest man, the street
out here is full of people, and others are
roosting on the fences, waiting to get a
glimpse of you, because they think you are
crazy. And well they might, after reading

your editorials. They are a disgrace to
journalism. Why, what put it into your head
that you could edit a paper of this nature ?
You do not seem to know the first rudiments
of agriculture. You speak of a furrow and
a harrow as being the same thing ; you
talk of the moulting season for cows ;
and you recommend the domestication of
the pole-cat on account of its playfulness
and its excellence as a ratter. Your remark
that clams will lie quiet if music be played
to them was superfluous—entirely superfluous.
Nothing disturbs clams. Clams always lie
quiet. Clams care nothing whatever about
music. Ah, heavens and earth, friend ! if
you had made the acquiring of ignorance the
study of your life, you could not have gra-
duated with higher honour than you could
to-day. I never saw anything like it. Your
observation that the horse chestnut as an
article of commerce is steadily gaining in
favour, is simply calculated to destroy this
journal. I want you to throw up your situa-
tion and go. I want no more holiday—I
could not enjoy it if I had it. Certainly not
with you in my chair. I would always stand
in dread of what you might be going to re-
commend next. It makes me lose all pa-
tience every time I think of your discussing
oyster beds under the head of 'Landscape
Gardening.' I want you to go. Nothing
on earth could persuade me to take another
holiday. Oh, why didn't you tell me you
didn't know anything about agriculture ?'

'Tell you, you cornstalk, you cabbage,
you son of a cauliflower ? It's the first time
I ever heard such an unfeeling remark. I
tell you I have been in the editorial business
going on fourteen years, and it is the first
time I ever heard of a man's having to know
anything in order to edit a newspaper. You
turnip ! Who write the dramatic critiques
for the second-rate papers ? Why, a parcel
of promoted shoemakers and apprentice
apothecaries, who know just as much about
good acting as I do about good farming, and
no more. Who review the books ? People
who never wrote one. Who do up the heavy
leaders on finance ? Parties who have had
the largest opportunities for knowing no-
thing about it. Who criticise the Indian
campaigns ? Gentlemen who do not know a
war-whoop from a wigwam, and who never
have had to run a foot-race with a tomahawk,
or pluck arrows out of the several members
of their families to build the evening
camp-fire with. Who write the tem-
perance appeals and clamour about the
flowing bowl ? Folks who will never draw
another sober breath till they do it in the
grave. Who edit the agricultural papers,
you—yam ? Men, as a general thing, who

fall in the poetry line, yellow-covered novel line, sensation-drama line, city-editor line, and finally fall back on agriculture as a temporary reprieve from the poor-house. You try to tell me anything about the newspaper business? Sir, I have been through it from Alpha to Omaha, and I tell you that the less a man knows the bigger noise he makes and the higher the salary he commands. Heaven knows if I had been ignorant instead of cultivated, and impudent instead of diffident, I could have made a name for myself in this cold, selfish world. I take my leave, sir. Since I have been treated as you have treated me, I am perfectly willing to go. But I have done my duty. I have fulfilled my contract, as far as I was permitted to do it. I said I could make your paper of interest to all classes, and I have. I said that I could run your circulation up to twenty thousand copies, and if I had had two more weeks I'd have done it. And I'd have given you the best class of readers that ever an agricultural paper had—not a farmer in it, nor a solitary individual who could tell a water-melon tree from a peach-vine to save his life. You are the loser by this rupture, not me, Pie-plant. Adieu.

I then left.

A NEW BEECHER CHURCH.

If the Rev. Mr. Smith, or the Rev. Mr. Jones, or the Rev. Mr. Brown, were about to build a new church edifice, it would be projected on the same old pattern, and be like pretty much all the other churches in the country, and so I would naturally mention it as a new Presbyterian church, or a new Methodist, or a new Baptist church, and never think of calling it by the pastor's name; but when a Beecher projects a church, that edifice is necessarily going to be something entirely fresh and original; it is not going to be like any other church in the world; it is going to be as variegated, eccentric, and marked with as peculiar and striking an individuality as a Beecher himself; it is going to have a deal more Beecher in it than any one narrow creed can fit into without rattling, or any one arbitrary order of architecture can symmetrically enclose and cover. Consequently to call it simply a Congregational church would not give half an idea of the thing. There is only one word broad enough, and wide enough, and deep enough to take in the whole affair, and express it clearly, luminously and concisely, and that is—Beecher. The projected edifice I am about to speak of is, therefore, properly named in my caption as a new 'Beecher Church.'

The projector is the Rev. Thomas K. Beecher—brother of the other one, of course—I never knew but one Beecher that wasn't, and he was a nephew. The new church is to be built in Elmira, N.Y., where Mr. B. has been preaching to one and the same congregation for the last sixteen years, and is thoroughly esteemed and beloved by his people. I have had opportunity to hear all about the new church, for I have lately been visiting in Elmira.

Now, when one has that disease which gives its possessor the title of 'humourist,' he must make oath to his statements, else the public will not believe him. Therefore I make solemn oath that what I am going to tell about the new church is the strict truth.

The main building—for there are to be three, massed together in a large grassy square, ornamented with quite a forest of shade trees, will be the church proper. It will be lofty in order to secure good air and ventilation. The auditorium will be circular—an amphitheatre, after the ordinary pattern of an opera-house, without galleries. It is to seat a thousand persons. On one side (or one end, if you choose) will be an ample raised platform for the minister, the rear half of which will be occupied by the organ and the choir. Before the minister will be the circling amphitheatre of pews, the first thirty or forty on the level floor, and the next rising in graduated tiers to the walls. The seats on the level floor will be occupied by the aged and infirm, who can enter the church through a hall under the speaker's platform, without climbing any stairs. The people occupying the raised tiers will enter by a dozen doors opening in the church from a lobby, and descend the various aisles to their places. In case of fire or earthquakes these numerous exits will be convenient and useful.

No space is to be wasted. Under the raised tiers of pews are to be stalls for horses and carriages, so that these may be sheltered from sun and rain. There will be twenty-four of these stalls, each stall to be entered by an arch of ornamental masonry—no doors to open or shut. Consequently, the outside base of the church will have a formidable port-hole look, like a man-of-war. The stalls are to be so mailed with 'deadeners,' and so thoroughly plastered, that neither sound nor smell can ascend to the church and offend the worshippers. The horses will be in attendance at church but an hour or two at a time, of course, and can defile the stalls but little; an immediate cleansing after they leave is to set that all right again.

There is to be no steeple on the church—merely because no practical use can be made of it.

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There is to be no bell, because all men know what time church service begins without that exasperating nuisance. In explanation of this remark, I will state that at home I suffer in the vicinity and under the distracting clangour of thirteen church bells, all of whom (is that right?) clamour at once, and no two in accord. A large part of my time is taken up in devising cruel and unusual sufferings, and in fancy inflicting them on those bell-ringers, and having a good time.

The second building is to be less lofty than the church; it is to be built right against the rear of it, and communicate with it by a door. It is to have two stories. On the first floor will be three distinct Sunday school rooms—all large, but one considerably larger than the other two. The Sunday school connected with Mr. Beecher's church has always been a 'graded one,' and each department singularly thorough in its grade of instruction; the pupil wins his advancement to the higher grades by hard-won proficiency, not by merely added years. The largest of the three compartments will be used as the main Sunday school room and for the week-day evening lecture.

The whole upper storey of this large building will be well lighted and ventilated, and occupied wholly as a play-room for the children of the church, and it will stand open and welcome to them through all the week-days. They can fill it with their playthings if they choose, and, besides, it will be furnished with dumb-bells, swings, rocking-horses, and all such matters as children delight in. The idea is to make a child look upon a church as only another home, and a sunny one, rather than a dismal exile or a prison.

The third building will be less lofty than the second; it will adjoin the rear of the second, and communicate with it by a door or doors. It will consist of three stories. Like the other two buildings, it will cover considerable ground. On the first floor will be the 'church parlours,' where the usual social gatherings of modern congregations are held. On the same floor, and opening into the parlours, will be a reception room, and also a circulating library—a free library—not simply free to the church membership, but to everybody, just as is the present library of Mr. Beecher's church (and few libraries are more extensively and more diligently and gratefully used than this one). Also on this floor, and communicating with the parlours, will be—tell it not in Gath, publish it not in Askelon!—six bath rooms!—hot and cold water—free tickets issued to any applicant

among the unclean of the congregation! The idea is sound and sensible, for this reason: Many members of all congregations have no good bathing facilities, and are not able to pay for them at the barbers' shops without feeling the expense; and yet a luxurious bath is a thing that all civilized beings greatly enjoy and derive healthy benefit from. The church buildings are to be heated by steam, and consequently the waste steam can be very judiciously utilized in the proposed bath-rooms. In speaking of this bath-room project, I have revealed a state secret—but I never could keep one of any kind, state or otherwise. Even the congregation were not to know of this matter—the building committee were to leave it unmentioned in their report; but I got hold of it—and from a member of that committee, too—and I had rather part with one of my hind legs than keep still about it. The bath rooms are unquestionably to be built, and so why not tell it?

In the second storey of this third building will be the permanent residence of the 'church missionary,' a lady who constantly looks after the poor and sick of the church; also a set of lodging and living rooms for the janitors (or janitresses?—for they will be women, Mr. Beecher holding that women are tidier and more efficient in such a position than men, and that they ought to dwell upon the premises and give them their undivided care); also on this second floor are to be six rooms to do duty as a church infirmary for the sick poor of the congregation, this church having always supported and taken care of its own unfortunates instead of leaving them to the public charity. In the infirmary will be kept one or two water-beds (for invalids whose pains will not allow them to lie on a less yielding substance), and half-a-dozen reclining invalid chairs at present belonging to the church, are always in demand and never out of service. Part of the appurtenances of the new church will be a horse and an easy vehicle, to be kept and driven by a janitor, and used wholly for giving the church's indigent invalids air and exercise. It is found that such an establishment is daily needed—so much so, indeed, as to almost amount to a church necessity.

The third storey of this building is to be occupied as the church kitchen, and it is sensibly placed aloft, so that the ascending noises and boarding-house smells shall go up and aggravate the birds instead of the saints—except such of the latter as are above the clouds, and they can easily keep out the way of it, no doubt. Dumb-waiters will carry the food down to the church parlours,

instead of up. Why is it that nobody has thought of the simple wisdom of this arrangement before? Is it for a church to step forward and tell us how to get rid of kitchen smells and noises? If it be asked why the new church will need a kitchen, I remind the reader of the infirmiry occupants, etc. They must eat; and, besides, social gatherings of members of this congregation meet at the church parlours as often as three and four evenings a week, and sew, drink tea, and g—g—. It commences with g, I think, but somehow I cannot think of the word. The new church parlours will be large, and it is intended that these social gatherings shall be promoted and encouraged, and that they shall take an added phase, viz., when several families want to indulge in a little reunion, and have not room in their small houses at home, they can have it in the church parlours. You will notice in every feature of this new church one predominant idea and purpose always discernible—the binding together of the congregation as a family, and the making of the church a home. You see it in the play-room, the library, the parlours, the baths, the infirmiry—it is everywhere. It is the great central, ruling idea. To entirely consummate such a thing would be impossible with nearly any other congregation in the Union; but after sixteen years of moulding and teaching, Mr. Beecher has made it wholly possible and practicable with this one. It is not stretching metaphor too far to say that he is the father of his people, and his church their mother.

If the new church project is a curiosity, it is still but an inferior curiosity compared to the plan of raising the money for it. One could have told with his eyes shut and one hand tied behind him, that it originated with a Beecher—I was going to say with a lunatic, but the success of the plan robs me of the opportunity.

When it was decided to build a new edifice at a cost of not less than 40,000 nor more than 50,000 dollars (for the membership is not three hundred and fifty strong, and there are not six men in it who can strictly be called rich), Mr. Beecher gave to each member a printed circular worded as follows—each circular enclosed in an envelope prepaid and addressed to himself, to be returned through the post-office:—

[CONFIDENTIAL.]

It is proposed to build a meeting-house and other rooms for the use of the church. To do this work honestly and well, it is proposed to spend one year in raising a part of the money in advance, and in getting plans and making contracts.

One year—plans and contracts..... April 1, 1871 to 1872
One year—build and cover 1872 to 1873
in.....
One year—plaster, finish and furnish..... 1873 to 1874
One year—pay for in full and dedicate..... 1874 to 1875
It is proposed to expend not less than twenty thousand dollars nor more than fifty thousand—according to the ability shown by the returns of these cards of confidential subscription. Any member of the church and congregation, or any friend of the church, is allowed and invited to subscribe. But no one is urged.

T. K. BEECHER, Pastor.

To help build our meeting-house I think that I will be able to give
Not less than.....T.....and
Not more than.....
Each year for four years, beginning April 1, 1871.

Or I can make in one payment.....
Trusting in the Lord to help me, I hereby subscribe the same as noted above.

Name.....
Residence.....

The subscriptions were to be wholly voluntary and strictly confidential; no one was to know the amount of a man's subscription except himself and the minister; nobody was urged to give anything at all; all were simply invited to give whatever sum they felt was right and just, from ten cents upward, and no questions asked, no criticisms made, no revelations uttered. There was no possible chance for glory, for even though a man gave his whole fortune nobody would ever know it. I do not know what anything has struck me as being so utopian, so absurdly romantic, so ignorant on its face of human nature. And so anybody would have thought. Parties said Mr. Beecher had 'educated' his people, and that each would give as he privately felt able, and not bother about the glory. I believed human nature to be a more potent educator than any minister, and that the result would show it. But I was wrong. At the end of a month or two, some two-thirds of the circulars had wended back, one by one, to the pastor, silently and secretly, through the post-office, and then, without mentioning the name of any giver or the amount of his gift, Mr. Beecher announced from the pulpit that all the money needed was pledged—the certain amount being over 45,000 dollars, and the possible amount over 53,000 dollars. When the remainder of the circulars have come in, it is confidently expected and believed that they will add to these amounts a sum of not less than 10,000 dollars. A great many subscriptions from children and working men consisted of cash enclosures ranging from a ten-cent currency stamp to five, ten, and fifteen dollars. As I said before, the plan of levying the building tax, and the success of the plan, are much more curious and surprising

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ing than the exceedingly curious edifice the money is to create.

The reason the moneys are to be paid in four annual instalments—for that is the plan—is, partly to make the payments easy, but chiefly because the church is to be substantially built, and its several parts allowed a good part of the first year to settle and compact them themselves, after completion; the walls the second year; and so forth and so on. There is to be no work done by contract and no unseasoned wood used. The materials are to be sound and good; and honest, competent, conscientious workmen (Beecher says there are such, the opinion of the world to the contrary notwithstanding) hired at full wages, by the day, to put them together.

The above statements are all true and genuine, according to the oath I have already made thereto, and which I am now about to repeat before a notary in legal form, with my hand upon the Book. Consequently, we are going to have at least one sensible but very, very curious church in America.

I am aware that I had no business to tell all these matters, but the reporter instinct was strong upon me, and I could not help it. And besides, they were in everybody's mouth in Elmira anyway.

THE STORY OF A BAD LITTLE BOY WHO DIDN'T COME TO GRIEF.

Once there was a bad little boy, whose name was Jim—though, if you notice, you will find that bad little boys are nearly always called James in your Sunday-school books. It was very strange, but still it was true, that this one was simply called Jim.

He didn't have any sick mother, either—a sick mother who was pious and had the consumption, and would be glad to lie down in the grave and be at rest, but for the strong love she bore her boy, and the anxiety she felt that the world would be harsh and cold towards him when she was gone. Most bad boys in the Sunday books are named James, and have sick mothers, who teach them to say "Now I lay me down," &c., and sing them to sleep with sweet plaintive voices, and then kiss them good-night, and kneel down by the bedside and weep. But it was different with this fellow. He was named Jim, and there wasn't anything the matter with the mother—no consumption or anything of that kind. She was rather stout than otherwise, and she was not pious; moreover, she was not anxious on Jim's account. She said if he were to break his neck, it wouldn't be much loss.

She always spanked Jim to sleep, and she never kissed him good-night; on the contrary, she boxed his ears when she was ready to leave him.

Once this little bad boy stole the key of the pantry, and slipped in there and helped himself to some jam, and filled up the vessel with tar, so that his mother would never know the difference; but all at once a terrible feeling didn't come over him, and something didn't seem to whisper to him, "Is it right to disobey my mother? Isn't it sinful to do this? Where do bad boys go who gobble up their kind mother's jam?" And then he didn't kneel down all alone and promise never to be wicked any more, and rise up with a light happy heart, and go and tell his mother all about it, and beg her forgiveness, and be blessed by her with tears of pride and thankfulness in her eyes. No; that is the way with all other bad boys in the books; but it happened otherwise with this Jim, strangely enough. He ate that jam, and said it was bully, in his sinful, vulgar way; and he put in the tar, and said that was bully also, and laughed, and observed "that the old woman would get up and snort" when she found it out; and when she found it out, he denied knowing anything about it, and she whipped him severely, and he did the crying himself. Everything about this boy was curious—everything turned out differently with him from the way it does to the bad Jameses in the books.

Once he climbed up Farmer Acoon's apple-tree to steal apples, and the limb didn't break, and he didn't fall and break his arm, and get torn by the farmer's great dog, and then languish on a sick bed for weeks, and repent and become good. Oh, no; he stole as many apples as he wanted, and came down all right; and he was all ready for the dog too, and knocked him endways with a brick when he came to tear him. It was very strange—nothing like it ever happened in those mild little books with marble backs, and with pictures in them of men with swallow-tailed coats, and bell-crowned hats, and pantaloons that are short in the legs, and women with the waists of their dresses under their arms, and no hoops on. Nothing like it in any of the Sunday-school books.

Once he stole the teacher's penknife, and when he was afraid it would be found out, and he would get whipped, he slipped it into George Wilson's cap—poor Widow Wilson's son, the moral boy, the good little boy of the village, who always obeyed his mother, and never told an untruth, and was fond of his lessons, and infatuated with Sunday-school. And when the knife dropped from his cap,

and poor George hung his head and blushed, as if in conscious guilt, and the grieved teacher charged the theft upon him, and was just in the very act of bringing the switch down upon his trembling shoulders, a white haired venerable justice of the peace did not suddenly appear in their midst and strike an attitude and say, 'Spare this noble boy—there stands the cowering culprit! I was passing the school-door at recess, and, unseen myself, I saw the theft committed!' And then Jim didn't get whaled, and the venerable justice didn't read the tearful school a homily and take George by the hand and say such a boy deserved to be exalted, and then tell him to come and make his home with him, and sweep out the office, and make fires, and run errands, and chop wood, and study law, and help his wife to do household labour, and have all the balance of the time to play, and get forty cents a month and be happy. No; it would have happened that way in the books, but it didn't happen that way to Jim. No meddling old clam of a justice dropped in to make trouble, and so the model boy, George, got thrashed, and Jim was glad of it; because, you know, Jim hated moral boys. Jim said he was 'down on them milksope.' Such was the coarse language of this bad, neglected boy.

But the strangest thing that ever happened to Jim was the time he went boating on Sunday and didn't get drowned, and that other time that he got caught out in the storm when he was fishing on Sunday, and didn't get struck by lightning. Why, you might look, and look, and look through the Sunday-school books, from now till next Christmas, and you would never come across anything like this. Oh! no; you would find that all the bad boys who go boating on Sunday invariably get drowned; and all the bad boys who get caught out in storms, when they are fishing on Sunday, infallibly get struck by lightning. Boats with bad boys in them always upset on Sunday, and it always storms when bad boys go fishing on the Sabbath. How this Jim ever escaped is a mystery to me.

This Jim bore a charmed life—that must have been the way of it. Nothing could hurt him. He even gave the elephant in the menagerie a plug of tobacco, and the elephant didn't knock the top of his head off with his trunk. He browsed around the cupboard after essence of peppermint, and didn't make a mistake and drink aquafortis. He stole his father's gun and went hunting on the Sabbath, and didn't shoot three or four of his fingers off. He struck his little sister on the temple with his flat when he was angry, and she didn't linger in pain

through long summer days, and die with sweet words of forgiveness upon her lips that redoubled the anguish of his breaking heart. No; she hit back; and she never got sick at all. He ran off and went to sea at last, and didn't come back and find himself sad and alone in the world, his loved ones sleeping in the quiet churchyard, and the vine embowered home of boyhood tumbled down and gone to decay. Ah! no; he came home drunk as a piper, and got into the station-house the first thing.

And he grew up, and married and raised a large family, and brained them all with an axe one night, and got wealthy by all manner of cheating and rascality; and now he is the infernal, wickedest scoundrel in his native village, and is universally respected, and belongs to the Legislature.

So you see there never was a bad James in the Sunday-school books that had such a streak of luck as this sinful Jim with the charmed life.

THE STORY OF THE GOOD LITTLE BOY WHO DID NOT PROSPER.

Once there was a good little boy by the name of Jacob Blivens he always obeyed his parents, no matter how absurd and unreasonable their demands were; and he always learned his book, and never was late at Sabbath School. He would not play hookey, even when his sober judgment told him it was the most profitable thing he could do. None of the other boys could ever make that boy out, he acted so strangely. He wouldn't lie, no matter how convenient it was. He just said it was wrong to lie, and that was sufficient for him. And he was so honest that he was ridiculous. The curious ways that that Jacob had surprised everything. He wouldn't play marbles on Sunday, he wouldn't rob birds' nests, he wouldn't give hot pennies to organ-grinders' monkeys; he didn't seem to take any interest in any kind of rational amusement. So the other boys used to try to reason it out and come to an understanding of him, but they couldn't arrive at any satisfactory conclusion. As I said before, they could only figure out a sort of vague idea that he was 'afflicted,' and so they took him under their protection, and never allowed any harm to come to him.

This good little boy read all the Sunday-school books; they were his greatest delight. This was the whole secret of it. He believed in the good little boys they put in the Sunday-school books; he had every confidence in them. He longed to come across one of them alive, once; but he never

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did. They all died before his time, maybe. Whenever he read about a particularly good one he turned over quickly to the end to see what became of him, because he wanted to travel thousands of miles and gaze on him; but it wasn't any use; that good little boy always died in the last chapter, and there was a picture of the funeral, with all his relations and the Sunday-school children standing around the grave in pantaloons that were too short, and bonnets that were too large, and everybody crying into handkerchiefs that had as much as a yard and a half of stuff in them. He was always headed off in this way. He never could see one of those good little boys on account of his always dying in the last chapter.

Jacob had a noble ambition to put up in a Sunday-school book. He wanted to be put in, with pictures representing him gloriously declining to lie to his mother, and her weeping for joy about it; and pictures representing him standing on the doorstep giving a penny to a poor beggar-woman with six children, and telling her to spend it freely, but not so be extravagant, because extravagance is a sin; and pictures of him magnanimously refusing to tell on the bad boy who always lay in wait for him around the corner as he came from school, and welting him over the head with a lath, and then chased him home, saying 'Hi! hi! hi!' as he proceeded. That was the ambition of young Jacob Blivens. He wished to be put in a Sunday-school book. It made him feel a little uncomfortable sometimes when he reflected that the good little boys always died. He loved to live, you know, and this was the most unpleasant feature about being a Sunday-school book boy. He knew it was not healthy to be good. He knew it was more fatal than consumption to be so supernaturally good as the boys in the books were; he knew that none of them had ever been able to stand it long, and it pained him to think that if they put him in a book he wouldn't ever see it, or even if they did get the book out before he died it wouldn't be popular without any picture of his funeral in the back part of it. It couldn't be much of a Sunday-school book that couldn't tell about the advice he gave to the community when he was dying. So at last, of course, he had to make up his mind to do the best he could under the circumstances—to live right, and hang on as long as he could, and have his dying speech all ready when his time came.

But somehow nothing ever went right with this good little boy; nothing ever turned out with him the way it turned out with the good little boys in the books. They always had a good time, and the bad boys had the bro-

ken legs; but in his case there was a screw loose somewhere, and it all happened just the other way. When he found Jim Blake stealing apples, and went under the tree to read to him about the bad little boy who fell out of a neighbour's apple-tree and broke his arm, Jim fell out of the tree too, but he fell on him, and broke his arm, and Jim wasn't hurt at all. Jacob couldn't understand that. There wasn't anything in the books like that.

And once, when some bad boys pushed a blind man over in the mud, and Jacob ran to help him up and receive his blessing, the blind man did not give him any blessing at all, but whacked him over the head with his stick, and said he would like to catch him shoving him again, and then pretending to help him up. This was not in accordance with any of the books. Jacob looked them all over to see.

One thing that Jacob wanted to do was to find a lame dog that hadn't any place to stay, and was hungry and persecuted, and bring him home and pet him, and have that dog's imperishable gratitude. And at last he found one and was happy; and he brought him home and fed him; but when he was going to pet him the dog flew at him and tore all the clothes off him except those that were in front, and made a spectacle of him that was astonishing. He examined authorities, but he could not understand the matter. It was of the same breed of dogs that was in the book, but it acted very differently. Whatever this boy did he got into trouble. The very things the boys in the books got rewarded for, turned out to be about the most unprofitable things he could invest in.

Once when he was on his way to Sunday-school he saw some bad boys starting off pleasuring in a sail-boat. He was filled with consternation, because he knew from his reading that boys who went sailing on Sunday invariably got drowned. So he ran out on a raft to warn them, but a log turned with him and slid him into the river. A man got him out pretty soon, and the doctor pumped the water out of him, and gave him a fresh start with his bellows, but he caught cold and lay sick a-bed nine weeks. But the most unaccountable thing about it was that the bad boys in the boat had a good time all day, and then reached home alive and well in the most surprising manner. Jacob Blivens said there was nothing like these things in the books. He was perfectly dumbfounded.

When he got well he was a little discouraged, but he resolved to keep on trying anyhow. He knew that so far his experiences wouldn't do to go in a book, but he hadn't yet reached the allotted term of life for good

little boys, and he hoped to be able to make a record yet if he could hold on till his time was fully up. If everything else failed he had his dying speech to fall back on.

He examined his authorities, and found that it was now time for him to go to sea as a cabin-boy. He called on a ship captain and made his application, and when the captain asked for his recommendations he proudly drew out a tract and pointed to the words, 'To Jacob Blivens, from his affectionate teacher.' But the captain was a coarse, vulgar man, and he said, 'Oh, that be blowed! that wasn't any proof that he knew how to wash dishes or handle a slush-bucket, and he guessed he didn't want him.' This was altogether the most extraordinary thing that ever happened Jacob in all his life. A compliment from the teacher, on a tract, had never failed to move the tenderest emotions of ship captains, and open the way to all offices of honour and profit in their gift—it never had in any book he had ever read. He could hardly believe his senses.

This boy always had a hard time of it. Nothing ever came out according to the authorities with him. At last, one day, when he was around hunting up bad little boys to admonish, he found a lot of them in the old iron foundry fixing up a little joke on fourteen or fifteen dogs, which they had tied together in a long procession, and were going to ornament with nitro-glycerine cans made fast to their tails. Jacob's heart was touched. He sat down on one of those cans (for he never minded grease when duty was before him), and he took hold of the foremost dog by the collar, and turned his reproving eye upon wicked Tom Jones. But just at this moment Alderman McWelter, full of wrath, stepped in. All the bad boys ran away, but Jacob Blivens rose in conscious innocence and began one of those stately little Sunday-school book speeches which always commence with 'Oh, sir!' But the alderman never waited to hear the rest. He took Jacob Blivens by the ear and turned him round, and hit him a whack in the rear with the flat of his hands; and in an instant that good little boy shot out through the roof and soared away towards the sun, with the fragment of those fifteen dogs stringing after him like the tail of a kite. And there wasn't a sign of that alderman or that old iron foundry left on the face of the earth; and, as for young Jacob Blivens, he never got a chance to make his last dying speech after all his trouble fixing up, unless he made it to the birds; because, although the bulk of him came down all right in a

tree-top in an adjoining county, the rest of him was apportioned around among four townships, and so they had to hold five inquests on him to find out whether he was dead or not, and how it occurred. You never saw a boy scattered so.

Thus perished the good little boy who did the best he could, but didn't come out according to the books. Every boy who ever did as he did prospered except him. His case is truly remarkable. It will probably never be accounted for.

THE DANGER OF LYING IN BED.

The man in the ticket-office said, 'Have an accident-insurance ticket also?'

'No,' I said, after studying the matter a little. 'No, I believe not; I am going to be travelling by rail all day to-day. However, to-morrow I don't travel. Give me one for to-morrow.'

The man looked puzzled. He said—

'But it is for accident-insurance, and if you are going to travel by rail—'

'If I am going to travel by rail I shan't need it. Lying at home in bed is the thing I'm afraid of.'

I had been looking into this matter. Last year I travelled twenty thousand miles, almost entirely by rail; the year before, I travelled over twenty-five thousand miles, half by sea and half by rail; and the year before that I travelled in the neighbourhood of ten thousand miles, exclusively by rail. I suppose if I put in all the little odd journeys here and there, I may say I have travelled sixty thousand miles during the three years I have mentioned, and never an accident.

For a good while I said to myself every morning, 'Now I have escaped thus far, and so the chances are just that much increased that I shall catch it this time. I will be shrewd, and buy an accident ticket.' And to a dead moral certainty I drew a blank, and went to bed that night without a joint started or a bone splintered. I got tired of that daily bother, and fell to buying accident tickets that were good for a month. I said to myself 'a man can't buy thirty blanks in one bundle.'

But I was mistaken. There was never a prize in the lot. I could read of railway accidents every day—the newspaper atmosphere was foggy with them; but somehow they never came my way. I found I had spent a good deal of money in the accident business, and had nothing to show for it. My suspicions were aroused, and I began to hunt around for somebody that had won in this lottery. I found plenty of people who

NOTE.—This nitro-glycerine suggestion is borrowed from a floating newspaper item—author unknown.

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had never had an accident or made a cent. I had invested, but not an individual who stopped buying accident tickets and went to ciphering. The result was astounding. THE FÉLIX LAY NOT IN TRAVELLING, BUT STAYING AT HOME.

I hunted up statistics, and was amazed to find that, after all the glaring newspaper headings concerning railroad disasters, less than three hundred people had really lost their lives by those disasters in the preceding twelve months. The Erie road was set down as the most murderous in the list. It had killed forty-six—or twenty-six, I do not exactly remember which, but I know the number was double that of any other road. But the fact straightway suggested itself that the Erie was an immensely long road, and did more business than any other line in the country; so the double number of killed ceased to be matter for surprise.

By further figuring it appeared, that between New York and Rochester, the Erie ran eight-passenger trains each way every day—sixteen altogether—and carried a daily average of 6,000 persons. That is about a million in six months—the population of New York city. Well, the Erie kills from thirteen to twenty-three persons out of its million in six months; and in the same time 13,000 of New York's million die in their beds! My flesh crept, my hair stood on end. 'This is appalling!' I said. 'The danger isn't in travelling by rail, but in trusting to those deadly beds. I will never sleep in a bed again.'

I had figured on considerably less than one-half the length of the Erie road. It was plain that the entire road must transport at least eleven or twelve thousand people every day. There are many short roads running out of Boston that do fully half as much; a great many such roads. There are many roads scattered about the Union that do a prodigious passenger business. Therefore it was fair to presume that an average of 2,500 passengers a day for each road in the country would be about correct. There are 846 railway lines in our country, and 846 times 2,500 are 2,115,000. So the railways of America move more than two millions of people every day; six hundred and fifty millions of people a year, without counting the Sundays. They do that too, there is no question about it; though where they get the raw material is clear beyond the jurisdiction of my arithmetic; for I have hunted the census through and through, and I find that there are not that many people in the United States by a matter of six hundred and ten millions at the very least. They must use some of the same people over again, likely.

San Francisco is one-eighth as populous as New York; there are 60 deaths a week in the former and 500 a week in the latter—if they have luck. That is 3,120 deaths a year in San Francisco, and eight times as many in New York—say about 25,000 or 26,000. The health of the two places is the same. So we will let it stand as a fair presumption that this will hold good all over the country, and that consequently 25,000 out of every million of people we have, must die every year. That amounts to one-fortieth of our total population. One million of us, then, die annually. Out of this million ten or twelve thousand are stabbed, shot, drowned, hanged, poisoned, or meet a similarly violent death in some other popular way, such as perishing by kerosene lamp and hoop-skirt conflagrations, getting buried in coal mines, falling off housetops, breaking through church or lecture-room floors, taking patent medicines, or committing suicide in other forms. The Erie railroad kills from 23 to 46; the other 845 railroads kill an average of one-third of a man each; and the rest of that million, amounting in the aggregate to the appalling figure of nine hundred and eighty-seven thousand six hundred and thirty-one corpses, die naturally in their beds!

You will excuse me from taking any more chances on those beds. The railroads are good enough for me.

And my advice to all people is, don't stay at home any more than you can help; but when you have got to stop at home a while, buy a packet of those insurance tickets and sit up nights. You cannot be too cautious.

(One can see now why I answered that ticket agent in the manner recorded at the top of this sketch.)

The moral of this composition is, that thoughtless people grumble more than is fair about railroad management in the United States. When we consider that every day and night of the year, full fourteen thousand railway trains of various kinds, freighted with life and armed with death, go thundering over the land, the marvel is, not that they kill three hundred human beings in a twelvemonth, but that they do not kill three hundred times three hundred!

ABOUT BARBERS.

All things change except barbers, the ways of barbers, and the surroundings of barbers. These never change. What one experiences in a barber shop the first time he enters one is what he always experiences in barber-shops afterwards till the end of his days. I got shaved this morning as usual. A man

approached the door from Jones-street as I approached it from Main—a thing that always happens. I hurried up, but it was of no use; he entered the door one little step ahead of me, and I followed in on his heels and saw him take the only vacant chair, the one presided over by the best barber. It always happens so. I sat down, hoping that I might fall heir to the chair belonging to the better of the remaining two barbers, for he had already begun combing his man's hair, while his comrade was not yet quite done rubbing up and oiling his customer's locks. I watched the probabilities with strong interest. When I saw that No. 2 was gaining on No. 1, my interest grew to solicitude. When No. 1 stopped a moment to make change on a bath ticket for a new-comer, and lost ground in the race, my solicitude rose to anxiety. When No. 1 caught up again, and both he and his comrade were pulling the towels away and crushing the powder from their customers' cheeks, and it was about an even thing which one would say 'Next!' first, my very breath stood still with the suspense. But when at the final culminating moment, No. 1 stopped to pass a comb a couple of times through his customer's eyebrows, I saw that he had lost the race by a single instant, and I rose indignant and quitted the shop to keep from falling into the hands of No. 2; for I have none of that enviable firmness that enables a man to look calmly into the eyes of a waiting barber and tell him he will wait for his fellow-barber's chair.

I stayed out fifteen minutes, and then went back, hoping for better luck. Of course all the chairs were occupied now, and four men sat waiting, silent, unsociable, distraught, and looking bored, as men always do who are awaiting their turn in a barber's shop. I sat down in one of the iron-armed compartments of an old sofa, and put in the time for a while reading the framed advertisements of all sorts of quack nostrums for dyeing and colouring the hair. Then I read the greasy names on the private bay rum bottles; read the names and noted the numbers on the private shaving cups in the pigeon-holes; studied the stained and damaged cheap prints on the walls, of battles, early Presidents, and voluptuous recumbent sultans, and the tiresome and everlasting young girl putting her grandfather's spectacles on; execrated in my heart the cheerful canary and the distracting parrot that few barber-shops are without. Finally, I searched out the least dilapidated of last year's illustrated papers that littered the foul centre-table and conned their un-

justifiable misrepresentations of old forgotten events.

At last my turn came. A voice said 'Next!' and I surrendered to—No. 2, of course. I said meekly I was in a hurry, and it affected him as strongly as if he had never heard it. He shoved up my head, and put a napkin under it. He ploughed his fingers into my collar and fixed a towel there. He explored my hair with his claws and suggested that it needed trimming. I said I did not want it trimmed. He explored again and said it was pretty long for the present style—better have a little taken off; it needed it behind especially. I said I had had it cut only a week before. He yearned over it reflectively a moment, and then asked with a disparaging manner who cut it? I came back at him promptly with a 'You did!' I had him there. Then he fell to stirring up his lather and regarding himself in the glass, stopping now and then to get close and examine his chin critically or torture a pimple. Then he lathered one side of my face thoroughly, and was about to lather the other, when a dog-fight attracted his attention, and he ran to the window and stayed and saw it out, losing two shillings on the result in bets with other barbers, a thing which gave me great satisfaction. He finished lathering, meantime getting the brush into my mouth only twice, and then began to rub in the suds with his hand; and as he had his head turned, discussing the dog-fight with the other barbers, he naturally shovelled considerable lather into my mouth without knowing it, but I did.

He now began to sharpen his razor on an old suspender, and was delayed a good deal on account of a controversy about a cheap masquerade ball he figured at the night before, in red cambrio and bogus ermine, as a kind of a king. He was so gratified with being chaffed about some damsel whom he had smitten with his charms, that he used every means to continue the controversy by pretending to be annoyed at the chaffings of his fellows. This matter begot more surveyings of himself in the glass, and he put down his razor and brushed his hair with elaborate care, plastering an inverted arch of it down on his forehead, accomplishing an accurate 'part' behind, and brushing the two wings forward over his ears with nice exactness. In the meantime the lather was drying on my face, and apparently eating into my vitals.

Now he began to shave, digging his fingers into my countenance to stretch the skin, making a handle of my nose now and then, bundling and tumbling my head this way and that, as convenience in shaving demand-

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ed, and 'hawking' and expectorating pleasantly all the while. As long as he was on the tough sides of my face I did not suffer; but when he began to rake, and rip, and tug at my chin, the tears came. I did not mind his getting so close down to me; I did not mind his garlic, because all barbers eat garlic, I suppose; but there was an added something that made me fear that he was decaying inwardly while still alive, and this gave me much concern. He now put his finger into my mouth to assist him in shaving the corners of my upper lip, and it was by this bit of circumstantial evidence that I discovered that a part of his duties in the shop was to clean the kerosene lamps. I had often wondered in an indolent way whether the barbers did that, or whether it was the boss.

About this time I was amusing myself trying to guess where he would be most likely to cut me this time, but he got ahead of me, and sliced me on the end of the chin before I had got my mind made up. He immediately sharpened his razor—he might have done it before. I do not like a close shave, and would not let him go over me a second time. I tried to get him to put up his razor, dreading that he would make for the side of my chin, my pet tender spot, a place which a razor cannot touch twice without making trouble; but he said he only wanted to just smooth off one little roughness, and in that same moment he slipped his razor along the forbidden ground, and the dreaded pimple-signs of a close shave rose up smarting and answered to the call. Now he soaked his towel in bay rum, and slapped it all over my face hastily; slapped it over as if a human being ever yet washed his face in that way. Then he dried it by slapping with the dry part of the towel, as if a human being ever dried his face in such a fashion; but a barber seldom rubs you like a Christian. Next he poked bay rum into the cut place with his towel, then choked the wound with powdered starch, then soaked it with bay rum again, and would have gone on soaking and powdering it for ever more, no doubt, if I had not rebelled and begged off. He powdered my whole face now, straightened me up, and began to plough my hair thoughtfully, with his hands and examine his fingers critically. Then he suggested a shampoo, and said my hair needed it badly, very badly. I observed that I shampooed it myself very thoroughly in the bath yesterday. I 'had him' again. He next recommended some of 'Smith's Hair Glorifier,' and offered to sell me a bottle. I declined. He praised the new perfume, 'Jones' Delight of the Toilet,' and proposed to sell me some of that. I declined again.

He tendered me a tooth-wash atrocity of his own invention, and when I declined offered to trade knives with me.

He returned to business after the miscarriage of this last enterprise, sprinkled me all over, legs and all, greased my hair in defiance of my protests against it, rubbed and scrubbed a good deal of it out by the roots, and combed and brushed the rest, parting it behind and plastering the eternal inverted arch of hair down on my forehead, and then, while combing my scant eyebrows and defiling them with pomade, strung out an account of the achievements of a six ounce black and tan terrier of his till I heard the whistles blow for noon, and knew I was five minutes too late for the train. Then he snatched away the towel, brushed it lightly about my face, passed his comb through my eyebrows once more, and gaily sang out 'Next!'

This barber fell down and died of apoplexy two hours later. I am waiting over a day for my revenge—I am going to attend his funeral.

THE RECENT GREAT FRENCH DUEL.

Much as the modern French duel is ridiculed by certain smart people, it is in reality one of the most dangerous institutions of our day. Since it is always fought in the open air, the combatants are nearly sure to catch cold. M. Paul de Cassagnac, the most inveterate of the French duellists, has suffered so often in this way that he is at last a confirmed invalid; and the best physician in Paris has expressed the opinion that if he goes on duelling for fifteen or twenty years more—unless he forms the habit of fighting in a comfortable room where damps and draughts cannot intrude—he will eventually endanger his life. This ought to moderate the talk of those people who are so stubborn in maintaining that the French duel is the most health-giving of recreations because of the open air exercise it affords. And it ought also to moderate that foolish talk about French duellists and socialist-hated monarchs being the only people who are immortal.

But it is time to get at my subject. As soon as I heard of the late fiery outbreak between M. Gambetta and M. Fourtou in the French Assembly, I knew that trouble must follow. I knew it because a long personal friendship with M. Gambetta had revealed to me the desperate and implacable nature of the man. Vast as are his physical proportions, I knew that the thirst for revenge would penetrate the remotest frontiers of his person.

I did not wait for him to call on me, but

went at once to him. As I expected, I found the brave fellow steeped in a profound French calm. I say French calm, because French calmness and English calmness have points of difference. He was moving swiftly back and forth among the *debris* of his furniture, now and then staving chance fragments of it across the room with his foot; grinding a constant grist of curses through his set teeth; and halting every little while to deposit another handful of his hair on the table.

He threw his arms around my neck, bent me over his stomach to his breast, kissed me on both cheeks, hugged me four or five times, and placed me in his own arm-chair. As soon as I had got well again, we began business at once.

I said I supposed he would wish me to act as his second, and he said, 'Of course; ' I said I must be allowed to act under a French name, so that I might be shielded from obloquy in my country, in case of fatal results. He winced here, probably at the suggestion that duelling was not regarded with respect in America. However, he agreed to my requirement. This accounts for the fact that in all the newspaper reports M. Gambetta's second was apparently a Frenchman.

First, we drew up my principal's will. I insisted upon this, and stuck to my point. I said I had never heard of a man in his right mind going out to fight a duel without first making his will. He said he had never heard of a man in his right mind doing anything of the kind. When we had finished the will, he wished to proceed to a choice of his 'last words.' He wanted to know how the following words, as a dying exclamation, struck me:—

'I die for my God, for my country, for freedom of speech, for progress, and the universal brotherhood of man!'

I objected that this would require too lingering a death; It was a good speech for a consumptive, but not suited to the exigencies of the field of honour. We wrangled over a good many ante-mortem outbursts, but I finally got him to cut his obituary down to this, which he copied into his memorandum book, purposing to get it by heart:—

'I DIE THAT FRANCE MAY LIVE.'

I said that this remark seemed to lack relevancy; but he said relevancy was a matter of no consequence in last words—what you wanted was thrill.

The next thing in order was the choice of weapons. My principal said he was not feeling well, and would leave that and the other details of the proposed meeting to me.

Therefore I wrote the following note and carried it to M. Fourtoun's friend:—

'SIR: M. Gambetta accepts M. Fourtoun's challenge, and authorizes me to propose Plessis-Piquet as the place of meeting; to-morrow morning at day-break is the time; and axes as the weapons. I am, sir, with great respect,

'MARK TWAIN.'

M. Fourtoun's friend read this note and shuddered. Then he turned to me, and said, with a suggestion of severity in his tone:—

'Have you considered, sir, what would be the inevitable result of such a meeting as this?'

'Well, for instance, what would it be?'

'Bloodshed!'

'That's about the size of it,' I said.

'Now, if it is a fair question, what was your side proposing to shed?'

I had him there. He saw he had made a blunder, so he hastened to explain it away. He said he had spoken jestingly. Then he added that he and his principal would enjoy axes, and indeed prefer them, but such weapons were barred by the French code, and so I must change my proposal.

I walked the floor turning the thing over in my mind, and finally it occurred to me that Gatling guns at fifteen paces would be a likely way to get a verdict on the field of honour. So I framed this idea into a proposition.

But it was not accepted. The code was in the way again. I proposed rifles; then double-barrelled shot-guns; then, Colt's navy revolvers. These being all rejected, I reflected a while, and sarcastically suggested brickbats at three-quarters of a mile. I always hate to fool away a humorous thing on a person who has no perception of humour; and it filled me with bitterness when this man went soberly away to submit the last proposition to his principal.

He came back presently, and said his principal was charmed with the idea of brickbats at three-quarters of a mile, but must decline on account of the danger to disinterested parties passing between. Then I said,—

'Well, I am at the end of my string now. Perhaps you would be good enough to suggest a weapon? Perhaps you have even had one in your mind all the time?'

His countenance brightened, and he said with alacrity,—

'Oh, without doubt, monsieur!'

So he fell to hunting in his pockets,—pocket after pocket, and he had plenty of

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MARK TWAIE.

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them,—muttering all the while, 'Now, what could I have done with them?'

At last he was successful. He fished out of his vest pocket a couple of little things which I carried to the light and discovered to be pistols. They were single-barrelled and silver-mounted, and very dainty and pretty. I was not able to speak for emotion. I silently hung one of them on my watch-chain, and returned the other. My companion in crime now unrolled a postage stamp containing several cartridges, and gave me one of them. I asked if he meant to signify by this that our men were to be allowed but one shot apiece. He replied that the French code permitted no more. I then begged him to go on and suggest a distance, for my mind was growing weak and confused under the strain which had been put upon it. He named sixty-five yards. I nearly lost my patience. I said,—

'Sixty-five yards with these instruments? Pop-guns would be deadlier at fifty. Consider, my friend, you and I are banded together to destroy life, not to make it eternal.'

But with all my pretensions, all my arguments, I was only able to get him to reduce the distance to thirty-five yards; and even this concession he made with reluctance, and said with a sigh,—

'I wash my hands of this slander; on your head be it.'

There was nothing for me but to go home to my old lion-heart and tell my humiliating story. When I entered M. Gambetta was laying his last lock of hair upon the altar. He sprang towards me, exclaiming,—

'You have made the fatal arrangements—I see it in your eye!'

'I have.'

His face paled a trifle, and he leaned upon the table for support. He breathed thick and heavily for a moment or two, so tumultuous were his feelings; then he hoarsely whispered,—

'The weapon, the weapon! Quick! what is the weapon?'

'This!' and I displayed that silver-mounted thing. He caught but one glimpse of it, then swooned ponderously to the floor.

When he came to, he said mournfully,

'The unnatural calm to which I have subjected myself has told upon my nerves. But away with sickness! I will confront my fate like a man and a Frenchman.'

He rose to his feet and assumed an attitude which for sublimity has never been approached by man, and has seldom been surpassed by statues. Then he said, in his deep bass tones,—

'Behold, I am calm; I am ready; reveal to me the distance.'

'Thirty-five yards.'

I could not lift him up, of course; but I rolled him over, and poured water down his back. He presently came to, and said,—

'Thirty-five yards,—without a rest? But why ask? Since murder was that man's intention, why should he palter with small details? But mark you one thing; in my fall the world shall see how the chivalry of France meets death.'

After a long silence he asked,—

'Was nothing said about that man's family standing up with him as an offset to my bulk? But no matter; I would not stoop to make such a suggestion; if he is not noble enough to suggest it himself, he is welcome to this advantage, which no honourable man would take.'

He now sank into a sort of stupor of reflection, which lasted some minutes; after which he broke silence with,—

'The hour,—what is the hour fixed for the collision?'

'Dawn, to-morrow.'

He seemed to be greatly surprised, and immediately said,

'Insanity! I never heard of such a thing. Nobody is abroad at such an hour.'

'That is the reason I named it. Do you mean to say you want an audience?'

'It is no time to bandy words. I am astonished that M. Fourton should ever have agreed to so strange an innovation. Go at once and require a later hour.'

I ran down stairs, threw open the front door, and almost plunged into the arms of M. Fourton's second. He said,

'I have the honour to say that my principal strenuously objects to the hour chosen, and begs that you will consent to change it to half-past nine.'

'Any courtesy, sir, which it is in our power to extend is at the service of your excellent principal. We agree to the proposed change of time.'

'I beg you to accept the thanks of my client.' Then he turned to a person behind him, and said, 'You hear, M. Noir, the hour is altered to half-past nine.' Whereupon M. Noir bowed, expressed his thanks, and went away. My accomplice continued :—

'If agreeable to you, your chief surgeons and ours shall proceed to the field in the same carriage, as is customary.'

'It is entirely agreeable to me, and I am obliged to you for mentioning the surgeons, for I am afraid I should not have thought of them. How many shall I want? I suppose two or three will be enough.'

'Two is the customary number for each party. I refer to "chief" surgeons; but considering the exalted positions occupied by our clients, it will be well and decorous that each of us appoint several consulting surgeons, from among the highest in the profession. These will come in their own private carriages. Have you engaged a hearse?'

'Bless my stupidity, I never thought of it! I will attend to it right away. I must seem very ignorant to you; but you must try to overlook that, because I have never had my experience of such a swell duel as this before. I have had a good deal to do with duels on the Pacific coast, but I see now that they were crude affairs. A hearse, —ah! we used to leave the elected lying around loose, and let anybody cord them up and cart them off that wanted to. Have you anything further to suggest?'

'Nothing, except that the head undertakers shall ride together, as is usual. The subordinates and mutes will go on foot, as is also usual. I will see you at eight o'clock in the morning, and we will then arrange the order of the procession. I have the honour to bid you a good day.'

I returned to my client, who said, 'Very well; at what hour is the engagement to begin?'

'Half-past nine.'

'Very good indeed; have you sent the fact to the newspapers?'

'Sir! If after our long and intimate friendship you can for a moment deem me capable of so base a treachery—'

'Tut, tut! What words are these, my dear friend? Have I wounded you? Ah! forgive me; I am overloading you with labour. Therefore go on with the other details, and drop this one from your list. The bloody-minded Fourton will be sure to attend to it. Or I myself—yes, to make certain, I will drop a note to my journalistic friend, M. Noir—'

'Oh, come to think, you may save yourself the trouble: that other second has informed M. Noir.'

'H'm! I might have known it. It is just like that Fourton, who always wants to make a display.'

At half-past nine in the morning the procession approached the field of Plessis-Piquet in the following order: first came our carriage, —nobody in it but M. Gambetta and myself; then a carriage containing M. Fourton and his second; then a carriage containing two poet orators who did not believe in God, and these had MS. funeral orations projecting from their breast pockets; then a carriage containing the head surgeons and their cases of instruments; then eight

private carriages containing consulting surgeons; then a hack containing the coroner; then the two hearses; then a carriage containing the head undertakers; then a train of assistants and mutes on foot; and after these came plodding through the fog a long procession of camp followers, police and citizens generally. It was a noble turnout, and would have made a fine display if we had had thinner weather.

There was no conversation. I spoke several times to my principal, but I judge he was not aware of it, for he always referred to his note-book and muttered absently, 'Idie that France may live.'

Arrived on the field, my fellow-second and I paced off the thirty-five yards, and then drew lots of choice of position. This latter was but an ornamental ceremony, for all choices were alike in such weather. These preliminaries being ended, I went to my principal and asked him if he was ready. He spread himself out to his full width, and said in a stern voice, 'Ready! Let the batteries be charged.'

The loading was done in the presence of duly constituted witnesses. We considered it best to perform this delicate services with the assistance of a lantern, on account of the state of the weather. We now placed our men.

At this point the police noticed that the public had massed themselves together on the right and left of the field; they therefore begged a delay, while they should put these poor people in a place of safety. The request was granted.

The police having ordered the two multitudes to take position behind the duellists, we were once more ready. The weather growing still more opaque, it was agreed between myself and the other second that before giving the fatal signal, we should each deliver a loud whoop, to enable the combatants to ascertain each other's whereabouts.

I now returned to my principal, and was distressed to observe that he had lost a good deal of his spirit. I tried my best to hearten him. I said, 'Indeed, sir, things are not so bad as they seem. Considering the character of the weapons, the limited number of shots allowed, the generous distance, the impenetrable solidity of the fog, and the added fact that one of the combatants is one-eyed and the other cross-eyed and near-sighted, it seems to me that this conflict need not necessarily be fatal. There are chances that both of you may survive. Therefore, cheer up; do not be down-hearted.'

This speech had so good an effect that my principal immediately stretched forth his

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hand and said, 'I am myself again ; give me the weapon.'

I laid it, all lonely and forlorn, in the centre of the vast solitude of his palm. He gazed at it and shuddered. And still mournfully contemplating it, he murmured, in a broken voice.

'Alas, it is not death I dread, but mutilation.'

I heartened him once more, and with such success that he presently said, 'let the tragedy begin. Stand at my back ; do not desert me in this solemn hour, my friend.'

I gave him my promise. I now assisted him to point his pistol toward the spot where I judged his adversary to be standing, and cautioned him to listen well and further guide himself by my fellow-second's whoop. Then I propped myself against M. Gambetta's back, and raised a rousing 'Whoop-ee !' This was answered from out the far distance of the fog, and I immediately shouted.

'One—two—three—fire !'

Two little sounds like spit ! spit ! broke upon my ear, and in the same instant I was crushed to the earth under a mountain of flesh. Buried as I was, I was still able to catch a faint accent from above, to this effect :

'I die for....for....perdition take it, what is it I die for ?....oh, yes—FRANCE ! I die that France may live !'

The surgeons swarmed around with their probes in their hands, and applied their microscopes to the whole area of Mr. Gambetta's person, with the happy result of finding nothing in the nature of a wound. Then a scene ensued which was in every way gratifying and inspiring.

The two gladiators fell upon each other's necks, with floods of proud and happy tears ; that other second embraced me ; the surgeons, the orators, the undertakers, the police everybody embraced, everybody congratulated, everybody cried, and the whole atmosphere was filled with praise and with joy unspeakable.

It seemed to me then that I would rather be the hero of a French duel than a crowned and sceptred monarch.

When the commotion had somewhat subsided, the body of surgeons held a consultation, and after a good deal of debate decided that with proper care and nursing there was reason to believe that I would survive my injuries. My internal hurts were deemed the most serious, since it was apparent that a broken rib had penetrated my left lung, and that many of my organs had been pressed out so far to one side or the other of where they belonged, that it was doubtful if they

would ever learn to perform their functions in such remote and unaccustomed localities. They then set my left arm in two places, pulled my right hip into its socket again, and re-elevated my nose. I was an object of great interest and even admiration, and many sincere and warm-hearted persons had themselves introduced to me, and said they were proud to know the only man who had been hurt in a French duel for forty years.

I was placed in an ambulance at the very head of the procession ; and thus with gratifying *eclat* I was marched into Paris, the most conspicuous figure in that great spectacle, and deposited at the hospital.

The cross of the Legion of Honour has been conferred upon me. However, few escape that distinction.

Such is the true version of the most memorable private conflict of the age. My recovery is still doubtful, but there are hopes. I am able to dictate, but there is no knowing when I shall be able to write.

I have no complaint to make against any one. I acted for myself and I can stand the consequences. Without boasting, I think I may say I am not afraid to stand before a modern French duellist, but I will never consent to stand behind one again.

JOHNNY GREER'S WAY.

'The Church was densely crowded that lovely summer Sabbath,' said the Sunday-school superintendent, 'and all, as their eyes rested upon the small coffin, seemed impressed by the poor black boy's fate. Above the stillness the pastor's voice rose, and chained the interest of everyone as he told, with many an envied compliment, how that the brave, noble, daring little Johnny Greer, when he saw the drowned body sweeping down toward the deep part of the river whence the agonized parents never could have recovered it in this world, gallantly sprang into the stream, and at the risk of his life towed the corpse to shore, and held it fast till help came and secured it.' Johnny Greer was sitting just in front of me. A ragged street boy, with eager eye, turned upon him instantly, and said in a hoarse whisper:

'"No, but did you, though ?"

'"Yes."

'"Towed the carkis ashore and saved it yo'self ?"

'"Cracky ! What did they give you !"

'"Nothing."

'"W-h-a-t ! (with intense disgust.) D'you know what I'd a done ? I'd a anchored him out in the stream, and said, five dollars, gents, or you can't have yo' nigger."

HUMAN NATURE.

There are some natures which never grow large enough to speak out and say a bad act is a bad act, until they have inquired into the politics or the nationality of the man who did it. And they are not really scarce, either. Cain is branded a murderer so heartily and unanimously in America only because he was neither a Democrat nor a Republican. The Fiji Islander's abuse of Cain ceased very suddenly when the white man mentioned casually that Cain was a Fiji Islander.

The next remark of the savage, after an awkward pause, was, 'Well, what did Abel come fooling around therefor?'

BREAKING IT GENTLY.

'Yes, remember that anecdote,' the Sunday-school superintendent said, with the old pathos in his voice, and the old sad look in his eyes. 'It was about a simple creature named Higgins that used to haul rock for old Maltby. When the lamented Judge Bagley tripped and fell down the court-house stairs and broke his neck, it was a great question how to break the news to poor Mrs. Bagley. But finally the body was put into Higgins' waggon, and he was instructed to take it to Mrs. B., but to be very guarded and discreet in his language, and not break the news to her at once, but to do so gradually and gently. When Higgins got there with his sad freight, he shouted till Mrs. Bagley came to the door.

Then he said, 'Does the widder Bagley live here?'

'The widow Bagley? No, sir!'

'I'll bet she does. But have it your own way. Well, does Judge Bagley live here?'

'Yes, Judge Bagley lives here.'

'I'll bet he don't. But never mind, it ain't for me to contradict. Is the Judge in?'

'No, not at present.'

'I jest expected as much. Because, you know—take hold o' uthin, mum, for I'm agoing to make a little communication, and I reckon maybe it'll jar you some. There's been an accident, mum. I've got the old judge curled up out here in the waggon, and when you see him you'll acknowledge yourself that an inquest is about the only thing that could be a comfort to him!'

THE JUDGE'S "SPIRITED WOMAN."

"I was sitting here," said the Judge "in this old pulpit, holding court, and we were trying a big-wicked-looking Spanish des-

perado for killing the husband of a bright, pretty Mexican woman. It was a lazy summer day, and an awfully long one, and the witnesses were tedious. None of us took any interest in the trial except that nervous uneasy devil of a Mexican woman—because you know how they love and how they hate, and this one had loved her husband with all her might, and now had boiled it all down into hate, and stood here spitting it at that Spaniard with her eyes, and I tell you she would stir me up, too, with a little of her summer lightning occasionally. Well, I had my coat off and my heels up, lolling and sweating, and smoking one of those cabbage cigars the San Francisco people used to think were good enough for us in those times; and the lawyers they all had their coats off, and were smoking and whittling; and the witnesses the same, and so was the prisoner. Well, the fact is, they warn't any interest in a murder trial then, because the fellow was always brought in 'not guilty,' the jury expecting him to do as much for them some time; and, although the evidence was straight and square against the Spaniard, we knew we could not convict him without seeming to be rather high-handed and sort of reflecting on every gentleman in the community; for there warn't any carriages and liveries then, and so the only 'style' there was, was to keep your private graveyard. But that woman seemed to have her heart set on hanging that Spaniard; and you'd ought to have seen how she would glare on him a minute, and then look up at me in her pleading way, and then turn and for the next five minutes search the jury's faces, and by-and-by drop her face in her hands for just a little while as if she was most ready to give up, but out she'd come again directly and be as live and anxious as ever. But when the jury announced the verdict—Not guilty, and I told the prisoner he was acquitted and free to go, that woman rose up till she appeared to be as tall and grand as a seventy-four-gun ship, and says she—

"Judge, do I understand you to say that this man is not guilty that murdered my husband without any cause before my own eyes and my little children's, and that all has been done to him that ever justice, and the law can do?"

"The same," says I.

"And then what do you reckon she did? Why she turned on that smirking Spanish fool like a wild cat, and out with a 'navy' and shot him dead in open court."

"That was spirited, I am willing to admit."

"Wasn't it though?" said the Judge, ad-

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miringly. 'I wouldn't have missed it for anything. I adjourned court right on the spot, and we put on our coats and went out and took up a collection for her and her ends, and sent them over the mountains to their friends. And she was a spirited wench!'

MY LATE SENATORIAL SECRETARY-SHIP.

I am not a private secretary to a senator any more now. I held the berth two months in security and in great cheerfulness of spirit, but my bread began to return from over the waters, then—that is to say, my works came back and revealed themselves. I judged it best to resign. The way of it was this. My employer sent for me one morning tolerably early, and as soon as I had finished inserting some conundrums clandestinely into his last great speech on finance, I entered the presence. There was something portentous in his appearance. His cravat was untied, his hair was in a state of disorder, and his countenance bore about it the signs of a suppressed steam. He held a package of letters in his tense grasp, and I knew the dreaded Pacific mail was in. He said—

'I thought you were worthy of confidence.'

I said, 'Yes, sir.'

He said, 'I gave you a letter from certain of my constituents in the State of Nevada, asking for the establishment of a post-office at Baldwin's Ranch, and told you to answer it, as ingeniously as you could, with arguments which should persuade them that there was no real necessity for an office at that place.'

I felt easier. 'Oh, if that is all, sir, I did do that.'

'Yes, you did. I will read your answer, for your own humiliation:—'

"WASHINGTON, Nov. 24.

"Messrs. Smith, Jones and others.

"GENTLEMEN:—What the mischief do you suppose you want with a post-office at Baldwin's Ranch? It would not do you any good. If any letters came there, you couldn't read them. You know; and, besides, such letters as ought to pass through, with money in them, for other localities, would not be likely to get through. You must perceive at once; and that would make trouble for us all. No, don't bother about a post-office in your camp. I have your best interests at heart, and feel that it would be only an ornamental folly. What you want is a nice jail, you know—a nice, substantial jail and a free school. These will be a lasting benefit to you. These will make you really contented and happy. I will move in the matter at once.

"Very truly, etc.,
"MARK TWAIN.

"For James W. N*, U.S. Senator."

'That is the way you answered that letter. Those people say they will hang me if ever I

enter that district again; and I am perfectly satisfied they will, too.'

'Well, sir, I did not know I was doing any harm. I only wanted to convince them.'

'Ah! Well, you did convince them,' I make no manner of doubt. Now, here is another specimen. I gave you a petition from certain gentlemen of Nevada, praying that I would get a Bill through Congress incorporating the Methodist Episcopal Church of the State of Nevada. I told you to say in reply, that the creation of such a law came more properly within the province of the State Legislature; and to endeavour to show them that, in the present feebleness of the religious element in that new commonwealth, the expediency of incorporating the Church was questionable. What did you write?—

"WASHINGTON, Nov. 24.

"Rev. John Halifax and others:—

"GENTLEMEN,—You will have to go to the State Legislature about that speculation of yours—Congress don't know anything about religion. But don't you hurry to go there, either; because this thing you propose to do out in that new country is inexpedient—in fact, it is ridiculous. Your religious people there are too feeble in intellect, in morality, in piety—in everything, pretty much. You had better drop it—you can't make it work. You can't issue stock on an incorporation like that—or if you could, it would only keep you in trouble all the time. The other denominations would abuse it and "bear" it, and "sell it short," and break it down. They would do with it just as they would with one of your silver mines out there—they would try to make all the world believe it was "wildcat." You ought not to do anything that is calculated to bring a sacred thing into disrepute. You ought to be ashamed of yourselves, that is what I think about it. You close your petition with the words: 'And we will ever pray.' I think you had better—you need to do it.

"Very truly, etc.,

"MARK TWAIN.

"For James W. N*, U.S. Senator."

'That luminous epistle finishes me with the religious element among my constituents. But that my political murder might be made sure, some evil instinct prompted me to hand you this memorial from the grave company of elders composing the Board of Aldermen of the city of San Francisco, to try your hand upon—a memorial praying that the city's right to the water-lots upon the city front might be established by law of Congress. I told you this was a dangerous matter to move in. I told you to write a non-committal letter to the Aldermen—an ambiguous letter—a letter that should avoid, as far as possible, all real consideration and discussion of the water-lot question. If there is any feeling left in you—any shame—surely this letter you wrote, in obedience to that order, ought to evoke it, when its words fall upon your ears:—

"WASHINGTON, NOV. 27.

The Hon. Board of Aldermen, etc.:

GENTLEMEN:—George Washington, the revered Father of his Country, is dead. His long and brilliant career is closed, alas! forever. He was greatly respected in this section of the country, and his untimely decease cast a gloom over the whole community. He died on the 14th day of December, 1799. He passed peacefully away from the scene of his honours and his great achievements, the most lamented hero and the best beloved that ever earth hath yielded unto Death. At such a time as this, you speak of water-lots—what a lot was his!

What is fame? Fame is an accident. Sir Isaac Newton discovered an apple falling to the ground—a trivial discovery truly, and one which a million men had made before him—but his parents were influential, and so they tortured that small circumstance into something wonderful; and lo! the simple world took up the shout, and, in almost the twinkling of an eye, that man was famous. Treasure these thoughts.

Poesy, sweet poesy, who shall estimate what the world owes to thee!

"Mary had a little lamb, its fleece was white as snow—

And everywhere that Mary went, the lamb was sure to go."

"Jack and Gill went up the hill

To draw a pail of water;

Jack fell down and broke his crown,

And Gill came tumbling after."

For simplicity, elegance of diction, and freedom from immoral tendencies, I regard those two poems in the light of gems. They are suited to all grades of intelligence—to every sphere of life—to the field, to the nursery, to the guild. Especially should no Board of Aldermen be without them.

Venerable fossils! write again. Nothing improves one so much as friendly correspondence. Write again—and if there is anything in this memorial of yours that refers to anything in particular, do not be backward about explaining it. We shall always be happy to hear you chirp.

"Very truly, etc.

"MARK TWAIN,

"For James W. N.**, U. S. Senator."

"That is an atrocious, a ruinous epistle! Distraction!"

"Well, sir, I am really sorry if there is anything wrong about it; but—but—it appears to me to dodge the water-lot question."

"Dodge the mischief! Oh!—but never mind. As long as destruction must come now, let it be complete. Let it be complete—let this last of your performances, which I am about to read, make a finality of it. I am a ruined man. I had my misgivings when I gave you the letter from Humboldt, asking that the post route from Indian Gulch to Shakespeare Gap and intermediate points be changed partly to the old Mormon trail. But I told you it was a delicate question, and warned you to deal with it deftly—to answer it dubiously, and leave them a little in the dark. And your fatal imbecility impelled you to make this disastrous reply. I should think you would stop your ears, if you are not dead to all shame:

"WASHINGTON, NOV. 30.

"Messrs. Perkins, Wagner, et al.

GENTLEMEN:—It is a delicate question about this Indian trail, but handled with proper deftness and dubiousness, I doubt not we shall succeed in some measure or otherwise, because the place where the route leaves the Lasso Meadows, over beyond where those two Shawnee chiefs, Dilapidated-Vengeance and Biter-of-the Clouds, were scalped last winter, this being the favourite direction to some, but others preferring something else in consequence of things, the Mormon trail leaving Mosby's at three in the morning, and passing through Jawbone Lat to Blucher, and then down by Jug-Handle, the road passing to the right of it, and naturally leaving it on the right, too, and Dawson's on the left of the trail, where it passes to the left of said Dawson's, and onward thence to Tomahawk, thus making the route cheaper, easier of access to all who can get at it, and compassing all the desirable objects so considered by others, and, therefore, conferring the most good upon the greatest number, and, consequently, I am encouraged to hope we shall. However, I shall be ready, and happy, to afford you still further information upon the subject, from time to time, as you may desire it, and the Post-office Department be enabled to furnish it to me.

"Very truly, etc.

"MARK TWAIN

"For James W. N.**, U. S. Senator."

There, now, what do you think of that?"

"Well, I don't know, sir. It—well, it appears to me—to be dubious enough."

"Du—leave the house! I am a ruined man. Those Humboldt savages never will forgive me for tangling their brains up with this inhuman letter. I have lost the respect of the Methodist Church, the Board of Aldermen—"

"Well, I haven't anything to say about that, because I may have missed it a little in their cases, but I was too many for the Baldwin's Ranch people, General!"

"Leave the house! Leave it for ever and for ever!"

I regarded that as a sort of covert intimation that my services could be dispensed with, and so I resigned. I never will be a private secretary to a senator again. You can't please that kind of people. They don't know anything. They can't appreciate a party's efforts.

THE FACTS IN THE CASE OF GEORGE FISHER, DECEASED.

This is history. It is not a wild extravaganza, like John Williamson Mackenzie's Great Beef Contract, but is a plain statement of facts and circumstances with which the Congress of the United States has interested itself from time to time during the long period of half a century.

I will not call this matter of George Fisher's a great deathless and unrelenting swindle upon the Government and people of

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MARK TWAIN
 "U. S. Senator."

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the United States—for it has never been so decided, and I hold that it is a grave and solemn wrong for a writer to cast slurs or call names when such is the case—but will simply present the evidence and let the reader deduce his own verdict. Then we shall do nobody injustice, and our consciences shall be clear.

On or about the 1st day of September, 1813, the Creek war being then in progress in Florida, the crops, herds, and houses of Mr. George Fisher, a citizen, were destroyed, either by the Indians or by the United States troops in pursuit of them. By the terms of the law, if the Indians destroyed the property there was no relief for Fisher; but if the troops destroyed it, the Government of the United States was debtor to Fisher for the amount involved.

George Fisher must have considered that the Indians destroyed the property, because, although he lived several years afterward, he does not appear to have ever made any claim upon the Government.

In the course of time Fisher died, and his widow married again. And by-and-by, nearly twenty years after that dimly remembered said upon Fisher's cornfields, the widow Fisher's new husband petitioned Congress for pay for the property, and backed up the petition with many depositions and affidavits which purported to prove that the troops, and not the Indians, destroyed the property; that the troops, for some inscrutable reason, deliberately burned down 'houses' (or cabins) valued at \$600, the same belonging to a peaceable private citizen, and also destroyed various other property belonging to the same citizen. But Congress decided not to believe that the troops were such idiots (after over-taking and scattering a band of Indians proved to have been found destroying Fisher's property) as to calmly continue the work of destruction themselves, and make a complete job of what the Indians had only commenced. So Congress denied the petition of the heirs of George Fisher in 1832, and did not pay them a cent.

We hear no more from them officially until 1848, sixteen years after their first attempt on the Treasury, and a full generation after the death of the man whose fields were destroyed. The new generation of Fisher heirs then came forward and put in a bill for damages. The second Auditor awarded them \$8,873, being half the damages sustained by Fisher. The Auditor said the testimony showed that at least half the destruction was done by the Indians 'before the troops started in pursuit,' and of course the Government was not responsible for that half.

2. That was in April, 1848. In December, 1848, the heirs of George Fisher, deceased, came forward and pleaded for a 'revision' of their bill of damages. The revision was made, but nothing new could be found in their favour except an error of \$100 in the former calculation. However, in order to keep up the spirits of the Fisher family, the Auditor concluded to go back and allow interest from the date of the first petition (1832) to the date when the bill of damages was awarded. This sent the Fishers home happy with sixteen years' interest on \$8,873—the same amounting to \$8,997.94. Total, \$17,870.94.

3. For an entire year the suffering Fisher family remained quiet—even satisfied, after a fashion. Then they swooped down upon Government with their wrongs once more. That old patriot, Attorney-General Toucey, burrowed through the musty papers of the Fishers, and discovered one more chance for the desolate orphans—interest on that original award of \$8,873 from date of destruction of the property (1813) up to 1852. Result, \$10,004.89 for the indigent Fishers. So now we have: First, \$8,873 damages; second, interest on it from 1832 to 1848, \$8,997.94; third, interest on it dated back to 1813, \$10,004.89. Total, \$27,875.83! What better investment for a great-grandchild than to get the Indians to burn a cornfield for him sixty or seventy years before his birth, and plausibly lay it on lunatic United States' troops?

4. Strange it may seem, the Fishers let Congress alone for five years—or, what is perhaps more likely, failed to make themselves heard by Congress for that length of time. But at last, in 1854, they got a hearing. They persuaded Congress to pass an Act requiring the Auditor to re-examine their case. But this time they stumbled upon the misfortune of an honest Secretary of the Treasury (Mr. James Guthrie), and he spoiled everything. He said in very plain language that the Fishers were not only not entitled to another cent, but that those children of many sorrows and acquainted with griefs had been paid too much already.

5. Therefore another interval of rest and silence ensued—an interval which lasted four years, viz., till 1858. The 'right man in the right place' was then Secretary of War—John B. Floyd, of peculiar renown! Here was a master intellect; here was the very man to succour the suffering heirs of dead and forgotten Fisher. They came up from Florida with a rush—a great tidal wave of Fishers, freighted with the same oldmasty documents about the same immortal cornfields of their ancestor. They straightway

got an Act passed transferring the Fisher matter from the dull Auditor to the ingenious Floyd. What did Floyd do? He said 'it was proved' that the Indians destroyed everything they could before the troops entered in pursuit.' He considered, therefore, that what they destroyed must have consisted of 'the houses with all their contents, and the liquor' (the most trifling part of the destruction, and set down at only \$3,200 all told), and that the Government troops then drove them off, and calmly proceeded to destroy—

Two hundred and twenty acres of corn in the field, thirty-five acres of wheat, and nine hundred and eighty-six head of live stock!

So Mr. Floyd decided that the Government was not responsible for that \$3,200 worth of rubbish which the Indians destroyed, but was responsible for the property destroyed by the troops—which property consisted of (I quote from the printed U. S. Senate document)—

Corn at Bassett's Creek.....	\$3,000
Cattle	5,000
Stock hogs	1,050
Drove hogs	1,204
Wheat	350
Hides	4,000
Corn on the Alabama river	3,500

Total.....\$18,104

That sum, in his report, Mr. Floyd calls 'the full value of the property destroyed by the troops.' He allows that sum to the starving Fishers, together with interest from 1813. From this new sum total the amounts already paid to the Fishers were deducted, and then the cheerful remainder (a fraction under forty thousand dollars) was handed to them, and again they retired to Florida in a condition of temporary tranquillity. Their ancestor's farm had now yielded them, altogether, nearly sixty-seven thousand dollars in cash.

6. Does the reader suppose that that was the end of it? Does he suppose those diffident Fishers were satisfied? Let the evidence show. The Fishers were quiet just two years. Then they came swarming up out of the fertile swamps of Florida with their same old documents, and besieged Congress once more. Congress capitulated on the 1st of June, 1860 and instructed Mr. Floyd to overhau these papers again and pay that bill. A Treasury clerk was ordered to go through those papers and report to Mr. Floyd what amount was still due the emaciated Fishers. This clerk (I can produce him whenever he is wanted) discovered what was apparently a glaring and recent forgery in the papers,

whereby a witness' testimony as to the price of corn in Florida in 1813 was made to name double the amount which that witness had originally specified as the price! The clerk not only called his superior's attention to this thing, but in making up his brief of the case called particular attention to it in writing. That part of the brief never got before Congress, nor has Congress ever yet had a hint of a forgery existing among the Fisher papers. Nevertheless, on the basis of the doubled prices (and totally ignoring the clerk's assertion that the figures were manifestly and unquestionably a recent forgery), Mr. Floyd remarks in his new report that 'the testimony, particularly in regard to the corn crops, demand a much higher allowance than any heretofore made by the Auditor or myself.' So he estimates the crop at sixty bushels to the acre (double what Florida acres produce), and then virtuously allows pay for only half the crop, but allows two dollars and a half a bushel for that half, when they are rusty old books and documents in the Congressional library to show just what the Fisher testimony showed before the forgery, viz: that in the fall of 1813 corn was only worth from \$1.25 to \$1.50 a bushel. Having accomplished this, what does Mr. Floyd do next? Mr. Floyd ('with an earnest desire to execute truly the legislative will,' as he piously remarks) goes to work and makes out an entirely new bill of Fisher damages, and in this new bill he placidly ignores the Indians altogether—puts no particle of the destruction of the Fisher property upon them, but, even repenting him of charging them with burning the cabins and drinking the whiskey and breaking the crockery, lays the entire damage at the door of the imbecile United States troops, down to the very last item! And not only that, but uses the forgery to double the loss of corn at 'Bassett's Creek,' and use it again to absolutely treble the loss of corn on the 'Alabama river.' This new and ably conceived and executed bill of Mr. Floyd's figures up as follows (I copy again from the printed U. S. Senate document):

The United States in account with the legal representatives of George Fisher, deceased.

1813.—To 550 head of cattle, at \$10....	\$ 5,500 00
To 80 head of drove hogs.....	1,204 00
To 350 head of stock hogs.....	1,750 00
To 100 acres of corn on Bassett's Creek.....	3,000 00
To 8 barrels of whiskey.....	550 00
To 2 barrels of brandy.....	280 00
To 1 barrel of rum.....	70 00
To dry-goods and merchandise in store.....	1,100 00
To 35 acres of wheat.....	35 00
To 2,000 hides.....	4,000 00

as to the price made to name witness had e! The clerk attention to this brief of the case it in writing. got before Conet had a hint the Fisher basis of the ignoring the res were mani- cent forgery), w report that regard to the higher allow- made by the estimates the acre (double and then virtu- the crop, but a bushel for sty old books sional library her testimony : that in the th from \$1.25 accomplished o next? Mr. re to, execute ie piously re- es out an en- mages, and in es the Indians the destruc- on them, but, arging them and drinking crockery, lays of the imbe- to the very but uses the nat 'Bassett's olutely trebleabama river,' and executed as follows (I U. S. Senate

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..... \$ 5,500 00
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..... 350 00
..... 4,000 00

To furs and hats in store.....	600 00
To crockery ware in store.....	100 00
To smiths' and carpenters tools	250 00
To houses burned and de-	
stroyed.....	600 00
To 4 dozen bottles of wine.....	48 00
1834.—To 120 acres of corn on Ala-	
bama river.....	9,500 00
To crops of peas, fodder, etc..	3,250 00
Total.....	\$ 31,952 00
To interest on \$22,202, from	
July, 1813, to November,	
1860, 47 years and 4 months	63,063 68
To interest on \$22,700, from	
September, 1814, to Novem-	
ber, 1860, 46 years and 2	
months.....	35,317 50
Total.....	\$133,323 18

He puts everything in this time. He does not even allow that the Indians destroyed the crockery or drank the four dozen bottles of (currant) wine. When it came to supernatural comprehensiveness in 'gobbling,' John B. Floyd was without his equal, in his own or any other generation. Subtracting from the above total the \$67,000 already paid to George Fisher's implacable heirs, Mr. Floyd announced that the Government was still indebted to them in the sum of sixty-six thousand five hundred and nineteen dollars and eighty-five cents, 'which,' Mr. Floyd complacently remarks, 'will be paid, accordingly, to the administrator of the estate of George Fisher, deceased, or to his attorney in fact.'

But, sadly enough for the destitute orphans a new President came in just at this time. Buchanan and Floyd went out, and they never got their money. The first thing Congress did in 1861 was to rescind the resolution of June 1, 1860, under which Mr. Floyd had been ciphering. Then Floyd (and doubtless the heirs of George Fisher likewise) had to give up financial business for a while, and go into the Confederate army and serve their country.

Were the heirs of George Fisher killed? No. They are back now at this very time (July, 1870), beseeching Congress, through that blushing and diffident creature, Garrett Davis, to commence making payments again on their interminable and insatiable bill of damages for corn and whiskey destroyed by a gang of irresponsible Indians, so long ago that even Government red-tape has failed to keep consistent and intelligent track of it.

Now, the above are facts. They are history. Any one who doubts it can send to the Senate Document of the Capital for H. R. Ex. Doc. No. 21, 36th Congress, 2nd Session, and for S. Ex. Doc. No. 106, 41st Congress, 2nd Session, and satisfy himself. The whole case is set forth in the first

volume of the Court of Claims reports.

It is my belief that as long as the Continent of America holds together, the heirs of George Fisher, deceased, will make pile grimaces to Washington from the swamp of Florida, to plead for just a little more cash on their bill of damages (even when they received the last of that sixty-seven thousand dollars, they said it was only one-fourth what the Government then owed them on that fruitful corn-field), and as long as they choose to come, they will find Garrett Davis to drag their vampire schemes before Congress. This is not the only hereditary fraud (if fraud it is—which I have before repeatedly remarked is not proven) that is being quietly handed down from generation to generation of fathers and sons, through the persecuted Treasury of the United States.

THE FACTS IN THE CASE OF THE GREAT BEEF CONTRACT.

In as few words as possible I wish to lay before the nation what share, howsoever small, I have had in this matter—this matter which has so exercised the public mind, engendered so much ill feeling, and so filled the newspapers of both continents with distorted statements and extravagant comments.

The origin of this distasteful thing was this—and I assert here that every fact in the following *resumé* can be amply proved by the official records of the General Government:—

John Wilson Mackenzie, of Rotterdam, Chemung county, New Jersey, deceased, contracted with the General Government, on or about the 10th day of October, 1861, to furnish to General Sherman the sum total of thirty barrels of beef.

Very well.

He started after Sherman with the beef, but when he got to Washington Sherman had gone to Manassas; so he took the beef and followed there, but arrived too late; he followed him to Nashville, and from Nashville to Chattanooga, and from Chattanooga to Atlanta—but he never could overtake him. At Atlanta he took a fresh start and followed him clear through his march to the sea. He arrived too late again by a few days; but hearing that Sherman was going out in the Quaker City excursion to the Holy Land, he took shipping for Beirut, calculating to head off the other vessel. When he arrived in Jerusalem with his beef, he learned that Sherman had not sailed in the Quaker City, but had gone to the Plains to fight the Indians. He returned to America, and started for the Rocky Mountains. After sixty-eight days of arduous travel on the

Plains, and when he had got within four miles of Sherman's headquarter, he was tomahawked and scalped, and the Indians got the beef. They got all of it but one barrel. Sherman's army captured that, and so, even in death, the bold navigator partly fulfilled his contract. In his will, which he had kept like a journal, he bequeathed the contract to his son, Bartholomew W. Bartholomew W. made out the following bill, and then died :—

THE UNITED STATES	
In account with JOHN WILSON MAO	
KENZIE, of New Jersey, deceased....	
To thirty barrels of beef for General Sherman, at \$100.....	\$ 3,000
To travelling expenses and transportation.....	14,000
Total.....	\$17,000
Rec'd Pay't	

He died then ; but he left the contract to Wm. J. Martin, who tried to collect it, but died before he got through. He left it to Barker J. Allen, and he tried to collect it also. He did not survive. Barker J. Allen left it to Anson G. Rogers, who attempted to collect it, and got along as far as the Ninth Auditor's Office, when Death, the great Leveller, came all unsummoned, and foreclosed on him also. He left the bill to a relative of his in Connecticut, Vengeance Hopkins by name, who lasted four weeks and two days, and made the best time on record, coming within one of reaching the Twelfth Auditor. In his will he gave the contract bill to his uncle, by the name of O-be-joyful Johnson. It was too undermining for Joyful. His last words were : ' Weep not for me—I am willing to go.' And so he was, poor soul. Seven people inherited the contract after that ; but they all died. So it came into my hands at last. It fell to me through a relative by the name of Hubbard—Bethlehem Hubbard, of Indiana. He had had a grudge against me for a long time ; but in his last moments he sent for me, and forgave me everything, and, weeping, gave me the beef contract.

This ends the history of it up to the time that I succeeded to the property. I will now endeavour to set myself straight before the nation in everything that concerns my share in the matter. I took this beef contract, and the bill for mileage and transportation, to the President of the United States.

He said, ' Well, sir, what can I do for you ? '

I said, ' Sir, on or about the 10th day of October, 1861, John Wilson Mackenzie, of Rotterdam, Chemung county, New Jersey, deceased, contracted with the General Gov-

ernment to furnish to General Sherman the sum total of thirty barrels of beef—'

He stopped me there, and dismissed me from his presence—kindly, but firmly. The next day I called on the Secretary of State.

He said, ' Well, sir ? '

I said, ' Your Royal Highness ; on or about the 10th day of October, 1861, John Wilson Mackenzie, of Rotterdam, Chemung county, New Jersey, deceased, contracted with the General Government to furnish to General Sherman the sum total of thirty barrels of beef—'

' That will do, sir—that will do ; this office has nothing to do with contracts for beef.'

I was bowed out. I thought the matter all over, and finally, the following day, I visited the Secretary of the Navy, who said, ' Speak quickly, sir ; do not keep me waiting.'

I said, ' Your Royal Highness, on or about the 10th day of October, 1861, John Wilson Mackenzie, of Rotterdam, Chemung county, New Jersey, deceased, contracted with the General Government to furnish to General Sherman the sum total of thirty barrels of beef—'

Well, it was as far as I could get. He had nothing to do with beef contracts for General Sherman either. I began to think it was a curious kind of a Government. It looked somewhat as if they wanted to get out of paying for that beef. The following day I went to the Secretary of the Interior.

I said, ' Your Imperial Highness, on or about the 10th day of October—'

' That is sufficient, sir. I have heard of you before. Go, take your infamous beef contract out of this establishment. The Interior Department has nothing whatever to do with subsistence for the army.'

I went away. But I was exasperated now. I said I would haunt them ; I would infest every department of this iniquitous Government till that contract business was settled. I would collect that bill, or fail, as fell my predecessors, trying. I assailed the Postmaster-General ; I besieged the Agricultural Department ; I waylaid the Speaker of the House of Representatives. They had nothing to do with army contracts for beef. I moved upon the Commissioner of the Patent Office.

I said, ' Your August Excellency, on or about—'

' Perdition ! have you got here with your incendiary beef contract, at last ? We have nothing to do with beef contracts for the army, my dear sir.'

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'Oh, that is all very well—but somebody has got to pay for that beef. It has got to be paid now, or I'll confiscate this old Patent Office and everything in it.'

'But, my dear sir—'

'It don't make any difference, sir. The Patent Office is liable for that beef, I reckon; and, liable or not liable, the Patent Office has got to pay for it.'

Never mind the details. It ended in a fight. The Patent Office won. But I found out something to my advantage. I was told that the Treasury Department was the proper place for me to go. I went there. I waited two hours and a half, and then I was admitted to the First Lord of the Treasury.

I said, 'Most noble, grave, and reverend Signor, on or about the 10th day of October, 1861, John Wilson Macken—'

'That is sufficient, sir. I have heard of you. Go to the First Auditor of the Treasury.'

I did so. He sent me to the Second Auditor. The Second Auditor sent me to the Third, and the Third sent me to the First Comptroller of the Corn Beef Division. This began to look like business. He examined his books and all his loose papers, but found no minute of the beef contract. I went to the Second Comptroller of the Corn-Beef Division. He examined his books and his loose papers, but with no success. I was encouraged. During that week I got through the Claims Department; the third I began and completed the Mis-laid Contracts Department, and got a foothold in the Dead Reckoning Department. I finished that in three days. There was only one place left for it now. I laid siege to the Commissioner of Odds and Ends. To his clerk, rather—he was not there himself. There were sixteen beautiful young ladies in the room, writing in books, and there were seven well-favoured young clerks showing them how. The young women smiled up over their shoulders, and the clerks smiled back at them, and all went merry as a marriage bell. Two or three clerks that were reading the newspapers looked at me rather hard, but went on reading, and nobody said anything. However, I had been used to this kind of alacrity from Fourth-Assistant Junior Clerks all through my eventful career, from the very day I entered the first office of the Corn-Beef Bureau, clear till I passed out of the last one in the Dead Reckoning Division. I had got so accomplished by this time that I could stand on one foot from the moment I entered an office till a clerk spoke to me, without changing more than two or maybe three times.

So I stood there till I had changed four

different times. Then I said to one of the clerks who was reading—

'Illustrious Vagrant, where is the Grand Turk?'

'What do you mean, sir? Whom do you mean? If you mean the Chief of the Bureau, he is out.'

'Will he visit the harem to-day?'

The young man glared upon me awhile, and then went on reading his paper. But I knew the ways of those clerks. I knew I was safe if he got through before another New York mail arrived. He only had two more papers left. After awhile he finished them, and then he yawned and asked me what I wanted.

'Renowned and honoured imbecile: On or about—'

'You are the beef contract man. Give me your papers.'

He took them, and for a long time he ransacked his odds and ends. Finally he found the North-West Passage, as I regarded it—he found the long-lost record of that beef contract—he found the rock upon which so many of my ancestors had split before they ever got to it. I was deeply moved. And yet I rejoiced—for I had survived. I said with emotion, 'Give it me. The Government will settle now.' He waved me back and said there was something yet to be done first.

'Where is this John Wilson Mackenzie?' said he.

'Dead.'

'When did he die?'

'He didn't die at all—he was killed.'

'How?'

'Tomahawked.'

'Who tomahawked him?'

'Why, an Indian, of course. You didn't suppose it was a superintendent of a Sunday-school, did you?'

'No. An Indian, was it?'

'The same.'

'Name of the Indian?'

'His name? I don't know his name.'

'Must have his name. Who saw the tomahawking done?'

'I don't know.'

'You were not present yourself, then?'

'Which you can see by my hair I was absent.'

'Then how do you know that Mackenzie is dead?'

'Because he certainly died at that time, and I have every reason to believe that he has been dead ever since. I know that he has, in fact.'

'We must have proofs. Have you got the Indian?'

'Of course not.'

'Well, you must get him. Have you got the tomahawk?'

'I never thought of such a thing.'

'You must get the tomahawk. You must produce the Indian and the tomahawk. If Mackenzie's death can be proven by these, you can then go before the Commission appointed to audit claims with some show of getting your bill under such headway that your children may possibly live to receive the money and enjoy it. But that man's death must be proven. However, I may as well tell you that the Government will never pay that transportation and those travelling expenses of the lamented Mackenzie. It may possibly pay for the barrel of beef that Sherman's soldiers captured, if you can get a Relief Bill through Congress making an appropriation for that purpose; but it will not pay for the twenty-nine barrels the Indians ate.'

'Then there is only a hundred dollars due me, and that isn't certain! After all Mackenzie's travels in Europe, Asia and America with that beef; after all his trials and tribulations and transportation; after the slaughter of all those innocents that tried to collect that bill! Young man, why didn't the First Comptroller of the Corn-Beef Division tell me this?'

'He didn't know anything about the genuineness of your claim.'

'Why didn't the Second tell me? why didn't the Third? why didn't all those divisions and departments tell me?'

'None of them knew. We do things by routine here. You have followed the routine and found out what you wanted to know. It is the best way. It is the only way. It is very regular, and very slow, but it is very certain.'

'Yes, certain death. It has been to the most of our tribe. I begin to feel that I, too, am called. Young man, you love the bright creature yonder with the gentle blue eyes and the steel pen behind her ear—I see it in your soft glances: you wish to marry her, but you are poor. Here, hold out your hand—here is the beef contract; go, take her and be happy! Heaven bless you, my children!'

This is all I know about the great beef contract that has created so much talk in the community. The clerk to whom I bequeathed it died. I know nothing further about the contract or any one connected with it. I only know that if a man lives long enough he can trace a thing through the Circumlocution Office of Washington, and find out after much labour and trouble and delay, that which he could have found out on the first day if the business of the Circumlocution Office were as ingeniously

systematized as it would be if it were a great private mercantile institution.

THE POOR EDITOR.

To be the editor of any kind of newspaper, either country or metropolitan (but very especially the former), is a position which must be very trying to a good-natured man! Because it makes him an object of charity whether or no. It makes him the object of a peculiar and humiliating, because an interested charity—a charity thrust upon him with offensive assurance and a perfectly unconcealed taken-for-granted that it will be received with gratitude, and the donor accounted a benefactor; and at the very same time the donor's chief motive, his vulgar self-interest, is left as frankly unconcealed. The country editor offers his advertising space to the public at the trifle of one dollar and a half or two dollars a square, first insertion, and one would suppose his 'patrons' would be satisfied with that. But they are not. They puzzle their thin brains to find out some still cheaper way of getting their wares celebrated—some way whereby they can advertise virtually for nothing. They soon hit upon the meanest and shabbiest of all contrivances for robbing a gentle-spirited scribbler, viz., the conferring upon him of a present and begging a 'notice' of it—thus pitifully endeavouring to not only invade his sacred editorial columns, but get ten dollars' worth of advertising for fifty cents' worth of merchandise, and on top of that leave the poor creature burdened with a crushing debt of gratitude! And so the corrupted editor, having once debauched his independence and received one of these contemptible presents, wavers a little while the remnant of his self-respect is consuming, and at last abandons himself to a career of shame, and prostitutes his columns to 'notices' of every sort of present that a stingy neighbour chooses to inflict upon him. The confectioner insults him with forty cents' worth of ice-cream—and he lavishes four 'squares' of editorial compliments on him; the grocer insults him with a bunch of overgrown radishes and a dozen prize turnips—and gets an editorial paragraph perfectly putrid with gratitude; the farmer insults him with three dollars' worth of peaches, or a beef like a man's leg, or a water-melon like a channel-buoy, or a cabbage in many respects like his own head, and expects a third of a column of exuberant imbecility—and gets it. And these trivial charities are not respectfully and gracefully tendered, but are thrust insolently upon the victim, and with an air that plainly shows

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that the victim will be held to a strict accountability in the next issue of his paper.

I am not an editor of a newspaper, and shall always try to do right and be good, so that God will not make me one; but there are some persons who have got the impression somehow that I am that kind of character, and they treat me accordingly. They send me a new-fangled wheelbarrow, and ask me to 'notice' it; or a peculiar boot-jack, and ask me to 'notice' it; or a sample of coffee, and ask me to 'notice' it; or an article of furniture worth eight or ten dollars, or a pair of crutches, or a truss, or an artificial nose, or a few shillings' worth of rubbish of the vegetable species; and here lately, all in one day, I received a barrel of apples, a thing to milk cows with, a basket of peaches and a box of grapes, a new sort of wooden leg, and a patent 'composition' grave-stone. 'Notices' requested. A barrel of apples, a cow milker, a basket of peaches and a box of grapes, all put together, are not worth the bore of writing a 'notice,' or a tenth part of the room the 'notice' would take up in the paper, and so they remained unnoticed. I had no immediate use for the wooden leg, and would not have accepted a charity grave-stone if I had been dead and actually suffering for it when it came; so I sent those articles back.

The ungrateful custom, so popular in the back settlements, of facetiously wailing about the barren pockets of editors, is the parent of this uncanny present-inflicting, and it is time that the guild that originated the custom and now suffer in pride and purse from it reflected that decent and dignified poverty is thoroughly respectable; while the flaunting of either a real or pretended neediness in the public face, and the bartering of nauseating 'puffs' for its legitimate fruit of charitable presents, are as thoroughly indelicate, unbecoming and disreputable.

'AFTER' JENKINS.

A grand affair of a ball—the Pioneers'—came off at the Occidental some time ago. The following notes of the costumes worn by the belles of the occasion may not be uninteresting to the general reader, and Jenkins may get an idea therefrom:

Mrs. W. M. was attired in an elegant *pate de foie gras*, made expressly for her, and was greatly admired.

Miss S. had her hair done up. She was the centre of attraction for the gentlemen and the envy of all the ladies.

Miss G. W. was tastefully dressed in a *tout ensemble*, and was greeted with deafening applause.

Mrs. C. N. was superbly arrayed in white kid gloves. Her modest and engaging manner accorded well with the unpretending simplicity of her costume, and caused her to be regarded with absorbing interest by every one.

The charming Miss M. M. B. appeared in a thrilling waterfall, whose exceeding grace and volume compelled the homage of pioneers and emigrants alike. How beautiful she was!

The queenly Mrs. L. R. was attractively attired in her new and beautiful false teeth, and the *bon jour* effect they naturally produced was heightened by her enchanting and well-sustained smile. The manner of the lady is charingly pensive and melancholy, and her troops of admirers desired no greater happiness than to get on the scent of her azodont-sweetened sighs, and track her through her sinuous course among the gay and restless multitude.

Miss R. P., with that repugnance to ostentation in dress which is so peculiar to her, was attired in a simple white lace collar, fastened with a neat pearl-button solitaire. The fine contrast between the sparkling vivacity of her natural optic and the steadfast attentiveness of her placid glass eye, was the subject of general and enthusiastic remark.

The radiant and sylph-like Mrs. T. wore hoops. She showed to great advantage, and created a sensation wherever she appeared. She was the gayest of the gay.

Miss C. L. B. had her fine nose elegantly embalmed, and the easy grace with which she blew it from time to time marked her as a cultivated and accomplished woman of the world; its exquisitely modulated tone excited the admiration of all who had the happiness to hear it.

Being offended with Miss X., and our acquaintance having ceased permanently, I will take this opportunity of observing to her that it is of no use of her to be prancing off to every ball that takes place, and flourishing around with a brass oyster knife skewered through her waterfall, and smiling her sickly smile through her decayed teeth, with her dismal pug-nose in the air. There is no use in it—she don't deceive anybody. Everybody knows she is old: everybody knows she is repaired (you might almost say built) with artificial hair and bones and muscles and things, from the ground up—put together scrap by scrap; and everybody knows, also, that all one would have to do would be to pull out her key-pin, and she would go to pieces like a Chinese puzzle.

ANSWER TO AN INQUIRY FROM THE
COMING MAN.

'YOUNG AUTHOR.'—Yes, Agassiz does recommend authors to eat fish, because the phosphorus in it makes brains. So far you are correct. But I cannot help you to a decision about the amount you need to eat—at least, not with certainty. If the specimen composition you send is about your fair usual average, I should judge that perhaps a couple of whales would be all you want for the present. Not the largest kind, but simply good middling-sized whales.

CONCERNING CHAMBERMAIDS.

Against all chambermaids, of whatsoever age or nationality, I launch the curse of bachelordom! Because:

They always put the pillows at the opposite end of the bed from the gas-burner, so that while you read and smoke before sleeping (as is the ancient and honoured custom of bachelors), you have to hold your book aloft in an uncomfortable position, to keep the light from dazzling your eyes.

When you find the pillows removed to the other end of the bed in the morning, they receive not the suggestion in a friendly spirit; but glorying in their absolute sovereignty, and unpitying your helplessness, they make the bed just as it was originally, and gloat in secret over the pang their tyranny will cause you.

Always after that, when they find you have transposed the pillows, they undo your work, and thus defy and seek to embitter the life that God has given you.

If they cannot get the light in an inconvenient position any other way, they move the bed.

If you pull your trunk out six inches from the wall, so that the lid will stay up when you open it, they always shove that trunk back again. They do it on purpose.

If you want the spittoon in a certain spot, where it will be handy, they don't, and so they move it.

They always put your other boots into inaccessible places. They chiefly enjoy depositing them as far under the bed as the wall will permit. It is because this compels you to get down in an undignified attitude and make wild sweeps for them in the dark with the boot-jack and swear.

They always put the match-box in some other place. They hunt up a new place for it every day, and put up a bottle, or other perishable glass thing, where the box stood before. This is to cause you to break that glass thing, groping in the dark, and get yourself into trouble.

They are for ever and ever moving the furniture. When you come in, in the night, you can calculate on finding the bureau where the wardrobe was in the morning. And when you go out in the morning, if you leave the slop-bucket by the door and rocking-chair by the window, when you come in at midnight, or thereabouts, you will fall over that rocking-chair, and you will proceed toward the window and sit down in that slop-tub. This will disgust you. They like that.

No matter where you put anything, they are not going to let it stay there. They will take it and move it the first chance they get. It is there nature. And, besides, it gives them pleasure to be mean and contrary this way. They would die if they couldn't be villains.

They always save up all the old scraps of printed rubbish you throw on the floor, and stack them up carefully on the table, and start the fire with your valuable manuscripts. If there is any one particular old scrap that you are more down on than any other, and which you are gradually wearing your life out trying to get rid of, you may take all the pains you possibly can in the direction, but it won't be of any use, because they will always fetch that old scrap back and put it in the same old place again every time. It does them good.

And they use up more hair-oil than any six men. If charged with purloining the same, they lie about it. What do they care about a hereafter? absolutely nothing.

If you leave the key in the door for convenience sake, they will carry it down to the office and give it to the clerk. They do this under the vile pretence of trying to protect your property from thieves; but actually they did it because they want to make you tramp back downstairs after it when you come home tired, or put you to the trouble of sending a waiter for it, which waiter will expect you to pay him something. In which case I suppose the degraded creatures divide.

They keep always trying to make your bed before you get up, thus destroying your rest and inflicting agony upon you; but after you get up, they don't come any more till next day.

They do all the mean things you can think of, and they do them just out of pure cussedness, and nothing else.

Chambermaids are dead to every human instinct.

If I can get a Bill through the Legislature abolishing chambermaids. I mean to do it.

BURLESQUE AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

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Two or three persons having at different times intimated that if I would write an autobiography they would read it when they got leisure, I yield at last to this frenzied public demand, and herewith tender my history.

Ours is a noble old house, and stretches a long way back into antiquity. The earliest ancestor the Twains have any record of was a friend of the family by the name of Higgins. This was in the eleventh century, when our people were living in Aberdeen, county of Cork, England. Why it is that our long line has ever since borne the maternal name (except when one of them now and then took a playful refuge in an alias to avert foolishness) instead of Higgins, is a mystery which none of us has ever felt much desire to stir. It is a kind of vague, pretty romance, and we leave it alone. All the old families do that way.

Arthur Twain was a man of considerable note—a solicitor on the highway in William Rufus's time. At about the age of thirty he went to one of those fine old English places of resort called Newgate, to see about something, and never returned again. While there he died suddenly.

Augustus Twain seems to have made something of a stir about the year 1160. He was as full of fun as he could be, and used to take his old sabre and sharpen it up, and get in a convenient place on a dark night, and stick it through people as they went by, to see them jump. He was a born humorist. But he got to going too far with it; and the first time he was found stripping one of these parties, the authorities removed one end of him and put it up on a nice place on Temple Bar, where it could contemplate the people and have a good time. He never liked any situation so much, or stuck to it so long.

Then for the next two hundred years the family tree shows a succession of soldiers—noble, high-spirited fellows, who always went into battle singing, right behind the army, and always went out a-whooping, right ahead of it.

This is a scathing rebuke to old dead Froisart's poor witticism, that our family tree never had but one limb to it, and that that one stuck out at right angles, and bore fruit winter and summer.

Early in the fifteenth century we have Beau Twain, called 'the Scholar.' He wrote a beautiful, beautiful hand. And he could imitate anybody's hand so closely that it was enough to make a person laugh his head off to see it. He had infinite sport with his talent.

But by-and-by he took a contract to break stone for a road, and the roughness of the work spoiled his hand. Still he enjoyed life all the time he was in the stone business, which with inconsiderable intervals, was some forty-two years. In fact, he died in harness. During all those long years he gave such satisfaction that he never was through with one contract a week till the Government gave him another. He was a perfect pet. And he was always a favourite with his fellow-artists, and was a conspicuous member of their benevolent secret society, called the Chain Gang. He always wore his hair short, had a preference for striped clothes, and died lamented by the Government. He was a sore loss to his country, for he was so regular.

Some years later we have the illustrious John Morgan Twain. He came over to this country with Columbus in 1492 as a passenger. He appears to have been of a crusty, uncomfortable disposition. He complained of the food all the way over, and was always threatening to go ashore unless there was a change. He wanted fresh shad. Hardly a day passed over his head that he did not go riding about the ship with his nose in the air sneering about the commander, and saying he did not believe Columbus knew where he was going to or had ever been there before. The memorable cry of 'Land ho' thrilled every heart in the ship but his. He gazed a while through a piece of smoked glass at the pencilled line lying on the distant water, and then said, 'Land be hanged! It's a raft!'

When this questionable passenger came on board the ship he brought nothing with him but an old newspaper containing a handkerchief marked 'B. G.,' one cotton sock marked 'L. W. C.,' one woollen one marked 'D. F.,' and a night-shirt marked 'O. M. R.' And yet during the voyage he worried more about his 'trunk,' and gave himself more airs about it than all the rest of the passengers put together. If the ship was 'down by the head,' and would not steer, he would go and move his 'trunk' further aft, and then watch the effect. If the ship was 'by the stern,' he would suggest to Columbus to detail some men to 'shift that baggage.' In storms he had to be gagged, because his wallings about his 'trunk' made it impossible for the men to hear the orders. The man does not appear to have been openly charged with any gravely unbecoming thing, but it is noted in the ship's log as a 'curious circumstance' that albeit he brought his baggage on board the ship in a newspaper, he took it ashore in four trunks, a queensware crate, and a couple of champagne baskets. But when he came back

insinuating, in an insolent, swaggering way, that some of his things were missing, and was going to search the other passengers' baggage, it was too much, and they threw him overboard. They watched long and wonderingly for him to come up, but not even a bubble rose on the quiet ebbing tide. But, while everyone was most absorbed in gazing over the side, and the interest was momentarily increasing, it was observed with consternation that the vessel was adrift and the anchor cable hanging limp from the bow. Then in the ship's dimmed and ancient log we find this quaint note:—

'In time it was discovered yt ye trouble-some passenger hadde gone downe and got ye anchor, and toke ye same and solde it ye dam sauvages from ye interior; saying yt he hadde founde it, ye sonne of a ghun !'

Yet this ancestor had good and noble instincts, and it is with pride that we call to mind the fact that he was the first white person who ever interested himself in the work of elevating and civilizing our Indians. He built a commodious jail, and put up a gallows, and to his dying day he claimed with satisfaction that he had had a more restraining and elevating influence on the Indians than any other reformer that ever laboured among them. At this point the chronicle became less frank and chatty, and closed abruptly by saying that the old voyager went to see his gallows perform on the first white man ever hanged in America, and while there received injuries which terminated in his death.

The great grandson of the 'Reformer' flourished in sixteen hundred and something, and was known in our annals as the 'old Admiral,' though in history he had other titles. He was long in command of fleets of swift vessels, well armed and manned, and did and great service in hurrying up merchantmen. Vessels which he followed and kept his eagle eye on always made good fair time across the ocean. But if a ship still loitered in spite of all he could do, his indignation would grow till he could contain himself no longer—and then he would take that ship home where he lived, and keep it there carefully, expecting the owners to come for it, but they never did. And he would try to get the idleness and sloth out of the sailors of that ship by compelling them to take invigorating exercise and a bath. He called it 'walking a plank.' All the pupils liked it. At any rate they never found any fault with it after trying it. When the owners were late coming for their ships, the Admiral always burned them, so that the insurance money should not be lost. At last this fine old tar was cut down in the fulness

of his years and honours. And to her dying day his poor, heart-broken widow believed that if he had been out down fifteen minutes sooner he might have been resuscitated.

Charles Henry Twain lived during the latter part of the seventeenth century, and was a zealous and distinguished missionary. He converted sixteen thousand South Sea Islanders, and taught them that a dog-tooth necklace and a pair of spectacles was not enough clothing to come to divine service in. His poor flock loved him very, very dearly; and when his funeral was over they got up in a body (and came out of the restaurant), with tears in their eyes, and saying one to another that he was a good, tender missionary, and they wished they had some more of him.

PAH-GO-TO-WAH-PUKKTESKEWIS (Mighty-Hunter-with-a-Hogg-Eye) Twain adorned the middle of the eighteenth century, and aided Gen. Braddock with all his heart to resist the oppressor Washington. It was this ancestor who fired seventeen times at our Washington from behind a tree. So far the beautiful romantic narrative in the moral story-books is correct, but when that narrative goes on to say that at the seventeenth round the awe-stricken savage said solemnly that that man was being reserved by the Great Spirit for some mighty mission, and he dare not lift his sacrilegious rifle against him again, the narrative seriously impairs the integrity of history. What he did say was—

'It ain't no (hie) no use. That man's so drunk he can't stan' still long enough for a man to hit him. I (hie !) I can't 'ford to fool away any more am'nition on him !'

That was why he stopped at the seventeenth round, and it was a good, plain, matter-of-fact reason, too, and one that easily commends itself to us by the eloquent persuasive flavour of probability there is about it.

I always enjoyed the story-book narrative, but I felt a marring misgiving that every Indian at Braddock's Defeat who fired at a soldier a couple of times (two easily grows to seventeen in a century), and missed him, jumped to the conclusion that the Great Spirit was reserving that soldier for some grand mission; and so I somehow feared that the only reason why Washington's case is remembered and the others forgotten is, that in his the prophecy came true, and in that of the others it didn't. There are not books enough on earth to contain the record of the prophecies Indians and other unauthorised parties have made; but one may carry in his overcoat pockets the record of all the prophecies that have been fulfilled.

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I will remark here, in passing, that certain ancestors of mine are so thoroughly well-known in history by their *aliases* that I have not felt it to be worth while to dwell upon them, or even mention them in the order of their birth. Among these may be mentioned Richard Brinsley Twain, *alias* Guy Fawkes; John Wentworth Twain, *alias* Sixteen String Jack; William Hogarth Twain, *alias* Jack Sheppard; Annanias Twain, *alias* Baron Munchausen; John George Twain, *alias* Capt. Kidd. And then there are George Francis Twain, Tom Pepper, Nebuchadnezzar, and Balaam's Ass—they all belong to our family, but to a branch of it somewhat distantly removed from the honourable direct line—in fact from a collateral branch, whose members chiefly differ from the ancient stock in that, in order to acquire the notoriety we have already yearned and hungered for, they have got into a very low way of going to jail instead of getting hanged.

It is not well, when writing an autobiography, to follow your ancestry down too close to your own time—it is safest to speak only vaguely of your great-grandfather, and then skip from there to yourself, which I now do.

I was born without teeth—and there Richard III. had the advantage of me; but I was born without a hump-back likewise, and there I had the advantage of him. My parents were neither poor nor conspicuously honest.

But now a thought occurs to me. My own history would really seem so tame contrasted with that of my ancestors that it is simply wisdom to leave it unwritten until I am hanged. If some other biographies I have read had stopped with the ancestry until a like event occurred it would have been a felicitous thing for the reading public. How does it strike you?

THE UNDERTAKER'S CHAT.

'Now, that corpse,' said the undertaker, patting the folded hands of deceased approvingly, 'was a brick—every way you took him he was a brick—he was so real accommodating, and so modest-like and simple in his last moments. Friends wanted metallic burial case—nothin' else would do. I couldn't get it. There warn't going to be time—anybody could see that

'Corpse said never mind, shake him up some kind of a box he could stretch out in comfortable, he warn't particular 'bout the general style of it. Said he went more on room than style, anyway, in a last final container.

'Friends wanted a silver door-plate on the coffin, signifying who he was and where he

was from. Now you know a fellow couldn't roust out such a gaily thing as that in a little country town like this. What did corpse say?

'Corpse said, whitewash his old canoe and dob his address and general destination onto it with a blacking brush and a stencil plate 'long with a verse from some likely hymn or other, and pint him for the tomb, and mark him C.O.D., and just let him flicker. He warn't distressed any more than you be—on the contrary, just as ca'm and collected as a hearse-horse; said he judged that wher' he was going to a body would find it considerable better to attract attention by a picturesque moral character than a natty, burial case with a swell door-plate on it.

'Splendid man, he was. I'd ruther do for a corpse like that'n any I've tackled in seven year. There's some satisfaction in buryin' a man like that. You feel that what you're doing is appreciated. Lord bless you, so's he got planted before he spiled, he was perfectly satisfied; said his relations meant well, perfectly well, but all them preparations was bound to delay the thing more or less, and he didn't wish to be kept layin' around. You never see such a clear head as what he had—and so ca'm and so cool. Just a hunk of brains—that is what he was. Perfectly awful. It was a ripping distance from one end of that man's head to t'other. Often and over again he's had brain fever—a-raging in one place, and the rest of the pile didn't know anything about it—didn't affect it any more than an Injun insurrection in Arizona affects the Atlantic States.

'Well, the relations they wanted a big funeral, but corpse said he was down on flummery—didn't want any procession—fill the hearse full of mourners, and get out a stern line and tow him behind. He was the most down on style of any remains I ever struck. A beautiful, simple-minded creature—it was what he was, you can depend on that. He was just set on having things the way he wanted them, and he took a solid comfort in laying his little plans. He had me measure him and take a whole raft of directions; then he had the minister stand up behind a long box with a table-cloth over it, to represent the coffin, and read his funeral sermon, saying, "Angore, angore!" at the good places, and making him scratch out every bit of brag about him, and all the hi'falutin'; and then he made them trot out the choir so's he could help them pick out the tunes for the occasion, and he got them to sing "Pop Goes the Weasel," because he'd always liked that tune when he was down-hearted, and solemn music made him

and; and when they sung that with tears in their eyes (because they all loved him), and his relations grieving around, he just laid there as happy as a bug, and trying to beat time and showing all over how much he enjoyed it; and presently he got worked up and excited, and tried to join in, for mind you he was pretty proud of his abilities in the singing line; but the first time he opened his mouth and was just going to spread himself his breath took a walk.

'I never see a man snuffed out so sudden. Ah, it was a great loss—it was a powerful loss to this poor little one-horse town. Well, well, well, I hain't got time to be palavering along here—got to nail on the lid and mosey along with him; and if you just give me a lift we'll skeet him into the hearse and meander along. Relations bound to have it so—don't pay no attention to dying inflections, minute a corpse's gone; but, if I had my way, if I didn't respect his last wishes and tow him behind the hearse I'll be cuss'd. I consider that whatever a corpse wants done for his comfort is little enough matter, and a man hain't got no right to deceive him or take advantage of him; and whatever a corpse trusts me to do I'm going to do, you know, even if it's to stuff him and paint him yellor and keep him for a keepsake—you hear me.'

He cracked his whip and went lumbering away with his ancient ruin of a hearse, and I continued my walk with a valuable lesson learned—that a healthy and wholesome cheerfulness is not necessarily impossible to any occupation. The lesson is likely to be lasting, for it will take many months to obliterate the memory of the remarks and circumstances that impressed it.

THE PETRIFIED MAN.

Now, to show how really hard it is to foist a moral or a truth upon an unsuspecting public through a burlesque without entirely and absurdly missing one's mark, I will here set down two experiences of my own in this thing. In the fall of 1862, in Nevada and California, the people got to running wild about extraordinary petrifications and other natural marvels. One could scarcely pick up a paper without finding facing in it one or two glorified discoveries of this kind. The mania was becoming a little ridiculous. I was a bran-new local editor in Virginia City, and I felt called upon to destroy this growing evil; we all have our benignant fatherly moods at some time or another, I suppose. I chose to kill the petrification mania with a delicate, a very delicate satire. But maybe it was altogether too delicate for nobody,

ever perceived the satire part of it at all. I put my scheme in the shape of the discovery of a remarkable petrified man.

I had had a temporary falling out with Mr. Sewell, the new coroner and justice of the peace of Humboldt, and thought I might as well touch him up a little at the same time and make him ridiculous, and thus combine pleasure with business. So I told, in patient, belief-compelling detail, all about the finding of a petrified man at Gravelly Ford (exactly a hundred and twenty miles, over a break-neck mountain trail, from where Sewell lived); how all the savants of the immediate neighbourhood had been to examine it (it was notorious that there was not a living creature within fifty miles of there, except a few starring Indians, some crippled grasshoppers, and four or five buzzards out of meat and too feeble to get away)—how those savants all pronounced the petrified man to have been in a state of complete petrification for over ten generations; and then, with a seriousness that I ought to have been ashamed to assume, I stated that as soon as Mr. Sewell heard the news he summoned a jury, mounted his mule, and posted off, with noble reverence for official duty, on that awful five days' journey, through alkali, sagebrush, peril of body, and imminent starvation, to hold an inquest on this man that had been dead and turned to everlasting stone for more than three hundred years! And then, my hand being 'in,' so to speak, I went on, with the same unflinching gravity, to state that the jury returned a verdict that deceased came to his death from protracted exposure. This only moved me to higher flights of imagination, and I said that the jury, with that charity so characteristic of pioneers, then dug a grave, and were about to give the petrified man Christian burial, when they found that for ages a limestonesediment had been striking down the face of the stone against which he was sitting, and this stuff had run under him and cemented him fast to 'bed-rock'; that the jury (they were all silver-miners) canvassed the difficulty a moment, and then got out their powder and fuse, and proceeded to drill a hole under him, in order to blast him from his position, when Mr. Sewell, 'with that delicacy so characteristic of him, forbade them, observing that it would be little less than sacrilege to do such a thing.'

From beginning to end the 'Petrified Man squib was a string of roaring absurdities, albeit they were told with an unfair pretence of truth that even imposed upon me to some extent, and I was in some danger of believing in my own fraud. But I really had no desire to deceive anybody, and no

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expectation of doing it. I depended on the way the petrified man was sitting to explain to the public that he was a swindle. Yet I purposely mixed that up with other things, hoping to make it obscure—and I did. I would describe the position of one foot, and then say his right thumb was against the side of his nose; and then talk about his other foot, and presently come back and say the fingers of his right hand were spread apart; then talk about the back of his head a little, and return and say the left thumb was hooked into the right little finger; then ramble off about something else, and by-and-by drift back again and remark that the fingers of the left hand were spread like those of the right. But I was too ingenious. I mixed it up rather too much; and so all that description of the attitude, as a key to the humbuggery of the article, was entirely lost, for nobody but me ever discovered and comprehended the peculiar and suggestive position of the petrified man's hands.

As a satire on the petrification mania, or anything else, my petrified man was a disheartening failure; for everybody received him in innocent good faith, and I was stunned to see the creature I had begotten to pull down the wonder-business with, and bring derision upon it, calmly exalted to the grand chief place in the list of the genuine marvels our Nevada had produced. I was so disappointed at the curious miscarriage of my scheme that at first I was angry, and did not like to think about it; but by-and-bye, when the exchanges began to come in with the Petrified Man copied and guilelessly glorified, I began to feel a soothing secret satisfaction; and as my gentleman's field of travel broadened, and by the exchanges I saw that he steadily and implacably penetrated territory after territory, State after State, and land after land, till he swept the great globe and culminated in sublime and unimpeached legitimacy in the august *London Lancet*, my cup was full, and I said I was glad I had done it. I think that for about eleven months, as nearly as I can remember, Mr. Sewell's daily mail-bag continued to be swollen by the addition of half a bushel of newspapers hailing from many climes with the Petrified Man in them, marked around with a prominent belt of ink. I sent them to him. I did it for spite, not for fun. He used to shovel them into his back yard and curse. And every day during all those months the miners, his constituents (for miners never quit joking a person when they get started), would call on him and ask if he could tell them where they could get hold of a paper with the Petrified Man in it. He

could have deluged a continent with them. I hated Sewell in those days, and these things pacified me and pleased me. I could not have gotten more real comfort out of him without killing him.

MARVELLOUS "BLOODY MASSACRE."

The other burlesque I have referred to was my fine satire upon the financial experiment of 'cooking dividends,' a thing which became shamefully frequent on the Pacific coast for a while. Once more, in my self-complacent simplicity, I felt that the time had arrived for me to rise up and be a reformer. I put this reformatory satire in the shape of a fearful 'Massacre at Empire City.' The San Francisco papers were making a great outcry about the iniquity of the Daney Silver Mining Company, whose directors have declared a 'cooked' or false dividend, for the purpose of increasing the value of their stock, so that they could sell out at a comfortable figure, and then scramble from under the tumbling concern. And while abusing the Daney, these papers did not forget to urge the public to get rid of all their silver stocks and invest in sound and safe San Francisco stocks, such as the Spring Valley Water Company, etc. But right at this unfortunate juncture, behold the Spring Valley cooked a dividend too! And so, under the insidious mask of an invented 'bloody massacre,' I stole upon the public unawares with my scathing satire upon the dividend-cooking system. In about half a column of imaginary inhuman carnage I told how a citizen had murdered his wife and nine children, and then committed suicide. And I said alily, at the bottom, that the sudden madness of which this melancholy massacre was the result, had been brought about by his having allowed himself to be persuaded by the California papers to sell his sound and lucrative Nevada silver stocks, and buy into Spring Valley just in time to get cooked along with that company's fancy dividend, and sink every cent he had in the world.

Ah, it was a deep, deep satire, and most ingeniously contrived. But I made the horrible details so carefully and conscientiously interesting that the public simply devoured them greedily, and wholly overlooked the following distinctly stated facts, to wit:—The murderer was perfectly well known to every creature in the land as a bachelor, and consequently he could not murder his wife and nine children; he murdered them 'in his splendid dressed-stone mansion just in the edge of the great pine forest between Empire City and Dutch

Nick's, when even the very pickled oysters that came on our tables knew that there was not a 'dressed-stone mansion' in all Nevada Territory; also that, so far from there being a 'great pine forest between Empire City and Dutch Nick's,' there wasn't a solitary tree within fifteen miles of either place; and, finally, it was patent and notorious that Empire City and Dutch Nick's were one and the same place, and contained only six houses anyhow, and consequently there could be no forest between them, and on the top of all these absurdities I stated that this diabolical murderer, after inflicting a wound upon himself that the reader ought to have seen, would have killed an elephant in the twinkling of an eye, jumped on his horse and rode four miles, waving his wife's reeking scalp in the air, and thus performing entered Carson City with tremendous *eclat*, and dropped dead in front of the chief saloon, the envy and admiration of all beholders.

Well, in all my life I never saw anything like the sensation that little satire created. It was the talk of the town, it was the talk of the territory. Most of the citizens dropped gently into it at breakfast, and they never finished their meal. There was something about those minutely faithful details that was a sufficient substitute for food. Few people that were able to read took food that morning. Dan and I (Dan was my reportorial associate) took our seats on either side of our customary table in the 'Eagle Restaurant, and, as I unfolded the shred they used to call a napkin in that establishment, I saw at the next table two stalwart innocents with that sort of vegetable dandruff sprinkled about their clothing which was the sign and evidence that they were in from the Truckee with a load of hay. The one facing me had the morning paper folded to a long narrow strip, and I knew, without any telling, that that strip represented the column that contained my pleasant financial satire. From the way he was excitedly mumbling, I saw that the heedless son of a hay-mow was skipping with all his might, in order to get to the bloody details as quickly as possible; and so he was missing the guide boards I had set up to warn him that the whole thing was a fraud. Presently his eyes spread wide open, just as his jaw swung asunder to take in a potato approaching it on a fork; the potato halted, the face lit up redly, and the whole man was on fire with excitement. Then he broke into a disjointing checking-off of the particulars—his potato cooling in mid-air meantime, and his mouth making a reach for it occasionally, but always bringing up suddenly against a

new and still more direful performance of my hero. At last he looked his stunned and rigid comrade impressively in the face, and said, with an expression of concentrated awe—

'Jim, he b'iled his baby, and he took the old 'oman's skelp. Cuss'd if I want any breakfast.'

And he laid his lingering potato reverently down, and he and his friend departed from the restaurant empty, but satisfied.

He never got down to where the satire part of it began. Nobody ever did. They found the thrilling particulars sufficient. To drop in with a poor little moral at the fag-end of such a gorgeous massacre, was to follow the expiring sun with a candle and hope to attract the world's attention to it.

The idea that anybody could ever take my massacre for a genuine occurrence never once suggested itself to me, hedged about as it was by all those tell-tale absurdities and impossibilities concerning the 'great pine forest,' the 'dressed-stone mansion,' &c. But I found out then, and never have forgotten since, that we never read the dull explanatory surroundings of marvellously exciting things when we have no occasion to suppose that some irresponsible scribbler is trying to defraud us; we skip all that, and hasten to revel in the blood-curdling particulars and be happy.

Therefore, being bitterly experienced, I tried hard to word that agricultural squib of mine in such a way as to deceive nobody; and I partly succeeded, but not entirely. However, I did not do any harm with it any way. In order that parties who have lately written me about vegetables and things may know that there was a time when I would have answered their questions to the very best of my ability, and considered it my imperative duty to do it, I refer them to the narrative of my one week's experience as an agricultural editor, which will be found in this *Memoranda* next month.

JOURNALISM IN TENNESSEE.

(From the *Bunkum Express*.)

'The editor of the Memphis *Avalanches* swoops thus mildly down upon a correspondent who posted him as a Radical:—"While he was writing the first word, the middle, dotting his i's, crossing his t's, and punching his period, the black-hearted reptile knew he was concocting a sentence that was saturated with infamy and rotten with falsehood."—*Exchange*.

I was told by the physician that a Southern climate would improve my health, and so I went down to Tennessee, and got a berth on the *Morning Glory* and *Johnston County War Whoop* as associate editor. When I went on

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duty, I found the chief editor sitting tilted back in a three-legged chair, with his feet on a pine table. There was another pine table in the room, and another afflicted chair, and both were half buried under newspapers and scraps and sheets of manuscript. There was a wooden box of sand, sprinkled with cigar stubs and old 'soldiers,' and a stove whose door was hanging by its upper hinge. The chief editor had a long-tailed black frock coat on, and white linen pants. His boots were small and neatly blacked. He wore a ruffled shirt, a large seal ring, a standing collar of obsolete pattern, and a checkered neckerchief with the ends hanging down. Date of costume, about 1848. He was smoking a cigar, and trying to think of a word, and in pawing his hair he had rumbled his locks a good deal. He was scowling fearfully, and I judged that he was concocting a particularly knotty editorial. He told me to take the exchanges and skim through them and write up the 'Spirit of the Tennessee Press,' condensing into the article of all their contents that seemed of interest.

I wrote as follows:—

'SPIRIT OF THE TENNESSEE PRESS.

'The editors of the *Semi-Weekly Earthquake* evidently labour under a misapprehension with regard to the Ballyhack Railroad. It is not the object of the company to leave Buzzardville off to one side. On the contrary, they consider it one of the most important points along the line, and consequently can have no desire to slight it. The gentleman of the *Earthquake* will, of course, take pleasure in making the correction.

'John W. Blossom, Esq., the able editor of the *Higginsville Thunderbolt and Battle Cry of Freedom*, arrived in the city yesterday. He is stopping at the Van Buren House.

'We observe that our contemporary of the *Mud Spring Morning Howl* has fallen into the error of supposing that the election of Von Werten is not an established fact, but he will have discovered his mistake before this reminder reaches him, no doubt. He was doubtless misled by incomplete election returns.

'It is pleasant to note that the city of Blathersville is endeavouring to contract with some New York gentlemen to pave its well-nigh impassable streets with the Nicholson pavement. But it is difficult to accomplish a desire like this, since Memphis got some New Yorkers to do a like service for her, and then declined to pay for it. However, the *Daily Hurrah* still urges the measure with ability; and seems confident of ultimate success.

'We are pained to learn that Colonel Bascom, chief editor of the *Dying Shriek for Liberty*, fell in the streets a few evenings since and broke his leg. He has lately been suffering with debility, caused by overwork and anxiety on account of sickness in his family, and it is supposed that he fainted from the exertion of walking too much in the sun.

I passed my manuscript over to the chief editor for acceptance, alteration, or destruction. He glanced at it and his face clouded. He ran his eye down the pages, and his

countenance grew portentous. It was easy to see that something was wrong. Presently he sprang up and said:—

'Thunder and lightning! Do you suppose I am going to speak of those cattle that way? Do you suppose my subscribers are going to stand such gruel as that? Give me the pen!'

I never saw a pen scrape and scratch its way so viciously, or plough through another man's verbs and adjectives so relentlessly. While he was in the midst of his work somebody shot at him through the open window and marred the symmetry of his ear.

'Ah,' said he, 'that is that scoundrel Smith, of the *Moral Volcano*—he was due yesterday.' And he snatched a navy revolver from his belt and fired. Smith dropped, shot in the thigh. The shot spoiled Smith's fire, who was just taking a second aim and he crippled a stranger. It was me. Merely a finger shot off.

Then the chief editor went on with his erasures and interlineations. Just as he finished them a hand-grenade came down the stove-pipe shattering it into a thousand fragments. However, it did no further damage, except that a vagrant piece knocked a couple of my teeth out.

'That stove is utterly ruined,' said the chief editor.

I said I believed it was.

'Well, no matter—don't want it this kind of weather. I know the man that did it. I'll get him. Now, here is the way this stuff ought to be written.'

I took the manuscript. It was scarred with erasures and interlineations till its mother wouldn't have known it if it had one. It now read as follows:—

'SPIRIT OF THE TENNESSEE PRESS.

'The inveterate liars of the *Semi-Weekly Earthquake* are evidently endeavouring to palm off upon a noble and chivalrous people another of their vile and brutal falsehoods with regard to that most glorious conception of the nineteenth century, the Ballyhack Railroad. The idea that Buzzardville was to be left off at one side originated in their own fuisome brains—or rather in the settlements which they regard as brains. They had better swallow this lie if they want to save their abandoned reptile carcases the cawdiness they so richly deserve.

That as Blossom of the *Higginsville Thunderbolt and Battle-Cry of Freedom*, is down here again bunning at the Van Buren.

'We observe that the besotted blackguard of the *Mud Springs Morning Howl* is giving out, with his usual propensity for lying, that Van Werten is not elected. The heaven-born mission of journalism is to disseminate truth; to erradicate error; to educate, refine, and elevate the tone of public morals and manners; and make all men more gentle, more virtuous, more charitable, and in all ways better, and holier, and happier; and yet this black-hearted villain degrades his great office persistently to the dis-

semination of falsehood, calumny, vituperation, and degrading vulgarity.

'Blathersville wants a Nicholson pavement—it wants a jail and a poorhouse more. The idea of a pavement in a one-horse town with two gin-mills and a blacksmith's shop in it, and that mustard-plaster of a newspaper, the *Daily Hurrah!* Better borrow of Memphis, where the article is cheap. The crawling insect, Buckner, who edits the *Hurrah*, is braying about this business with his customary imbecility and imagining that he is talking sense.'

'Now, that is the way to write—peppery and to the point. Mush-and-milk journalism gives me the fantods.'

About this time a brick came through the window with a sprinkling of a crash, and gave me a considerable of a jolt in the back. I moved out of range—I began to feel in the way.

The chief said, 'that was the Colonel, likely. I've been expecting him for two days. He will be up now right away.'

He was correct. The Colonel appeared in the door a moment afterward, with a dragon revolver in his hand.

He said, 'Sir, I have the honour of addressing the poltroon who edits this mangy sheet.'

'You have. Be seated, sir. Be careful of the chair; one of its legs is gone. I believe I have the honour of addressing the blatant scoundrel Col. Blatherskite Tecumseh.'

'That's me. I have a little account to settle with you. If you are at leisure we will begin.'

'I have an article on the "Encouraging Progress of Moral and Religious Development in America" to finish, but there is no hurry. Begin.'

Both pistols rang out their fierce clamour at the same instant. The chief lost a lock of his hair, and the Colonel's bullet ended its career in the fleshy part of my thigh. The Colonel's left shoulder was clipped a little. They fired again. Both missed their men this time, but I got my share—a shot in the arm. At the third fire both men were wounded slightly, and I had a knuckle chipped. I then said I believed I would go out and take a walk, as this was a private interview, and I had a delicacy about participating in it further. Both gentlemen begged me to keep my seat, and assured me that I was not in the way. I had thought differently up to this time.

They then talked about the elections and the crops awhile, and fell to tying up my wounds. But presently they opened fire again with animation, and every shot took effect—but it is proper to remark that five of the six fell to my share. The sixth one mortally wounded the Colonel who remarked with

fine humour that he would have to say good morning now, as he had business up town. He then enquired the way to the undertaker's, and left.

The chief turned to me and said, 'I am expecting company to dinner, and shall have to get ready. It will be a favour to me if you will read proof and attend to the customers.'

I winced a little at the idea of attending to the customers, but I was too bewildered by the fusilade that was still ringing in my ears to think of anything to say.

He continued, 'Jones will be here at 3—cowhide him. Gillespie will call earlier, perhaps—throw him out of the window. Ferguson will be along about 4—kill him. That is all for to-day, I believe. If you have any odd time, you may write a blistering article on the police—give the Chief Inspector rats. The cowhides are under the table; weapons in the drawer—ammunition there in the corner—lint and bandages up there in the pigeon-holes. In case of accident, go to Lancet, the surgeon, downstairs. He advertises—we take it out in trade.'

He was gone. I shuddered. At the end of the next three hours I had been through perils so awful that all peace of mind and all cheerfulness had gone from me. Gillespie had called and thrown me out of the window. Jones arrived promptly, and when I got ready to do the cowhiding he took the job off my hands. In an encounter with a stranger, not in the bill of fare, I had lost my scalp. Another stranger, by the name of Thompson, left me a mere wreck and ruin of chaotic rags. And at last at bay in the corner, and beset by an infuriated mob of editors, black-legs, politicians and desperadoes, who raved and swore and flourished their weapons about my head till the air shimmered with glancing flashes of steel, I was in the act of resigning my berth on the paper when the chief arrived, and with him a rabble of charmed and enthusiastic friends. Then ensued a scene of riot and carnage such as no human pen, or steel one either, could describe. People were shot, probed, dismembered, blown up, thrown out of the window. There was a brief tornado of murky blasphemy, with a confused and frantic war-dance glimmering through it, and then all was over. In five minutes there was silence, and the gory chief and I sat alone and surveyed the sanguinary ruin that strewed the floor around us.

He said, 'You'll like this place when you get used to it.'

I said, 'I'll have to get you to excuse me, I think—maybe I might write to suit you after a while; as soon as I had had some practice and learned the language, I am con-

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place when you to excuse me, and to suit you.

had had some usage, I am con-

ident I could. But, to speak the plain truth, that sort of energy of expression has its inconveniences, and a man is liable to interruption. You see that yourself. Vigorous writing is calculated to elevate the public, no doubt, but then I do not like to attract so much attention as it calls forth. I can't write with comfort when I am interrupted so much as I have been to-day. I like this berth well enough, but I don't like to be left here to wait on the customers. The experiences are novel, I grant you, and entertaining, too, after a fashion, but they are not judiciously distributed. A gentleman shoots at you through the window and cripples me; a bomb-shell comes down the stove pipes for your gratification, and sends the stove door down my throat; a friend drops in to swap compliments with you, and freckles me with bullet-holes till my skin won't hold my principles; you go to dinner, and Jones comes with his cowhide; Gillespie throws me out of window, Thompson tears all my clothes off, and an entire stranger takes my soap with the easy freedom of an old acquaintance; and in less than five minutes all the blackguards in the country arrive in their war paint and proceed to scare the rest of me to death with their tomahawks. Take it altogether, I never had such a spirited time in all my life as I have had to-day. No; I like you, and I like your calm unruffled way of explaining things to the customers, but you see I am not used to it. The Southern heart is too impulsive, Southern hospitality is too lavish with the stranger. The paragraphs which I have written to-day, and into whose cold sentences your masterly hand has infused the fervent spirit of Tennessean journalism, will wake up another nest of hornets. All that mob of editors will come—and they will come hungry, too and want somebody for breakfast. I shall have to bid you adieu to decline to present at these festivities. I came south for my health; I will go back on the same errand, and suddenly. Tennessee journalism is too stirring for me, after which we parted with mutual regret, and I took apartments at the hospital.

THE NEW CRIME—LEGISLATION NEEDED.

This country, during the last thirty or forty years, has produced some of the most remarkable cases of insanity of which there is any mention in history. For instance, there was the Baldwin case, in Ohio, twenty-two years ago. Baldwin, from his boyhood up, had been of a vindictive, malignant, quarrelsome nature. He put a boy's eye out

once, and never was heard upon any occasion to utter a regret for it. He did many such things. But at last he did something that was serious. He called at a house just after dark, one evening, knocked, and when the occupant came to the door, shot him dead, and then tried to escape, but was captured. Two days before he had wantonly insulted a helpless cripple, and the man he afterwards took swift vengeance upon with an assassin's bullet had knocked him down. Such was the Baldwin case. The trial was long and exciting; the community was fearfully wrought up. Men said this spiteful, bad-hearted villain had caused grief enough in his time, and now he should satisfy the law. But they were mistaken; Baldwin was insane when he did the deed—they had not thought of that. By the arguments of counsel it was shown that at half past ten in the morning on the day of the murder, Baldwin became insane, and remained so for eleven hours and a half exactly. This just covered the case comfortably, and he was acquitted. Thus, if an unthinking and excited community had been listened to instead of the arguments of the counsel, a poor crazy creature would have been held to a fearful responsibility for a mere freak of madness. Baldwin went clear, and although his relatives and friends were naturally incensed against the community for their injurious suspicions and remarks, they said: 'Let it go for this time, and did not prosecute.' The Baldwins were very wealthy. This same Baldwin had momentary fits of insanity twice afterwards, and on both occasions killed people he had grudges against. And on both these occasions the circumstances of the killing were so aggravated, and the murders so seemingly heartless and treacherous, that if Baldwin had not been insane he would have been hanged without the shadow of a doubt. As it was, it required all his political and family influence to get him clear in one of the cases, and it cost him not less than \$10,000 to get clear in the other. One of these men he had notoriously threatened to kill for twelve years. The poor creature happened, by the merest piece of ill-fortune, to come along a dark alley at the very moment Baldwin's insanity came upon him, and so he was shot in the back with a gun loaded with slugs.

Take the case of Lynch Hackett, of Pennsylvania. Twice, in public, he attacked a butcher by the name of Bemis Feldner, with a cane, and both times Feldner whipped him with his fists. Hackett was a vain, wealthy, violent gentleman, who held his blood and family in high esteem, and believed that a

reverent respect was due to his great riches. He brooded over the shame of his chastisement for two weeks, and then, in a momentary fit of insanity, armed himself to the teeth, rode into town, waited a couple of hours until he saw Feldner coming down the street with his wife on his arm, and then, as the couple passed the doorway in which he had partially concealed himself, he drove a knife into Feldner's neck, killing him instantly. The widow caught the limp form and eased it to the earth. Both were drenched with blood. Hackett jocosely remarked to her that as a professional butcher's recent wife she could appreciate the artistic neatness of the job that left her in a condition to marry again, in case she wanted to. This remark, and another which he made to a friend, that his position in society made the killing of an obscure citizen simply an 'eccentricity,' instead of a crime, were shown to be evidences of insanity, and so Hackett escaped punishment. The jury were hardly inclined to accept these as proofs, at first, inasmuch as the prisoner had never been insane before the murder, and under the tranquillizing effect of the butchering had immediately regained his right mind; but when the defence came to show that a third cousin of Hackett's wife's stepfather was insane, and not only insane, but had a nose the very counterpart of Hackett's, it was plain that insanity was hereditary in the family, and Hackett had come by it by legitimate inheritance. Of course the jury then acquitted him. But it was a merciful Providence that Mrs. H.'s people had been afflicted as shown, else Hackett would certainly have been hanged.

However, it is not possible to recount all the marvellous cases of insanity that have come under the public notice in the last thirty or forty years. There was the Durgin case in New Jersey three years ago. The servant girl, Bridget Durgin, at dead of night, invaded her mistress's bedroom and carved the lady literally to pieces with a knife. Then she dragged the body to the middle of the floor, and beat and banged it with chairs and such things. Next she opened the feather beds, and strewed the contents around, saturated everything with kerosene, and set fire to the general wreck. She now took up the young child of the murdered woman in her blood-smeared hands, and walked off, through the snow, with no shoes on, to a neighbour's house a quarter of a mile off, and told a string of wild, incoherent stories about some men coming and setting fire to the house; and then she cried piteously, and without seeming to think there was anything suggestive about the

blood upon her hands, her clothing, and the baby, volunteered the remark that she was afraid those men had murdered her mistress! Afterward, by her own confession and other testimony, it was proved that the mistress had always been kind to the girl, and consequently there was no revenge in the murder; and it was also shown that the girl took nothing away from the burning house, not even her own shoes, and consequently robbery was not the motive. Now, the reader says, 'Here comes that same old plea of insanity again.' But the reader has deceived himself this time. No such plea was offered in her defence. The judge sentenced her, nobody persecuted the Governor with petition for her pardon, and she was promptly hanged.

There was that youth in Pennsylvania whose curious confession was published a year ago. It was simply a conglomeration of incoherent drivel from beginning to end, and so was his lengthy speech on the scaffold afterward. For a while year he was haunted with a desire to disfigure a certain young woman, so that no one would marry her. He did not love her himself, and did not want to marry her, but he did not want anybody else to do it. He would not go anywhere with her, and yet was opposed to anybody else's escorting her. Upon one occasion he declined to go to a wedding with her, and when she got other company, lay in wait for the couple by the road, intending to make them go back or kill the escort. After spending sleepless nights over his ruling desire for a full year, he at last attempted its execution—that is, attempted to disfigure the young woman. It was a success. It was permanent. In trying to shoot her cheek (as she sat at the supper table with her parents and brothers and sisters) in such a manner as to mar its comeliness, one of his bullets wandered a little out of the course, and she dropped dead. To the very last moment of his life he bewailed the ill luck that made her move her face just at the critical moment. And so he died, apparently about half persuaded that somehow it was chiefly her own fault that she got killed. This idiot was hanged. The plea of insanity was not offered.

Insanity certainly is on the increase in the world, and crime is dying out. There are no longer any murders—none worth mentioning, at any rate. Formerly, if you killed a man, it was possible that you were insane—but now, if you, having friends and money, kill a man, it is evidence that you are a lunatic. In these days, too, if a person of good standing and high social standing steals anything they call it

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Meptomania, and send him to the lunatic
ylum. If a person of high standing
squanders his fortune in dissipation, and
loses his career with strychnine or a bullet,
'Temporary Aberration' is what was the
trouble with him.

Is not this insanity plea becoming rather
common? Is it not so common that the
reader confidently expects to see it offered
in every criminal case that comes before the
courts? And is it not so cheap, and so com-
mon, and often so trivial, that the reader
smiles in derision when the newspaper men-
tions it? And is it not curious to note how
very often it wins acquittal for the prisoner?
Lately it does not seem possible for a man to
conduct himself, before killing another
man, as not to be manifestly insane. If he
talks about the stars, he is insane. If he
appears nervous and uneasy an hour before
the killing, he is insane. If he weeps over
a great grief, his friends shake their heads,
and fear that he is 'not right.' If, an hour
after the murder, he seems ill at ease, pre-
occupied and excited, he is unquestionably
insane.

Really, what we want now is, not laws
against crime, but a law against insanity.
There is where the true evil lies.

MENTAL PHOTOGRAPHS.

I have received from the publishers, New
York, a neatly printed page of questions,
with blanks for answers, and am requested
to fill those blanks. These questions are so
arranged as to ferret out the most secret
points of a man's nature without his ever
noticing what the idea is until it is all done
and his character goes forever. A number
of these sheets are bound together and called
a Mental Photograph Album. Nothing
could induce me to fill those blanks but the
asseveration of my pastor that it will benefit
my race by enabling young people to see
what I am, and giving them an opportunity
to become like somebody else. This over-
comes my scruples. I have but little char-
acter, but what I have I am willing to part
with for the public good. I do not boast of
this character, further than that I built it
up myself, at odd hours, during the last
thirty years, and without other educational
aid than I was able to pick up in the ordi-
nary schools and colleges. I have filled the
blanks as follows:

WHAT IS YOUR FAVOURITE.

Colour?—Anything but dun.

Flower?—The night-blooming *Sirius*.

Tree?—Any that bears forbidden fruit.

Object in Nature?—A dumb belle.

Hour in the Day?—The leisure hour.

Perfume?—Cent. per cent.

Gem?—The Jack of Diamonds, when it is
trump.

Style of Beauty?—The subscriber's.

Names, Male and Female?—*Maimie*
(Maimie) for a female, and *Tacius and Marins*
for males.

Painters?—Sign-painters.

Piece of Sculpture?—The Greek Slave,
with his hod.

Poet?—Robert Browning, when he has a
lucid interval.

Poetess?—Timothy Titcomb.

Prose Author?—Noah Webster, LL.D.

Characters in Romance?—The Napoleon
family.

In History?—King Herod.

Book to take up for an hour?—Roth-
child's pocket-book.

What book (not religious) would you part
with last?—The one I might happen to be
reading on a railroad during the disaster
season.

What epoch would you choose to have
lived in?—Before the present Erie—it was
safer.

Where would you like to live?—In the
moon because there is no water there.

Favourite Amusement?—Hunting the
'tiger,' or some kindred game.

Favourite Occupation?—'Like dew on the
gown—lying.'

What trait of Character do you most ad-
mire in Man?—The noblest form of cannibalism—love for his fellow-man.

In woman?—Love for fellow-man.

What trait do you most detest in each?—
That 'trait' which you put 'or' to to de-
scribe its possessor.

If not yourself, who would you rather be?
—The Wandering Jew, with a nice annuity.

What is your idea of Happiness?—Finding
the buttons all on.

Your idea of Misery?—Breaking an egg in
your pocket.

What is your *bete noire*?—[What is my
which?]

What is your dream?—Nightmare, as a
general thing.

What do you most dread?—Exposure.

What do you believe to be your distin-
guishing Characteristic?—Hunger.

What is the sublimest passion of which
human nature is capable?—Loving your
sweetheart's enemies.

* I grant you this a little obscure—but in
explaining to the unfortunate that *Sirius*
is the dog-star and blooms only at night, I am
afforded an opportunity to air my erudition.
[It is only lately acquired.]

* I have to explain it every single time—
'*TRAIT-O*.' I should think a fine, cultivated
intellect might guess that without any clue.

What are the Sweetest Words in the world?—'Not Guilty.'

What are the Saddest?—'Dust unto dust.'

What is your Aim in life?—To endeavour to be absent when my time comes.

What is your Motto?—Be virtuous and you will be eccentric.

A PAGE FROM A CALIFORNIAN ALMANAC.

At the instance of several friends who feel a hoding anxiety to know beforehand what sort of phenomena we may expect the elements to exhibit during the next month or two, and to have lost all confidence in the various patent medicine almanacs, because of the unaccountable reticence of those works concerning the extraordinary event of the 8th inst., I have compiled the following almanac expressly for the latitude of San Francisco:—

Oct. 17. — Weather hazy; atmosphere murky and dense. An expression of profound melancholy will be observable upon most countenances.

Oct. 18. — Slight earthquake. Countenances grown more melancholy.

Oct. 19. — Look out for rain. It would be absurd to look in for it. The general depression of spirits increased.

Oct. 20. — More weather.

Oct. 21. — Same.

Oct. 22. — Light winds, perhaps. If they blow it will be from the "east'ard, or the nor'ard, or the west'ard, or the south'ard," or from some general direction approximating more or less to these points of the compass or otherwise. Winds are uncertain.

Oct. 23. — Mild, balmy earthquake.

Oct. 24. — Shaky.

Oct. 25. — Occasional shakes. followed by Night showers of bricks and plastering. N. B. — Stand from under.

Oct. 27. — Considerable phenomenal atmospheric foolishness. About this time expect more earthquakes; but do not look for them, on accounts of the bricks.

Oct. 27. — Universal despondency indicative of approaching disaster. Abstain from smiling, or indulgence in humorous conversation (exasperating jokes).

Oct. 23. — Misery, dismal forebodings, and despair. Beware of all light discourse—a joke uttered at this time would produce a popular outbreak.

Oct. 29. — Beware!

Oct. 30. — Keep dark!

Oct. 31. — Stand by for a surge!

Nov. 1. — Terrific earthquake. This is the great earthquake month. More stars

fall and more worlds are shied around carelessly and destroyed in November than in any other month of the twelve.

Nov. 2. — Spasmodic but exhilarating earthquakes, accompanied by occasional showers of rain and churches and things.

Nov. 3. — Make your will.

Nov. 4. — Sell out.

Nov. 5. — Select your 'last words.' Those of John Quincy Adams will do, with the addition of a syllable, thus: 'This is the last of earth-quakes.'

Nov. 6. — Prepare to shed this mortal coil.

Nov. 7. — Shed!

Nov. 8. — The sun will rise as usual, perhaps; but, if he does, he will doubtless be staggered somewhat to find nothing but a large round hole eight thousand miles in diameter in the place where he saw the world serenely spinning the day before.

MY WATCH—AN INSTRUCTIVE LITTLE TALE.

My beautiful new watch had run eighteen months without losing or gaining, and without breaking any part of its machinery or stopping. I had come to believe it infallible in its judgments about the time of day, and to consider its constitution and its anatomy imperishable. But at last, one night, I let it run down. I grieved about it as if it were a recognised messenger and forerunner of calamity. But by-and-bye I cheered up, set the watch by guess, and commanded my bodings and superstitions to depart. Next day I stepped into the chief jeweller's to set it by the exact time, and the head of the establishment took it out of my hand and proceeded to set it for me. Then he said, 'She is four minutes slow—regulator wants pushing up.' I tried to stop him—tried to make him understand that the watch kept perfect time. But no; all this human cabbage could see was that the watch was four minutes slow, and the regulator must be pushed up a little; and so, while I danced around him in anguish, and beseeched him to let the watch alone, he calmly and cruelly did the shameful deed. The watch began to gain. It gained faster and faster day by day. Within the week it sickened to a raging fever, and its pulse went up to a hundred and fifty in the shade. At the end of two months it had left all the timepieces of the town far in the rear, and was a fraction over thirteen days ahead of the almanac. It was away into November enjoying the snow, while the October leaves were still turning. It hurried up house-rent, bills payable, and such things, in such a ruinous way that I could not abide it. I took it to the watchmaker to be regulated. He asked me if I

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had ever had it repaired. I said no, it had never needed any repairing. He looked a look of vicious happiness and eagerly pried the watch open, and then put a small dice box into his eye, and peered into its machinery. He said it wanted cleaning and oiling, besides regulating—come in a week. After being cleaned, and oiled, and regulated, my watch slowed down to that degree that it ticked like a tolling bell. I began to be left by trains, I failed all appointments, I got to missing my dinner; my watch strung out three days' grace to four and let me go to protest; I gradually drifted back into yesterday, then day before, then into last week, and by-and-bye the comprehension came upon me that all solitary and alone I was lingering along in a week before last, and the world was out of sight. I seemed to detect in myself a sort of sneaking fellow-feeling for the mummy in the museum, and a desire to swap news with him. I went to a watchmaker again. He took the watch all to pieces while I waited, and then said the barrel was 'swelled.' He said he could reduce it in three days. After this the watch averaged well, but nothing more. For half a day it would go like the very mischief, and keep up such a barking and wheezing, and whooping and sneezing and snorting, that I could not hear myself think for the disturbance; and as long as it held out there was not a watch in the land that stood any chance against it. But the rest of the day it would keep on slowing down and fooling along until all the clocks it had left behind caught up again. So at last, at the end of twenty-four hours, it would trot up to the judges' stand all right and just in time. It would show a fair and square average, and no man could say it had done more or less than its duty. But a correct average is only a mild virtue in a watch, and I took this instrument to another watchmaker. He said the kingbolt was broken. I said I was glad it was nothing more serious. To tell the plain truth, I had no idea what the kingbolt was, but I did not choose to appear ignorant to a stranger. He repaired the kingbolt, but what the watch gained in one way it lost in another. It would run awhile and then stop awhile, and then run awhile again, and so on, using its own discretion about the intervals. And every time it went off it kicked back like a musket. I padded my breast for a few days, but finally took the watch to another watchmaker. He picked it all to pieces, and turned the ruin over and over under his glass; and then he said there appeared to be something the matter with the hair-trigger. He fixed it and gave it a fresh start. It

did well now, except that always at ten minutes to ten the hands would shut together like a pair of scissors, and from that time forth they would travel together. The oldest man in the world could not make head or tail of the time of day by such a watch, and so I went again to have the thing repaired. This person said that the crystal had got bent, and that the mainspring was not straight. He also remarked that part of the works needed half-oiling. He made these things all right, and then my timepiece performed unexceptionably, save that now and then, after working along quietly for nearly eight hours, everything inside would let go all of a sudden and begin to buzz like a bee, and the hands would straightway begin to spin round and round so fast that their individuality was lost completely, and they simply seemed a delicate spider's web over the face of the watch. She would reel off the next twenty-four hours in six or seven minutes, and then stop with a bang. I went with a heavy heart to one more watchmaker, and looked on while he took her to pieces. Then I prepared to cross-question him rigidly, for this thing was getting serious. The watch had cost two hundred dollars originally, and I seemed to have paid out two or three thousand for repairs. While I waited and looked on, I presently recognized in this watchmaker an old acquaintance—a steamboat engineer of other days, and not a good engineer either. He examined all the parts carefully, just as the other watchmakers had done, and then delivered his verdict with the same confidence of manner.

He said—

'She makes too much steam—you want to hang the monkey-wrench on the safety-valve!'

I brained him on the spot, and had him buried at my own expense.

My uncle William (now deceased, alas!) used to say that a good horse was a good horse until it had run away once, and that a good watch was a good watch until the repairs got a chance at it. And he used to wonder what became of all the unsuccessful tinkers, and gunsmiths, and shoemakers, and blacksmiths; but nobody could ever tell him.

AN ENTERTAINING ARTICLE

I take the following paragraph from an article in the Boston *Advertiser*.—

'AN ENGLISH CRITIC ON MARK TWAIN.—Perhaps the most successful flights of the humour of Mark Twain have been descriptions of the persons who did not appreciate his humour at all. We have become familiar with

the Californians who were thrilled with terror by his burlesque of a newspaper reporter's way of telling a story, and we have heard of the Pennsylvania clergyman who sadly returned his "Innocents Abroad" to the book agent, with the remark that "the man who could shed tears over the tomb of Adam must be an idiot." But Mark Twain may now add a much more glorious instance to his string of trophies. The *Saturday Review*, in its number of October 3, reviews his book of travels, which has been republished in England, and reviews it seriously. We can imagine the delight of the humourist in reading this tribute to his power; and, indeed, it is so amusing in itself that he can hardly do better than reproduce the article in full in his next monthly memoranda.

[Publishing the above paragraph thus, gives me a sort of authority for reproducing the *Saturday Review's* article in full in these pages. I dearly want to do it, for none of the magazine's funny correspondents have furnished me anything quite as funny as this during the month. If I had a cast-iron dog that could read this English criticism and preserve his austerity, I would drive him off the doorstep.—EDITOR MEMORANDA.]

[From the London *Saturday Review*.]

REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

'THE INNOCENTS ABROAD.' A Book of Travels. By Mark Twain.

Lord Macaulay died too soon. We never felt this so deeply as when we finished the last chapter of the above-named extravagant work. Macaulay died too soon, for none but he could mete out complete and comprehensive justice to the insolence, the impertinence, the presumption, the mendacity, and, above all, the majestic ignorance of this author.

To say that the 'Innocents Abroad' is a curious book would be to use the faintest language—would be to speak of the Matterhorn as a neat elevation, or of Niagara as being 'nice' or 'pretty,' 'Curious' is too tame a word wherewith to describe the imposing insanity of this work. There is no word that is large enough or long enough. Let us, therefore, photograph a passing glimpse of book and author, and trust the rest to the reader. Let the cultivated English student of human nature picture to himself this Mark Twain as a person capable of doing the following described things—and not only doing them, but with incredible innocence printing them calmly and tranquilly in a book. For instance—

He states that he 'entered a hair-dresser's in Paris to be shaved, and the first 'rake' the barber gave with his razor, it loosened his 'hide' and lifted him out of the chair.

This is unquestionably exaggerated. In Florence he was so annoyed by beggars that

he pretends to have seized and eaten one in a frantic spirit of revenge. There is, of course, no truth in this. He gives at full length a theatrical programme seventeen or eighteen hundred years old, which he professes to have found in the ruins of the Coliseum among the dirt, and mould, and rubbish. It is a sufficient comment upon this statement to remark that even a cast-iron programme would not have lasted so long under such circumstances. In Greece he plainly betrays both fright and flight upon one occasion, but with frozen effrontery puts the latter in this falsely tame form:—'We sidled towards the Piræus.' 'Sidled,' indeed! He does not hesitate to intimate that at Ephesus, when his mule strayed from the proper course, he got down, took him under his arm, carried him to the road again, pointed him right, remounted, and went to sleep contentedly till it was time to restore the beast to the path once more. He states that a growing youth among his ship's passengers was in the constant habit of appeasing his hunger with soap and oakum between meals. In Palestine he tells of ants that came eleven miles to spend the summer in the desert and brought their provisions with them; yet he shows by his description of the country that the feat was an impossibility. He mentions, as if it were the most common-place matter, that he cut a Moslem in the broad daylight in Jerusalem with Godfrey de Bouillon's sword, and would have shed more blood if he had had a grave-yard of his own. These statements are unworthy a moment's attention. Mr. Twain or any other foreigner who did such a thing in Jerusalem would be mobbed, and would infallibly lose his life. But why go on? Why repeat more of his audacious and exasperating falsehoods? Let us close fittingly with this one; he affirms that 'in the mosque of St. Sophia, at Constantinople, I got my feet so stuck up with a complication of gums, alime and general impurity that I wore out more than two thousand pair of bootjacks getting my boots off that night, and even then some Christian hide peeled off with them.' It is monstrous! Such statements are simply lies—there is no other name for them. Will the reader longer marvel at the brutal ignorance that pervades the American nation when we tell him that we are informed upon perfectly good authority that this extravagant compilation of falsehoods, this 'Innocents Abroad,' has actually been adopted by the schools and colleges of several of the States as a textbook?

But, if his falsehoods are distressing, his innocence and his ignorance are enough to

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make one burn the book and despise the author. In one place he was so appalled at the sudden spectacle of a murdered man unveiled by the moonlight, that he jumped out of the window, going through sash and all, and then remarks with the most child-like simplicity that he 'was not scared, but was considerably agitated.' It put us out of patience to note that the simpleton is densely unconscious that Lucrezia Borgia ever existed off the stage. He is vulgarly ignorant of all foreign languages, but was frank enough to criticise the Italians' use of their own tongue. He says they spell the name of their great painter 'Vinci', but pronounce it 'Vincy'—and then adds with a naïveté possible only to helpless ignorance 'foreigners always spell better than the pronounce.' In another place he commits the bald absurdity of putting the phrase 'tare a ouns' in an Italian's mouth. In Rome he unhesitatingly believes the legend that St. Philip Neri's heart was so inflamed with divine love that it burst his ribs—believes it wholly, because an author with a learned list of university degrees strung after his name and endorses it 'otherwise,' says the gentle idiot, 'I should have felt a curiosity to know what had for dinner.' Our author makes a long fatiguing journey to the Grotto del Cane, on purpose to test its poisoning powers on a dog—got elaborately ready for the experiment, and then discovered that he had no dog. A wise person would have kept such a thing discretely to himself, but with this harmless creature everything comes out. He hurts his foot in a rut two thousand years old in exhumed Pompeii, and presently, when staring at one of the cinder-like corpses unearthed in the next square, conceives the idea that maybe it is the remains of the ancient Street Commissioner, and straightway his horror softens down to a sort of chirpy contentment with the condition of things. In Damascus he visits the well of Ananias, three thousand years old, and is as surprised and delighted as a child, to find that the water is 'as pure and fresh as if the well had been dug yesterday.' In the Holy Land he gags desperately at the hard Arabic and Hebrew Biblical names, and finally concludes to call them Baldwinville, Williamsburgh, and so on, 'for convenience of spelling!'

We have thus spoken freely of this man's stupefying simplicity and innocence, but we cannot deal similarly with his colossal ignorance. We do not know where to begin. And if we knew where to begin, we certainly should not know where to leave off. We will give one specimen, and one only. He did not know until he got to Rome that Michael

Angelo was dead! And then, instead of crawling away and hiding his shameful ignorance somewhere, he proceeds to express a pious, grateful sort of satisfaction that he is gone and out of his troubles!

No, the reader may seek out the author's exhibitions of his uncultivation for himself. The book is absolutely dangerous, considering the magnitude and variety of its misstatements, and the convincing confidence with which they are made. And yet it is a text-book in the schools of America!

The poor blunderer mouses among the sublime creations of the Old Masters, trying to acquire the elegant proficiency in art-knowledge which he has a grouping sort of comprehension is a proper thing for the travelled man to be able to display. But what is the manner of his study? And what is the progress he achieves? To what extent does he familiarize himself with the great pictures of Italy, and what degree of appreciation does he arrive at? Read:—

'When we see a monk going about with a lion and looking up into heaven, we know that that is St. Mark. When we see a monk with a book and pen, looking tranquilly up to heaven, trying to think of a word, we know that that is St. Matthew. When we see a monk sitting on a rock, looking tranquilly up to heaven, with a human skull beside him, and without other baggage, we say that is St. Luke. When we see other monks looking tranquilly up to heaven, but having no trademark, we always ask who those parties are. We do this because we humbly wish to learn.'

He then enumerates the thousands and thousands of copies of these several pictures which he has seen, and adds with accustomed simplicity that he feels encouraged to believe that when he has seen 'some more' of each, and had a larger experience, he will eventually begin to take an absorbing interest in them!—the vulgar boor!

That we have shown this to be a remarkable book we think no one will deny. That it is a pernicious book to place in the hands of the confiding and uninformed we think we have also shown. That the book is a deliberate and wicked creation of a diseased mind is apparent upon every page. Having placed our judgment thus upon record, let us close with what charity we can by remarking that even in this volume there is some good to be found, for whenever the author talks of his own country and lets Europe alone, he never fails to make himself interesting, and not only interesting, but instructive. No one can read without benefit his occasional chapters and paragraphs about life in the gold and silver mines of California and Nevada; about the Indians of the plains and deserts of the west, and their cannibalism; about the raising of vegetables in kegs of gunpowder

by the aid of two or three teaspoonfuls of guano about the moving of small farms from place to place at night in wheelbarrows to avoid taxes; and about a sort of cows and mules in the Humboldt mines that climb down chimneys and disturb the people at night. These matters are not only new, but are well worth knowing.* It is a pity the author did not put in more of the same kind. His book is well written and is exceedingly entertaining, and so it just barely escaped being quite valuable also.

A GENERAL REPLY.

Every man who becomes editor of a newspaper or magazine straightway begins to receive MSS. from literary aspirants, together with requests that he will deliver judgment upon the same; and, after complying in eight or ten instances, he finally takes refuge in a general sermon upon the subject, which he inserts in his publication, and always afterward refers such correspondents to that sermon for answer. I have at last reached this station in my literary career, and proceed to construct my public sermon.

As all letters of the sort I am speaking of contain the very same matter, differently worded, I offer, as a fair average specimen, the last one I have received:—

Oct. 3.

MARK TWAIN, ESQ.

DEAR SIR,—I am a youth just out of school and ready to start in life. I have looked around, but don't see anything that suits exactly. Is a literary life easy and profitable, or is it the hard times it is generally put up for? It must be easier than a good many if not most of the occupations, and I feel drawn to launch out on it, make or break, sink or swim, survive or perish. Now what are the conditions of success in literature? You need not be afraid to paint the thing just as it is. I can't do any worse than fail. Everything else offers the same. When I thought of the law—yes, and five or six other professions—I found the same thing was the case every time, viz., all full—overrun—every profession so crammed that success is rendered impossible—too many hands and not enough work. But I must

* Yes, I calculate they were pretty new. I invented them myself.—MARK TWAIN.

[NOTE.—The reader hardly needs to be told that the above is not a conscientious reproduction of the *Saturday Review's* article. It is only a burlesque of it. The original review is very readable, and would be inserted here but for the fact that it is marred by grammatical lapses and inelegancies of speech, which cannot, with propriety, be placed before a refined audience.]

try something, and so I turn at last to literature. Something tells me that that is the true bent of my genius, if I have any. I enclose some of my pieces. Will you read them over and give me your candid unbiased opinion of them? And now I hate to trouble you, but you have been a young man yourself, and what I want is for you to give me a newspaper job of writing to do. You know many newspaper people, and I am entirely unknown. And will you make the best terms you can for me?—though I do not expect what might be called high wages at first, of course. Will you candidly say what such articles as these I enclose are worth? I have plenty of them. If you should sell these and let me know, I can send you more as good and perhaps better than these. An early reply, &c.

'Yours truly, &c.'

I will answer you in good faith. Whether my remarks shall have great value or not, or my suggestions be worth following, are the problems which I take great pleasure in leaving entirely to you for solution. To begin:—There are several questions in your letter which only a man's life experiences can eventually answer for him—not another man's words. I will simply skip those.

1. Literature, like the ministry, medicine, the law, and all other occupations, is cramped and hindered for want of men to do the work, not want of work to do. When people tell you the reverse, they speak that which is not true. If you desire to test this, you need only hunt up a first-class editor, reporter, business manager, foreman of a shop, mechanic, or artist of any branch of industry, and try to hire him. You will find that he is already hired. He is sober, industrious, capable and reliable, and is always in demand. He cannot get a day's holiday except by courtesy of his employer, or of his city, or by the great general public. But if you need idlers, shirkers, half-instructed, unambitious and comfort-seeking editors, reporters, lawyers, doctors, and mechanics, apply anywhere. There are millions of them to be had at the dropping of a handkerchief.

2. No; I must not and will not venture any opinion whatever as to the literary merit of your productions. The public is the only critic whose judgment is worth anything at all. Do not take my poor word for this, but reflect a moment and take your own. For instance, if Sylvanus Cobb or T. S. Arthur had submitted their maiden MSS. to you, you would have said, with tears in your eyes, 'Now, please don't write any more!' But you see yourself, how popular they are.

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And if it had been left to you, you would have said the 'Marble Faun' was tiresome, and that even 'Paradise Lost' lacked cheerfulness; but you know they sell. Many wiser and better men than you pooh-poohed Shakespeare even as late as two centuries ago, but still that old party has outlived those people. No, I will not sit in judgment upon your literature. If I honestly and conscientiously praised it, I might thus help to inflict a lingering and pitiless bore upon the public; if I honestly and conscientiously condemned it, I might thus rob the world of an undeveloped and unsuspected Dickens or Shakespeare.

3. I shrink from hunting up literary labour for you to do and receive pay for. Whenever your literary productions have proved for themselves that they have a real value, you will never have to go around hunting for remunerative literary work to do. You will require more hands than you have now, and more brains than you probably ever will have, to do even half the work that will be offered you. Now, in order to arrive at the proof of value hereinbefore spoken of, one needs only to adopt a very simple and certainly very sure process; and that is, to write without pay until somebody offers pay. If nobody offers pay within three years, the candidate may look upon this circumstance with the most implicit confidence that sawing wood is what he was intended for. If he has any wisdom at all, then he will retire with dignity, and assume his Heaven-appointed vocation.

In the above remarks I have offered a course of action which Mr. Dickens and most other successful literary men had to follow; but it is a course which will find no sympathy with my client, perhaps. The young literary aspirant is a very, very curious creature. He knows that if he wished to become a tinker the master smith would require him to prove the possession of a good character, and would require him to promise to stay in the shop three years—possibly four—and would make him sweep out and bring water and build fires all the first year, and let him learn to black stoves in the intervals; and for these good honest services would pay him two suits of cheap clothes and his board; and next year he would begin to receive instructions in the trade, and a dollar a week would be added to his emoluments; and two dollars would be added the third year, and three the fourth; and then, if he had become a first rate tinker, he would get about fifteen or twenty, or may be thirty dollars a week, with never a possibility of getting seventy-five while he lived. If he wanted to become a mechanic of any other

kind he would have to undergo this same tedious ill-paid apprenticeship. If he wanted to become a lawyer or a doctor he would get nothing at all during his long apprenticeship, and in addition would have to pay a large sum for tuition, and have the privilege of boarding and clothing himself. The literary aspirant knows all this, and yet he has the hardihood to present himself for reception into the literary guild, and ask to share its high honours and emoluments, without a single twelvemonth's apprenticeship to show in excuse for his presumption. He would smile pleasantly if he were asked to make even so simple a thing as a tencent tin dipper without previous instructions in the art; but all green and ignorant, wordy, pompously assertive, ungrammatical, and with a vague, distorted knowledge of men and the world acquired in a back country village, he will serenely take up so dangerous a weapon as a pen, and attack the most formidable subject that finance, commerce, war or politics can furnish him with. It would be laughable if it were not so sad and so pitiable. The poor fellow would not intrude upon the tin shop without an apprenticeship, but is willing to seize and wield with unpractised hand an instrument which is able to overthrow dynasties, change religions, and decree the weal or woe of nations.

If my correspondent will write free of charge for the newspapers of his neighbourhood, it will be one of the strangest things that ever happened if he does not get all the employment he can attend to on those terms. And as soon as ever his writings are worth money, plenty of people will hasten to offer it.

And, by way of serious and well-meant encouragement, I wish to urge upon him once more the truth, that acceptable writers for the press are so scarce that book and periodical publishers are seeking them constantly, and with a vigilance that never grows heedless for a moment.

THE LATE BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

['Never put off till to-morrow what you can do the day after to-morrow just as well.'—B. F.]

This party was one of those persons whom they call philosophers. He was twins, being born simultaneously in two different houses in the city of Boston. These houses remain unto this day, and have signs upon them worded according to the facts. The signs are considered well enough to have, though not necessary, because the inhabitants point out the two birth-places to the stranger anyhow, and sometimes as often as several times in the same day. The subject of this memoir

was of a vicious disposition, and early prostituted his talents to the invention of maxims and aphorisms calculated to inflict suffering upon the rising generation of all subsequent ages. His simplest acts, also, were contrived with a view to their being held up for the emulation of boys for ever—boys who might otherwise have been happy. It was in this spirit that he became the son of a soap-boiler, and probably for no other reason than that the efforts of all future boys who tried to be anything might be looked upon with suspicion unless they were the sons of soap-boilers. With a malevolence which is without parallel in history, he would work all day, and then sit up nights, and let on to be studying algebra by the light of a smouldering fire, so that all other boys might have to be that also, or else have Benjamin Franklin thrown up to them. Not satisfied with these proceedings, he had a fashion of living wholly on bread and water, and studying astronomy at meal time—a thing which has brought affliction to millions of boys since, whose fathers had read Franklin's pernicious biography.

His maxims were full of animosity toward boys. Nowadays a boy cannot follow out a single natural instinct without tumbling over some of those everlasting aphorisms and hearing from Franklin on the spot. If he buys two cents' worth of peanuts, his father says, 'Remember what Franklin has said my son—"a groat a day's a penny a year;"' and the comfort is all gone out of those peanuts. If he wants to spin his top when he is done work, his father quotes, 'Procrastination is the thief of time.' If he does a virtuous action, he never gets anything for it, because 'Virtue is its own reward.' And that boy is sound to death and robbed of his natural rest, because Franklin said once, in one of his inspired flights of malignity—

'Early to bed and early to rise.

Makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise.'

As if it were any object to a boy to be healthy and wealthy and wise on such terms. The sorrow that that maxim has cost me through my parents' experimenting on me, with it, tongue cannot tell. The legitimate result in my present state of general debility, indigence and mental aberration. My parents used to have me up before nine o'clock in the morning, sometimes, when I was a boy. If they had let me take my natural rest, where would I have been now? Keeping store, no doubt, and respected by all.

And what an adroit old adventurer the subject of this memoir was! In order to get a chance to fly his kite on Sunday he used to

hang a key on the string and let on to be fishing for lightning. And a guileless public would go home chirping about the 'wisdom' and the 'genius' of the hoary Sabbath-breaker. If anybody caught him playing 'mumble-peg' by himself, after the age of sixty, he would immediately appear to be cyphering out how the grass grew—as if it was any of his business. My grandfather knew him well, and he says Franklin was always fixed—always ready. If a body, during his old age, happened on him unexpectedly when he was catching flies or making mud-pies, or sliding on a cellar-door, he would immediately look wise, and rip out a maxim, and walk off with his nose in the air and his cap turned wrong side before, trying to appear absent-minded and eccentric. He was a hard lot.

He invented a stove that would smoke your head off in four hours by the clock. One can see the almost devilish satisfaction he took in it by his giving it his name.

He was always proud of telling how he entered Philadelphia for the first time, with nothing in his pocket and four rolls of bread under his arm. But really, when you come to examine it critically, it was nothing. Anybody could have done it.

To the subject of this memoir belongs the honour of recommending the army to go back to bows and arrows in place of bayonets and muskets. He observed, with his customary force, that the bayonet was very well under some circumstances, but that he doubted whether it could be used with accuracy at long range.

Benjamin Franklin did a great many notable things for his country, and made her young name to be honoured in many lands as the mother of such a son. It is not the idea of this memoir to ignore that or cover it up. No; the simple idea of it is to snub those pretentious maxims of his, which he worked up with a great show of originality out of truisms that had become wearisome platitudes as early as the dispersion from Babel; and also to snub his stove, and his military inspirations, his unseemly endeavour to make himself conspicuous when he entered Philadelphia, and his flying his kite and fooling away his time in all sorts of such ways when he ought to have been foraging for soap-fat, or constructing candles. I merely desired to do away with somewhat of the prevalent calamitous idea among heads of families that Franklin acquired his great genius by working for nothing, studying by moonlight, and getting up in the night instead of waiting till morning like a Christian; and that this programme, rigidly indicted, will make a Franklin of every father's fool.

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It is time these gentlemen were finding out that these execrable eccentricities of instinct and conduct are only the evidences of genius, not the creators of it. I wish I had been the father of my parents long enough to make them comprehend this truth, and thus prepare them to let their son have an easier time of it. When I was a child I had to boil soap, notwithstanding my father was wealthy, and I had to get up early and study geometry at breakfast, and peddle my own poetry, and do everything just as Franklin did, in the solemn hope that I would be a Franklin some day. And here I am.

FASHION ITEM.

The Lieutenant of Marines attends one of General Grant's levees, and writes thus instructively of it. It will interest the lady readers of the *Galaxy*:—

At General Grant's reception, the other night, the most fashionably dressed lady was Mrs. G. C. She wore a pink satin dress, plain in front, but with a good deal of rake to it—to the train, I mean; it was said to be two or three yards long. One could see it creeping along the floor some little time after the woman was gone. Mrs. C. wore also a white bodice, out bias, with pompadour sleeves, flounced with ruches; low neck, with the inside handkerchief not visible, with white kid gloves. She had on a pearl necklace, which glinted lonely, high up the midst of that barren waste of neck and shoulders. Her hair was frizzled into a tangled chapparel, forward of her ears; aft it was drawn together, and completely bound and plaited into a stump like a pony's tail, and furthermore was canted upward at a sharp angle, and ingeniously supported by a red velvet crupper, whose forward extremity was made fast with a half-hitch around a hair-pin on the top of her head. Her whole top hamper was neat and becoming. She had a beautiful complexion when she first came, but it faded out by degrees in a most unaccountable way. However, it is not lost for good. I found the most of it on my shoulder afterward (I had been standing near the door when she had been squeezing out with the throng). There were other fashionable ladies present, of course, but I only took notes of one as a specimen. The subject is one of great interest to ladies, and I would gladly enlarge upon it were I able to do it justice.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

'MORAL STATISTICIAN.'—I don't want

any of your statistics. I took your whole batch and lit my pipe with it. I detest your kind of people. You are always ciphering out how much a man's health is injured, and how much his intellect is impaired, and how many pitiful dollars and cents he wastes in the course of ninety-two years' indulgence in the fatal practice of drinking coffee; and in playing billiards occasionally; and in taking a glass of wine at dinner, etc., etc., etc. And you are always figuring out how many women have been burned to death because of the dangerous fashion of wearing expansive hoops, etc., etc. You never see more than one side of the question. You are blind to the fact that most old men in America smoke and drink coffee, although, according to your theory, they ought to have died young; and that hearty old Englishmen drink wine and survive it, and portly old Dutchmen both drink and smoke freely, and yet grow older and fatter all the time. And you never try to find out how much solid comfort, relaxation and enjoyment a man derives from smoking in the course of a lifetime (which is worth ten times the money he would save by letting it alone), nor the appalling aggregate of happiness lost in a lifetime by your kind of people from not smoking. Of course you can save money by denying yourself all those little vicious enjoyments for fifty years; but then what can you do with it? Money can't save your infinitesimal soul. All the use that money can be put to is to purchase comfort and enjoyment in this life; therefore, as you are an enemy to comfort and enjoyment, where is the use of accumulating cash? It won't do for you to say that you can use it to better purpose in furnishing a good table, and in charities, and in supporting tract societies, because you know yourself that have no petty vices never give away a cent, and that you stint yourselves so in the matter of food that you are always feeble and hungry. And you never dare to laugh in the daytime for fear some poor wretch, seeing you in a good humour, will try to borrow a dollar of you; and in church you are always down on your knees, with your eyes buried in the cushion, when the contribution box comes around; and you never give the revenue officers a true statement of your income. Now, you know all these things yourself, don't you? Very well, then, what is the use of your stringing out your miserable lives to a lean and withered old age? What is the use of your saving money that is so worthless to you? In a word, why don't you go off somewhere and die, and not be always trying to seduce people into becoming as disagreeable as you are yourselves,

by your tiresome 'moral statistics?' Now, I don't approve of dissipation, and I don't indulge in it either; but I haven't any confidence in a man who has no redeeming petty vices, and so I don't want to hear from you any more. I think you are the very same man who read me a long lecture last week about the degrading vice of smoking cigars, and then came back, in my absence, with your reprehensible fire-proof gloves on, and carried off my beautiful parlour stove.

'SIMON WHEELER,' *Sonora*.—The following simple and touching remarks and accompanying poem have just come to hand from the rich gold-mining region of Sonora:—

'To Mr. Mark Twain: The within parson, which I have set to poetry under the name and style of "He Done His Level Best," was one among the whitest men I ever see, and it ain't every man that knowed him that can find it in his heart to say he's glad the poor cuss is busted and gone home to the States. He was here in an early day, and he was the handiest man about takin' holt of anything that come along you most ever see, I judge. He was a cheerful, stirrin' cretur', always doin' something, and no man can say he ever see him do anything by halvers. Preachin' was his natural gait, but he warn't a man to lay back and twiddle his thumbs because there didn't happen to be nothin' doin' in his own especial line—no, sir, he was a man who would meander forth and stir up something for himself. His last acts was to go to his pile o' "kings-and" (calikatin) to fill, but which he didn't fill when there was a "flush" out agin him, and naturally, you see, he went under. And so he was cleated out, as you may say, and he struck the home-trail, cheerful but flat broke, I knowed this talented man in Arkunsaw, and if you would print this humbly tribute to his gorgis abilities, you would greatly oblige his on-happy friend.'

HE DONE HIS LEVEL BEST.

Was he mining on the flat—

He done it with a zest;

Was he a leading of the choir—

He done his level best.

If he'd a reg'lar task to do—

He never took no rest;

Or if 'twas off-and-on—the same—

He done his level best.

If he was preachin' on his beat,

He'd tramp from east to west,

And north to south—in cold and heat

He done his level best.

He'd yank a sinner outen (Hades),*

And land him with the blest;

Then snatch a prayer 'n waltz in again,

And do his level best.

He'd cuss and sing and howl and pray,

And dance and drink and jest,

And lie and steal—all one to him—

He done his level best.

Whate'er this man was set to do,

He done it with a zest;

No matter what his contract was,

He'D DO HIS LEVEL BEST.

*October, 1885.

Verily this man was gifted with 'gorgis abilities,' and it is a happiness to me to enbalm the memory of their lustre in these columns. If it were not that the poet crop is unusually large and rank in California this year, I would encourage you to continue writing, Simon; but as it is, perhaps it might be too risky in you to enter against so much opposition.

'PROFESSIONAL BEGGAR.'—No; you are not obliged to take greenbacks at par.

'ARITHMETICUS,' Virginia, Nevada.—'If it would take a cannon-ball $3\frac{1}{2}$ seconds to travel four miles, and $3\frac{3}{4}$ seconds to travel the next four, and $3\frac{1}{2}$ to travel the next four, and if its rate of progress continued to diminish in the same ratio, how long would it take to go fifteen hundred millions of miles?

I don't know.'

'AMBITIOUS LEARNER,' Oakland.—Yes, you are right—America was not discovered by Alexander Selkirk.

'DISCARDED LOVER.'—'I loved, and still love, the beautiful Edwitha Howard, and intended to marry her. Yet, during my temporary absence at Benecia, last week, alas! she married Jones. Is my happiness to be thus blasted for life? Have I no redress?

Of course you have. All the law, written and unwritten, is on your side. The intention and not the act constitutes crime—in other words constitutes the deed. If you call your bosom friend a fool, and intend it for an insult, it is an insult; but if you do it playfully, and meaning no insult, it is not an insult. If you discharge a pistol accidentally, and kill a man, you can go free, for you have done no murder; but if you try to kill a man, and manifestly intend to kill him, but fail utterly to do it, the law still holds that the intention constituted the crime, and you are guilty of murder. Ergo, if you had married Edwitha accidentally, and without really intending to do it, you would not actually be married to her at all, because the act of marriage could not be complete without the intention. And ergo, in the strict spirit of the law, since you deliberately intended to marry Edwitha, and didn't do it, you are married to her all the same—because, as I said before, the intention constitutes the crime. It is clear as day that Edwitha is your wife, and your redress lies in taking a club and mutilating Jones with it as much as you can. Any man has a right to protect his own life from the advances of other men. But you have another alternative—you were married to Edwitha first, because of your deliberate intention,

* Here I have taken a slight liberty with the original M.S. 'Hades' does not make such good metre as the other word of one syllable, but it sounds better.

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and now you can prosecute her for bigamy, in subsequently marrying Jones. But there is another phase in this complicated case; you intend to marry Edwitha, and consequently, according to law, she is your wife—there is no getting around that; but she didn't marry you, you are not her husband, of course. Ergo, in marrying Jones, she was guilty of bigamy, because she was the wife of another man at the time; which is all very well as far as it goes—but then, don't you see, she had no other husband when she married Jones, and consequently she was not guilty of bigamy. Now, according to this view of the case, Jones married a spinster, who was a widow at the same time and another man's wife at the same time and yet had no husband and who never had one, and never had any intention of getting married, and therefore, of course, never had been married; and by the same reasoning you are a bachelor, because you have never been any one's husband; and a married man, because you have a wife living; and to all intents and purposes a widower, because you have been deprived of that wife; and a consummate ass for going off to Benecia in the first place, while things were so mixed. And by this time I have got myself so tangled up in the intricacies of this extraordinary case that I shall have to give up any further attempt to advise you—I might get confused and fail to make myself understood. I think I could take up the argument where I left off, and by following it closely awhile, perhaps I could prove to your satisfaction, either that you never existed at all, or that you are dead now, and consequently don't need the faithless Edwitha—I think I could do that, if it would afford you any comfort.

'YOUNG MOTHER'—And so you think a baby is a thing of beauty and a joy for ever? Well, the idea is pleasing, but not original; every cow thinks the same of its own calf. Perhaps the cow may not think it so elegantly, but still she thinks it, nevertheless. I honour the cow for it. We all honour this touching maternal instinct wherever we find it, be it in the home of luxury or in the humble cow-shed. But really, madam, when I came to examine the matter in all its bearings, I find that the correctness of your assertion does not manifest itself in all cases. A soiled baby, with a neglected nose, cannot be conscientiously regarded as a thing of beauty; and inasmuch as babyhood spans but three short years, no baby is competent to be a joy 'for ever.' It pains me thus to demolish two-thirds of your pretty sentiment to a single sentence; but the position I hold in this chair requires that I shall not

permit you to deceive and mislead the public with your plausible figures of speech. I know a female baby, aged eighteen months, in this city, which cannot hold out as a 'joy' twenty-four hours on a stretch, let alone 'for ever.' And it possesses some of the most remarkable eccentricities of character and appetite that have ever fallen under my notice. I will set down here a statement of this baby's operations (conceived, planned, and carried out by myself, and without suggestion or assistance from its mother or anyone else), during a single day; and what I shall say shall be substantiated by the sworn testimony of witnesses.

It commenced by eating one dozen large blue-mass pills, box and all; then it fell down a flight of stairs, and arose with a bruised and purple knot on its forehead, after which it proceeded in quest of further refreshment and amusement. It found a glass trinket ornamented with brass work—smashed up and ate the glass, and then swallowed the brass. Then it drank about twenty drops of laudanum, and more than a dozen tablespoonfuls of strong spirits of camphor. The reason why it took no more is that it had no more to take. After this it laid down on its back, and shoved five or six inches of silver-headed whalebone cane down its throat; got it fast there, and it was all its mother could do to pull the cane out again, without pulling out some of the child with it. Then, being hungry for glass again, it broke up several wine-glasses, and fell to eating and wallowing the fragments, not minding a cut or two. Then it ate a quantity of butter, pepper, salt, and California matches, actually taking a spoonful of butter, spoonful of salt, a spoonful of pepper, and three or four lucifer matches at each mouthful. (I will remark here that this thing of beauty likes painted German lucifers, and eats all she can get of them; but she infinitely prefers California matches, which I regard as a compliment to our home manufacturers of more than ordinary value, coming as it does from one who is too young to flatter). Then she washed her head with soap and water, and afterwards ate what soap was left, and drank as much of the suds as she had room for; after which she sallied forth and took the cow familiarly by the tail, and got kicked heels over head. At odd times during the day, when this joy for ever happened to have nothing particular on hand, she put in the time by climbing up on places, and falling down off them, uniformly damaging herself in the operation. As young as she is, she speaks many words tolerably distinctly; and being plain spoken in other respects, blunt

and to the point, she opens conversations with all strangers, male or female, with the same formula, 'How do, Jim?' Not being familiar with the ways of children, it is possible that I have been magnifying into matter of surprise things which may not strike any one who is familiar with infancy as being at all astonishing. However, I cannot believe that such is the case, and so I repeat that my report of this baby's performances is strictly true; and if any one doubts it, I can produce the child. I will further engage that she will devour anything that is given her (reserving to myself only the right to exclude anvils), and fall down from any place to which she may be elevated (merely stipulating that her preference for alighting on her head shall be respected, and, therefore, that the elevation chosen shall be high enough to enable her to accomplish this to her satisfaction). But I find I have wandered from my subject; so, without further argument, I will reiterate my conviction that not all babies are things of beauty and joys for ever.

LUCRETIA SMITH'S SOLDIER.

I am an ardent admirer of those nice sickly war stories which have lately been so popular, and for the last three months I have been at work upon one of that character, which is now completed. It can be relied upon as true in every particular, inasmuch as the facts it contains were compiled from the official records in the War Department of Washington. It is but just, also, that I should confess that I have drawn largely on 'Jomini's Art of War,' the 'Message of the President and Accompanying Documents,' and sundry maps and military works, so necessary for reference in building a novel like this. To the accompanying directors of the Overland Telegraph Company I take pleasure in returning my thanks for tendering me the use of their wires at the customary rates. And finally, to all those kind friends who have, by good deeds or encouraging words, assisted me in my labours upon this story of 'Lucretia Smith's Soldier,' during the past three months, and whose names are too numerous for special mention, I take his method of tendering my sincerest gratitude.

CHAPTER I.

On a balmy May morning in 1861 the village of Blumess, in Massachusetts, lay wrapped in the splendour of the newly-risen sun. Reginald de Whittaker, confidential and only clerk in the house of Bushrod & Ferguson, general dry-goods and grocery

dealers and keepers of the post-office, rose from his bunk under the counter, and shook himself. After yawning and stretching comfortably, he sprinkled the floor and proceeded to sweep it. He had only half finished his task, however, when he sat down on a keg of nails and fell into a reverie. 'This is my last day in this shanty,' said he. 'How it will surprise Lucretia when she hears I am going for a soldier! How proud she will be, the little darling!' He pictured himself in all manner of warlike situations; the hero of a thousand extraordinary adventures; the man of rising fame; the pet of Fortune at last; and beheld himself finally, returning to his own home, a bronzed and scarred brigadier-general, to cast his honours and his matured and perfect love at the feet of his Lucretia Borgia Smith.

At this point a thrill of joy and pride suffused his system; but he looked down and saw his broom and blushed. He came toppling down from the clouds he had been soaring among, and was an obscure clerk again on a salary of two dollars and a half a week.

CHAPTER II.

At eight o'clock that evening, with a heart palpitating with the proud news he had brought for his beloved, Reginald sat in Mr. Smith's parlour awaiting Lucretia's appearance. The moment she entered, he sprang to meet her, his face lighted by the torch of love that was blazing in his head somewhere and shining through, and ejaculated, 'Mine own!' as he opened his arms to receive her.

'Sir!' said she, and drew herself up like an offended queen.

Poor Reginald was stricken dumb with astonishment. This chilling demeanour, this angry rebuff, where he had expected the old, tender welcome, banished the gladness from his heart as the cheerful brightness is swept from the landscape when a dark cloud drifts athwart the face of the sun. He stood bewildered a moment, with a sense of goneness on him like one who finds himself suddenly overboard upon a midnight sea, and beholds the ship pass into shrouding gloom, while the dreadful conviction falls upon his soul that he has not been missed. He tried to speak, but his pallid lips refused their office. At last he murmured—

'O Lucretia! what have I done? what is the matter? why this cruel coldness? Don't you love your Reginald any more?'

Her lips curled in bitter scorn, and she replied, in mocking tones—

'Don't I love my Reginald any more? No, I don't love my Reginald any more! Go

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your ears, so that you can't hear your
country shout to you to fall in an shoulder
arms. Go!' And then, unheeding the
new light that flashed from his eyes, she
led from the room and slammed the door
behind her.

Only a moment more! Only a single
moment more he thought, and he could have
told her how he had already answered the
summons and signed the muster-roll, and all
would have been well; his lost bride would
have come back to his arms with words of
praise and thanksgiving upon her lips. He
made a step forward, once, to recall her, but
he remembered that he was no longer an
effeminate dry-goods student, and his war-
rior soul scorned to sue for quarter. He
strode from that place with martial firmness,
and never looked behind him.

CHAPTER III.

When Lucretia awoke next morning the
faint music of a fife and the roll of a distant
drum came floating up on the soft spring
breeze, and as she listened the sounds grew
more subdued, and finally passed out of hear-
ing. She lay absorbed in thought for many
minutes, and then she sighed and said, 'Oh!
if he were only with that band of brave fel-
lows, how I could love him!'

In the course of the day a neighbour dropped
in, and when the conversation turned
upon in soldiers, the visitor said—

'Reginald de Whittaker looked rather
down-hearted, and didn't shout when he
marched along with the other boys this
morning. I expect it's owing to you, Miss
Loe, though when I met him coming here
yesterday evening to tell you he'd enlisted
he thought you'd like it and be proud of—
Mercy! what in nation's the matter with
the girl?'

Nothing, only a sudden misery had fallen
like a blight upon her heart, and a deadly
pallor telegraphed it to her countenance.
She rose up without a word, and walked
with a firm step out of the room; but once
within the sacred seclusion of her own
chamber her strong will gave way, and she
burst into a flood of passionate tears. Bit-
terly she upbraided herself for her foolish
aste of the night before, and her harsh
reatment of her lover at the very moment
that he had come to anticipate the proudest
wish of her heart, and to tell her that he had
enrolled himself under the battle flag, and
was going forth to fight as her soldier.
Alas! other maidens would have soldiers in
those glorious fields, and be entitled to the

sweet pain of feeling a tender solicitude for
them, but she would be unrepresented. No
soldier in all the vast armies would breathe
her name as he breasted the crimson tide of
war! She wept again—or rather, she went
on weeping where she left off a moment be-
fore. In her bitterness of spirit she almost
cursed the precipitancy that had brought all
this sorrow upon her young life.

For weeks she nursed her grief in
silence while the roses faded from
her cheeks. And through it all she
clung to the hope that some day the old
love would bloom again in Reginald's heart,
and he would write to her: but the
long summer days dragged wearily along,
still no letter came. The newspapers
teemed with stories of battle and carnage,
and eagerly she read them, but always with
the same result; the tears welled up and
blurred the closing lines—the name she
sought was looked for in vain, and the dull
aching returned to her sinking heart. Letters
to the other girls sometimes contained brief
mention of him, and presented always the
same picture of him—a morose, unsmiling,
desperate man, always in the thickest of the
fight, begrimed with powder, and moving
calm and unscratched through tempest of
shot and shell, as if he bore a charmed life.

But at last, in a long list of maimed and
killed, poor Lucretia read these terrible
words, and fell fainting to the floor:—'R.
D. Whittaker, private soldier, desperately
wounded!'

CHAPTER IV.

On a couch in one of the wards of an
hospital at Washington lay a wounded sol-
dier; his head was so profusely bandaged
that his features were not visible; but there
was no mistaking the happy face of the
young girl who sat beside him—it was Lu-
cretia Borgia Smith. She had hunted him
out several weeks before, and since that
time she had patiently watched by him and
nursed him, coming in the morning as soon
as the surgeon had finished dressing his
wounds, and never leaving him until relieved
at nightfall. A ball had shattered his lower
jaw, and he could not utter a syllable;
through all her weary vigils she had never
once been blessed with a grateful word from
his dear lips; yet she stood to her post
bravely and without a murmur, feeling that
when he did get well again she would hear
that which would more than reward her for
her devotion.

At the hour we have chosen for the open-
ing of this chapter, Lucretia was in a tumult
of happy excitement; for the surgeon had

told her that at last her Whittaker had recovered sufficiently to admit of the removal of the bandages from his head, and she was now waiting with feverish impatience for the doctor to come and disclose the loved features to her view. At last he came, and Lucretia, with beaming eyes and fluttering heart, bent over the couch with anxious expectancy. One bandage was removed, then another, and another, and lo! the poor wounded face was revealed to the light of day.

'O my own dar——'

What have we here? What is the matter? Alas! it was the face of a stranger!

Poor Lucretia! With one hand covering her upturned eyes, she staggered back with a moan of anguish. Then a spasm of fury distorted her countenance as she brought her fist down with a crash that made the medicine bottles on the table dance again, and exclaimed—

'Oh! confound my cats, if I haven't gone and fooled away three mortal weeks, here snuffing over the wrong soldier!'

It was a sad, sad truth. The wretched but innocent and unwitting impostor was R. D., or Richard Dilworthy Whittaker, of Wisconsin, the soldier of dear Little Eugenie Le Mulligan, of that State, and utterly unknown to our unhappy Lucretia B. Smith.

Such is life, and the trail of the serpent is over us all. Let us draw the curtain over his melancholy history—for melancholy it must still remain, during a season at least, for the real Reginald de Whittaker has not turned up yet.

THE ENTERTAINING HISTORY OF THE SCRIPTURAL PANORAMA 'MIST.

[I give the history in Mr. Nickerson's own language.]

There was a fellow travellin' around in that country (said Mr. Nickerson), with a moral religious show—a sort of scriptural panorama—and he hired a simple old creature to play the piano for him. After the first night's performance, the showman says:—

'My friend, you seem to know pretty much all the tunes there are, and you worry along first-rate. But then didn't you notice that sometimes last night the piece you happened to be playing was a little rasping on the proprieties, so to speak—didn't seem to jibe with the general gait of the picture that was passing at the time, as it were—was a little foreign to the subject, you know—as if you

didn't either trump or follow suit, you understand.'

'Well, no,' the fellow said; he hadn't noticed, but it might be; he had played along just as it came handy.

So they put it up that the poor old dummy was to keep his eyes on the panorama after that, and as soon as a smart picture was reeled out he was to get it to a dot with a piece of music that would help the audience to get the idea of the subject, and warm them up to an appreciation of it. That sort of thing would capture their sympathies, the showman said.

There was a big audience that night. The showman began to swell himself up for his lecture, the old pianist ran his fingers up and down his instrument once or twice to see that all was right, and the supes behind the curtain commenced to unwind the panorama. The showman balanced his weight on his right foot, and propped his hands on his hips, and flung his eye over his shoulder at the scenery, and says—

'Ladies and gentlemen, the painting now before you illustrates the beautiful and touching parable of the Prodigal Son. Observe the happy expression just breaking over the features of the poor, suffering youth—so worn and weary with his long march; note also the ecstasy beaming from the uplifted countenance of the aged father, and the joy that sparkles in the eyes of the excited group of youths and maidens, and seems ready to burst in a welcoming chorus from their lips. The lesson, my friends, is as solemn and instructive as the story is tender and beautiful.'

The musician was all ready, and the second the speech was finished he struck up—

Oh! we'll all get blind drunk
When Johnny comes marching home!

Some of the people giggled, and some groaned a little. The showman couldn't say a word. He looked at the pianist, but he was all lovely and serene—he didn't know there was anything out of gear.

The panorama moved on, and the showman drummed up his pluck and began again:—

'Ladies and gentlemen, the fine picture now unfolding itself to your gaze exhibits one of the most notable events in the Bible history—our Saviour and His Disciples upon the Sea of Galilee. How grand, how awe-inspiring are the reflections which the subject invokes! What sublimity of faith is revealed to us in this lesson from the sacred writings? The Saviour rebukes the angry waves, and walks securely upon the bosom of the deep!'

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—'Oh! how lovely! how beautiful' and
the orchestra let himself out again:—

'Oh! a life on the ocean wave,
And a home on the rolling deep'

There was a good deal of honest laughter
at this time, and considerable groaning, and
one or two deacons got up and walked out.
The showman gritted his teeth and cursed
the piano man to himself; but the fellow sat
there like a knot on a log, and seemed to
think he was doing first-rate.

After things got quiet, the showman
thought he would make one more stagger at
it, anyhow, though his confidence was be-
ginning to get very shaky. The supes started
the panorama along again, and he says:—

'Ladies and gentlemen, this exquisite
painting illustrates the raising of Lazarus
from the dead by our Saviour. The subject
has been handled with rare ability by the
artist and such touching sweetness and
tenderness of expression has he thrown into
it, that I have known peculiarly sensitive
persons to be even affected to tears by look-
ing at it. Observe the half-confessed, half-
inquiring look upon the countenance of the
awaking Lazarus. Observe, also, the atti-
tude and expression of the Saviour, who
takes him gently by the sleeve of his shroud
with one hand, while he points with the
other towards the distant city.'

Before anybody could get off an opinion
in the case, the innocent old Muggins at the
piano struck up:—

'Come, rise up William Riley,
And go along with me!'

My! All the solemn old flats got up in a
fury to go, and everybody else laughed till
the windows rattled.

The showman went down and grabbed the
orchestra and shook him up, and says—

But what he said was too vigorous for re-
petition, and is better left out.

AN UNBURLESQUABLE THING.

There is one other thing which transcends
the powers of burlesque, and that is a Fenian
'invasion.' First, we have the portentous
mystery that precedes it for six months,
when all the air is filled with stage whisper-
ings; when 'Councils' meet every night
with awful secrecy, and the membership try
to see who can get up first in the morning
and tell the proceedings. Next, the ex-
patriated Nation struggles through a travail
of national squabbles and political splits, and
is finally delivered of a letter of 'Govern-
ments,' and Presidents McThis and Generals
O'That, of several different complexions, po-
litically speaking; and straightway the

newspapers team with the new names, and
men who were insignificant and obscure one
day find themselves great and famous the
next. Then the several 'Governments,' and
presidents, and generals, and senates get by
the ears, and remain so until the customary
necessity of carrying the American city elec-
tions with a minority vote comes around and
unites them; then they begin to 'sound the
tocsin of war' again—that is to say, in solemn
whisperings at dead of night they secretly
plan a Canadian raid, and publish it in the
World next morning; they begin to refer
significantly to 'Ridgeway,' and we reflect
bodingly that there is no telling how soon
that slaughter may be repeated. Presently
the 'invasion' begins to take tangible shape,
and, as no news travels so freely or so fast as
the 'secret' doings of Fenian brotherhood,
the land is shortly in a tumult of apprehen-
sion. The telegraph announces that 'last
night 400 men went north from Utica, but
refused to disclose their destination—were
extremely reticent—answered no questions
—were not armed or in uniform, but it was
noticed that they marched to the depot in
military fashion—and so on. Fifty such
despatches follow each other within two
days, evidence that squads of locomotive
mystery have gone north from a hundred
different points and rendezvoused on the
Canadian border—and that, consequently a
horde of 25,000 invaders, at least, is gathered
together; and then, hurrah! they cross the
line; hurrah! they meet the enemy; hip,
hip, hurrah! battle ensues; hip—no, not
hip nor hurrah—for U. S. Marshal and
one man sent the Fenian General-in-Chief on
the battle field, in the midst of his 'army,'
and bowled him off in a carriage and lodged him
in a common jail—and, presto! the illustri-
ous 'invasion' is at an end!

The Fenians have not done many things
that seemed to call for pictorial illustrations;
but their first care has usually been to make
a picture of any performance of theirs that
would stand it as soon as possible after its
achievement, and paint everything in it a
violent green, and embellish it with harps
and pickaxes, and other emblems of national
grandeur, and print thousands of them in
the severe simplicity of primitive lithography
and hang them above the National Paladium
among the decanters. Shall we have a nice
picture of the battle of Pigeon Hill and the
little accident to the Commander-in-
Chief?

No, a Fenian 'invasion' cannot be bur-
lesqued, because it uses up all the material it-
self. It is harmless fun, the annual mas-
querading toward the border; but America
should not encourage it, for the reason that

It may some time or other succeed in embroiling the country in a war with a friendly Power—and such an event as that would be ill compensated by the liberation of even so excellent a people as the down-trodden Nation.

RILEY — NEWSPAPER CORRESPONDENT.

One of the best men in Washington—or elsewhere—is Riley, correspondent of the great San Francisco dailies.

Riley is full of humour, and has an unfailing vein of irony, which makes his conversation to the last degree entertaining (as long as the remarks are about somebody else). But, notwithstanding the possession of these qualities, which should enable a man to write a happy and an appetizing letter, Riley's newspaper letters often display a more than earthly solemnity, and likewise an unimaginative devotion to petrified facts, which surprise and distress all men who know him in his unofficial character. He explains this curious thing by saying that his employers sent him to Washington to write facts, not fancy, and that several times he has come near losing his situation by inserting humorous remarks which, not being looked for at headquarters, and consequently not understood, were thought to be dark and bloody speeches intended to convey signals and warnings to murderous secret societies, or something of that kind, and so were scratched out with a shiver and a prayer and cast into the stove. Riley says that sometimes he is so afflicted with a yearning to write a sparkling and absorbingly readable letter that he simply cannot resist it, and so he goes to his den and revels in the delight of untrammelled scribbling; and then, with suffering such as only a mother can know, he destroys the pretty children of his fancy and reduces his letter to the required dismal accuracy. Having seen Riley do this very thing more than once, I know whereof I speak. Often I have laughed with him over a happy passage, and grieved to see him plough his pen through it. He would say, 'I had to write that or die; and I've got to scratch it out or starve. They wouldn't stand it, you know.'

I think Riley is about the most entertaining company I ever saw. We lodged together in many places in Washington during the winter of '67-8, moving comfortably from place to place, and attracting attention by paying our board—a course which cannot fail to make a person conspicuous in Washington. Riley would tell all about his trip to California in the early days, by way of

the Isthmus and the San Juan river; and about his baking bread in San Francisco to gain a living, and setting up ten-pins, and practising law, and opening oysters, and delivering lectures, and teaching French, and tending bar, odd reporting for the newspapers, and keeping dancing-school, and interpreting Chinese in the courts—which latter was lucrative, and Riley was doing handsomely and laying up a little money when people began to find fault because his translations were too 'free,' a thing for which Riley considered he ought not to be held responsible, since he did not know a word of the Chinese tongue, and only adopted interpreting as a means of gaining an honest livelihood. Through the machinations of enemies he was removed from the position of official interpreter, and a man put in his place who was familiar with the Chinese language, but did not know any English. And Riley used to tell about publishing a newspaper up in what is Alaska now, but was only an iceberg then, with a population composed of bears, walruses, Indians, and other animals; and how the iceberg got adrift at last, and left all his paying subscribers behind, and as soon as the commonwealth floated out of the jurisdiction of Russia the people rose and threw off their allegiance and ran up the English flag, calculating to hook on and become an English colony as they drifted along down the British possessions; but a land breeze and a crooked current carried them by, and they ran up the Stars and Stripes and steered for California, missed the connection again and swore allegiance to Mexico, but it wasn't any use; the anchors came home every time, and away they went with the north-east trades, drifting off sideways toward the Sandwich Islands, whereupon they ran up the Cannibal flag and had a grand human barbecue in honour of it, in which it was noticed that the better a man liked a friend the better he enjoyed him; and as soon as they got fairly within the tropics the weather got so fearfully hot that the iceberg began to melt, and it got so sloppy under foot that it was almost impossible for ladies to get about at all; and at last, just as they came in sight of the islands, the melancholy remnant of the once majestic iceberg canted first to one side and then to the other, and then plunged under forever, carrying the national archives along with it—and not only the archives and the populace, but some eligible town lots which had increased in value as fast as they diminished in size in the tropics, and which Riley could have sold at thirty cents a pound and made himself rich if he could have kept

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the province afloat ten hours longer and got into port.

And so forth and so on, with all the facts Riley's trip through Mexico, a journey whose history his felicitous fancy can make more interesting than any novel that ever was written. What a shame it is to tie Riley down to the dreary mason-work of laying up solemn dead-walls of fact! He does write a plain, straightforward, and perfectly accurate and reliable correspondence, but it seems to me that I would rather have one gatty paragraph to his fancy than a whole inventory of his facts.

Riley is a very methodical, accommodating, never forgets anything that is to be attended to, is a good son, a staunch friend, and a permanent reliable enemy. He will put himself to any amount of trouble to oblige a body, and therefore always has his hands full of things to be done for the helpless and the shiftless. And he knows how to do nearly everything, too. He is a man whose native benevolence is a well-spring that never goes dry. He stands always ready to help whoever needs help, as far as he is able—and not simply with his money, but that is cheap and common charity, but with hand and brain, and fatigue of limb and sacrifice of time. This sort of men is rare.

Riley has a ready wit, a quickness and fitness at selecting and applying quotations and a countenance that is as solemn and as blank as the back side of a tombstone when he is delivering a particularly insipid joke. One night a negro woman was burned to death in a house next door to us, and Riley said that our landlady would be oppressively emotional at breakfast, because she generally made use of such opportunities as offered, being of a morbidly sentimental turn, and so we should find it best to let her talk along and say nothing back—it was the only way to keep her tears out of the gravy. Riley said there never was a funeral in the neighbourhood but that the gravy was watery for a week.

And, sure enough, at breakfast the landlady was down in the very sloughs of woe—entirely broken-hearted. Everything she looked at reminded her of that poor negro woman, and so the buckwheat cakes made her sob, the coffee forced a groan, and when the beefsteak came on she fetched a wail that made our hair rise. Then she got talking about deceased, and kept up a steady drizzle till both of us were soaked through and through. Presently she took fresh breath and said, with a world of sense—

"Ah, to think of it, only to think of

it!—the poor, old, faithful creature. For she was so faithful. Would you believe it, she had been a servant in that self-same house and that self-same family for twenty-seven years come Christmas, and never a cross word and never a lick. And, oh, to think she should meet such a death at last!—a sitting over the red-hot stove at three o'clock in the morning, and went to sleep and fell on it and was actually roasted. Not just frizzled up a bit, but literally roasted to a crisp! Poor faithful creature how she cooked! I am but a poor woman, but even if I have to scrip to do it, I will put up a tombstone over that lone sufferer's grave—and Mr. Riley, if you would have the goodness to think up a little epitaph to put on it which would sort of describe the awful way in which she met her—"

"Put it. 'Well done, good and faithful servant!'" said Riley, and never smiled.

THE FACTS CONCERNING THE RECENT RESIGNATION.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 2, 1867.

I have resigned. The Government appears to go on much the same, but there is a spoke out of its wheel, nevertheless. I was clerk of the Senate Committee on Conchology, and I have thrown up the position. I could see the plainest disposition on the part of the other members of the Government to debar me from having any voice in the councils of the nation, and so I could no longer hold office and retain my self-respect. If I were to detail all the outrages that were heaped upon me during the six days that I was connected with the Government in an official capacity, the narrative would fill a volume. They appointed me clerk of that Committee on Conchology, and then allowed me no amanuensis to play billiards with. I would have borne that, lonesome as it was, if I had met with that courtesy from the other members of the Cabinet which was my due. But I did not. Whenever I observed that the head of a department was pursuing a wrong course, I laid down everything and went and tried to set him right, as it was my duty to do; and I never was thanked for it in a single instance. I went, with the best intentions in the world, to the Secretary of the Navy, and said—

"Sir, I cannot see that Admiral Farragut is doing anything but skirmishing around there in Europe, having a sort of picnic. Now, that may be all very well, but it does not exhibit itself to me in that light. If

there is no fighting for him to do, let him come home. There is no use in a man having a whole fleet for a pleasure excursion. It is too expensive. Mind, I do not object to pleasure excursions for the naval officers—pleasure excursions that are in reason—pleasure excursions that are economical. Now, they might go down the Mississippi on a raft—

You ought to have heard him storm! One would have supposed I had committed a crime of some kind. But I didn't mind. I said it was cheap and full of republican simplicity, and perfectly safe. I said that, for a tranquil pleasure excursion, there was nothing equal to a raft.

Then the Secretary of the Navy asked me who I was; and when I told him I was connected with the Government, he wanted to know in what capacity. I said that, without remarking upon the singularity of such a question, coming, as it did, from a member of that same Government, I would inform him that I was clerk of the Senate Committee on Conchology. Then there was a fine storm! He finished by ordering me to leave the premises and give my attention strictly to my own business in future. My first impulse was to get him removed. However, that would harm others beside himself and do me no real good, so I let him stay.

I went next to the Secretary of War, who was not inclined to see me at all until he learned that I was connected with the Government. If I had not been on important business, I suppose I could not have got in. I asked him for a light (he was smoking at the time), and then I told him I had no fault to find with his defending the parole stipulations of Gen. Lee and his comrades in arms, but that I could not approve of his method of fighting the Indians on the Plains. I said he fought too scattering. He ought to get the Indians more together—get them together in some convenient place, where he could have provisions enough for both parties, and then have a general massacre. I said the next surest thing for an Indian was soap and education. Soap and education are not as sudden as a massacre, but they are more deadly in the long run; because a half-massacred Indian may recover, but if you educate him and wash him, it is bound to finish him some time or other. It undermines his constitution; it strikes at the foundations of his being. 'Sir,' I said, 'the time has come when blood-curdling cruelty has become necessary. Inflict soap and a spelling-book on every Indian that ravages the Plains, and let him die!'

The Secretary of War asked if I was a member of the Cabinet, and I said I was—

and I was not one of these *ad interim* people either. (Severe, but merited.) He inquired what position I held, and I said I was clerk of the Senate Committee on Conchology. I was then ordered under arrest for contempt of court and restrained of my liberty for the best part of a day.

I almost resolved to be silent thereafter, and let the Government get along the best way it could. But duty called, and I obeyed. I called on the Secretary of the Treasury. He said—

'What will you have?'

The question threw me off my guard. I said, 'Ruin punch.'

He said, 'If you have got any business here, sir, state it—and in as few words as possible.'

I then said that I was sorry he had seen fit to change the subject so abruptly, because such conduct was very offensive to me; but under the circumstances I would overlook the matter and come to the point. I now went into an earnest expostulation with him upon the extravagant length of his report. I said it was expensive, unnecessary, and awkwardly constructed; there were no descriptive passages in it, no poetry, no sentiment,—no heroes, no plot, no pictures—not even woodcuts. Nobody would read it, that was a clear case. I urged him not to ruin his reputation by getting out a thing like that. If he ever hoped to succeed in literature, he must throw more variety into his writings. He must beware of dry detail. I said that the main popularity of the almanac was derived from its poetry and conundrums, and that a few conundrums distributed around through his Treasury report would help the sale of it more than all the internal revenue he could put into it. I said these things in the kindest spirit, and yet the Secretary of the Treasury fell into a violent passion. He even said I was an ass. He abused me in the most vindictive manner, and said that if I came there again meddling with his business he would throw me out of the window. I said I would take my hat and go, if I could not be treated with the respect due to my office, and I did go. It was just like a new author. They always think they know more than anybody else when they are getting out their first book. Nobody can tell them anything.

During the whole time that I was connected with the Government it seemed as if I could not do anything in an official capacity without getting myself in trouble. And yet I did nothing, attempted nothing, but what I conceived to be for the good of my country. The sting of my wrongs may have driven me

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to unjust and harmful conclusions, but it surely seemed to me that the Secretary of State, the Secretary of War, the Secretary of the Treasury, and others of my *confreres* had conspired from the very beginning to drive me from the Administration. I never attended but one Cabinet meeting while I was connected with the Government. That was sufficient for me. The servant at the White House door did not seem disposed to make way for me until I asked if the other members of the Cabinet had arrived. He said they had, and I entered. They were all there; but nobody offered me a seat. They stared at me as if I had been an intruder. The President said—

'Well, sir, who are you?'

I handed him my card, and he read—'The Hon. Mark Twain, Clerk of the Senate Committee on Conchology.' Then he looked at me from head to foot, as if he had never heard of me before. The Secretary of the Treasury said—

'This is the meddlesome ass that came to recommend me to put poetry and conundrums in my report, as if it were an almanac.'

The Secretary of War said—'It is the same visionary that came to me yesterday with a scheme to educate a portion of the Indians to death, and massacre the balance.'

The Secretary of the Navy said—'I recognise this youth as the person who has been interfering with my business time and again during the week. He is distressed about Admiral Farragut's using a whole fleet for a pleasure excursion, as he terms it. His proposition about some insane pleasure excursion on a raft is too absurd to repeat.'

I said—'Gentlemen, I perceive here a disposition to throw discredit upon every act of my official career; I perceive, also, a disposition to debar me from all voice in the councils of the nation. No notice whatever was sent to me to-day. It was only by the merest chance that I learned that there was going to be a Cabinet meeting. But let these things pass. All I wish to know is, is this a Cabinet meeting or not?'

The President said it was.

'Then,' I said, 'let us proceed to business at once, and not fritter away valuable time in unbecoming fault-findings with each other's official conduct.'

The Secretary of State now spoke up, in his benignant way, and said, 'Young man, you are labouring under a mistake. The clerks of the Congressional Committees are not members of the Cabinet. Neither are the doorkeepers at the Capitol, strange as it may seem. Therefore, much as we could desire your more than human wisdom in

our deliberations, we cannot lawfully avail ourselves of it. The councils of the nation must proceed without you; if disaster follow, as follow full well it may, be it balm to your sorrowing spirit, that by deed and voice you did what in you lay to avert it. You have my blessing, farewell.'

These gentle words soothed my troubled breast, and I went away. But the servants of a nation can know no peace. I had hardly reached my den in the Capitol, and disposed my feet on the table like a representative, when one of the Senators on the Conchological Committee came in in a passion and said—

'Where have you been all day?'

I observed that, if that was anybody's affair but my own, I had been to a Cabinet meeting.

'To a Cabinet meeting? I would like to know what business you had at a Cabinet meeting?'

I said I went there to consult—allowing for the sake of argument, that he was in anywise concerned in the matter. He grew insolent then, and ended by saying he had wanted me for three days past to copy a report on bomb-shells, egg-shells, clam-shells, and I don't know what all, connected with conchology, and nobody had been able to find me.

This was too much. This was the feather that broke the clerical camel's back. I said, 'Sir, do you suppose that I am going to work for six dollars a day? If that is the idea, let me recommend the Senate Committee on Conchology to hire somebody else. I am the slave of no faction! Take back your degrading commission. Give me liberty, or give me death!'

From that hour I was no longer connected with the Government. Snubbed by the department, snubbed by the Cabinet, snubbed at last by the chairman of a committee I was endeavouring to adorn, I yielded to persecution, cast far from me the perils and seductions of my great office, and forsook my bleeding country in the hour of her peril.

But I had done the State some service, and I sent in my bill:—

The United States of America in account with
Hon. Clerk of the Senate Committee on
Conchology Dr.

To consultation with Secretary of War	\$50
To consultation with Secretary of Navy	50
To consultation with Secretary of Treas-	
ury	50
Cabinet consultation	No charge.
To mileage to and from Jerusalem, * via	
Egypt, Algiers, Gibraltar, and	
Cadiz, 14,000 miles, at 20c. a mile..	2.800

To salary as Clerk of Senate Committee on Conchology, six days, at \$6 per day	36
Total.....	\$2,985

* Territorial delegates charge mileage both ways although they never go back when they get here once. Why my mileage is denied me is more than I can understand.

Not an item of this bill has been paid, except that trifle of 36 dollars for clerkship salary. The Secretary of the Treasury, ran his pen through all the other items, and simply marked in the margin, 'Not allowed.' So the dread alternative is embraced at last. Repudiation has begun! The nation is lost. True, the President promised that he would mention my claim in his Message, and recommend that it be paid out of the first moneys received on account of the Alabama claims; but will he recollect to do it? And may not I be forgotten when the Alabama claims are paid? Younger claimants than I am may be forgotten when the Alabama claims are paid.

I am done with official life for the present. Let those clerks who are willing to be imposed on, remain. I know numbers of them, in the Departments, who are never informed when there is to be a Cabinet meeting, whose advice is never asked about work, or finance, or commerce, by the heads of the nation, any more than if they were not connected with the Government, and who actually stay in their offices day after day and work! They know their importance to the nation, and they unconsciously show it in their bearing, and the way they order their sustenance at the restaurant—but they work. I know one who has to paste all sorts of little scraps from the newspapers into a scrap book—sometimes as many as eight or ten scraps a day. He doesn't do it well, but he does it as well as he can. It is very fatiguing. It is exhausting to the intellect. Yet he only gets 1,800 dollars a year. With a brain like his, that young man could amass thousands and thousands of dollars in some other pursuit, if he chose to do it. But no—his heart is with his country, and he will serve her as long as she has a scrap book left. And I know clerks that don't know how to write very well, but such knowledge as they possess they nobly lay at the feet of their country, and toil on and suffer for 2,500 dollars a year. What they write has to be written over again by other clerks, sometimes; but when a man has done his best for his country, should his country complain? Then there are clerks that have no clerkships, and are waiting, and waiting, and waiting, for a vacancy—waiting patient-

ly for a chance to help their country out—and while they are waiting, they only get barely 2,000 dollars a year for it. It is sad—it is very, very sad. When a member of Congress has a friend who is gifted, but has no employment wherein his great powers may be brought to bear, he confers him upon his country, and gives him a clerkship in a Department. And there that man has to slave his life out fighting documents for the benefit of a nation that never thinks of him, never sympathizes with him—and all for 2,000 or 3,000 dollars a year. When I shall have completed my list of all the clerks in all the several departments, with my statement of what they have to do, and what they get for it, you will see that there are not half enough clerks, and that what there are do not get half enough pay.

THE GREAT REVOLUTION IN PITCAIRN.

Let me refresh the reader's memory a little. Nearly a hundred years ago the crew of the British ship 'Bounty' mutinied, set the captain and his officers adrift upon the open sea, took possession of the ship, and sailed southward. They procured wives for themselves among the natives of Tahiti, then proceeded to a lonely little rock in mid-Pacific, called Pitcairn's Island, wrecked the vessel, stripped her of everything that might be useful to a new colony, and established themselves on shore.

Pitcairn's is so far removed from the track of commerce that it was many years before another vessel touched there. It had always been considered an uninhabitable island; so when a ship did at last drop an anchor there in 1808, the captain was greatly surprised to find the place peopled. Although the mutineers had fought among themselves, and gradually killed each other off until only two or three of the original stock remained, these tragedies had not occurred before a number of children had been born; so in 1808 the island had a population of twenty-seven persons. John Adams, the chief mutineer, still survived, and was to live many years yet, as governor and patriarch of the flock. From being mutineer and homicide, he had turned Christian and teacher, and his nation of twenty-seven persons was now the purest and devoutest in Christendom. Adams had long ago hoisted the British flag, and constituted the island an appanage of the British Crown.

To-day the population numbers ninety persons,—sixteen men, nineteen women, twenty-five boys, and thirty girls,—all de-

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numbers ninety teen women, ty girls,—all de-

scendants of the mutineers, all bearing the family names of those mutineers, and all speaking English, and English only. The island stands high up out of the sea, and has precipitous walls. It is about three quarters of a mile long and in places is as much as half a mile wide. Such arable land as it affords is held by the several families, according to a division made many years ago. There is some live stock,—goats, pigs, chickens, and cats; but no dogs, and no large animals. There is one church building,—used also as a capitol,—a school-house, and a public library. The title of the governor has been, for a generation or two, 'Magistrate and Chief Ruler, in subordination to Her Majesty the Queen of Great Britain.' It was his province to make the laws, as well as to execute them. His office was elective; everybody over seventeen years old had a vote,—no matter about the sex.

The sole occupations of the people were farming and fishing; their sole recreation, religious services. There has never been a shoe in the island, nor any money. The habits and dress of the people have always been primitive, and their laws simple to pnerility. They have lived in a deep Sabbath tranquility, far from the world and its ambitions and vexations, and neither knowing nor caring what was going on in the mighty empires that lie beyond their limitless ocean solitudes. Once in three or four years a ship touched there, moved them with aged news of bloody battles, devastating epidemics, fallen thrones, and ruined dynasties, then traded them some soap and flannel for some yams and bread fruit, and sailed away, leaving them to retire into their peaceful dreams and pious dissipations once more.

On the 8th of last September, Admiral de Horsey, commander-in-chief of the British fleet in the Pacific, visited Pitcairn's island; and speaks as follows in his official report to the Admiralty:—

'They have beans, carrots, turnips, cabbages, and a little maize; pineapples, fig-trees, custard apples, and oranges; lemons, and cocoa-nuts. Clothing is obtained alone from passing ships, in barter for refreshments. There are no springs on the island, but as it rains generally once a month they have plenty of water, although at times, in former years, they have suffered from drought. No alcoholic liquors, except for medicinal purposes, are used, and a drunkard is unknown.

'The necessary articles required by the islanders are best shown by those we furnished in barter for refreshments: namely,

flannel, serge, drill, half-boots, combs, tobacco, and soap. They also stand much in need of maps and slates for their school, and tools of any kind are most acceptable. I caused them to be supplied from the public stores with a union-jack for display on the arrival of ships, and a pit saw, of which they were greatly in need. This, I trust, will meet the approval of their lordships. If the munificent people of England were only aware of the wants of this most deserving little colony, they would not long go unsupplied....

'Divine service is held every Sunday at 10:20 a.m. and 6 p.m., in the house built and used by John Adams for that purpose, until he died in 1829. It is conducted strictly in accordance with the liturgy of the Church of England, by Mr. Simon Young, their selected pastor, who is much respected. A Bible class is held every Wednesday, when all who conveniently can, attend. There is also a general meeting for prayer on the first Friday in every month. Family prayers are said in every house the first thing in the morning and the last thing in the evening, and no food is partaken of without asking God's blessing before and afterwards. Of these islanders' religious attributes no one can speak without deep respect. A people whose greatest pleasure and privilege is to commune in prayer with their God, and to join in hymns of praise, and who are, moreover, cheerful, diligent, and probably freer from vice than any other community, need no priest among them.'

Now I come to sentence in the admiral's report which he dropped carelessly from his pen, no doubt, and never gave the matter a second thought. He little imagined what a freight of tragic prophecy it bore! This is the sentence:

'One stranger, an American, has settled on the island,—a doubtful acquisition.'

A doubtful acquisition indeed! Captain Ormsby, in the American ship 'Hornet,' touched at Pitcairn's nearly four months after the admiral's visit, and from the facts which he gathered there we know all about that American. Let us put these facts together, in historical form. The American's name was Butterworth Staveland. As soon as he had become well acquainted with all the people,—and this took but a few days, of course,—he began to ingratiate himself with them by all the arts he could command. He became exceedingly popular, and much looked up to; for one of the first things he did was to forsake his worldly way of life, and throw all his energies into religion. He was always reading his Bible, or praying, or singing hymns, or asking bless-

ings. In prayer, no one had such 'liberty' as he, no one could pray so long or so well.

At last, when he considered the time to be ripe, he began secretly to sow the seeds of discontent among the people. It was his deliberate purpose, from the beginning, to subvert the government, but of course he kept that to himself for a time. He used different arts with different individuals. He awakened dissatisfaction in one quarter by calling attention to the shortness of the Sunday service; he argued that there should be three hour service on Sunday instead of only two. Many had secretly held this opinion before; they now privately banded themselves into a party to work for it. He showed certain of the women that they were not allowed sufficient voice in the prayer-meetings; thus another party was formed. No weapon was beneath his notice; he even descended to the children, and awoke discontent in their breasts because—as he discovered for them—they had not enough Sunday-school. This created a third party.

Now, as the chief of these parties, he found himself the strongest power in the community. So he proceeded to his next move—a no less important one than the impeachment of the Chief Magistrate, James Russell Nickoy; a man of character and ability, and possessed of great wealth, he being the owner of a house with a parlour to it, three acres and a half of yam land, and the only boat in Pitcairn's, a whale-boat; and, most unfortunately, a pretext for this impeachment offered itself at just the right time. One of the earliest and most precious laws of the island was the law against trespass. It was held in great reverence, and was regarded as the palladium of the people's liberties. About thirty years ago an important case came before the courts under this law, in this wise: a chicken belonging to Elizabeth Young (aged, at that time, fifty-eight, a daughter of John Mills, one of the mutineers of the 'Bounty,') trespassed upon the grounds of Thursday October Christian (aged twenty-nine, a grandson of Fletcher Christian, one of the mutineers). Christian killed the chicken. According to the law, Christian could keep the chicken; or, if he preferred, he could restore its remains to the owner, and receive damages in 'produce' to an amount equivalent to the waste and injury wrought by the trespasser. The court records set forth that 'the said Christian aforesaid did deliver the aforesaid remains to the said Elizabeth Young, and did demand one bushel of yams in satisfaction of the damage done.' But Elizabeth Young considered the demand exorbitant; the parties could not agree; therefore Christian brought suit

in the courts. He lost his case in the justice's court; at least he was awarded only a half peck of yams, which he considered insufficient, and in the nature of a defeat. He appealed. The case lingered several years in an ascending grade of courts, and always resulted in decrees sustaining the original verdict; and finally the thing got into the supreme court, and there it stuck for twenty years. But last summer, even the supreme court managed to arrive at a decision at last. Once more the original verdict was sustained. Christian then said he was satisfied; but Stavely was present, and whispered to him and to his lawyer, suggesting, 'as a mere form,' that the original law be exhibited, in order to make sure that it still existed. It seemed an odd idea, but an ingenious one. So the demand was made. A messenger was sent to the magistrate's house; he presently returned with the tidings that it had disappeared from among the State archives.

The court now pronounced its late decision void, since it had been made under a law which had no actual existence.

Great excitement ensued, immediately. The news swept abroad over the whole island that the palladium of the public liberties was lost,—maybe treasonably destroyed. Within thirty minutes almost the entire nation were in the court room,—that is to say, the church. The impeachment of the chief magistrate followed, upon Stavely's motion. The accused met his misfortune with the dignity which became his great office. He did not plead, or even argue; he offered the simple defence that he had not meddled with the missing law; that he had kept the State archives in the same candle-box that had been used as their depository from the beginning; and that he was innocent of the removal or destruction of the lost document.

But nothing could save him; he was found guilty of misprision of treason, and degraded from his office, and all his property was confiscated.

The lamest part of the whole shameful matter was the reason suggested by his enemies for his destruction of the law, to wit, that he did it to favour Christian, because Christian was his cousin! Whereas Stavely was the only individual in the entire nation who was not his cousin. The reader must remember that all of these people are the descendants of half a dozen men; that the first children intermarried together and bore grandchildren to the mutineers; that these grandchildren intermarried; after them, great and great-great-grandchildren intermarried; so that to-day everybody is blood-kin to every-

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body. Moreover, the relationships are won-
derfully, even astoundingly, mixed up and
complicated. A stranger, for instance, says
to an islander—

“You speak of that young woman as your
cousin; a while ago you called her your
aunt.”

“Well, she is my aunt, and my cousin, too.
And also my step-sister, my niece, my
fourth cousin, my thirty-third cousin, my
forty-second cousin, my great-aunt, my
grandmother, my widowed sister-in-law,—
and next week she will be my wife.”

So the charge of nepotism against the Chief
Magistrate was weak. But no matter; weak
or strong, it suited Stavely. Stavely was
immediately elected to the vacant magis-
tracy; and, oozing reform from every pore,
he went vigorously to work. In no long
time religious services raged everywhere
and unceasingly. By command, the second
prayer of the Sunday morning service, which
had customarily endured some thirty-five or
forty minutes, and had pleaded for the
world, first by continent and then by na-
tional and tribal detail, was extended to an
hour and a half, and made to include suppli-
cations in behalf of the possible peoples in
the several planets. Everybody was pleased
with this: everybody said, “Now, this is
something like.” By command, the usual
three-hour sermons were doubled in length.
The nation came in a body to testify their
gratitude to the new magistrate. The old law
forbidding cooking on the Sabbath was ex-
tended to the prohibition of eating, also.
By command, Sunday-school was privileged
to spread over into the week. The joy of
all classes was complete. In one short month
the new magistrate was become the people's
idol.

The time was ripe for this man's next
move. He began, cautiously at first, to
poison the public mind against England. He
took the chief citizens aside, one by one, and
conversed with them on this topic. Pres-
ently he grew bolder, and spoke out. He
said the nation owed it to itself, to its
honour, to its great traditions, to rise in its
might and throw off “this galling English
yoke.”

But the simple islanders answered,—

“We have not noticed that it galled, how
does it gall? England sends a ship once in
three or four years to give us soap and cloth-
ing, and things which we sorely need and
gratefully receive; but she never troubles
us; she lets us go our own way.”

“She lets you go your own way! So
slaves have felt and spoken in all the ages! This
speech shows how fallen you are, how
base, how brutalized, you have become, un-

der this grinding tyranny! What! has all
manly pride forsaken you? Is liberty no-
thing? Are you content to be a mere ap-
pendage to a foreign and hateful sovereignty,
when you might rise up and take your
rightful place in the august family of na-
tions, great, free, enlightened, independent,
the minion of no sceptered master but the
arbiter of your own destiny, and a voice and
a power in decreeing the destinies of your
sister-sovereignties of the world?”

Speeches like these produced an effect by-
and-by. Citizens began to feel the English
yoke; they did not know exactly how or
whereabouts they felt it, but they were per-
fectly certain they did feel it. They got to
grumbling a good deal, and chafing under
their chains, and longing for relief and re-
lease. They presently fell to hating the
English flag, that sign and symbol of their
nation's degradation; they ceased to glance
up at it as they passed the capitol, but
averted their eyes and grated their teeth;
and one morning, when it was found tramp-
led into the mud at the bottom of the staff,
they left it there, and no man put his hand
to it to hoist it again. A certain thing
which was sure to happen sooner or later
happened now. Some of the chief citizens
went to the magistrate by night, and said,—

“We can endure this hate u' tyranny no
longer. How can we cast it off?”

“By a *coup d'etat*.”

“How?”

“A *coup d'etat*. It is like this: Every-
thing is got ready, and at the appointed mo-
ment, I, as the official head of the nation,
publicly and solemnly proclaim its indepen-
dence, and absolve it from allegiance to any
and all other powers whatsoever.”

“That sounds simple and easy. We can
do that right away. Then what will be the
next thing to do?”

“Seize all the defences and public prop-
erties of all kinds, establish a martial law, put
the army and navy on a war footing, and
proclaim the empire!”

This fine programme dazzled these inno-
cents. They said,

“This is grand—this is splendid; but will
not England resist?”

“Let her. This rock is a Gibraltar.”

“True. But about the empire? Do we
need an empire, and an emperor?”

“What you need my friends, is unifika-
tion. Look at Germany; look at Italy.
They are unified. Unification is the thing.
It makes living dear. That constitutes pro-
gress. We must have a standing army and
a navy. Taxes follow, as a matter of course.
All these things summed up make grandeur.
With unification and grandeur, what more

can you want? Very well,—only the empire can confer these boons.'

So on the 8th day of December Pitcairn's Island was proclaimed a free and independent nation; and on the same day the solemn coronation of Butterworth I., Emperor of Pitcairn's Island, took place, amid great rejoicings and festivities. The entire nation, with the exception of fourteen persons, mainly little children, marched past the throne in single file, with banners and music, the procession being upwards of ninety feet long; and some said it was as much as three quarters of a minute passing a giving point. Nothing like it had ever been seen in the history of the island before. Public enthusiasm was measureless.

Now straightway imperial reforms began. Orders of nobility were instituted. A minister of the navy was appointed, and the whale-boat put in commission. A minister of war was created, and ordered to proceed at once with the formation of a standing army. A first lord of the treasury was named and commanded to get up a taxation scheme, and also open negotiations for treaties, offensive, defensive, and commercial, with foreign powers. Some generals and admirals were appointed; also some chamberlains, some equerries in waiting, and some lords of the bedchamber.

At this point all the material was used up. The Grand Duke of Galilee, Minister of War, complained that all the sixteen grown men in the empire had been given great offices, and consequently would not consent to serve in the ranks; wherefore his standing army was at a stand-still. The Marquis of Ararat, Minister of the Navy, made a similar complaint. He said he was willing to steer the whale-boat himself, but he must have somebody to man her.

The Emperor did the best he could in the circumstances; he took all the boys about the age of ten years away from their mothers, and pressed them into the army, thus constructing a corps of seventeen privates, officered by one lieutenant-general and two major-generals. This pleased the Minister of War, but procured the enmity of all the mothers in the land; for they said their precious ones must now find bloody graves in the fields of war, and he would be answerable for it. Some of the more heart-broken and inappassable among them lay constantly in wait for the Emperor and threw yams at him, unmindful of the body-guard.

On account of the extreme scarcity of material, it was found necessary to require the Duke of Bethany, Postmaster-General, to pull stroke-oar in the navy, and thus sit in the rear of a noble of lower degree, namely,

Viscount Canaan, Lord-justice of the Common Pleas. This turned the Duke of Bethany into a tolerably open malcontent and a secret conspirator—a thing which the Emperor foresaw, but could not help.

Things went from bad to worse. The Emperor raised Nancy Peters to the peerage on one day, and married her the next, notwithstanding, for reasons of state, the Cabinet had strenuously advised him to marry Emmeline, eldest daughter of the Archbishop of Bethlehem. This caused trouble from a powerful quarter,—the church. The new empress secured the support and friendship of two-thirds of the thirty-six grown women in the nation by absorbing them into her court as maids of honour; but this made deadly enemies of the remaining twelve. The families of the maids of honour soon began to rebel, because there was now nobody at home to keep house. The twelve snubbed women refused to enter the imperial kitchen as servants; so the Empress had to require the Countess of Jericho and other great court dames to fetch water, sweep the palace, and to perform other menial and equally distasteful services. This made bad blood in that department.

Everybody fell to complaining that the taxes levied for the support of the army, the navy, and the rest of the imperial establishment were intolerably burdensome, and were reducing the nation to beggary. The Emperor's reply—'Look at Germany; look at Italy. Are you better than they? and haven't you unification?'—did not satisfy them. They said, 'people can't eat unification, and we are starving. Agriculture has ceased. Everybody is in the army, everybody is in the navy, everybody is in the public service, standing around in a uniform, with nothing whatever to do, nothing to eat and nobody to till the fields,—

'Look at Germany; look at Italy. It is the same there. Such is unification, and there's no other way to get it—no other way to keep it after you've got it,' said the poor Emperor always.

But the grumblers only replied, 'We can't stand the taxes—we can't stand them.'

Now right on the top of this the Cabinet reported a national debt amounting to upwards of forty-five dollars—half a dollar to every individual in the nation. And they proposed to fund something. They had heard that this was always done in such emergencies. They proposed duties on exports; also on imports. And they wanted to issue bonds; also paper money, redeemable in yams and cabbages in fifty years. They said the pay of the army and of the navy and of the whole governmental machine

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was far in arrears, and unless something was done, and done immediately, national bankruptcy must ensue, and possibly insurrection and revolution. The Emperor at once resolved upon a high-handed measure, and one of a nature never before heard of in Pitcairn's Island. He went in state to the church on Sunday morning, with the army at his back, and commanded the minister of the treasury to take up a collection.

That was the feather that broke the camel's back. First one citizen, and then another, rose and refused to submit to this unheard-of outrage—and each refusal was followed by the immediate confiscation of the malcontent's property. This vigour soon stopped the refusals, and the collection proceeded amid a sullen and ominous silence. As the Emperor withdrew with the troops, he said, 'I will teach you who is master here.' Several persons shouted, 'down with unification!' They were at once arrested and torn from the arms of their weeping friends by the soldiery.

But in the meantime, as any prophet might have foreseen, a Social Democrat had been developed. As the Emperor stepped into the gilded imperial wheelbarrow at the church door, the social democrat stabbed at him fifteen or sixteen times with a harpoon, but fortunately with such a peculiarly social democratic unprecision of aim as to do no damage.

That very night the convulsion came. The nation rose as one man—though forty-nine of the revolutionists were of the other sex. The infantry threw down their pitchforks; the artillery cast aside their cocoa-nuts; the navy revolted; the Emperor was seized, and bound hand and foot in his palace. He was very much depressed. He said—

'I freed you from a grinding tyranny; I lifted you up out of your degradation, and made you a nation among nations; I gave you a strong, compact, centralized government; and, more than all, I gave you the blessing of blessings—unification. I have done all this, and my reward is hatred, insult, and these bonds. Take me; do with me as ye will. I here resign my crown and all my dignities, and gladly do I release myself from their too heavy burden. For your sake I took them up; for your sake I lay them down. The imperial jewel is no more; now bruise and defile as ye will the useless setting.'

By a unanimous voice the people condemned the ex-Emperor and the social democrat to perpetual banishment from church services, or to perpetual labour as galley-slaves in the whale-boat—whichever they might prefer. The next day the nation assembled again,

and re-hoisted the British flag, reinstated the British tyranny, reduced the nobility to the condition of commoners again, and then straightway turned their diligent attention to the weeding of the ruined and neglected yam patches, and the rehabilitation of the old useful industries and the old healing and solacing pieties. The ex-Emperor restored the lost trespass law, and explained that he had stolen it—not to injure any one, but to further his political projects. Therefore the nation gave the late chief magistrate his office again, and also his alienated property.

Upon reflection, the ex-Emperor and the social democrat chose perpetual banishment from religious services, in preference to perpetual labour as galley-slaves 'with perpetual religious services, as they phrased it; wherefore the people believed that the poor fellows' troubles had unseated their reason, and so they judged it best to confine them for the present. Which they did.

Such is the history of Pitcairn's 'doubtful acquisition.'

A DARING ATTEMPT AT A SOLUTION OF IT.

The Fenian invasion failed because George Francis Train was absent. There was no lack of men, arms, or ammunition, but there was sad need of Mr. Train's organizing power, his coolness and caution, his tranquillity, his strong good sense, his modesty and reserve, his secrecy, his taciturnity, and above all his frantic and bloodthirsty courage. Mr. Train and his retiring and diffident private secretary were obliged to be absent, though the former must certainly have been lying at the point of death, else nothing could have kept him from hurrying to the front, and offering his heart's best blood for the 'Down-trodden People' he so loves, so delights to champion. He must have been in a disabled condition, else nothing could have kept him from invading Canada at the head of his 'children.'

And, indeed, this modern Samson, solitary and alone, with his formidable jaw, would have been a more troublesome enemy than five times the Fenians that did invade Canada, because they could be made to retire, but G. F. would never leave the field while there was an audience before him, either armed or helpless. The invading Fenians were wisely cautious, knowing that such of them as were caught would be likely to hang; but the Champion would have stood in no such danger. There is no law, military or civil, for hanging persons afflicted in his peculiar way.

He was not present, alas!—save in spirit.

He could not and would not waste so fine an opportunity, though, to send some ecstatic lunacy over the wires, and so he wound up a ferocious telegram with this :—

WITH VENGEANCE STEEPED IN WORMWOOD'S GALL!

D—D OLD ENGLAND. SAY WE ALL!

And keep your powder dry.

GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN.

SHERMAN HOUSE,

CHICAGO, Noon, Thursday, May 26.

P.S.—Just arrived and addressed Grand Fenian Meeting in Fenian Armoury, donating 50 dollars.

This person could be made really useful by roosting him on some lighthouse or other prominence where storm prevail, because it takes so much wind to keep him going that he probably moves in the midst of a dead calm wherever he travels.

A MEMORY.

When I say that I never knew my austere father to be enamoured of but one poem in all the long half-century that he lived, persons who knew him will easily believe me; when I say that I have never composed but one poem in all the long third of a century that I have lived, persons who know me will be sincerely grateful; and finally, when I say that the poem which I composed was not the one which my father was enamoured of, persons who may have known us both will not need to have this truth shot into them with a mountain howitzer before they can receive it. My father and I were always on the most distant terms when I was a boy—a sort of armed neutrality, so to speak. At irregular intervals this neutrality was broken and suffering ensued; but I will be candid enough to say that the breaking and the suffering were always divided up with strict impartiality between us—which is to say, my father did the breaking, and I did the suffering. As a general thing I was a backward, cautious, unadventurous boy. But once I jumped off a two-storey stable; another time I gave an elephant a 'plug' of tobacco, and retired without waiting for an answer; and still another time I pretended to be talking in my sleep, and got off a portion of every wretched original conundrum in hearing of my father. Let us not pry into the result; it was of no consequence to any one but me.

But the poem I have referred to as attracting my father's attention and achieving his favour was 'Hiawatha.' Some man who courted a sudden and awful death presented him an early copy, and I never lost faith in my own senses until I saw him sit down and

go to reading it in cold blood—saw him open the book and heard him read these following lines with the same inflectionless judicial frigidity with which he always read his charge to the jury, or administered an oath to a witness:

'Take your bow, O Hiawath,
Take your arrows, jasper-headed,
Take your war-club, Puggawaugun,
And your mittens, Minjekahwan,
And your birch canoe for sailing,
And the oil of Mishe-Nama.

Presently my father took out of his breast pocket an imposing 'Warranty Deed,' and fixed his eyes upon it, and dropped into meditation. I knew what it was. A Texan lady and gentleman had given my half-brother, Orin Johnson, a handsome property in a town in the North, in gratitude to him for having saved their lives by an act of brilliant heroism.

By-and-bye my father looked toward me and sighed.

Then he said, 'If I had such a son as this poet, here were a subject worthier than the traditions of these Indians.'

'If you please, sir, where?'

'In this deed.'

'In the—deed.'

'Yes—in this very deed,' said my father, throwing it on the table. 'There is more poetry, more romance, more sublimity, more splendid imagery hidden away in that homely document than could be found in all the traditions of all the savages that live.'

'Indeed, sir? Could I get it out, sir? Could I compose the poem, sir, do you think?'

'You?'

I wilted.

Presently my father's face softened somewhat, and he said,

'Go and try. But mind; curb folly. No poetry at the expense of truth. Keep strictly to the facts.'

I said I would, and bowed myself out and went up-stairs.

'Hiawatha' kept droning in my head—and so did my father's remarks about the sublimity and romance hidden in my subject, and also his injunction to beware of wasteful and exuberant fancy. I noticed just here that I had heedlessly brought the deed away with me. Now, at this moment came to me one of those rare moods of daring recklessness, such as I referred to a while ago. Without another thought, and in plain defiance of the fact that I knew my father meant me to write the romantic story of my half-brother's adventure and subsequent good fortune, I ventured to heed merely the letter of his remarks and ignore

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their spirit. I took the stupid 'Warranty Deed' itself and chopped it up into Hiawathian blank verse, without altering or leaving out three words, and without transposing six. It required loads of courage to go down-stairs and face my father with my performance. I started three or four times before I finally got my pluck to where it would stick. But at last I said I would go down and read it to him if he threw me over the church for it. I stood up to begin, and he told me to come closer. I edged up a little, but still left as much neutral ground between us as I thought he would stand. Then I began. It would be useless for me to try to tell what conflicting emotions expressed themselves upon his face, nor how they grew more and more intense as I proceeded; nor how a fell darkness descended upon his countenance, and he began to gag and swallow, and his hands began to work and twitch, as I reeled off line after line, with the strength ebbing out of me and my legs trembling under me.

THE STORY OF A GALLANT DEED.

THIS INDENTURE made the tenth Day of November, in the year Of our Lord one thousand eight Hundred six-and-fifty.

Between JOHANNA S. E. GRAY And PHILIP GRAY, her husband, Of Salem City, in the State Of Texas, of the first part,

And O. B. JOHNSON, of the town Of Austin, ditto. WITNESSETH: That said party of first part For and in consideration

Of the sum of Twenty Thousand Dollars, lawful money of The U. S. of Americay, To them in hand now paid by said

Party of the second part, The due receipt whereof is here, By confessed and acknowledged, Have Granted, Bargained, Sold, Remised,

Released and Alienated and Conveyed, Confirmed, and by these presents do Grant and Bargain, Sell, Remise, Alien, Release, Convey, and Con-

Firm unto the said aforesaid Party of the second part, And to his heirs and assigns For ever and ever, ALL

That certain piece or parcel of LAND situate in city of Dungkirk, county of Chautauqua, And likewise furthermore in York State,

Bounded and subscribed, to wit, As follows, herein, namely: BEGINNING at the distance of A hundred two-and-forty feet.

North-half-east, north-east-by-north, East-north-east and northerly Of the northerly line of Mulligan street, On the westerly line of Brannigan street

And running thence due northerly On Brannigan street 200 feet, Thence at right angles westerly, North-west-by-west-and-west-half-west,

West-and-by-north, north-west-by-west, About—

I kind of dodged, and the boot-jack broke the looking-glass. I could have waited to see what became of the other missiles if I had wanted to, but I took no interest in such things.

SCIENCE v. LUCK.

At that time in Kentucky (said the Hon. Mr. Knott, M. C.), the law was very strict against what it termed 'games of chance.' About a dozen of the boys were detected playing 'seven-up' or 'old sledge' for money, and the grand jury found a true bill against them. Jim Sturgis retained to defend them when the case was up, of course. The more he studied over the matter and looked into the evidence, the plainer it was that he must lose a case at last—there was no getting round that painful fact. Those boys had certainly been betting money on a game of chance. Even public sympathy was roused in behalf of Sturgis. People said it was a pity to see him mar his successful career with a big prominent case like this, which must go against him.

But after several restless nights an inspired idea flashed upon Sturgis, and he sprang out of bed delighted. He thought he saw his way through. The next day he whispered around a little among his clients and a few friends, and then when the case came up in court he acknowledged the seven-up and the betting, and, as his sole defence, had the astounding effrontery to put in the plea that old sledge was not a game of chance! There was the broadest sort of a smile all over the faces of that sophisticated audience. The judge smiled with the rest. But Sturgis maintained a countenance whose earnestness was even severe. The opposite counsel tried to ridicule him out of his position, but did not succeed. The judge jested in a ponderous judicial way about the thing, but did not move him. The matter was becoming grave. The judge lost a little of his patience, and said the joke had gone far enough. Jim Sturgis said he knew of no joke in the matter—his clients could not be punished for indulging in what some people chose to consider a game of chance until it was proven that it was a game of chances. Judge and

counsel said that would be an easy matter, and forthwith called Deacons Job, Peters, Burke, and Johnston, and Dominie Wirt and Miggles, to testify; and they unanimously and with strong feeling put down the legal quibble of Sturgis by pronouncing that old sledge was a game of chance.

'What do you call it now?' said the judge.

'I call it a game of science!' retorted Sturgis; 'and I'll prove it, too!'

They saw his little game.

He brought in a cloud of witnesses, and produced an overwhelming mass of testimony, to show that old sledge was not a game of chance, but a game of science.

Instead of being the simplest case in the world, it had somehow turned out to be an excessively knotty one. The judge scratched his head over it awhile, and said there was no way of coming to a determination, because just as many men could be brought into court who would testify on one side as could be found to testify on the other. But he said he was willing to do the fair thing by all parties, and would act upon any suggestion Mr. Sturgis would make for the solution of the difficulty.

Mr. Sturgis was on his feet in a second.

'Empanel a jury of six each, Luck *versus* Science; give them candles and a couple of decks of cards, send them into a jury room, and just abide by the result!'

There was no disputing the fairness of the proposition. The four deacons and the two dominies were sworn in as the 'chance' jury-men, and six inveterate old seven-up professors were chosen to represent the 'science' side of the issue. They retired to the jury room.

In about two hours Deacon Peters sent into court to borrow three dollars from a friend. (Sensation.) In about two hours more Dominie Miggles sent into court to borrow a 'stake' from a friend. (Sensation.) During the next three or four hours the other dominie and the other deacons sent into court for small loans. And still the packed audience waited, for it was a prodigious occasion in Bull's Corners, and one in which every father of a family was necessarily interested.

The rest of the story can be told briefly. About daylight the jury came in, and Deacon Job, the foreman, read the following:—

VERDICT.

We, the jury in the case of the Commonwealth of Kentucky vs. John Wheeler *et al.*, have carefully considered the points of the case, and tested the merits of the several

theories advanced, and do hereby unanimously decide that the game commonly known as old sledge or seven up is eminently a game of science, and not of chance. In demonstration whereof it is hereby and herein stated, iterated, reiterated, set forth, and made manifest that, during the entire night the 'chance' men never won a game or turned a jack, although both feats were common and frequent to the opposition; and furthermore, in support of this our verdict, we call attention to the significant fact that the 'chance' men are all busted, and the 'science' men have got the money. It is the deliberate opinion of this jury that the 'chance' theory concerning seven up is a pernicious doctrine, and calculated to inflict untold suffering and pecuniary loss upon any community that takes stock in it.

'That is the way that seven-up came to be set apart and particularized in the statute-books of Kentucky as being a game not of chance but of science, and therefore not punishable under the law,' said Mr. Knott, 'That verdict is on record, and holds good to this day.'

AURELIA'S UNFORTUNATE YOUNG MAN.

The facts in the following case came to me by letter from a young lady who lives in the beautiful city of San Jose; she is perfectly unknown to me, and simply signs herself 'Aurelia Maria,' which may possibly be a fictitious name. But no matter, the poor girl is almost heart-broken by the misfortunes she has undergone, and so confused by the conflicting counsels of misguided friends and insidious enemies, that she does not know what course to pursue in order to extricate herself from the web of difficulties in which she seems almost hopelessly involved. In this dilemma she turns to me for help, and supplicates for my guidance and instruction with a moving eloquence that would touch the heart of a statue. Hear her sad story:

She says that when she was sixteen years old she met and loved, with all the devotion of a passionate nature, a young man from New Jersey, named Williamson Breckinridge Caruthers, who was some six years her senior. They were engaged, with the free consent of their friends and relatives, and for a time it seemed as if their career was destined to be characterized by an immunity from sorrow beyond the usual lot of humanity. But at last the tide of fortune turned: young Caruthers became infected with small-pox of the most virulent type, and when he recovered from his illness his face was pitted like a waffle-mould, and his

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comeliness gone for ever. Aurelia thought to break off the engagement at first, but pity for her unfortunate lover caused her to postpone the marriage day for a season, and give him another trial.

The very day before the wedding was to have taken place, Breckinridge, while absorbed in watching the flight of a balloon, walked into a well and fractured one of his legs, and it had to be taken off above the knee. Again Aurelia was moved to break the engagement, but again love triumphed, and she set the day forward and gave him another chance to reform.

And again misfortune overtook the unhappy youth. He lost an arm by the premature discharge of a Fourth-of-July cannon, and within three months he got the other pulled out by a carding-machine. Aurelia's heart was almost crushed by these latter calamities. She could not but be deeply grieved to see her lover passing from her by piecemeal, feeling, as she did, that he could not last for ever under this disastrous process of reduction, yet knowing of no way to stop its dreadful career, and in her tearful despair she almost regretted, like brokers who hold on and lose, that she had not taken him at first, before he had suffered such an alarming depreciation. Still, her brave soul bore up, and she resolved to bear up with her friend's unnatural disposition yet a little longer.

Again the wedding-day approached, and again disappointment overshadowed it; Caruthers fell ill with the erysipelas, and lost the use of one of his eyes entirely. The friends and relatives of the bride, considering that she had already put up with more than could reasonably be expected of her, now came forward and insisted that the match should be broken off; but after wavering awhile, Aurelia, with a generous spirit which did her credit, said she had reflected calmly upon the matter, and could not discover that Breckinridge was to blame.

So she extended the time once more, and he broke his other leg.

It was a sad day for the poor girl when she saw the surgeons reverently bearing away the sack whose uses she had learned by previous experience, and her heart told her the bitter truth that some more of her lover was gone. She felt that the field of her affections were growing more and more circumscribed every day, but once more she frowned down her relatives and renewed her betrothal.

Shortly before the time set for the nuptials another disaster occurred. There was but one man scalped by the Owens River Indians that year. That man was William Breckin-

ridge Caruthers, of New Jersey. He was hurrying home with happiness in his heart, when he lost his hair for ever, and in that hour of bitterness he almost cursed the mistaken mercy that had spared his head.

At last Aurelia is in serious perplexity as to what she ought to do. She still loves her Breckinridge, she writes, with truly womanly feeling—she still loves what is left of him—but her parents are bitterly opposed to the match, because he has no property and is disabled from working, and she has not sufficient means to support both comfortably. 'Now, what should she do?' she asks with painful and anxious solicitude.

It is a delicate question; it is one which involves the lifelong happiness of a woman, and that of nearly two-thirds of a man, and I feel that it would be assuming too great a responsibility to do more than make a mere suggestion in the case. How would it do to build him? If Aurelia can afford the expense, let her furnish her mutilated lover with wooden arms and wooden legs, and a glass eye and a wig, and give him another show; give him ninety days, without grace, and if he does not break his neck in the meantime, marry him and take the chances. It does not seem to me that there is much risk any way, Aurelia, because if he sticks to his singular propensity for damaging himself every time he sees a good opportunity, his next experiment is bound to finish him, and then you are safe, married or single. If married, the wooden legs and such other valuables as he may possess revert to the widow, and you see you sustain no actual loss save the cherished fragment of a noble but most unfortunate husband, who honestly strove to do right, but whose extraordinary instincts were against him. Try it, Maria, I have thought the matter over carefully and well, and it is the only chance I see for you. It would have been a happy conceit on the part of Caruthers if he had started with his neck and broken that first; but since he has seen fit to choose a different policy and string himself out as long as possible, I do not think we ought to upbraid him for it if he has enjoyed it. We must do the best we can under the circumstances, and try not to feel exasperated at him.

MEDIÆVAL ROMANCE.

CHAPTER I.

THE SECRET REVEALED.

It was night. Stillness reigned in the grand old feudal castle of Klusenstein. The

year 1222 was drawing to a close. Faraway up in the tallest of the castle's towers a single light glimmered. A secret council was being held there. The stern old lord of Klugenstein sat in a chair of state meditating. Presently he said with a tender accent—

'My daughter!'

A young man of noble presence, clad from head to heel in knightly mail answered—

'Speak, father!'

'My daughter, the time is come for the revealing of the mystery that hath puzzled all your young life. Know, then, that it had its birth in the matters which I shall now unfold. My brother Ulrich is the great Duke of Bradenburgh. Our father, on his death-bed, decreed that if no son were born to Ulrich the succession should pass to my house, provided a son were born to me. And further, in case no son were born to either, but only daughters, then the succession should pass to Ulrich's daughter if she proved stainless; if she did not, my daughter should succeed if she retained a blameless name. And so I and my old wife here prayed fervently for the good boon of a son, but the prayer was in vain. You were born to us. I was in despair. I saw the mighty prize slipping from my grasp, the splendid dream vanishing away. And I had been so hopeful! Five years had Ulrich lived in Wedlock, and yet his wife had borne no heir of either sex.

"But hold," I said: "all is not lost." A saving scheme had shot across my brain. You were born at midnight. Only the leech, the nurse, and six waiting-women knew your sex. I hanged them every one before an hour had sped. Next morning all the barony went mad with rejoicing over the proclamation that a son was born to Klugenstein, an heir to the mighty Bradenburgh! And well the secret has been kept. Your mother's own sister nursed your infancy, and from that time forward we feared nothing.

"When you were ten years old a daughter was born to Ulrich. We grieved but hoped for good results from measles or physicians, or other natural enemies of infancy, but were always disappointed. She lived, she thrived—Heaven's malison upon her! But it is nothing. We are safe. For, ha, ha! have we not a son? And is not our son the future Duke? Our well-beloved Conrad, is it not so?—for, woman of eight-and-twenty years as you are, my child none other name than that hath ever fallen to you."

'Now, it hath come to pass that age hath

laid its hand upon my brother, and he waxes feeble. The cares of state do 't r him sore. Therefore he wills that you shall come to him and be already Duke in act, though not yet in name. Your servants are ready—you journey forth to-night.

'Now listen well. Remember every word I say. There is a law as old as Germany, that if any woman sit for a single instant in the great ducal chair before she hath been absolutely crowned in presence of the people, SHE SHALL DIE! So heed my words. Pretend humility. Pronounce your judgments from the Premier's chair, which stands at the foot of the throne. Do this until you are crowned and safe. It is likely that your sex will ever be discovered, but still it is the part of wisdom to make things as all safe as may be in this treacherous earthly life.'

'Oh, my father, is it for this my life hath been a lie? Was it that I might cheat my unoffending cousin of her rights? Spare me, father; spare your child.'

'What, hussey! Is this my reward for the august fortune my brain has wrought for thee? By the bones of my father, this puling sentiment of thine but ill accords with my humour. Betake thee to the Duke instantly, and beware how thou meddlest with my purpose.'

Let this suffice of the conversation. It is enough for us to know that the prayers, the entreaties, and the tears of the gentle-natured girl availed nothing. Neither they nor anything could move the stout old lord of Klugenstein. And so, at last, with a heavy heart, the daughter saw the castle gates close behind her, and found herself riding away in the darkness surrounded by a knightly array of armed vassals and a brave following of servants.

The old baron sat silently for many minutes after his daughter's departure, and then he turned to his sad wife and said—

'Dame, our matters seem speeding fairly. It is full three months since I sent the shrewd and handsome Count Detzin on his devilish mission to my brother's daughter, Constance. If he fail we are not wholly safe, but if he do succeed no power can bar our girl from being Duchess e'en though ill fortune should decree she never should be Duke.'

'My heart is full of bodings, yet all may still be well.'

'Tush, woman! Leave the owls to croak. To bed with ye, and dream of Bradenburgh and grandeur!'

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CHAPTER II.

FESTIVITY AND TEARS.

Six days after the occurrence related in the above chapter, the brilliant capital of the Duchy of Brandenburg was resplendent with military pageantry, and noisy with the rejoicings of loyal multitudes, for Conrad, the young heir to the crown, was come. The old Duke's heart was full of happiness, for Conrad's handsome person and graceful bearing had won his love at once. The great halls of the palace were thronged with nobles, who welcomed Conrad bravely; and so bright and happy did all things seem that he felt his fears and sorrows passing away, and giving place to a comforting contentment.

But in a remote apartment of the palace a scene of a different nature was transpiring. By a window stood the Duke's only child, the Lady Constance. Her eyes were red and swollen, and full of tears. She was alone. Presently she fell to weeping anew, and said aloud—

'The villain Detzin is gone—has fled the dukedom! I could not believe it at first, but, alas! it is too true. And I loved him so. I dared to love him though I knew the Duke my father would never let me wed him. I loved him—but now I hate him! With all my soul I hate him! Oh, what is to become of me? I am lost, lost, lost! I shall go mad!'

CHAPTER III.

THE PLOT THICKENS.

A few months drifted by. All men published the praises of the young Conrad's government, and extolled the wisdom of his judgments, the mercifulness of his sentences, and the modesty with which he bore himself in his great office. The old Duke soon gave everything into his hands, and sat apart and listened with proud satisfaction while his heir delivered the decrees of the Crown from the seat of the Premier. It seemed plain that one so loved and praised and honoured of all men as Conrad was could not be otherwise than happy. But, strangely enough, he was not. For he saw with dismay that the Princess Constance had begun to love him! The love of the rest of the world was happy fortune for him, but this was freighted with danger! And he saw, moreover, that the delighted Duke had discovered his daughter's passion likewise, and was already dreaming of a marriage. Every day somewhat of the deep sadness that had been in the princess's face faded

away; every day hope and animation beamed brighter from her eye; and by-and-bye even vagrant smiles visited the face that had been so troubled.

Conrad was appalled. He bitterly cursed himself for having yielded to the instinct that had made him seek the companionship of one of his own sex when he was new and a stranger in the palace—when he was sorrowful and yearned for a sympathy such as only women can give or feel. He now began to avoid his cousin. But this only made matters worse, for, naturally enough, the more he avoided her the more she cast herself in his way. He marvelled at this at first, and next it startled him. The girl haunted him; she hunted him; she happened upon him at all times and in all places, in the night as well as in the day. She seemed singularly anxious. There was surely a mystery somewhere.

This could not go on for ever. All the world was talking about it. The Duke was beginning to look perplexed. Poor Conrad was becoming a very ghost through dread and dire distress. One day as he was emerging from a private anteroom attached to the picture gallery, Constance confronted him, and, seizing both his hands in hers, exclaimed—

'Oh, why do you avoid me? What have I done—what have I said to lose your kind opinion of me—for surely I had it once? Conrad, do not despise me, but pity a tortured heart! I cannot, cannot hold the words unspoken longer, lest they kill me—I love you, CONRAD! There, despise me if you must, but they would be uttered!'

Conrad was speechless. Constance hesitated a moment, and then, misinterpreting his silence, a wild gladness flamed in her eyes, and she flung her arms about his neck and said—

'You relent! you relent! You can love me—you will love me! Oh, say you will, my own, my worshipped Conrad!'

Conrad groaned aloud. A sickly pallor overspread his countenance, and he trembled like an aspen. Presently, in desperation, he thrust the poor girl from him, and cried—

'You know not what you ask! It is for ever and ever impossible! And then he fled like a criminal, and left the princess stupefied with amazement. A minute afterward she was crying and sobbing there, and Conrad was crying and sobbing in her chamber. Both were in despair. Both saw ruin staring them in the face.

By-and-bye Constance rose slowly to her feet and moved away, saying—

'To think that he was despising my love at the very moment that I thought it was

melting his cruel heart. I hate him. He spurned me—did this man—he spurned me from him like a dog.'

CHAPTER IV.

THE AWFUL REVELATION.

Time passed on. A settled sadness rested once more upon the countenance of the good Duke's daughter. She and Conrad were seen together no more now. The Duke grieved at this. But as the weeks wore away Conrad's colour came back to his cheeks, and his old-time vivacity to his eye and he administered the government with a clear and steadily ripening wisdom.

Presently a strange whisper began to be heard about the palace. It grew louder; it spread farther. The gossips of the city got hold of it. It swept the dukedom. And this is what the whisper said—

'The lady Constance hath given birth to a child.'

When the lord of Klugenstein heard it he swung his plumed helmet thrice around his head and shouted—

'Long live Duke Conrad!—for lo, his crown is sure from this day forward. Detzin has done his errand well, and the good scoundrel shall be rewarded.'

And he spread the tidings far and wide, and for eight-and-forty hours no soul in all the barony but did dance and sing, carouse and illuminate, to celebrate the great event, and all at proud and happy old Klugenstein's expense.

CHAPTER V.

THE FRIGHTFUL CATASTROPHY.

The trial was at hand. All the great lords and barons of Brandenburg were assembled in the Hall of Justice in the ducal palace. No space was left unoccupied where there was room for a spectator to stand or sit. Conrad, clad in purple and ermine, sat in the Premier's chair, and on either side sat the great judges of the realm. The old Duke sat sternly commanded that the trial of his laughter should proceed without favour, and then had taken to his bed broken-hearted. His days were numbered. Poor Conrad had begged, as for his very life, that he might be spared the misery of sitting in judgment upon his cousin's crime, but it did not avail.

The saddest heart in all that great assemblage was in Conrad's breast.

The gladdest heart was in his father's, for, unknown to his daughter 'Conrad' the old

Baron Klugenstein was come, and was among the crowd of nobles, triumphant in the swelling fortunes of his house.

After the heralds had made due proclamation and the other preliminaries had followed, the venerable Lord Chief Justice said: 'Prisoner, stand forth!'

The unhappy princess rose, and stood unveiled before the vast multitude. The Lord Chief Justice continued—

'Most noble lady, before the great judges of this realm it hath been charged and proven that out of holy wedlock your Grace hath given birth unto a child, and by our ancient law the penalty is death excepting in one sole contingency, whereof his Grace the acting Duke, our good Lord Conrad, will advertise you in his solemn sentence now; wherefore give you heed.'

Conrad stretched forth the reluctant sceptre, and in the self-same moment the womanly heart beneath his robe yearned pityingly toward the doomed prisoner, and the tears came into his eyes. He opened his lips to speak, but the Lord Chief Justice said quickly—

'Not there, your Grace, not there! It is not lawful to pronounce judgment upon any of the ducal line save from the ducal throne!'

A shudder went to the heart of poor Conrad, and a tremor shook the iron frame of his old father likewise. CONRAD HAD NOT BEEN CROWNED—dared he profane the throne? He hesitated and grew pale with fear. But it must be done. Wondering eyes were already upon him. They would be suspicious eyes if he hesitated longer. He ascended the throne. Presently he stretched forth the sceptre again, and said—

'Prisoner in the name of our sovereign Lord Ulrich, Duke of Bradenburgh, I proceed to the solemn duty that hath devolved upon me. Give heed to my words. By the ancient law of the land, except you produce the partner of your guilt and deliver him up to the executor you must surely die. Embrace this opportunity—save yourself while yet you may. Name the father of your child!'

A solemn hush fell upon the great court—a silence so profound that men could hear their own hearts beat. Then the princess slowly turned, with eyes gleaming with hate, and pointing her finger straight at Conrad, said,

'Thou art the man!'

An appalling conviction of his helpless, hopeless peril struck a chill to Conrad's heart like the chill of death itself. What power on earth could save him! To disprove the charge he must reveal that he was

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a woman, and for an uncrowned woman to sit in the ducal chair was death! At one and the same moment he and his grim old father swooned and fell to the ground.

The remainder of this thrilling and eventful story will not be found in this or any other publication, either now or at any future time.

The truth is, I have got my hero (or heroine) into such a particularly close place that I do not see how I am ever going to get him (or her) out of it again, and therefore I will wash my hands of the whole business, and leave that person to get out the best way that offers—or else stay there. I thought it was going to be easy enough to straighten out that little difficulty, but it looks different now.

MISPLACED CONFIDENCE.

'Just about the close of that long, hard winter,' said the Sunday-school superintendent, 'as I was wending toward my duties one brilliant Sabbath morning, I glanced down toward the levee, and there lay the "City of Hartford" steamer! No mistake about it; and there she was, puffing and panting after her long pilgrimage through the ice. A glad sight? Well, I should say so! And then came a pang right away because I should have to instruct empty benches, sure; the youngsters would all be off welcoming the first steamboat of the season. You can imagine how surprised I was when I opened the door and saw half the benches full! My gratitude was free, large and sincere. I resolved that they should not find me unappreciative.

'I said, "Boys, you cannot think how proud it makes me to see you here, nor what renewed assurance it gives me of your affection. I confess that I said to myself, as I came along and saw that the "City of Hartford" was in—

"No! but is she though?"

'And, as quick as any flash of lightning, I stood in the presence of empty benches! I had brought them the news myself.'

THE WIDOW'S PROTEST.

One of the saddest things that ever came under my notice (said the banker's clerk) was there in Corning, during the war. Dan Murphy enlisted as a private, and fought very bravely. The boys all liked him, and when a wound by-and-bye weakened him down till carrying a musket was too heavy work for him, they clubbed together and

fixed him up as a sutler. He made money then, and sent it always to his wife to bank for him. She was a washer and ironer, and knew enough by hard experience to keep money when she got it. She didn't waste a penny. On the contrary, she began to grow miserly as her bank account grew. She grieved to part with a cent, poor creature, for twice in her hard working life she had known what it was to be hungry, cold, friendless, sick, and without a dollar in the world, and she had a haunting dread of suffering so again. Well, at last Dan died; and the boys, in testimony of their esteem and respect for him, telegraphed to Mrs. Murphy to know if she would like to have him embalmed and sent home; when you know the usual custom was to dump a poor devil like him into a shallow hole and then inform his friends what had become of him. Mrs. Murphy jumped to the conclusion that it would only cost two or three dollars to embalm her dead husband, and so she telegraphed 'Yea.' It was at the 'wake' that the bill for embalming arrived and was presented to the widow.

She uttered a wild, sad wail that pierced every heart, and said, 'Seventy-foive dollars for stooffin' Dan, blister their souls! Did thim devils suppose I was goin' to stairt a museim, that I'd be dalin' in such expensive curiosities?'

The banker's clerk said there was not a dry eye in the house.

POLITICAL ECONOMY.

Political Economy is the basis of all good government. The wisest men of all ages have brought to bear upon this subject the—

[Here I was interrupted and informed that a stranger wished to see down at the door. I went and confronted him, and asked to know his business, struggling all the time to keep a tight rein on my seething political economy ideas, and not let them break away from me or get tangled in their harness. And privately I wished the stranger was in the bottom of the canal with a cargo of wheat on top of him. I was all in a fever, but he was cool. He said he was sorry to disturb me, but as he was passing he noticed that I needed some lightning-rods. I said, 'Yes, yes—go on—what about it?' He said there was nothing about it, in particular—nothing except that he would like to put them up for me. I am new to housekeeping; have been used to hotels and boarding-houses all my life. Like anybody else of similar experience, I try to appear to strangers to be an old housekeeper; consequently I said in an off-hand way that I had been intending for some time to have six or eight lightning-rods put up, but— The stranger started, and looked enquiringly at me, but I was serene. I thought that if I chanced to make any mistakes he would not catch me

by my countenance. He said he would rather have my custom than any man's in town. I said 'all right,' and started off to wrestle with my great subject again, when he called me back and said it would be necessary to know exactly how many 'points,' I wanted put up, what parts of the house I wanted them on, and what quality of rod I preferred. It was close quarters for a man not used to the exigencies of housekeeping, but I went through creditably, and he probably never suspected that I was a novice. I told him to put up eight 'points,' and put them all on the roof, and use the best quality of rod. He said he could furnish the 'plain' article at 20 cents a foot; 'coppered' 25 cents; 'zinc-plated, spiral-twist,' at 30 cents, that would stop a streak of lightning any time, no matter where it was bound, and 'render its errand harmless and its further progress apocryphal.' I said apocryphal was no slouch of a word, emanating from the source it did, but, philology aside, I liked the spiral-twist and would take that brand. Then he said he could make two hundred and fifty feet answer; but to do it right, and make the best job in town of it, and attract the admiration of the just and the unjust alike, and compel all parties to say they never saw a more symmetrical and hypothetical display of lightning-rods since they were born, he supposed he really couldn't get along without four hundred, though he was not vindictive, and trusted he was willing to try. I said, go ahead and use four hundred, and make any kind of a job he pleased out of it, but let me get back to my work. So I got rid of him at last; and now, after half an hour spent in getting my train of political economy thoughts coupled together again, I am ready to go on once more.]

richest treasures of their genius, their experience of life, and their learning. The great lights of commercial jurisprudence, international confraternity, and biological deviation, of all ages, all civilizations, and all nationalities from Zoroaster down to Horace Greeley, have—

[Here I was interrupted again, and required to go down and confer further with that lightning-rod man. I hurried off, boiling and surging with prodigious thoughts wombed in words of such majesty that each one of them was in itself a straggling procession of syllables that might be fifteen minutes passing a given point, and once more I confronted him—he so calm and sweet, I so hot and frenzied. He was standing the contemplative attitude of the Colossus of Rhodes, with one foot on my infant tuberosity, and the other among my pansies, his hands on his hips, his hat-brim tilted forward, one eye shut and the other gazing critically and admiringly in the direction of my principal chimney. He said now there was a state of things to make a man glad to be alive; and added, 'I leave it to you if you ever saw anything more deliciously picturesque than eight lightning-rods on one chimney?' I said I had no present recollection of anything that transcended it. He said that in his opinion nothing on this earth but Niagara Falls was superior to it in the way of natural scenery. All that was needed now, he verily believed, to make my house a perfect balm to the eye, was to kind of touch up the other chimneys a little, and thus 'add to the generous *coup d'oeil* a soothing uniformity of achievement which would allay the excitement

naturally consequent upon the first *coup d'etat*.' I asked him, 'I learned to talk out of a book, and if I could borrow it anywhere? He smiled pleasantly, and said that his manner of speaking was not taught in books, and that nothing but familiarity with lightning could enable a man to handle his conversational style with impunity. He then figured up an estimate, and said that about eight more rods scattered about my roof would about fix me right, and he guessed five hundred feet of stuff would do it; and added that the first eight had got a little the start of him, so to speak, and used up a mere trifle of material more than he had calculated on—a hundred feet or along there. I said I was in a dreadful hurry, and I wished we could get this business permanently mapped out, so that I could go on with my work. He said 'I could have put up those eight rods, and marched off about my business—some men would have done it. But no; I said to myself, this man is a stranger to me, and I will die before I'll wrong him; there ain't lightning-rods enough on that house, and for one I'll never stir out of my tracks till I've done as I would be done by, and told him so. Stranger, my duty is accomplished; if the recalcitrant and dephlogistic messenger of Heaven strikes your—' There, now there,' I said, 'put on the other eight—add five hundred feet of spiral twist—do anything and everything you want to do; but calm your sufferings, and try to keep your feelings where you can reach them with the dictionary. Meanwhile, if we understand each other now, I will go to work again.' I think I have been sitting here a full half hour, this time, trying to get back to where I was when my train of thought was broken by the last interruption; but I believe I have accomplished it at last, and may venture to proceed again.)

wrestled with this great subject, and the greatest among them have found it a worthy adversary, and one that always comes up fresh and smiling after every throw. The mighty Confucius said that he would rather be a profound political economist than a chief of police. Cicero frequently said that political economy was the grandest consummation that the human mind was capable of consuming; and even our own Greeley has said vaguely but forcibly that—

(Here the lightning-rod man sent up another call for me. I went down in a state of mind bordering on impatience. He said he would rather have died than interrupt me, but when he was employed to do a job, and that job was expected to be done in a clean, workmanlike manner, and when it was finished and fatigue urged him to seek the rest and recreation he stood so much in need of, and he was about to do it, but looked up and saw at a glance that all the calculations had been a little out, and if it didn't underwrite to come up and that house which he felt a personal interest in stood there with nothing on earth to protect in but sixteen lightning-rods—'Let us have peace!' I shrieked. 'Put up a hundred and fifty! Put some on the kitchen! Put a dozen on the barn! Put a couple on the cow!—put one on the cook!—scatter them all over the persecuted place till it looks like a zinc-plated, spiral-twisted, silver-mounted cane-break! Move! Use up all the material you can get your hands on, and when you run out of lightning-rods, put up ram-rods,

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first coup d'état' k out of a book, here? He smiled in manner of speaking that nothing but d enable a man yle with impu- nimate, and said ttered about my and he guessed I do it; and added ttle the start of a mere trifle of calculated on—a said I was in a re could get this out, so that I He said 'I could and marched off would have done , this man is a before I'll wrong enough on that stair out of my be done by, and y is accomplish- ephlogistic mes- 'There, now eight—add five to anything and calm your suf- ings where you tionary. Mean- ther now, I will be never sitting e, trying to get train of thought ption; but I be last, and may

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sent up another a state of mind said he would me, but when that job was n, workmanlike ned and fatigue d recreation he was about to t a glance that little out, and if o and that house st in stood there t in but sixteen ave peace! I t and fifty! Put en on the barn! one on the cook! ecut place till e-twisted, silver- Use up all the ds on, and when ut up ram-rods,

cane-rods, stair-rods, piston-rods—anything that will pander to your dismal appetite for artificial scenery, and bring respite to my raging brain and healing to my lacerated soul. Wholly unmoved—further than to smile sweetly—this iron being simply turned back his wrists and daintily, and said He would now proceed to hump himself. Well, all that was nearly three hours ago. It is questionable whether I am calm, enough yet to write on the noble theme of political economy, but I cannot resist the desire to try, for it is the one subject that is dearest to my heart, and dearest to my brain of all the world's philosophy.)

'Political economy is Heaven's best boon to man.' When the loose but gifted Byron lay in his Venetian exile he observed that, if it could be granted him to go back and live his misspent life over again, he would give his lucid and unintoxicated intervals to the composition, not of frivolous rhymes, but of essays on political economy. 'Washington loved this exquisite science; such names as Baker, Beckwith, Judson, Smith, are imperishably linked with it; and even imperial Homer, in the ninth book of the Iliad, said:—

'Fiat justitia, ruat cælum,
Post mortem unum, ante bellum,
Hic jacet hoc, ex-parte res,
Politicum e-confinico est.'

The grandeur of these conceptions of the old poet, together with the felicity of the wording which clothes them, and the sublimity of the imagery whereby they are illustrated, have singled out the stanza, and made it more celebrated than any that ever—

['Now, not a word out of you—not a single word. Just state your bill and relapse into impenetrable silence for ever and ever on these premises. Nine hundred dollars? Is that all? This cheque for the amount will be honoured at any respectable bank in America. What is that multitude of people gathered in the street for? How?—'looking at the lightning-rods! Bless my life, did they never see any lightning-rods before? Never saw such a stack of them on one establishment, did I understand you to say? I will step down and critically observe this popular ebullition of ignorance.']

THREE DAYS LATER.—We are all about worn out. For four-and-twenty hours our bristling premises were the talk and wonder of the town. The theatres languished, for their happiest scenic inventions were tame and commonplace compared with my lightning-rods. Our street was blocked night and day with spectators, and among them were many who came from the country to see. It was a blessed relief, on the second day, when a thunder-storm came up and the lightning began to 'go for' my house, as the historian Josephus quaintly phrases it. It cleared the galleries, so to speak. In five minutes there was not a spectator within half a mile of m

place; but all the high houses about that distance away were full, windows, roof, and all. And well they might be, for all the falling stars and Fourth of July fireworks of a generation, put together and rained down simultaneously out of heaven in one brilliant shower upon one helpless roof, would not have any advantage of the pyrotechnic display that was making my house so magnificently conspicuous in the general gloom of the storm. By actual count, the lightning struck at my establishment seven hundred and sixty-four times in forty minutes, but tripped on one of those faithful rods every time, and slid down the spiral twist and shot into the earth before it probably had time to be surprised at the way the thing was done. And through all that bombardment only one patch of slates was ripped up, and that was because, for a single instant the rods in the vicinity were transporting all the lightning they could possibly accommodate. Well, nothing was ever seen like it since the world began. For one whole day and night not a member of my family put his head out of the window but he got the hair snatched off it as smooth as a billiard ball; and, if the reader will believe me, not one of us ever dreamt of stirring abroad. But at last the awful siege came to an end—because there was absolutely no more electricity left in the clouds above us within grappling distance of my insatiable rods. Then I sallied forth, and gathered daring workmen together, and not a bite or a nap did we take till the premises were utterly stripped of all their terrific armament except just the rods on the house, one on the kitchen, and one on the barn—and behold these remain even unto this day. And then, and not till then, the people ventured to use our street again. I will remark here, in passing, that during that fearful time I did not continue my essay upon political economy. I am not even yet settled enough in nerve and brain to resume it.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.—Parties having need of three thousand two hundred and eleven feet best quality zinc-plated spiral-twist lightning-rod stuff, and sixteen hundred and thirty-one silver-tipped points, all in tolerable repair (and, although much worn by use, still equal to any ordinary emergency), can hear of a bargain by addressing the publisher.

THE KILLING OF JULIUS CÆSAR "LOCALISED."

Being the only true and reliable account ever published; taken from the *Roman Daily Evening Fuses*, of the date of that tremendous occurrence.

Nothing in the world affords a newspaper reporter so much satisfaction as gathering up the details of a bloody and mysterious murder, and writing them up with aggravating circumstantiality. He takes a living delight in this labour of love—for such it is to him—especially if he knows that all the other papers have gone to press, and his will be the only one that will contain the dreadful intelligence. A feeling of regret has often come over me that I was not reporting in Rome when Cæsar was killed—reporting on an evening paper, and the only one in the city, and getting at least twelve hours ahead of the morning paper boys with this most magnificent 'item' that ever fell to the lot of the craft. Other events have happened as startling as this, but none that possessed so peculiarly all the characteristics of the favourite 'item' of the present day, magnified into grandeur and sublimity by the high rank, fame, and social and political standing of the actors in it. In imagination I have seen myself skirmishing around old Rome, button-holing soldiers, senators, and citizens by turns, and transferring 'all the particulars' from them to my note-book.

Ah! if I had lived in those days, I would have written up that item gloatingly, and spiced it with a little moralizing here and plenty of blood there; and some dark, shuddering mystery; and praise and pity for others (who do not patronize the paper), and gory gashes, and notes of warning as to the tendency of the times, and extravagant descriptions of the excitement in the Senate-house and the street, and all that sort of thing.

However, as I was not permitted to report Cæsar's assassination the regular way, it has at least afforded me rare satisfaction to translate the following able account of it from the original Latin of the *Roman Daily Evening Fuses* of that date—second edition:

'Our usually quiet city of Rome was thrown into a state of wild excitement yesterday by the occurrence of one of those bloody affrays which sicken the heart, and fill the soul with fear, while they inspire all thinking men with forebodings for the future of a city where human life is held so cheaply, and the gravest laws are so openly set at defiance. As the result of that affray, it is our painful duty, as public journalists, to record the death of one of our most esteemed citizens—a man

whose name is known wherever this paper circulates, and whose fame it has been our pleasure and privilege to extend, and also to protect from the tongue of slander and falsehood to the best of our poor ability. We refer to Mr. J. Cæsar, the Emperor-elect.

'The facts of the case, as nearly as our reporter could determine them from the conflicting statements of eye-witnesses, were about as follows:—The affair was an election row, of course. Nine-tenths of the ghastly butcheries that disgrace the city now-a-days grow out of the bickerings, and jealousies, and animosities engendered by these accursed elections. Rome would be the gainer by it if her constables were elected to serve a century; for in our experience we have never been able to chase a dog-pelter without celebrating the event with a dozen knock-downs, and a general cramming of the station-house with drunken vagabonds overnight. It is said that when the immense majority for Cæsar at the polls in the market was declared the other day, and the crown was offered to that gentleman, even his amazing unselfishness in refusing it three times was not sufficient to save him from the whispered insults of such men as Casca, of the Tenth ward, and other hirelings of the disappointed candidate, hailing mostly from the Eleventh and Thirteenth and other outside districts, who were overheard speaking ironically and contemptuously of Mr. Cæsar's conduct upon that occasion.

'We are further informed that there are many among us who think they are justified in believing that the assassination of Julius Cæsar was a put-up-thing—a cut-and-dried arrangement, hatched by Marcus Brutus and a lot of his hired roughs, and carried out only too faithfully according to the programme. Whether there be good grounds for this suspicion or not, we leave to the people to judge for themselves, only asking that they will read the following account of the sad occurrence carefully and dispassionately before they render that judgment.

'The senate was already in session, and Cæsar was coming down the street towards the capitol, conversing with some personal friends, and followed, as usual, by a large number of citizens. Just as he was passing in front of Demosthenes and Thucydides' drug store, he was observing casually to a gentleman, who, our informant thinks, is a fortune teller, that the ides of March were come. The reply was, 'Yes, they are come, but not gone yet.' At this moment Artemidorus stepped up and passed the time of day, and asked Cæsar to read a schedule or a list, or something of the kind, which

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he had brought for his perusal. Mr. Decius Brutus also said something about an "humble suit" which he wanted read. Artemidorus begged that attention might be paid to his first, because it was of personal consequence to Caesar. The latter replied that what concerned himself should be read last, or words to that effect. Artemidorus begged and beseeched him to read the paper instantly.*

'However, Caesar shook him off, and refused to read any petition in the street. He then entered the capitol, and the crowd followed him.

'About this time the following conversation was overheard, and we consider that taken in connection with the events which succeeded it, it bears an appalling significance. Mr. Papilius Lena remarked to George W. Cassius (commonly known as the "Nobby Boy of the Third Ward," a bruiser in the pay of the Opposition, that he hoped his enterprise to-day might thrive; and when Cassius asked, "What enterprise?" he only closed his left eye temporarily, and said with simulated indifference, "Fare you well," and sauntered towards Caesar. Marcus Brutus, who is suspected of being the ringleader of the band that killed Caesar, asked what it was that Lena had said. Cassius told him, and added in a low tone, "I fear our purpose is discovered."

'Brutus told his wretched accomplice to keep an eye on Lena, and a moment after, Cassius urged that lean and hungry vagrant, Casca, whose reputation here is none of the best, to be sudden, for he feared prevention. He then turned to Brutus, apparently much excited, and asked what should be done, and swore that either he or Caesar should never turn back—he would kill himself first. At this time Caesar was talking to some of the back-country members about the approaching fall elections, and paying little attention to what was going on around him. Billy Trebonius got into conversation with the people's friend and Caesar's—Mark Antony—and under some pretence or other got him away, and Brutus, Decius, Casca, Cinna, Metellus Cimber, and others of the gang of infamous desperadoes that infest Rome at present, closed around the doomed Caesar. Then Metellus Cimber knelt down and begged that his brother might be recalled from banishment; but Caesar rebuked him for his fawning, sneaking conduct, and refused to grant his petition.

* Mark that; it is hinted by William Shakespeare, who saw the beginning and the end of the unfortunate affray, that this "schedule" was simply a note discovering to Caesar that a plot was brewing to take his life.

Immediately, at Cimber's request, first Brutus and then Cassius begged for the return of the banished Publius; but Caesar still refused. He said he could not be moved; that he was as fixed as the North Star, and proceeded to speak in the most complimentary terms of the firmness of the star, and its steady character. Then he said he was like it, and he believed he was the only man in the country that was; therefore, since he was "constant" that Cimber should be banished, he'd be d—d if he didn't keep him so.

'Instantly seizing upon this shallow pretext for a fight, Casca sprung at Caesar and struck him with a dirk, Caesar grabbing him by the arm with his right hand, and launching a blow straight from the shoulder with his left, that sent the reptile bleeding to the earth. He then backed up against Pompey's statue, and squared himself to receive his assailants. Cassius and Cimber and Cinna rushed upon him with their daggers drawn, and the former succeeded in inflicting a wound upon his body; but before he could strike again, and before either of the others could strike at all, Caesar stretched the three miscreants at his feet with as many blows of his powerful fist. By this time the Senate was in an indescribable uproar; the throng of citizens in the lobbies had blockaded the doors in their frantic efforts to escape from the building, the sergeant-at-arms and his assistants were struggling with the assassins, venerable senators had cast aside their encumbering robes, and were leaping over benches and flying down the aisles in wild confusion towards the shelter of the committee-rooms, and a thousand voices were shouting 'Po-lice! Pol-ice!' in discordant tones that rose above the frightful din like shrieking winds above the roaring of a tempest. And amid it all, great Caesar stood with his back against the statue, like a lion at bay, and fought his assailants weaponless and hand to hand, with the defiant bearing and the unwavering courage which he had shown before on many a bloody field. Billy Trebonius and Caius Legarius struck him with their daggers and fell, as their brother-conspirators before them had fallen. But at last, when Caesar saw his old friend Brutus step forward armed with a murderous knife, it is said he seemed utterly overpowered with grief and amazement, and dropping his invincible left arm by his side, he hid his face in the folds of his mantle and received the treacherous blow without an effort to stay the hand that gave it. He only said, '*Et tu, Brute!*' and fell lifeless on the marble pavement.

'We learn that the coat deceased had on when he was killed was the same he wore in his tent on the afternoon of the day he overcame the Nervii, and that when it was removed from the corpse it was found to be cut and gashed in no less than seven different places. There was nothing in the pockets. It will be exhibited at the coroner's inquest, and will be damning proof of the fact of the killing. These latter facts may be relied on, as we got them from Mark Antony, whose position enables him to learn every item of news connected with the one subject of absorbing interest of to-day.

'LATER.—While the coroner was summoning a jury, Mark Antony and other friends of the late Caesar got hold of the body and lugged it off to the Forum, and at last accounts Antony and Brutus were making speeches over it, and raising such a row among the people that as we go to press, the chief of police is satisfied there is going to be a riot, and is taking measures accordingly.'

AN ITEM WHICH THE EDITOR HIMSELF COULD NOT UNDERSTAND.

Our esteemed friend, Mr. John William Skae, of Virginia City, walked into the office where we are sub-editor at a late hour last night, with an expression of profound and heartfelt suffering upon his countenance, and sighing heavily, laid the following item reverently upon the desk, and walked slowly out again. He paused a moment at the door, and seemed struggling to command his feelings sufficiently to enable him to speak, and then nodding his head towards his manuscript, ejaculated in a broken voice, 'Friend of mine—oh! how sad!' and burst into tears. We were so moved at his distress that we did not think to call him back and endeavour to comfort him until he was gone, and it was too late. The paper had already gone to press, but knowing that our friend would consider the publication of this item important, and cherishing the hope that to print it would afford a melancholy satisfaction to his sorrowing heart, we stopped the press at once and inserted it in our columns:

DISTRESSING ACCIDENT.—Last evening, about six o'clock, as Mr. William Schuyler, an old and respectable citizen of South Park, was leaving his residence to go down town, as has been his usual custom for many years, with the exception only of a short interval in the spring of 1850, during which he was confined to his bed by injuries received in attempting to stop a runaway horse by thoughtlessly placing himself directly

in his wake and throwing up his hands and shouting, which, if he had done so even a moment sooner, must inevitably have frightened the animal still more instead of checking its speed, although disastrous enough to himself as it was, and rendered more melancholy and distressing by reason of the presence of his wife's mother, who was there and saw the sad occurrence, notwithstanding it is at least likely, though not necessarily so, that she should be reconnoitering in another direction when accidents occur, not being vivacious and on the lookout, as a general thing, but even the reverse, as her own mother is said to have stated, who is no mother, but died in the full hope of a glorious resurrection, upwards of three years ago, aged 86, being a Christian woman and without guile, as it were, or property, in consequence of the fire in 1819, which destroyed everything she had in the world. But such is life. Let us all take warning by this solemn occurrence, and let us endeavour so to conduct ourselves that when we come to die we can do it. Let us place our hands upon our hearts, and say with earnestness and sincerity that from this day forth we will beware of the intoxicating bowl.—*First Edition of the Californian.*

The chief editor has been in here raising the mischief, and tearing his hair, and kicking the furniture about, and abusing me like a pickpocket. He says that every time he leaves me in charge of the paper for half-an-hour, I get imposed upon by the first infant or the first idiot that comes along. And he says that that distressing item of Johnny Skae's is nothing but a lot of distressing bosh, and has no point to it, and no sense and no information in it, and that there was no earthly necessity for stopping the press to publish it. He says that every man he meets has insinuated that somebody about *The Californian* office has gone crazy.

Now all this comes of being good-hearted. If I had been as unaccommodating and unsympathetic as some people, I would have told Johnny Skae that I wouldn't receive his communication at such a late hour, and to go to grass with it; but no, his snuffling distress touched my heart, and I jumped at the chance of doing something to modify his misery. I never read his item to see if there was anything wrong about it, but hastily wrote the few lines which preceded it, and sent it to the printers. And what has my kindness done for me? It has done nothing but bring down upon me a storm of abuse and ornamental blasphemy.

Now I will just read that item myself, and see if there is any foundation for all this fuss. And if there is, the author of it shall hear from.

I have read it, and am bound to admit that it seems a little mixed at a first glance. However, I will peruse it once more.

I have read it again, and it does really seem a good deal more mixed than ever.

up his hands and done so even a bly have frightened enough of checking himself melancholy and the presence of his e and saw the sad it is at least likely, hat she should be rection when acci- cious and on the but even the re- aid to have stated in the full hope of ds of three years a woman and with- ty, in consequence roved everything uch is life. Let us n occurrence, and ct ourselves that an do it. Let us arts, and say with at from this day intoxicating bowl- ian.

en in here raising is hair, and kick- id abusing me like at every time he paper for half-an- by the first infant along. And he item of Johnny ot of distressing it, and no sense and that there was pping the press to eryman he meets body about *The* crazy.

ing good-hearted, modating and un- ole, I would have ouldn't receive his late hour, and to his snuffing dis- and I jumped at ing to modify his em to see if there t it, but hastily preceded it, and nd what has my has done nothing a storm of abuse

that item myself, dation for all this author of it shall

n bound to admit at a first glance. nce more.

nd it does really ed than over.

I have read it over five times, and if I can get at the meaning of it, I wish I may get my just desserts. It won't bear analysis: there are things about it which I cannot understand at all. It don't say whatever became of William Schuyler. It just says enough about him to get one interested in his career, and then drops him. Who is William Schuyler, anyhow, and that part of South Park did he live in? and that started down town at six o'clock, did he ever get there, and if he did, did anything happen to him? Is he the individual that met with the 'distressing accident'? Considering the elaborate circumstantiality of detail observable in the item, it seems to me that it ought to contain more information than it does. On the contrary, it is obscure and not only obscure, but utterly incomprehensible. Was the breaking of Mr. Schuyler's leg, fifteen years ago, the 'distressing accident' that plunged Mr. Skoe into unspeakable grief and caused him to come up here at dead of night and stop for press to acquaint the world with the circumstances? Or did the 'distressing accident' consist in the destruction of Schuyler's mother-in-law's property in early times? Or did it consist in the death of that person herself three years ago? (albeit it does not appear that she died by accident.) In a word, what did the 'distressing accident' consist in? What did that ass of a Schuyler stand in the wake of a runaway horse for, with his shouting and gesticulation, if he wanted to stop him? And how the mischief could he get run over by a horse that had already passed beyond him? And what are we to take 'warning' by? and how is this extraordinary chapter of incomprehensibilities going to be a lesson to us? And above all, what has the 'intoxicating bowl' got to do with it, anyhow? It is not stated that Schuyler drank, or that his wife drank, or that his mother-in-law drank, or that the horse drank—wherefore, then, the reference to the 'intoxicating bowl'? It does seem so me that if Mr. Skoe had left the intoxicating bowl alone himself, he never would have got into so much trouble about this imaginary 'distressing accident.' I have read his absurd item over and over again, with all its insinuating plausibility, until my head swims; but I can make neither head nor tail of it. There certainly seems to have been an accident of some kind or other, but it is impossible to determine what the nature of it was, or who was the sufferer by it. I do not like to do it, but I feel compelled to request that the next time anything happens to one

of Mr. Skoe's friends, he will append such explanatory notes to his account of it as will enable me to find out what sort of an accident it was and whom it happened to. I had rather all his friends should die than that I should be driven to the verge of lunacy again in saying to either out the meaning of another such production as the above.

BACK FROM 'YURRUP.'

Have you ever seen a family of pees just back from Europe—or Yurup, as they pronounce it? They never talk to you, of course, being strangers, but they talk to each other and at you till you are pretty nearly distracted with their clatter; till you are sick of their ocean experiences; their mispronounced foreign names, their dukes and emperors; their trivial adventures; their pointless reminiscences, till you are sick of their imbecile faces and their relentless clack, and wish it had pleased Providence to leave the clapper out of their empty skulls.

I travelled with such a family one eternal day from New York to Boston last week. They had spent just a year in 'Yurup,' and were returning home to Boston. Papa said little, and looked bored; he had simply been down to New York to receive and care home his cargo of travelled idleness. Sister Angeline, aged 23, sister Augusta, aged 25, and brother Charles, aged 33, did the conversational drivel, and mamma parried and admired, and threw in some help when occasion offered, in the way of remembering some French barber's—I should say some French Count's—name, when they pretended to have forgotten it. They occupied the choice seats in the parlour of the drawing-room car, and for twelve hours I sat opposite to them—was their vis-à-vis; they would have said, in their charming French way,

Augusta.—Plague that nasty (nasty) steamer! I've the headache yet; she rolled so the fifth day out.
Angeline.—And well you may. I never saw such a nasty old tub. I never want to go in the Ville de Paris again. Why didn't we go over to London and come in the Scotia?

Augusta.—Because we were fools.
[I endorsed that sentiment.]
Angeline.—'Gus, what made Count Nixkumardose drive off looking so blue, that last Thursday in Fairy? (Paris, she meant.) Ah, own up, now! (tapping her arm so roguishly with her ivory fan.)

Augusta.—'Now, Angie, how you talk! I told the nahsty creature I would not receive his attentions any longer. And the old duke his father kept boring me about him and his two million francs a year till I sent him off with a flea in his ear.'

Chorus.—'Ke-he-he! Ha-ha-ha!'

Charles.—[Pulling a small silken cloak to pieces.] 'Angie, where'd you get this cheap thing?'

Angeline.—'You, Cholly, let that alone! Cheap! Well, how could I help it? There we were, tied up in Switzerland—just down from Mon Blong (Mont Blanc, doubtless)—couldn't buy anything in those nahsty shops so far from Fairy. I had to put up with that simpsy forty-dollar rag—but bless you, I couldn't go naked!'

Chorus.—'Ke-he-he!'

Augusta.—'Guess who I was thinking of? Those ignorant persons we first saw in Rome and afterwards in Venice—those—'

Angeline.—'Oh, ha-ha-ha! He-e-he! It was so funny! Papa, one of them called the Santa della Spiggiola, the Santa della Spizziola! Ha-ha-ha! And she thought it was Canova that did Michael Angelo's Moses! Only think of it!—Canova a sculptor and the Moses a picture! I thought I should die! I guess I let them see by the way I laughed, that they'd made fools of themselves, because they blushed and sneaked off.'

[Papa laughed faintly, but not with the easy grace of a man who was certain he knew what he was laughing about.]

Augusta.—'Why, Cholly! Where did you get those nahsty Beaumarchais gloves? Well I wouldn't, if I were you!'

Ma-ma [with uplifted hands].—'Beaumarchais, my son!'

Angeline.—'Beaumarchais! Why how can you! Nobody in Fairy wears those nahsty things but the commonest people.'

Charles.—'They are a rum lot, but then Tom Blennerhasset! gave 'em to me—he wanted to do something or other to curry favour, I s'pose.'

Angeline.—'Tom Blennerhasset!'

Augusta.—'Tom Blennerhasset!'

Mamma.—'Tom Blennerhasset! And have you been associating with him?'

Papa, [suddenly interested].—'Heavens what has the son of an honoured and honourable old friend been doing?'

Chorus.—'Doing! Why, his father has endorsed himself bankrupt for friends—that's what's the matter!'

Angeline.—'Oh, mon Dieu, j'ai faim! Avez-vous quelque chose de bon, en votre poche, mon cher frere? Excuse me for speaking French, for, to tell the truth, I

haven't spoken English for so long that it comes: dreadful awkward! Wish we were back in Yurrupe—c'est votre desire aussi, n'est-ce pas, mes cheres?'

And from that moment they lapsed into barbarous French and kept it up for an hour—hesitating, gasping for words, stumbling head over heels through adverbs and particles, floundering among adjectives, working miracles of villainous pronunciation—and neither one of them by any chance ever understanding what another was driving at.

By that time some new-comers had entered the car, and so they lapsed into English again and fell to holding everything American up to scorn and contumely in order that they might thus let those new-comers know they were just home from 'Yurrupe.' To use their pet and best beloved phrase, they were a 'nahsty' family of American snobs, and there ought to be a law against allowing such to go to Europe and misrepresent the nation. It will take these insects five years, without doubt, to get done turning up their noses at everything American, and making damaging comparisons between their own country and 'Yurrupe.' Let us pity their waiting friends in Boston in their affliction.

MORE DISTINCTION.

I have become an honorary member of the Western New York Poultry Society, and my ambition is satisfied.

Seriously from early youth I have taken an especial interest in the subject of poultry-raising, and so this membership touches a ready sympathy in my breast. Even as a schoolboy poultry-raising was a study with me, and I may say without egotism that as early as the age of seventeen I was acquainted with all the best and speediest methods of raising chickens, from raising them off a roost by burning lucifer matches under their noses, down to lifting them off a fence on a frosty night by insinuating the end of a warm board under their heels. By the time I was twenty years old, I really suppose I had raised more poultry than any one individual in all the section round about there. The very chickens came to know my talent, by-and-by. The youth of both sexes ceased to paw the earth for worms, and old roosters that came to crow, 'remained to pray,' when I passed by.

I have had so much experience in the raising of fowls that I cannot but think that a few hints from me might be useful to the Society. The two methods I have already touched upon are very simple, and are only used in the raising of the commonest class

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of fowls; one is for summer and the other for winter. In the one case you start out with a friend along about eleven o'clock on a summer's night (not later, because in some States—especially in California and Oregon—chickens always rouse up just at midnight and crow from ten to thirty minutes, according to the ease or difficulty they experience in getting the public waked up), and your friend carries with him a sack. Arrived at the hen-roost (your neighbour's not your own), you light a match and hold it under first one and then another pullet's nose until they are willing to go into that bag without making any trouble about it. You then return home, either taking the bag with you or leaving it behind, according as circumstances shall dictate. N.B. I have seen the time when it was eligible and appropriate to leave the sack behind and walk off with considerable velocity, without ever leaving any word where to send it.

In the case of the other method mentioned for raising poultry, your friend takes along a covered vessel with a charcoal fire in it, and you carry a long slender plank. This is a frosty night, understand. Arrived at the tree, or fence, or other hen-roost (your own, if you are an idiot), you warm the end of your plank in your friend's fire vessel and then raise it aloft and ease it up gently against a slumbering chicken's foot. If the subject of your attention is a true bird, he will infallibly return thanks with a sleepy cluck or two, and step out and take up quarters on the plank, thus becoming so conspicuously accessory before the fact to his own murder as to make it a grave question in our minds, as it once was in the mind of Blackstone, whether he is not really and deliberately committing suicide in the second degree. (But you enter into a contemplation of those legal refinements subsequently—not then.)

When you wish to raise a fine, large, donkey-voiced Shanghai rooster, you do it with a lasso, just as you would a bull. It is because he must be choked, and choked effectually, too. It is the only good, certain way; for whenever he mentions a matter which he is curiously interested in, the chances are ninety-nine in a hundred that he secures somebody else's immediate attention to it, too, whether it be day or night.

The Black Spanish is an exceedingly fine bird and a costly one. Thirty-five dollars is the usual figure, and fifty a not uncommon price for a specimen. Even its eggs are worth from a dollar to a dollar and a half apiece, and yet are so unwholesome that the city physician seldom or never orders them for the workhouse. Still, I have once or twice

procured as high as a dozen at a time for nothing, in the dark of the moon. The best way to raise the Black Spanish fowl is to go late in the evening and raise coup and all. The reason I recommend this method is, that the birds being so valuable, the owners do not permit them to roost about promiscuously, but put them in a coop as strong as a fire-proof safe, and keep it in the kitchen at night. The method I speak of is not always a bright and satisfying success, and yet there are so many little articles of *vertu* about a kitchen that if you fail on the coop you can generally bring away something else. I brought away a nice steel trap, one night, worth ninety cents.

But what is the use in my pouring out my whole intellect on this subject! I have shown the Western New York Poultry Society that they have taken to their bosom a party who is not a spring chicken by any means, but a man who knows all about poultry, and is just as high up in the most efficient methods of raising it as the President of the institution itself. I thank these gentlemen for the honorary membership they have conferred upon me, and shall stand at all times ready and willing to testify my good feeling and official zeal by deeds as well as by this hastily penned advice and information. Whenever they are ready to go to raising poultry, let them call for me any evening after eleven o'clock, and I shall be on hand promptly.

THE LEGEND OF THE CAPITOLINE VENUS.

CHAPTER I.

[Scene—An Artist's Studio in Rome.]

'Oh, George, I do love you!'

'Bless you dear heart, Mary, I know that—why is your father so obdurate?'

'George, he means well, but art is folly to him—he only understands groceries. He thinks you would starve me.'

'Confound his wisdom—it savours of inspiration. Why am I not a money-making, bowless grocer, instead of a divinely-gifted sculptor with nothing to eat?'

'Do not despond, Georgy, dear—all his prejudices shall fade away as soon as you shall have acquired fifty thousand dol—'

'Fifty thousand demons! Child, I am in arrears for my board!'

CHAPTER II.

[Scene—A Dwelling in Rome.]

'My dear sir, it is useless to talk. I haven't anything against you, but I can't let

my daughter marry a hash of love, art and starvation—I believe you have nothing else to offer.

'Sir, I am poor, I grant you. But is fame nothing? The Hon. Bellamy Foodle, of Arkansas, says that my new statue of America is a clever piece of sculpture, and he is satisfied that my name will one day be famous.'

'Boah! What does that, Arkansas can know about it? Fame's nothing—the market price of your marble scare-crow is the thing to look at. It took you six months to chisel it, and you can't sell it for a hundred dollars. No, sir! Show me fifty thousand dollars and you can have my daughter—otherwise she marries young Simper. You have just six months to raise the money in. Good morning, sir.'

'Alas! Woe is me!'

CHAPTER III.

[Scene—The Studio.]

'Oh, John, friend of my boyhood, I am the unhappiest of men.'

'You're a simpleton! I have nothing left to love but my poor statue—and see, even she has no sympathy for me in her cold marble countenance—so beautiful and so heartless!'

'You're a dummy!'

'Oh, John!'

'Oh, fudge! Didn't you say you had six months to raise the money in?'

'Don't deride my agony, John. If I had six centuries, what good would it do? How could it help a poor wretch without name, capital or friends?'

'Idiot! Coward! Baby! Six months to raise the money in—and five will do!'

'Are you insane?'

'Six months—an abundance. Leave it to me. I'll raise it.'

'What do you mean, John? How on earth can you raise such monstrous sum for me?'

'Will you let that be my business, and not meddle? Will you leave the thing in my hands? Will you swear to submit to whatever I do? Will you pledge me to find no fault with my actions?'

'I am dizzy—bewildered—but I swear.'

John took up a hammer, and deliberately smashed the nose of America! He made another pass, and two of her fingers fell to the floor—another, and part of an ear came away—another, and a row of toes were mangled and dismembered—another and the left leg, from the knee down, lay a fragmen-

John put on his hat and departed. George gazed speechless upon the battered and grotesque nightmare before him for the space of thirty seconds, and then wiled to the floor and went into convulsions.

John returns presently with a carriage, got the broken-hearted artist and the broken-legged statue aboard, and drove off whistling low and tranquilly. He left the artist at his lodgings, and drove off and disappeared down the Via Quirinalis with the statue.

CHAPTER IV.

[Scene—The Studio.]

The six months will be up at two o'clock to-day! Oh, agony! My life is blighted. I would that I were dead. I had no supper yesterday. I have had no breakfast to-day. I dare not enter an eating-house! And hungry!—don't mention it! My bootmaker duns me to death—my tailor duns me—my landlord haunts me. I am miserable. I haven't seen John since that awful day. She smiles on me tenderly when we meet in the great thoroughfares, but her old flint of a father makes her look in the other direction in short order. Now who is knocking at that door? Who is come to persecute me! That malignant villain in the bootmaker, I'll warrant. Come in!

'Ah, happiness attend your highness—Heaven be propitious to your grace! I have brought my lord a new coat—ah, say nothing about the pay, there is no hurry, none in the world. Shall be proud if my noble lord will continue to honour me with his custom—ah, adieu!'

'Brought the boots himself! Don't want his pay! Takes his leave with a bow and a scrape fit to honour majesty withal! Desires a continuance of my custom. Is the world coming to an end? Of all the—Come in!'

'Pardon, signor, but I have brought your new suit of clothes for—'

'Come in! A thousand pardons for this intrusion, your worship! But I have prepared the beautiful suite of rooms below for you—this wretched den is but ill suited to—'

'Come in! I have called to say that your credit at our bank, some time since unfortunately interrupted, is entirely and most satisfactorily restored, and we shall be most happy if you will draw upon us for any—'

'Come in! My noble boy, she is yours! She'll be here in a moment! Take her—marry her—'

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IV. [Scene—A Roman Cafe.]
[The artist is sitting at a table, looking at a picture on the wall.]

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at—marry her—

ove her—be happy!—God bless you both!
hip, hip, hur—

'COME IN!!!!'

'Oh, George, my own darling, we are
aved!'

'Oh, Mary, my own darling, we are saved
—but I'll swear I don't know why nor how!'

CHAPTER V.

[Scene—A Roman Cafe.]

One of a group of American gentlemen
reads and translates from the weekly edition
of *Il Slanghanger di Roma* as follows:

'WONDERFUL DISCOVERY!—Some six months
ago Signor John Smithe, an American gentle-
man now some years a resident of Rome, pur-
chased for a trifle a small piece of ground in
the Campagna, just beyond the tomb of the
Scipio family, from the owner, a bankrupt rela-
tive of the Princess Borghese. Mr. Smithe
afterwards went to the Minister of Public Re-
cords and had the piece of ground transferred
to a poor American artist named George. Arn-
old, explaining that he did it as payment and
satisfaction for pecuniary damage accidentally
done by him long since upon property belong-
ing to Signor Arnold, and further observed that he
would make additional satisfaction by improv-
ing the ground for Signor A., at his own charge
and cost. Four weeks ago, while making some
necessary excavations upon the property, Signor
Smithe unearthed the most remarkable
ancient statue that has ever been added to the
opulent art treasures of Rome. It was an ex-
quisite figure of a woman, and though sadly
stained by the soil and the mould of ages, no
eye could look unmoved upon its ravishing
beauty. The nose, the left leg from the knee
down, an ear, and also the toes of the right foot
and two fingers of one of the hands, were gone,
but otherwise the noble figure was in remark-
able state of preservation. The Government at
once took military possession of the statue, and
appointed a commission of art critics, anti-
quaries and cardinal princes of the church to
assess its value and determine the remuneration
that must go to the owner of the ground in
which it was found. The whole affair was kept
a profound secret until last night. In the mean-
time the commission sat with closed doors, and
deliberated. Last night they decided unani-
mously that the statue is a Venus, and the work
of some unknown but sublimely gifted artist of
the third century before Christ. They consider
it the most faultless work of art the world has
any knowledge of.

At midnight they held a final conference and
decided that the Venus was worth the enorm-
ous sum of ten million francs! In accordance
with Roman law and Roman usage, the Govern-
ment being half owner in all works of art found
in the Campagna, the State had nought to do
but pay five million francs to Mr. Arnold and
take permanent possession of the beautiful
statue. This morning the Venus will be re-
moved to the Capitol, there to remain, and at
noon the commission will wait upon Signor
Arnold with His Holiness the Pope's order upon
the Treasury for the princely sum of five million
francs in gold.

Chorus of Voices.—'Luck! It's no name
for it!'

Another Voice.—'Gentlemen, I propose
that we immediately form an American joint-
stock company for the purchase of lands and
excavations of statues, here, with proper con-
nections in Wall Street to bull and bear the
stock.'

All—'Agreed.'

CHAPTER VI.

[Scene—The Roman Capitol.]

'Dearest Mary, this is the most celebrated
statue in the world. This is the renowned
"Capitoline Venus" you've heard so much
about. Here she is with her little blemishes
"restored" (that is, patched) by the most
noted Roman artists—and the mere fact that
they did the humble patching of so noble a
creation will make their names illustrious
while the world stands. How strange it
seems—this place! The day before I last
stood here, ten happy years ago, I wasn't a
rich man—bless your soul I hadn't a cent.
And yet I had a good deal to do with making
Rome mistress of this grandest work of
ancient art the world contains.'

'The worshipped, the illustrious Capitoline
Venus—and what a sum she is valued at!
Ten millions of francs!'

'Yes—now she is.'

'And oh, Georgy, how divinely beautiful
she is!'

'Ah, yes—but nothing to what she was
before that blessed John Smith broke her
leg and battered her nose. Ingenious Smith!
—gifted Smith!—noble Smith! Author of
all our bliss! Hark! Do you know what
that wheeze means? Mary, that cub has
got the whooping cough. Will you never
learn to take care of the children?'

THE END.

The Capitoline Venus is still in the Cap-
itol at Rome, and is still the most charming
and most illustrious work of ancient art the
world can boast of. But if ever it shall be
your fortune to stand before it and go into
the customary ecstasies over it, don't permit
this true and secret of its origin to mar your
bliss—and when you read about a gigantic
Petrified Man being dug up near Syracuse,
in the State of New York, or near any other
place, keep your own counsel,—and if it's
Barnum that buried him there offers to sell
it to you at an enormous sum, don't you buy.
Send him to the Pope!

ENIGMA.

Not wishing to be outdone in literary enterprise by those magazines which have attractions especially designed for the pleasing of the fancy and the strengthening of the intellect of youth, we have contrived and builded the following enigma, at great expense of time and labour:—

I am a word of 13 letters.

My 7, 9, 4, 4, is a village in Europe.

My 7, 14, 5, 7, is a kind of dog.

My 11, 13, 13, 9, 2, 7, 2, 3, 6, 1, 13, is a peculiar kind of stuff.

My 2, 6, 12, 8, 9, 4, is the name of a great general of ancient times, (have spelt to the best of ability, though may have missed the bull's eye by a letter or two, but not enough to signify).

My 3, 11, 1, 9, 15, 2, 2, 6, 2, 0, 13, 2, 6, 15, 4, 11, 2, 3, 5, 1, 10, 4, 8, is the middle name of a Russian philosopher, up whose full cognomen fame is slowly but surely climbing.

My 7, 11, 4, 12, 3, 1, 1, 9, is an obscure but very proper kind of bug.

My whole is—but perhaps a reasonable amount of diligence and ingenuity will reveal that.

We take a just pride in offering the customary gold pen or cheap sewing machine for correct solutions of the above.

WIT-INSPIRATIONS OF THE 'TWO-YEAR-OLDS.'

All infants appear to have an impertinent and disagreeable fashion now-a-days of saying 'smart' things on most occasions when they ought not to be saying anything at all. Judging by the average published specimens of smart sayings, the rising generation of children are little better than idiots. And the parents must surely be but little better than the children, for in most cases they are the publishers of the sunbursts of infantile imbecility which dazzle us from the pages of our periodicals. I may seem to speak with some heat, not to say a suspicion of personal spite; and I do admit that it nettles me to hear about so many gifted infants in these days, and remember that I never said anything smart when I was a child. I tried it once or twice, but it was not popular. The family were not expecting brilliant remarks from me, and so they snubbed me sometimes, and spanked me the rest. But it makes my flesh creep and my blood run cold to think what might have happened to me if I had dared to utter some of the smart things of

this generation's 'four-year-olds' where my father could hear me. To have simply skinned me alive and considered his duty at an end would have seemed to him criminal leniency toward one so sinning. He was a stern, unsmiling man, and hated all forms of precocity. If I had said some of the things I have referred to, and said them in his hearing, he would have destroyed me. He would, indeed he would, provided the opportunity remained with him. But it would not, for I would have had judgment enough to take some strychnine first and say my smart thing afterward. The fair record of my life has been tarnished by just one pun. My father overheard that, and he hunted me over four or five townships seeking to take my life. If I had been full-grown of course he would have been right; but, child as I was, I could not know how wicked a thing I had done.

I made one of those remarks ordinary called 'smart things' before that, but, it was not a pun. Still, it came near causing a serious rupture between my father and myself. My father and mother, my uncle Ephraim and his wife, and one or two others, were present, and the conversation turned on a name for me. I was lying there trying some India-rubber rings of various patterns, and endeavouring to make a selection, for I was tired of trying to cut my teeth on people's fingers, and wanted to get hold of something that would enable me to hurry the thing through and get at something else. Did you ever notice what a nuisance it was cutting your teeth on your nurse's finger, or how back-breaking and tiresome it was trying to cut them on your big toe? And did you never get out of patience and wish your teeth were in Jericho long before you got them half cut? To me it seems as if these things happened yesterday. And they did, to some children. But I degress. I was lying there trying the India-rubber rings. I remember looking at the clock and noticing that in an hour and twenty-five minutes I would be two weeks old, and thinking to myself how little I had done to merit the blessings that were so unsparringly lavished upon me.

My father said, 'Abraham is a good name. My grandfather was named Abraham.'

My mother said, 'Abraham is a good name. Very well. Let us have Abraham for one of his names.'

'I said, 'Abraham suits the subscriber.' My father frowned, my mother looked pleased.

My aunt said, 'What a little darling it is!'

My father said, 'Isaac is a good name, and Jacob is a good name.'

My mother assented and said, 'No names

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I said, 'All right. Isaac and Jacob are good enough for yours truly. Pass me that rattle, if you please. I can't chew India-rubber rings all day.'

Not a soul made a memorandum of these sayings of mine for publication. I saw that, and did it myself, else they would have been utterly lost. So far from meeting with a generous encouragement like other children when developing intellectually, I was now furiously scowled upon by my father; my mother looked grieved and anxious, and even my aunt had about her an expression of seeming to think that maybe I had gone too far. I took a vicious bite out of an India-rubber ring, and covertly broke the rattle over the kitten's head, but said nothing.

Presently my father said, 'Samuel is a very excellent name.'

I saw that trouble was coming. Nothing could prevent it. I laid down my rattle; over the side of the cradle I dropped my uncle's silver watch, the clothes brush, the toy dog, my tin soldier, the nutmeg-grater, and other matters which I was accustomed to examine and meditate upon and make pleasant noises with, and bang and batter and break when I needed wholesome entertainment. Then I put on my little frock and my little bonnet, and took my pigmy shoes in one hand and my liquorice in the other, and climbed out on the floor. I said to myself, 'Now, if the worst comes to the worst I am ready.'

Then I said aloud, in a firm voice, 'Father, I cannot, cannot wear the name of Samuel.'

'My son!'

'Father, I mean it. I cannot.'

'Why?'

'Father, I have an invincible antipathy to that name.'

'My son, this is unreasonable. Many great and good men have been named Samuel.'

'Sir, I have yet to hear of the first instance.'

'What! There was Samuel the prophet. What not he great and good?'

'Not so very.'

'My son! With his own voice the Lord called him.'

'Yes, sir, and had to call him a couple of times before he would come!'

And then I sallied forth, and that stern old man sallied forth after me. He overtook me at noon the following day, and when the interview was over I had acquired the name of Samuel, and a thrashing and other useful information; and by means of this compro-

mise my father's wrath was appeased, and a misunderstanding bridged over which might have become a permanent rupture if I had chosen to be unreasonable. But, just judging by this episode, what would my father have done to me if I had ever uttered in his hearing one of the flat sickly things these 'two-year-olds' say in print now-a-days? In my opinion there would have been a case of infanticide in our family.

PERSONAL HABITS OF THE SIAMESE TWINS.

I do not wish to write of the personal habits of these strange creatures solely, but also of certain curious details of various kinds concerning them, which, belonging to their private life, have never crept into print. Knowing the twins intimately, I feel that I am peculiarly well qualified for the task I have taken upon myself.

The Siamese Twins are naturally tender and affectionate in disposition, and have clung to each other with singular fidelity throughout a long and eventful life. Even as children they were inseparable companions; and it was noticed that they always seemed to prefer each other's society to that of any other person. They nearly always play together; and, so accustomed was their mother to this peculiarity, that, whenever both of them chanced to be lost, she usually only hunted for one of them—satisfied that when she found that one she would find his brother somewhere in the immediate neighbourhood. And yet these creatures were ignorant and unlettered—barbarians themselves and the offspring of barbarians, who know not the light of philosophy and science. What a withering rebuke is this to our boasted civilization, with its quarrellings, its wranglings, and its separations of brothers!

As men, the twins have not always lived in perfect accord; but, still there has always been a bond between them which made them unwilling to go away from each other and dwell apart. They have even occupied the same house, as a general thing, and it is believed that they have never failed to even sleep together on any night since they were born. How surely do the habits of a lifetime become second nature to us! The Twins always go to bed at the same time; but Chang usually gets up about an hour before his brother. By an understanding between themselves, Chang does all the in-door work and Eng runs all the errands. This is because Eng likes to

go out; Chang's habits are sedentary. However, Chang also goes along. Eng is a Baptist, but Chang is a Roman Catholic; still, to please his brother, Chang consented to be baptized at the same time that Eng was, on condition that it should not 'count.' During the War they were strong partisans, and both fought gallantly all through the great struggle—Eng on the Union side and Chang on the Confederate. They took each other prisoners at Seven Oaks, but the proofs of capture were so evenly balanced in favour of each that a general army court had to be assembled to determine which one was properly the captor and which the captive. The jury was unable to agree for a long time; but the vexed question was finally decided by agreeing to consider them both prisoners, and then exchanging them. At one time Chang was convicted of disobedience of orders, and sentenced to ten days in the guard-house, but Eng, in spite of all arguments, felt obliged to share his imprisonment, notwithstanding he himself was entirely innocent; and so, to save the blameless brother from suffering, they had to discharge both from custody—the just reward of faithfulness.

Upon one occasion the brothers fell out about something, and Chang knocked Eng down, and then tripped and fell on him, whereupon both clinched and began to beat and gouge each other without mercy. The bystanders interfered and tried to separate them, but they could not do it, and so allowed them to fight it out. In the end both were disabled, and were carried to the hospital on one and the same shutter.

Their ancient habit of going always together had its drawbacks when they reached man's estate, and entered upon the luxury of courting. Both fell in love with the same girl. Each tried to steal clandestine interviews with her, but at the critical moment the other would always turn up. By-and-bye Eng saw, with distraction, that Chang had won the girl's affections; and, from that day forth he had to bear with the agony of being a witness to all their dainty billing and cooing. But with a magnanimity that did him infinite credit, he succumbed to his fate, and gave countenance and encouragement to a state of things that bade fair to sunder his generous heart-strings. He sat from seven every evening until two in the morning, listening to the fond foolishness of two lovers, and to the concussion of hundreds of squandered kisses—for the privilege of sharing only one of which he would have given his right hand. But he sat patiently, and waited, and gaped, and yawned, and stretched, and longed for two o'clock to

come. And he took long walks with the lovers on moonlight evenings—sometimes traversing ten miles, notwithstanding he was usually suffering from rheumatism. He is an inveterate smoker; but he could not smoke on these occasions, because the lady was painfully sensitive to the smell of tobacco. Eng cordially wanted them married, and done with it; but although Chang often asked the momentous question, the young lady could not gather sufficient courage to answer it while Eng was by. However, on one occasion, after having walked some sixteen miles, and sat up till nearly daylight, Eng dropped asleep, from sheer exhaustion, and then the question was asked and answered. The lovers were married. All acquainted with the circumstances applauded the noble brother-in-law. His unwavering faithfulness was the theme of every tongue. He had stayed by them all through their long and arduous courtship; and when at last they were married, he lifted his hands above their heads, and said with impressive unction, 'Bless ye, my children, I will never desert ye!' and he kept his word. Magnanimity like this is all too rare in this cold world.

By-and-bye Eng fell in love with his sister-in-law's sister, and he married her, and since that day they have all lived together, night and day, in an exceeding sociability which is touching and beautiful to behold, and is a scathing rebuke to our boasted civilization.

The sympathy existing between these two brothers is so close and so refined that the feelings, the impulses, the emotions of the one are instantly experienced by the other. When one is sick, the other is sick; when one feels pain, the other feels it; when one is angered, the other's temper takes fire. We have already seen with what happy facility they both fell in love with the same girl. Now, Chang is bitterly opposed to all forms of intemperance, on principle; but Eng is the reverse—for, while these men's feelings and emotions are so closely wedded, their reasoning faculties are unfettered; their thoughts are free. Chang belongs to the Good Templars, and is a hard-working and enthusiastic supporter of all temperance reforms. But, to his bitter distress, every now and then Eng gets drunk, and of course, that makes Chang drunk. This unfortunate thing has been a great sorrow to Chang, for it almost destroys his usefulness in his favourite field of effort. As sure as he is to head a great temperance procession, Eng ranges up alongside of him, prompt to the minute and drunk as a lord; but yet no more dismally and hopelessly drunk than his brother, who has not

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tasted a drop. And so the two begin to hoot and yell, and throw mud and bricks at the Good Templars; and of course they break up the procession. It would be manifestly wrong to punish Chang for what Eng does, and, therefore, the Good Templars accept the untoward situation, and suffer in silence and sorrow. They have officially and deliberately examined into the matter, and find Chang blameless. They have taken the two brothers and filled Chang full of warm water and sugar and Eng full of whiskey, and in twenty-five minutes it was not possible to tell which was the drunkest. Both were as drunk as loons—and on hot whisky punches, by the smell of their breath. Yet all the while Chang's moral principles were unshaken, his conscience clear; and so all just men were forced to confess that he was not morally, but only physically drunk. By every right and by every moral evidence the man was strictly sober; and, therefore, it caused his friends all the more anguish to see him shake hands with the pump, and try to wind up his watch with his night-key.

There is a moral in these solemn warnings—or, at least, a warning in these solemn morals; one or the other. No, matter, it is somehow. Let us heed it; let us profit by it.

I could say more of an instructive nature about these interesting beings, but let what I have written suffice.

Having forgotten to mention it sooner, I will remark, in conclusion, that the ages of the Siamese Twins are respectively fifty-one and fifty-three years.

A CURIOUS DREAM, CONTAINING A MORAL

Night before last I had a singular dream. I seemed to be sitting on a doorstep (in no particular city, perhaps), ruminating, and the time of night seemed to be about twelve or one o'clock. The weather was balmy and delicious. There was no human sound of any kind to emphasize the dead stillness except the occasional hollow barking of a dog in the distance and the fainter answer of a further dog. Presently up the street I heard a bony clack-clacking, and guessed it was the castanets of a serenading party. In a minute more a tall skeleton, hooded, and half-clad in a tattered and mouldy shroud, whose shreds were clapping about the ribby lattice-work of its person, swung by me with a stately stride, and disappeared in the gray gloom of the starlight. It had a broken and worm-eaten coffin on its shoulder and a bundle of something in its hand. I knew

what the clack-clacking was then; it was this party's joints working together, and his elbows knocking against his sides as he walked. I may say I was surprised. Before I could collect my thoughts and enter upon any speculations as to what this apparition might portend, I heard another one coming—for I recognized his clack-clack. He had two-thirds of a coffin on his shoulder, and so foot-and-head-boards under his arm. Mightily wanted to peer under his hood and speak to him, but when he turned and smiled upon me with his cavernous sockets and his projecting chin as he went by, I thought I would not detain him. He was hardly gone when I heard the clacking again, and another one issued from the shadowy half-light. This one was bending under a heavy grave-stone, and dragging a shabby coffin after him by a string. When he got to me he gave me a steady look for a moment or two, and then rounded to and backed up to me, saying:

'Ease this down for a fellow, will you?'

I eased the grave-stone down till it rested on the ground, and in doing so noticed that it bore the name of 'John Baxter Copmanhurst,' with 'May, 1839,' as the date of his death. Deceased sat wearily down by me, and wiped his eyes with his major maxillary—chiefly from former habit I judged, for I could not see that he brought away any perspiration.

'It is too bad,' said he, drawing the remnant of the shroud about him and leaning his jaw pensively on his hand. Then he put his left foot on his knee and fell to scratching his ankle bone absently with a rusty nail which he got out of his coffin.

'What is too bad, friend?'

'O, everything, everything. I almost wish I had never died.'

'You surprise me. Why do you say this? Has anything gone wrong? What is the matter?'

'Matter! Look at this shroud—rags. Look at this grave, all battered up. Look at that disgraceful old coffin. All a man's property going to ruin and destruction before his eyes, and ask him if anything is wrong? Fire and brimstone!'

'Calm yourself, calm yourself,' I said. 'It's too bad—but then I had not supposed that you would much mind such matters, situated as you are.'

'Well, my dear sir, I do mind them. My pride is hurt and my comfort is impaired—destroyed, I might say. I will state my case—I will put it to you in such a way that you can comprehend it, if you will let me, said the poor skeleton, tilting the hood of his shroud back, as if he were clearing for action.



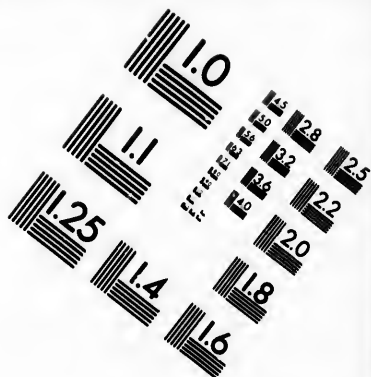
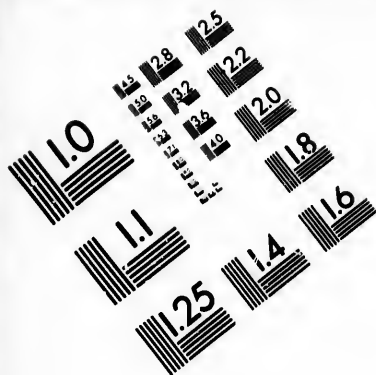
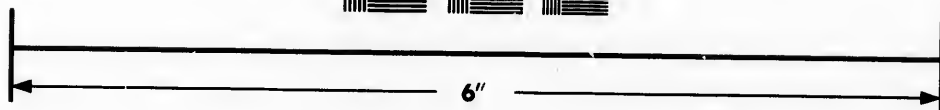
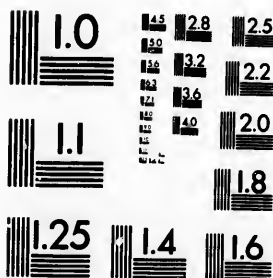


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and thus unconsciously giving himself a jaunty and festive air very much at variance with the grave character of his position in life—so to speak—and in prominent contrast with his distressful mood.

'Proceed,' said I.

'I reside in the shameful old graveyard a block or two above you here, on this street—there, now, I just expected that cartilage would let go!—third rib from the bottom, friend, hitch the end of it to my spine with a string, if you have such a thing about you, though a bit of silver wire is a deal pleasanter, and more durable and becoming, if one keeps it polished—to think of shredding out and going to pieces in this way, just on account of the indifference and neglect of one's posterity!'—and the poor ghost grated his teeth in a way that gave me a wrench and a shiver—for the effect is mightily increased by the absence of muffling flesh and cuticle. 'I reside in that old graveyard, and have for these thirty years; and I tell you things are changed since I first laid this tired old frame there, and turned over, and stretched out for a long sleep, and with a delicious sense upon me of being done with bother, and grief, and anxiety, and doubt, and fear for ever and ever, and listening with comfortable and increasing satisfaction to the sexton's work, from the startling clatter of his first spadeful on my coffin till it dulled away to the faint patting that shaped the roof of my new home—delicious! My, I wish you would try it to-night!' and out of my reverie deceased fetched me a rattling slap with a bony hand.

'Yes, sir, thirty years ago I laid me down there, and was happy. For it was out in the country then—out in the breezy, flowery, grand old woods, and the lazy winds gossiping with the leaves, and the squirrels capered over us and around us, and the creeping things visited us, and the birds filled the tranquil solitude with music. Ah, it is worth ten years of a man's life to be dead then! Everything was pleasant. I was in a good neighbourhood, for all the dead people that lived near me belonged to the best families in the city. Our posterity appeared to think the world of us. They kept our graves in the very best condition; the fences were always in faultless repair, head-boards were kept painted or white-washed, and were replaced with new ones as soon as they began to look rusty or decayed; monuments were kept upright, railings intact and bright, the rose bushes and shrubbery trimmed, trained, and free from blemish, the walks clean and smooth and gravelled. But that day is gone by.

Our descendants have forgotten us. My grandson lives in a stately house built with money made by these old hands of mine, and I sleep in a neglected grave with invading vermin that gnaw my shroud to build them nests withal! I and friends that lie with me founded and secured the prosperity of this fine city, and the stately bantling of our loves leaves us to rot in a dilapidated cemetery which neighbours curse and strangers scoff at. See the difference between the old time and this—for instance: Our graves are all caved in, now; our head-boards have rotted away and tumbled down; our railings reel this way and that, with one foot in the air, after a fashion, of unseemly levity; our monuments lean wearily, and our grave-stones bow their head discouraged; there be no adornments any more—no roses, nor shrubs, nor gravel walks, nor anything that is a comfort to the eye; and even the paintless old board fence that did make a show of holding us sacred from companionship with beasts and defilement of heedless feet, has tottered till it overhangs the street, and only advises the presence of our dismal resting-place and inviting yet more derision of it. And now we cannot hide our poverty and tatters in the friendly woods, for the city has stretched its withering arms abroad and taken us in, and all that remains of the cheer of our old home is the cluster of lugubrious forest trees that stand, bored and weary of city life, with their feet in our coffins, looking into the hazy distance and wishing they were there. I tell you it is disgraceful!

'You begin to comprehend—you begin to see how it is. While our descendants are living sumptuously on our money, right round us in the city, we have to fight hard to keep skull and bones together. Bless you, there isn't a grave in our cemetery that doesn't leak—not one. Every time it rains in the night we have to climb out and roost in the trees—and sometimes we are awakened suddenly by the chill water trickling down the back of our necks. Then I tell you there is a general heaving up of old graves and kicking over of old monuments, and scampering of old skeletons for the trees! Bless me, if you had gone along there some such nights after twelve you might have seen as many as fifteen of us roosting on one limb, with our joints rattling drearily and the wind wheezing through our ribs! Many a time we have perched there for three or four dreary hours, and then come down, stiff and chilled through and drowsy, and borrowed each other's skulls to bale out our graves with—if you will glance up in my mouth, now as I tilt my head back, you can see that my head-

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piece is half full of old dry sediment—how top-heavy and stupid it makes me sometimes! Yes, sir, many a time if you had happened to come along just before the dawn you'd have caught us baling out the graves and hanging our shrouds on the fence to dry. Why, I had an elegant shroud stolen from there one morning—think a party by the name of Smith took it, and resides in a plebeian graveyard over yonder—I think so because the first time I ever saw him he hadn't anything on but a check shirt, and the last time I saw him, which was at a social gathering in the new cemetery, he was the best dressed corpse in the company—and it is a significant that he left when he saw me; and presently an old woman from here missed her coffin—she generally took it with her when she went anywhere, because she was liable to take cold and bring on the spasmodic rheumatism that originally killed her if she exposed herself to the night air much. She was named Hotchkiss—Anna Matilda Hotchkiss—you might know her? She has two upper front teeth, is tall, but a good deal inclined to stoop, one rib on the left side gone, has one shred of rusty hair hanging from the left side of her head, and one little tuft just above and a little forward of her right ear, has her under jaw wired on one side where it had worked loose, small bone of left forearm gone—lost in a fight—has a kind of swagger in her gait and a 'gallus' way of going with her arms akimbo and her nostrils in the air—has been pretty free and easy, and is all damaged and battered up till she looks like a queensware crate in ruins—maybe you have met her?

'God forbid!' I involuntarily ejaculated, for somehow I was not looking for that form of question, and it caught me a little off my guard. But I hastened to make amends for my rudeness, and say, 'I simply meant I had not had the honour—for I would not deliberately speak discourteously of a friend of yours. You were saying that you were robbed—and it was a shame, too—but it appears by what is left of the shroud you have on that it was a costly one in its day. How did—'

A most ghastly expression began to develop among the decayed features and shrivelled integuments of my guest's face, and I was beginning to grow uneasy and distressed, when he told me he was only working up a deep, sly smile, with a wink in it, to suggest that about the time he acquired his present garment a ghost in a neighbouring cemetery missed one. This reassured me, but I begged him to confine himself to speech thenceforth, because his facial expression was uncertain. Even with the most elaborate care

it was liable to miss fire. Smiling should especially be avoided. What he might honestly consider a shining success was likely to strike me in a very different light. I said I liked to see a skeleton cheerful, even decorously playful, but I did not think smiling was a skeleton's best hold.

'Yes, friend,' said the poor skeleton, 'the facts are just as I have given them to you. Two of these old graveyards—the one that I resided in and one further along—have been deliberately neglected by our descendants of to-day until there is no occupying them any longer. Aside from the osteological discomfort of it—and that is no light matter this rainy weather—the present state of things is ruinous to property. We have got to move or be content to see our effects wasted away and utterly destroyed. Now, you will hardly believe it, but it is true, nevertheless, that there isn't a single coffin in good repair among all my acquaintance—now that is an absolute fact. I do not refer to low people who come in a pine box mounted on an express waggon, but I am talking about your high-toned, silver mounted burial-case, monumental sort, that travel under black plumes at the head of a procession and have choice of cemetery lots—I mean folks like the Jarvises, and the Bledsoes, and Burlings, and such. They are all about ruined. The most substantial people in our set, they were. And now look at them—utterly used up and poverty-stricken. One of the Bledsoes actually traded this monument to a late bar-keeper for some fresh shavings to put under his head. I tell you it speaks volumes, for there is nothing a corpse takes so much pride in as his monument. He loves to read the inscription. He comes after a while to believe what it says himself, and then you may see him sitting on the fence night after night enjoying it. Epitaphs are cheap, and they do a poor chap a world of good after he is dead, especially if he had hard luck while he was alive. I wish they were used more. Now, I don't complain, but confidentially I do think it was a little shabby in my descendants to give me nothing but this old slab of a gravestone—and all the more that there isn't a compliment on it. It used to have

'GONE TO HIS JUST REWARD.'

on it, and I was proud when I first saw it, but by-and-by I noticed that whenever an old friend of mine came along he would hook his chin on the railing and pull a long face, and read along down till he came to that, and then he would chuckle to himself and walk off looking satisfied and comfortable. So I scratched it off to get rid of those fools.

But a dead man always takes a deal of pride in his monument. Yonder goes half-a-dozen of the Jarvises, now, with the family monument along. And Smithers, and some hired spectres went by with his a while ago. Hello, Higgins, good-bye, old friend! That's Meredith Higgins—died in '44—belongs to our set in the cemetery—fine old family—great-grandmother was an Injun—I am on the most familiar terms with him—he didn't hear me was the reason he didn't answer me. And I am sorry, too, because I would have liked to introduce you. You would admire him. He is the most disjointed, sway-backed and generally distorted old skeleton you ever saw, but he is full of fun. When he laughs it sounds like rasping two stones together, and he always starts it off with a cheery screech like raking a nail across a window-pane. Hey, Jones? That is old Columbus Jones—shroud cost four hundred dollars—entire trousseau including monument, twenty-seven hundred. This was in the spring of '26. It was enormous style for those days. Dead people came all the way from the Alleghanies to see his things—the party that occupied the grave next to mine remembers it well. Now do you see that individual going along with a piece of a head-board under his arm, one leg-bone below his knee gone, and not a thing in the world on? That is Bartow Dalhousie, and next to Columbus Jones he was the most sumptuously fitted person that ever entered our cemetery. We are all leaving. We cannot tolerate the treatment we are receiving at the hands of our descendants. They open new cemeteries, but they leave us to our doom. They mend the streets, but they never mend anything that is about us or belongs to us. Look at that coffin of mine—yet I tell you in its day it was a piece of furniture that would have attracted attention in any drawing-room in this city. You may have it if you want it—I can't afford to repair it. Put a new bottom in her, and part of a new top, and a bit of fresh lining along the left side, and you'll find her about as comfortable as any receptacle of her species you ever tried. No thanks—no, don't mention it—you have been civil to me, and I would give you all the property I have got before I would seem ungrateful. Now this winding-sheet is a kind of a sweet thing in its way. If you would like to—No? Well, just as you say, but I wished to be fair and liberal—there's nothing mean about me. Good-bye, friend, I must be going. I may have a good way to go to-night—don't know. I only know one thing for certain, and that is—that I am on the emigrant trail, now, and I'll never sleep in that crazy old cemetery

again. I will travel till I find respectable quarters, if I have to hoof it to New Jersey. All the boys are going. It was decided in public conclave, last night, to emigrate, and by the time the sun rises there won't be a bone left in our old habitations. Such cemeteries may suit my surviving friends, but they do not suit the remains that have the honour to make these remarks. My opinion is the general opinion. If you doubt it go and see how the departing ghosts upset things before they started. They were almost riotous in their demonstrations of distaste. Hello, here are some of the Bledsoes, and if you will give a lift with this tombstone I guess I will join company and jog along with them—mighty respectable old family, the Bledsoes, and used to always come out in six-horse hearses, and all that sort of thing, fifty years ago, when I walked these streets in day light. Good-bye, friend.

And with his gravestone on his shoulder he joined the grisly procession, dragging his damaged coffin after him; for notwithstanding he pressed it upon me so earnestly, I utterly refused his hospitality. I suppose that for as much as two hours these sad outcasts went clacking by, laden with their dismal effects, and all that time I sat pitying them. One or two of the youngest and least dilapidated among them inquired about midnight trains on the railways, but the rest seemed unacquainted with that mode of travel, and merely asked about common public roads to various towns and cities some of which are not on the map now, and vanished from it and from the earth as much as thirty years ago, and some few of them never had existed anywhere but on maps, and private ones in real estate agencies at that time. And they asked about the condition of the cemeteries in these towns and cities, and about the reputation the cities bore as to reverence for the dead.

The whole matter interested me deeply, and likewise compelled my sympathy for these homeless ones. And it all seeming real, and I not knowing it was a dream, I mentioned to one shrouded wanderer an idea that had entered my head to publish an account of this curious and very sorrowful exodus, but said also that I could not describe it truthfully, and just as it occurred, without seeming to trifle with a grave subject and exhibit an irreverence for the dead that would shock and distress their surviving friends. But this bland and stately remnant of a former citizen leaned him far over my gate and whispered in my ear, and said—
"Do not let the disturb you. The community that can stand such graveyards as

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those we are emigrating from can stand any-
thing a body can say about the neglected
and forsaken dead that lie in them.

At that very moment a cock crowed, and
the weird procession vanished and left, not
a shred or bone behind. I awoke, and
found myself lying with my head out of the
bed and sagging downwards considerably
—a position favourable to dreaming, dreams
with morals in them, maybe, but not poetry.

NOTE.—The reader is assured that if the ceme-
teries in his town are kept in good order, this
Dream is not levelled at his town at all, but is
levelled particularly and venomously at the next
town.

AN INQUIRY ABOUT INSURANCES.

Coming down from Sacramento the other
night, I found on a centre table in the sal-
oon of the steamboat, a pamphlet advertise-
ment of an Accident Insurance Company.
It interested me a good deal, with its Gen-
eral Accidents, and its Hazardous Tables, and
Extra-Hazardous furniture of the same de-
scription, and I would like to know some-
thing more about it. It is a new thing to
me. I want to invest if I come to like it.
I want to ask merely a few questions of the
man who carries on this Accident shop:

'General accidents including the Travelling
Risk, and also all forms of Dislocations, Broken
Bones, Htuptures, Sprains, Contusions, Orush-
ings, Bruisings, Cuts, Stabs, Gunshot Wounds,
Poisoned Wounds, Burns and Scalds, Freezing,
Dog-Bites, Unprovoked Assaults by Burglars,
Robbers, or Murderers; the actions of Lightning
or Sunstroke, the effects of Explosions, Floods,
and Earthquakes, Suffocation by Drowning or
Choking—where such accidental injury totally
disables the person insured from following his
usual avocation, or causes death within three
months from the time of the happening of the
injury.'

I want to address this party as follows:—

Now Smith—I suppose likely your name
is Smith—I think we can come to an under-
standing about your little game without any
hard feelings. For instance—

Do you allow the same money on a dog-
bite that you do on an earthquake? Do you
take special risks for specific accidents?
that is to say, could I, by getting a policy
for dog-bites alone, get it cheaper than if I
took a chance in your whole lottery? And
if so, supposing I got insured against earth-
quakes, would you charge any more for
San Francisco earthquakes than for those
that prevail in places that are better an-
chored down? And if I had a policy on
earthquakes alone, I couldn't collect on dog-
bites, maybe, could I?

If a man had such a policy, and an earth-
quake shook him up and loosened his joints
a good deal, but not enough to incapacitate
him from engaging in pursuits which did
not require him to be tight, wouldn't you
pay him some of his pension? Why do you
discriminate between provoked and unpro-
voked assaults by burglars? If a burglar
entered my house at dead of night, and I, in
the excitement natural to such an occasion,
should forget myself and say something that
provoked him, and he should cripple me,
wouldn't I get anything? but if I provoked
him by pure accident, I would have you
there, I judge; because you would have to
pay for the accident part of it anyhow, seeing
that insuring against accidents is just your
specialty, you know.

But now as to those 'effects of lightning.'
Suppose the lightning were to strike out at
one of your men and miss him, and 'fetch'
another party—could that other party come
on you for damages? Or, could the relatives
of the party thus suddenly hurled out of the
bright world in the bloom of his youth come
on you in case he was pushed for time? as of
course he would be, you know, under such
circumstances.

You say you have issued over sixty
thousand policies, forty-five of which have
proved fatal and been paid for. Now, that
looks just a little curious to me, in a
measure. You appear to have it pretty
much all your own way. It is all very well
for the lucky forty-five that have died 'and
been paid for,' but how about the other
fifty-nine thousand nine hundred and fifty-
five? You have got their money, haven't
you? But somehow the lightning don't
seem to strike them, and they don't get any
chance at you. Won't their families get
fatigued waiting for their dividends? Don't
your customers drop off rather deliberately?

You will ruin yourself publishing such
damaging statements as that. I tell you, as
a friend. If you had said that the fifty-nine
thousand nine hundred and fifty-five died,
and that forty-five lived, you would have
issued about four tons of policies the next
week. But people are not going to get in-
sured, when you take so much pains to
prove that there is such precious little use
in it. Would it be impertinent if I should
ask if you are insured yourself?

ADVICE FOR GOOD LITTLE GIRLS.

Good little girls ought not to make mouths
at their teachers for every trifling offence.
This kind of retaliation should only be re-

sorted to under peculiarly aggravating circumstances.

If you have nothing but a rag doll stuffed with sawdust, while one of your more fortunate little playmates has a costly china one, you should treat her with a show of kindness nevertheless. And you ought not to attempt to make a forcible swap with her unless your conscience would justify you in it, and you know you are able to do it.

You ought never to take your little brother's 'chawing-gum' away from him by main force: it is better to beguile him with the promise of the first two dollars and a half you find floating down the river on a grindstone. In the artless simplicity natural to his time of life, he will regard it as a perfectly fair transaction. In all ages of the world this eminently plausible fiction has lured the obtuse infant to financial ruin and disaster.

If at any time you find it necessary to correct your brother, do not correct him with mud—never on any account throw mud at him, because it will soil his clothes. It is better to scald him a little; for then you attain two desirable results—you secure his immediate attention to the lesson you are inculcating, and at the same time, your hot water will have a tendency to remove impurities from his person—and possibly the skin also, in spots.

If your mother tells you to do a thing, it is wrong to reply that you won't. It is better and more becoming to intimate that you will do as she bids you, and then afterwards act quietly in the matter according to the dictates of your better judgment.

You should ever bear in mind that it is to your kind parents that you are indebted for food and your nice bed and your beautiful clothes, and for the privilege of staying home from school when you let on that you are sick. Therefore you ought to respect their little prejudices and humour their whims, and put up with their little foibles, until they get to crowding you too much.

Good little girls should always show marked deference for the aged. You ought never to 'sass' old people—unless they 'sass' you first.

CANNIBALISM IN THE CARS.

I vitited St. Louis lately, and on my way west, after changing cars at Terre Haute, Indiana, a mild, benevolent-looking gentleman of about forty-five or maybe fifty, came in at one of the way-stations and sat down beside me. We talked together pleasant-

ly on various subjects for an hour, perhaps, and I found him exceedingly intelligent and entertaining. When he learned that I was from Washington, he immediately began to ask questions about various public men, and about Congressional affairs; and I saw very shortly that I was conversing with a man who was perfectly familiar with the ins and outs of public life at the capital, even to the ways and manners, and customs of procedure of Senate and Representatives in the Chambers of the National Legislature. Presently two men halted near us for a single moment, and one said to the other:

'Harris, if you'll do that for me, I'll never forget you, my boy.'

My new comrade's eyes lighted pleasantly. The words had touched, upon a happy memory, I thought. Then his face settled into thoughtfulness—almost into gloom. He turned to me and said, 'Let me tell you a story; let me give you a secret chapter of my life—a chapter that has never been referred to by me since its events transpired. Listen patiently, and promise that you will not interrupt me.'

I said I would not, and he related the following strange adventure, speaking sometimes with animation, sometimes with melancholy, but always with feeling and earnestness.

THE STRANGER'S NARRATIVE.

On the 19th December, 1853, I started from St. Louis in the evening train bound for Chicago. There were only twenty-four passengers, all told. There were no ladies and no children. We were in excellent spirits, and pleasant acquaintanceships were soon formed. The journey bid fair to be a happy one; and no individual in the party, I think, had even the vaguest presentiment of the horrors we were soon to undergo.

At 11 p.m. it began to snow hard. Shortly after leaving the small village of Weldon, we entered upon that tremendous prairie solitude that stretches its leagues on leagues of houseless dreariness far away toward the Jubilee Settlements. The winds, unobstructed by trees or hills, or even vagrant rocks, fiercely whistled across the level desert, driving the falling snow before it like spray from the crested waves of a stormy sea. The snow was deepening fast, and we knew, by the diminished speed of the train, that the engine was plunging through it with steadily increasing difficulty. Indeed, it almost came to a dead halt sometimes, in the midst of great drifts that piled themselves like colossal graves across the track. Conversation began to flag.

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cheerfulness gave place to grave concern. The possibility of being imprisoned in the snow, on the bleak prairie, fifty miles from any house, presented itself to every mind, and extended its depressing influence over every spirit.

At two o'clock in the morning I was roused out of an uneasy slumber by the ceasing of all motion about me. The appalling truth flashed upon me instantly—we were captives in a snow-drift. All hands to the rescue! Every man sprang to obey, but in the wild night, the pitchy darkness, the billowy snow, the driving storm every soul leaped, with the consciousness that a moment lost now might bring destruction to all. Shovel, hands, boards—anything, everything that could displace snow, was brought into instant requisition. It was a weird picture, that small company of frantic men fighting the banking snows, half in the blackest shadow and half in the angry light of the locomotive's reflector.

One short hour sufficed to prove the utter uselessness of our efforts. The storm barred the track with a dozen drifts while we dug one away. And worse than this, it was discovered that the last grand charge the engine had made upon the enemy had broken the fore-and-aft shaft of the driving-wheel. With a free track before us we could still have been helpless. We entered the cars wearied with labour, and very sorrowful. We gathered about the stoves, and gravely canvassed our situation. We had no provisions whatever—in this lay our chief distress. We could not freeze, for there was a good supply of wood in the under. This was our only comfort. The discussion ended at last in accepting the heartening decision of the conductor, that it would be death for any man to attempt to travel fifty miles on foot through snow like that. We could not send for help; and if we did, it could not come. We must submit, and await, as patiently as we might, succour or starvation. I think the stoutest heart there felt a momentary chill when those words were uttered.

Within the hour conversation subsided to a low murmur here and there about the car, fought fitfully between the rising and falling of the blast; the lamps grew dim; and the majority of the castaways settled themselves among the flickering shadows to think—to forget the present, if they could—to sleep, if they might. The eternal night—it surely seemed eternal to us—wore its lagging hours away; and the cold gray dawn broke in the east. As the light grew stronger, the pas-

sengers began to stir and give signs of life, one after another, and each in turn pushed his slouched hat up from his forehead, stretched his stiffened limbs, and glanced out at the windows upon the cheerless prospect. It was cheerless indeed!—not a human habitation; nothing but a vast white desert; uplifted sheets of snow drifting hither and thither before the wind—a world of eddying flakes shutting out the firmament above.

All day we moped about the cars, saying little, thinking much. Another lingering dreary night—and hunger.

Another dawning—another day of silence, sadness, wasting hunger, hopeless watching for succour that could not come. A night of restless slumber, filled with dreams of feasting—waking distressed with the growings of hunger.

The fourth day came and went—and the fifth. Five days of dreadful imprisonment. A savage hunger looked out at every eye. There was in it a sign of awful import—the foreshadowing of something that was vaguely shaping itself into every heart—something which no tongue dared yet to frame into words.

The sixth day passed—the seventh dawned upon us gaunt, and haggard, and hopeless—a company of men as ever stood in the shadow of death. It must out now. That thing which had been growing up in every heart was ready to leap from every lip at last. Nature had been taxed to the utmost—she must yield. Richard H. Gaston, of Minnesota, tall, cadaverous, and pale, rose up. All knew what was coming. All prepared—every emotion, every semblance of excitement was smothered—only a calm, thoughtful seriousness appeared in the eyes, that were lately so wild.

'Gentlemen, it cannot be delayed longer. The time is at hand. We must determine which of us shall die to furnish food for the rest.'

Mr. John J. Williams, of Illinois, rose and said: 'Gentlemen,—I nominate the Rev. James Sawyer, of Tennessee.'

Mr. Wm. R. Adams, of Indiana, said: 'I nominate Mr. Daniel Slote, of New York.'

Mr. Charles J. Langdon: 'I nominate Mr. Samuel A. Bowen, of St. Louis.'

Mr. Slote: 'Gentlemen, I desire to decline in favour of Mr. John A. Van Nastrand, jun., of New Jersey.'

Mr. Gaston: 'If there be no objection, the gentleman's desire will be acceded to.'

Mr. Van Nastrand objecting, the resignation of Mr. Slote was rejected. The resigna-

tion of Messrs. Sawyer and Bowen were also offered, and refused upon the same grounds.

Mr. A. L. Basson, of Ohio: 'I move that the nomination now close, and that the House proceed to an election by ballot.'

Mr. Sawyer: 'Gentlemen, I protest earnestly against these proceedings. They are, in every way irregular and unbecoming. I must beg to move that they be dropped at once, and that we elect a chairman of the meeting and proper officers to assist him, and then we can go on with the business before us understandingly.'

Mr. Belknap, of Iowa: 'Gentlemen, I object. This is no time to stand upon forms and ceremonious observances. For more than seven days we have been without food. Every moment we lose in idle discussion increases our distress. I am satisfied with the nominations that have been made—every gentleman present, I believe—and I, for one, do not see why we should not proceed at once to elect one or more of them. I wish to offer a resolution.'

Mr. Gaston: 'It would be objected to, and have to lie over one day under the rules, thus bringing about the very delay you wish to avoid. The gentleman from New Jersey—'

Mr. Van Nastrand: 'Gentlemen,—I am a stranger among you; I have not sought the distinction that has been conferred upon me, and I feel a delicacy.'

Mr. Morgan, of Alabama, (interrupting), 'I move the previous question.'

The motion was carried, and further debate shut off, of course. The motion to elect officers was passed, and under it Mr. Gaston was chosen chairman, Mr. Blake, secretary, Messrs. Holcomb, Dyer, and Baldwin, a committee on nominations, and Mr. R. M. Howland, purveyor, to assist the committee in making selections.

A recess of half an hour was then taken, and some little caucusing followed. At the sound of the gavel the meeting reassembled, and the committee reported in favour of Messrs. George Ferguson, of Kentucky, Lucien Hermann, of Louisiana, and W. Messick, of Colorado, as candidates. The report was accepted.

Mr. Rogers, of Missouri—'Mr. President—The report being properly before the House now, I move to amend it by substituting for the name of Mr. Hermann that of Mr. Lucius Harris, of St. Louis, who is well and honourably known to us all. I do not wish to be understood as casting the least reflection upon the high character and standing of the gentleman from Louisiana—far from it. I respect and esteem him as much as any gentleman here present possibly can; but

none of us can be blind to the fact that he has lost more flesh during the week that we have lain here than any among you—none of us can be blind to the fact that the committee has been derelict in its duty, either through negligence or a graver fault, in thus offering for our suffrages a gentleman who, however pure his own motives may be, has really less nutriment in him—'

The Chair—'The gentleman from Missouri will take his seat. The Chair cannot allow the integrity of the Committee to be questioned save by the regular course, under the rules. What action will the House take upon the gentleman's motion?'

Mr. Halliday, of Virginia: 'I move to further amend the report by substituting Mr. Harvey Davis, of Oregon, for Mr. Messick. It may be urged by gentlemen that the hardships and privations of frontier life have rendered Mr. Davis tough; but gentlemen, is this a time to cavil at toughness? is this a time to be fastidious concerning trifles? is this a time to dispute about matters of paltry significance? No, gentlemen, bulk is what we desire—substance, weight, bulk—these are the supreme requisites now—not talent, not genius, not education. I insist upon my motion.'

Mr. Morgan (excitedly)—'Mr. Chairman—I do most strenuously object to this amendment. The gentleman from Oregon is old, and furthermore is bulky only in bone—not in flesh. I ask the gentleman from Virginia if it is soup we want instead of solid sustenance; if he would delude us with shadows? If he would mock our suffering with an Oregonian speech? I ask him if he can look upon the anxious faces around him, if he can gaze into our sad eyes, if he can listen to the beating of our expectant hearts, and still thrust his famine-stricken heart upon us? I ask him if he can think of our desolate state, of our past sorrows, of our dark future, and still unpitifully join upon us this wreck, this ruin, this tottering swindle, this gnarled and sapless vagabond from Oregon's inhospitable shores? Never! (Applause.)'

The amendment was put to vote, after a fiery debate, and lost. Mr. Harris was substituted on the first amendment. The balloting then began. Five ballots were held without a choice. On the sixth, Mr. Harris was elected, all voting for him but myself. It was then moved that his election should be ratified by acclamation, which was lost in consequence of his again voting against himself.

Mr. Railway moved that the House now take up the remaining candidates, and go

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into an election for breakfast. This was carried.

On the first ballot there was a tie, half the members favouring one candidate on account of his youth, and half favouring the other on account of his superior size. The President gave the casting vote for the latter, Mr. Messick. This decision created considerable dissatisfaction among the friends of Mr. Ferguson, the defeated candidate, and there was some talk of demanding a new ballot; but in the midst of it, a motion to adjourn was carried, and the meeting broke up at once.

The preparations for supper diverted the attention of the Ferguson faction from the discussion of their grievance for a long time, and then, when they would have taken it up again, the happy announcement that Mr. Harris was ready, drove all thought of it to the winds.

We improvised tables by propping up the backs of car-seats, and sat down with hearts full of gratitude to the finest supper that had blessed our vision for seven torturing days. How changed we were from what we had been a few short hours before. Hopeless, sap-eyed misery, hunger, feverish anxiety, desperation, then—thankfulness, serenity, joy too deep for utterance now. That I know was the cheeriest hour of my eventful life. The wind howled, and blew the snow wildly about our prison-house, but they were powerless to distress us any more. I liked Harris. He might have been better done, perhaps, but I am free to say that no man ever agreed with me better than Harris, or afforded me so large a degree of satisfaction. Messick was very well, though rather high-flavoured, but for genuine nutritiousness and delicacy of fibre, give me Harris. Messick had his good points—I will not attempt to deny it, nor do I wish to do it—but he was no more fitted for breakfast than a mummy would be, sir—not a bit. Lean?—why, bless me!—and tough? Ah, he was very tough. You could not imagine it,—you could never imagine anything like it.

'Do you mean to tell me that—'

Do not interrupt me, please. After breakfast we elected a man by the name of Walker, from Detroit, for supper. He was very good. I wrote his wife so afterwards. He was worthy of all praise. I shall always remember Walker. He was one of the finest men I ever sat down to—handsome, educated, refined, spoke several languages fluently—a perfect gentleman—he was a perfect gentleman, and singularly juicy. For supper we had that Oregon patriarch, and he was a fraud,

there is no question about it—old, scraggy, tough, nobody can picture the reality. I finally said, 'Gentlemen, you can do as you like, but I will wait for another election.' Grimes, of Illinois, said, 'Gentlemen, I will wait also. When you elect a man that has something to recommend him, I shall be glad to join you again.' It soon became evident that there was general dissatisfaction with Davis, of Oregon, and so, to preserve the good-will that had prevailed so pleasantly since we had Harris, an election was called, and the result of it was that Baker of Georgia, was chosen. He was splendid. Well, well—after that we had Doolittle and Hawkins, and McElroy (there was some complaint about McElroy, because he was uncommonly short and thin), and Penrod and two Smiths and Bailey (Bailey had a wooden leg, which was clear loss, but he was otherwise good), and an Indian boy, and an organ-grinder, and a gentleman by the name of Buckminster—a poor stick of a vagabond that wasn't any good for company and no account for breakfast. We were glad we got him elected before relief came.

'And so the blessed relief did come at last?'

'Yes, it came one bright, sunny morning, just after election. John Murphy was the choice, and there never was a better, I am willing to testify; but John Murphy came home with us, in the train that came to succour us, and lived to marry the widow Harris—'

'Relict of—'

'Relict of our first choice. He married her, and is happy and respected and prosperous yet. Ah, it was like a novel, sir—it was like a romance. This is my stopping-place, sir; I must bid you good-bye. Any time that you can make it convenient to tarry a day or two with me, I shall be glad to have you. I like you, sir; I have conceived an affection for you. I could like you as well as I liked Harris himself, sir. Good day, sir, and a pleasant journey.'

He was gone. I never felt so stunned, so distressed, so bewildered in my life. But in my soul I was glad he was gone. With all his gentleness of manner and his soft voice, I shuddered whenever he turned his hungry eye upon me; and when I heard that I had achieved his perilous affection, and that I stood almost with the late Harris in his esteem, my heart fairly stood still.

I was bewildered beyond description. I did not doubt his word; I could not question a single item in a state-

ment so stamped with the earnestness of truth as his; but its dreadful details overpowered me, and threw my thoughts into hopeless confusion. I saw the conductor looking at me. I said, 'Who is that man?'

'He was a Member of Congress once, and a good one. But he got caught in a snow-drift in the cars, and like to been starved to death. He got so frost-bitten and frozen up generally, and used up for want of something to eat, that he was sick and out of his head two or three months afterwards. He is all right now, only he is a monomaniac, and when he gets on that old subject he never stops till he has eat up the whole carload of people he talks about. He would have finished the crowd by this time, only he had to get out here. He has got their names as pat as A, B, C. When he gets them all eat up but himself, he always says:—"Then the hour for the usual election for breakfast having arrived, and there being no opposition, I was duly elected, after which, there being no objections offered, I resigned." Thus I am here.'"

I felt inexpressibly relieved to know that I had only been listening to the harmless vagaries of a madman instead of the genuine experiences of a blood-thirsty cannibal.

CURING A COLD.

It is a good thing, perhaps, to write for the amusement of the public, but it is a far higher and nobler thing to write for their instruction, their profit, their actual and tangible benefit. The latter is the sole object of this article. If it prove the means of restoring to health one solitary sufferer among my race, of lighting up once more the fire of hope and joy in his faded eyes, of bringing back to his dead heart again the quick, generous impulses of other days, I shall be amply rewarded for my labour; my soul will be permeated with the sacred delight a Christian feels when he has done a good, unselfish deed.

Having led a pure and blameless life, I am justified in believing that no man who knows me will reject the suggestions I am about to make, out of fear that I am trying to deceive him. Let the public do itself the honour to read my experience in doctoring a cold, as herein set forth, and then follow in my footsteps.

When the White House was burned in Virginia, I lost my home, my happiness, my constitution, and my trunk. The loss of the two first-named articles was a matter of no great consequence, since a home without a mother or a sister, or a distant

young female relative in it, to remind you by putting your soiled linen out of sight and taking your boots down off the mantel-piece, that there are those who think about you and care for you, is easily obtained. And I care nothing for the loss of my happiness, because, not being a poet, it could not be possible that melancholy would abide with me long.

But to lose a good constitution and a better trunk were serious misfortunes.

On the day of the fire my constitution succumbed to a severe cold caused by undue exertion in getting ready to do something. I suffered to no purpose, too, because the plan I was figuring at for the extinguishing of the fire was so elaborate that I never got it completed until about the middle of the following week.

The first time I began to sneeze, a friend told me to go and bathe my feet in hot water and go to bed. I did so. Shortly afterwards, another friend advised me to get up and take a cold shower-bath. I did that also. Within the hour, another friend assured me that it was policy to 'feed a cold and starve a fever.' I had both. So I thought it best to fill myself up for the cold and then keep dark and let the fever starve awhile.

In a case of this kind, I seldom do things by halves; I ate pretty heartily; I conferred my custom on a stranger who had just opened his restaurant that morning; he waited near me in respectful silence until I had finished feeding my cold, when he inquired if the people about Virginia were much afflicted with colds? I told him I thought they were.

He then went out and took down the sign. I started down toward the office, and on the way encountered another bosom friend, who told me that a quart of salt water, taken warm, would come as near curing a cold as anything in the world. I hardly thought I had room for it, but I tried it any how. The result was surprising. I believe I threw up my immortal soul.

Now, as I am giving my experience only for the benefit of those who are troubled with the distemper I am writing about, I feel that they will see the propriety of my cautioning them against following such portions of it as proved inefficient with me, and, acting upon this conviction, I warn them against warm salt water. It may be a good enough remedy, but I think it is too severe. If I had another cold in the head, and there was no course left me but to take either an earthquake or a quart of warm salt water, I would take my chances on the earthquake.

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my stomach had subsided, and no more good
amaritans happening along, I went on bor-
rowing handkerchiefs again and blowing them
to atoms, as had been my custom in the early
stages of my cold, until I came across a lady
who had just arrived from the plains, and
who said she had lived in a part of the coun-
try where doctors were scarce, and had from
necessity acquired considerable skill in the
treatment of simple 'family complaints.' I
knew she must have had much experience,
or she appeared to be a hundred and fifty
years old.

She mixed a decoction composed of mo-
sasses, aquafortis, turpentine, and various
other drugs, and instructed me to take a
wine-glass full of it every fifteen minutes. I
never took but one dose; that was enough;
it robbed me of all moral principle, and
woke every unworthy impulse of my nature.
Under its malign influence my brain con-
victed miracles of meanness, but my hands
were too feeble to execute them; at that
time, had it not been that my strength had
rendered to a succession of assaults from
fallible remedies for my cold, I am satisfied
that I would have tried to rob the grave-
yard.

Like most other people I often feel mean,
and act accordingly; but until I took that
medicine I had never revelled in such super-
natural depravity and felt proud of it. At
the end of two days I was ready to go to
coughing again. I took a few more infall-
ible remedies, and finally drove my cold from
my head to my lungs.

I got to coughing incessantly, and my
voice fell below zero; I conversed in a
mundering bass, two octaves below my
natural tone; I could only compass my regu-
larly repose by coughing myself down
to a state of utter exhaustion, and then the
moment I began to talk in my sleep my dis-
tinct voice woke me up again.

My case grew more and more serious every
day. Plain gin was recommended; I took
Then gin and molasses; I took that also.
Then gin and onions; I added the onions,
and took all three. I detected no particular
cure.

I found I had to travel for my health. I
went to Lake Tahoe, with my reportorial
trunk, Wilson. It is gratifying to me to
reflect that we travelled in considerable style;
I went in the Pioneer coach, and my friend
took all his baggage with him, consisting of
an excellent silk handkerchiefs and a da-
mpty type of his grandmother. We sailed,
hunted, and fished, and danced all day,
I doctored my cough all night. By
lagging in this way, I made out to improve

every hour in the twenty-four. But my
disease continued to grow worse.

A sheet-bath was recommended. I had
never refused a remedy yet, and it seemed
poor policy to commence then; therefore I
determined to take a sheet-bath, notwith-
standing I had no idea what sort of arrange-
ment it was.

It was administered at midnight, and the
weather was very frosty. My breast and
back were bared, and a sheet (there appear-
ed to be a thousand yards of it) soaked in
ice-water was wound around me until I re-
sembled a swab for a Columbiad.

It is a cruel expedient. When the chilly
rag touches one's warm flesh it makes him
start with sudden violence and gasp for
breath, just as men do in the death agony.
It froze the marrow in my bones and stopped
the beating of my heart. I thought my time
had come.

Never take a sheet-bath—never. Next to
meeting a lady acquaintance, who, for reasons
best known to herself, don't see you when
she looks at you, and don't know you when
she does see you, it is the most uncomfort-
able thing in the world.

But, as I was saying when the sheet-bath
failed to cure my cough, a lady friend recom-
mended the application of a mustard plaster
to my breast. I believe that would have
cured me effectually, if it had not been for
young Wilson. When I went to bed, I put
my mustard plaster—which was a very gor-
geous one, eighteen inches square—where I
could reach it when I was ready for it. But
young Wilson got hungry in the night, and

After sojourning a week at Lake Tahoe, I
went to Steamboat Springs, and beside the
steam baths, I took a cargo of the wickedest
medicines that were ever concocted. They
would have cured me, but I had to go back
to Virginia, where, notwithstanding the
variety of new remedies I absorbed every
day, I managed to aggravate my disease by
carelessness and undue exposure.

I finally concluded to visit San Francisco,
and the first day I got there, a lady at the
Lick House told me to drink a quart of
whiskey every twenty-four hours, and a
friend at the Occidental recommended pre-
cisely the same course. Each advised me to
take a quart; that made half a gallon. I
did it, and still live.

Now, with the kindest motives in the
world, I offer for the consideration of con-
sumptive patients, the variegated course of
treatment I have lately gone through. Let
them try it; if it don't cure them, it can't
do more than kill them.

REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER'S FARM.

Mr. B.'s farm consists of thirty-six acres, and is carried on on 'strictly scientific principles.' He never puts in any part of a crop without consulting his book. He ploughs and reaps and digs and sows according to the best authorities—and the authorities cost more than the other farming implements do! As soon as the library is complete, the farm will begin to be a profitable investment. But book-farming has its drawbacks. Upon one occasion, when it seemed morally certain that the hay ought to be cut, the hay book could not be found, and before it was found it was too late, and the hay was all spoiled. Mr. Beecher raises some of the finest crops of wheat in the country, but the unfavourable difference between the cost of producing it and its market value after it is produced has interfered considerably with its success as a commercial enterprise. His special weakness is hogs, however. He considers hogs the best game a farm produces. He buys the original pig for a dollar and a half, and feeds him forty dollars' worth of corn, and then sells him for about nine dollars. This is the only crop he ever makes any money on. He loses on the corn, but he makes seven dollars and a half on the hog. He does not mind this, because he never expects to make anything on corn, any way. And any way it turns out, he has the excitement of raising the hog any how, whether he gets the worth of him or not. His 'strawberries' would be a comfortable success if the robins would eat turnips, but they won't and hence the difficulty.

One of Mr. Beecher's most harrassing difficulties in his farming operations comes of the close resemblance of different sorts of seeds and plants to each other. Two years ago his far-sightedness warned him that there was going to be a great scarcity of water-melons, and therefore he put in a crop of seven acres of that fruit. But when they came up they turned out to be pumpkins, and a dead loss was the consequence. Sometimes a portion of his crop goes into the ground the most promising 'sweet potatoes,' and comes up the most execrable carrots. When he bought his farm he found one egg in every hen's nest on the place. He said that there was just the reason that so many farmers failed—they scattered their forces too much—concentration was the idea. So he gathered those eggs together, and put them all under one experienced hen. That hen roosted over the contract night and day for many weeks, under Mr. Beecher's perso-

nal supervision, but she could not 'phase' them eggs. Why? Because they were those shameful porcelain things which are used by modern farmers as 'nest eggs.'

Mr. Beecher's farm is not a triumph. It would be easier if he worked it on shares with some one; but he cannot find anybody who is willing to stand half the expense, and not many that are able. Still, persistence in any cause is bound to succeed. He was a very inferior farmer when he first began, but a prolonged and unflinching assault upon his agricultural difficulties has had its effect at last, and he is now fast rising from affluence to poverty.

RUNNING FOR GOVERNOR.

A few months ago I was nominated for Governor of the great State of New York, to run against Stewart L. Woodford and John T. Hoffman on an independent ticket. I somehow felt that I had one prominent advantage over these gentlemen, and that was—good character. It was easy to see by the newspapers that, if ever they had known what it was to bear a good name, that time had gone by. It was plain that in these latter years they had become familiar with all manner of shameful crimes. But at the very moment that I was exalting my advantage and joying in it in secret there was a muddy undercurrent of discomfort 'riling' the depths of my happiness, and that was—the having to hear my name bandied about in familiar connection with those of such people. I grew more and more disturbed. Finally I wrote my grandmother about it. Her answer came quick and sharp. She said—

'You have never done one single thing in all your life to be ashamed of—not one. Look at the newspapers—look at them and comprehend what sort of characters Woodford and Hoffman are, and then see if you are willing to lower yourself to their level and enter a public canvass with them.'

It was my very thought! I did not sleep a single moment that night. But after all I could not recede. I was fully committed, and must go on with the fight. As I was looking listlessly over the papers at breakfast I came across this paragraph, and I may truly say I never was so confounded before:—

PERJURY.—Perhaps, now that Mr. Mark Twain is before the people as a candidate for Governor, he will condescend to explain how he came to be convicted of perjury by thirty-four witnesses in Wakawak, Cochinchina, in 1863, the intent of which perjury was to rob a poor native widow and her

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helpless family of a meagre plantain-patch, their only stay and support in their bereavement and desolation. Mr. Twain owes it to himself, as well as to the great people whose suffrage he asks, to clear this matter up. Will he do it?

I thought I should burst with amazement. Such a cruel, heartless charge. I never had seen Cochinchina. I never had heard of Wakawak. I didn't know a plantain-patch from a kangaroo. I did not know what to do. I was crazed and helpless. I let the day slip away without doing anything at all. The next morning the same paper had this—nothing more:—

'SIGNIFICANT.—Mr. Twain, it will be observed, is suggestively silent about the Cochinchina perjury.'

[Mem.—During the rest of the campaign this paper never referred to me in any other way than as 'the infamous perjurer, Twain.']

Next came the *Gazette*, with this:—

'WANTED TO KNOW.—Will the new candidate for Governor deign to explain to certain of his fellow-citizens (who are suffering to vote for him!) the little circumstance of his cabin-mates in Montana losing small valuables from time to time, until at last, these things having been invariably found on Mr. Twain's person or in his "trunk" (newspaper he rolled his traps in), they felt compelled to give him a friendly admonition for his own good, and so tarred and feathered him and rode him on a rail, and then advised him to leave a permanent vacuum in the place he usually occupied in the camp. Will he do this?'

Could anything be more deliberately malicious than that? For I never was in Montana in my life.

[After this, this journal customarily spoke of me as 'Twain, the Montana Thief.']

I got to packing up papers apprehensively—much as one would lift a desired blanket which he had some idea might have a rattlesnake under it. One day this met my eye:—

'THE LIE NAILED.—By the sworn affidavits of Michael O'Flanagan, Esq., of the Five Points, and Mr. Kit Burns and Mr. John Allen, of Water Street, it is established that Mr. Mark Twain's vile statement that the lamented grandfather of our noble standard bearer, John T. Hoffman, was hanged for highway robbery, is a brutal and gratuitous lie, without a single shadow of foundation in fact. It is disheartening to virtuous men to see such shameful means resorted to to achieve political success as the attacking of the dead in their graves, and defiling their

honoured names with slander. When we think of the anguish this miserable falsehood must cause the innocent relatives and friends of the deceased, we are almost driven to incite an outrage and insulted public to summary and unlawful vengeance upon the traducer. But no: let us leave him to the agony of a lacerated conscience (though if passion should get the better of the public, and in its blind fury they should do the traducer bodily injury, it is but too obvious that no jury could convict and no court punish the perpetrators of the deed).'

The ingenious closing sentence had the effect of moving me out of bed with despatch that night, and out at the back door also, while the 'outraged and insulted public' surged in the front way, breaking furniture and windows in their righteous indignation as they came, and taking off such property as they could carry when they went. And yet I can lay my hand upon the book and say that I never slandered Governor Hoffman's grandfather. More: I had never even heard of him or mentioned him up to that day and date.

[I will state, in passing, that the journal above quoted from always referred to me afterwards as 'Twain, the Body-snatcher.']

The next newspaper article that attracted my attention was the following:—

'A SWEET CANDIDATE.—Mark Twain, who was to make such a blighting speech at the mass meeting of the Independents last night, didn't come to time. A telegram from his physician stated that he had been knocked down by a runaway team and his leg broken in two places—sufferer lying in great agony, and so forth, and so forth, and a lot more bosh of the same sort. And the Independents tried hard to swallow the wretched subterfuge, and pretend that they did not know what was the real reason of the absence of the abandoned creature whom they denominate their standard bearer. A certain man was seen to reel into Mr. Twain's hotel last night in a state of beastly intoxication. It is the imperative duty of the Independents to prove that this besotted brute was not Mark Twain himself. We have them at last. This is a fact that admits of no shrinking. The voice of the people demands in thunder-tones, "Who was that man?"'

It was incredible, absolutely incredible, for a moment, that it was really my name, that was coupled with this disgraceful suspicion. Three long years had passed over my head since I had tasted ale, beer, wine, or liquor of any kind.

[It shows what effect the times were having on me when I say that I saw myself confidently dubbed 'Mr. Delirium Tremens Twain' in the next edition of that journal without a pang,—notwithstanding I knew that with monotonous fidelity the paper would go on calling me so to the very end.]

By this time anonymous letters were getting to be an important part of my mail matter. This form was common—

'How about that old woman you kicked off your premises which was begging.

POL PRY.'

And this—

'There is things which you have done which is unbeknowns to anybody but me. You better trot out a few dolls to yours truly, or you'll hear thro' the papers from HANDY ANDY.'

That is about the idea. I could continue them till the reader was surfeited, if desirable.

Shortly the principal Republican journal 'convicted' me of wholesale bribery, and the leading Democratic paper 'nailed' an aggravated case of blackmailing to me.

[In this way I acquired two additional names: 'Twain the Filthy Corruptionist,' and 'Twain the Loathsome Embracer.']

By this time there had grown to be such a clamour for an 'answer' to all the dreadful charges that were laid to me that the editors and leaders of my party said it would be political ruin for me to remain silent any longer. As if to make their appeal the more imperative, the following appeared in one of the papers the very next day:—

'Behold the Man!—The Independent candidate still maintains silence. Because he dare not speak. Every accusation against him has been amply proved, and they have been endorsed and re-endorsed by his own eloquent silence till at this day he stands for ever convicted. Look upon your candidate, Independents! Look upon the Infamous Perjurer! the Montana Thief! the Body-snatcher! Contemplate your Incarnate Delirium Tremens! your Filthy Corruptionist! your Loathsome Embracer! Gaze upon him—ponder him well—and then say if you can give your honest votes to a creature who has earned this dismal array of titles by his hideous crimes, and dare not open his mouth in denial of anyone of them!'

There was no possible way of getting out of it, and so in deep humiliation, I set about preparing to 'answer' a mass of baseless charges and mean and wicked falsehoods. But I never finished the task, for the very next morning a paper came out with a new horror, a fresh maligni-

ty, and seriously charged me with burning a lunatic asylum with all its inmates because it obstructed the view from my house. This threw me into a sort of panic. There came the charge of poisoning my uncle to get his property, with an imperative demand that the grave should be opened. This drove me to the verge of distraction. On the top of this I was accused of employing toothless and incompetent old relatives to prepare the food for the foundling hospital when I was warden. I was wavering—wavering. And at last, as a due and fitting climax to the shameless persecution, that party rancour had inflicted upon me, nine little toddling children of all shades and colours and degrees of raggedness were taught to rush on to the platform at a public meeting and clasp me around the legs and call me PA!

I gave up. I hauled down my colours and surrendered. I was not equal to the requirements of a Gubernatorial campaign in the State of New York, and so I sent in my withdrawal from the candidacy, and in bitterness of spirit signed it,

'Once a decent man, but now
MARK TWAIN, I. P., M. T., B. S., D. T.,
F. C., and L. E.'

LITERATURE IN THE DRY DIGGINGS

Although a resident of San Francisco, I never heard much about the 'Art Union Association' of that city until I got hold of some old newspapers during my three months' stay in the Big Tree region of Calaveras county. Up there, you know, they read everything, because in most of those little camps they have no libraries, and no books to speak of, except now and then a patent book report or a prayer book, or literature of that kind, in a general way, that will hang on and last a good while when people are careful with it, like miners; but as for novels, they pass them around and wear them out in a week or two. Now there was Coon, a nice, bald-headed man, at the hotel in Angel's Camp, I asked him to lend me a book, one rainy day; he was silent a moment, and a shade of melancholy flitted across his fine face, and then he said: 'Well, I've got a mighty responsible old Webster Unabridged, what there is left of it, but they started her sloshing around and sloshing around the camp before I ever got a chance to read her myself; and next she went to Murphy's, and from there she went to Jackson Gulch, and now she's gone to San Andreas, and I don't expect I'll ever see that book again.

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DRY DIGGINGS

San Francisco, I the 'Art Union until I got hold of my three months' tion of Calaveras know, they read t of those little ss, and no books and then a patent ok, or literature ay, that will hang when people are but as for novels, year, them out here was Coon, a he hotel in Angel's me a book, one moment, and a across his fine Well, I've got a eter Unabridged, they started her thing around the ance to read her to Murphy's, and case Gulch, and ead, and I don't at book again.

But what made me mad is, that for all there so handy keeping her sashaying around from shanty to shanty and from camp to camp, none of 'em's ever got a good word for her. Now Coddington had her a week, and she was too many for him—he couldn't spell the words; he tackled some of them regular busters, tow'rd the middle, you know, and they throwed him; next, Dyer, he tried her a jolt, but he couldn't pronounce 'em—Dyer can hunt quail or play seven-up as well as any man, understand, but he can't pronounce worth a cuss; he used to worry along well enough, though, till he'd flush one of them rattlers with a clatter of syllables as long as a string of aluice-boxes, and then he'd lose his grip and throw up his hand; and so, finally, Dick Stoker harnessed her up there at his cabin, and sweated over her and cussed over her and rastled with her for as much as three weeks, night and day, till he got as far as R, and then passed her over to 'Legs Pickerell, and said she was the all-firlest, dryest reading that ever he struck. Well, well, if she's come back from San Andres you can get her, and prospect her, but I don't reckon there's a good deal left of her by this time, though time was when she was as likely a book as any in the State, and as hefty, and had an amount of general information in her that was astonishing, if any of these cattle had known enough to get it out of her. And ex-corporal Coon proceeded cheerlessly to scout with his brush after the stragling hairs on the rear of his head, and drum them to the front for inspection and roll-call, as was his usual custom, before turning in for his regular afternoon nap.

A MYSTERIOUS VISIT.

The first notice that was taken of me when I 'settled down' recently, was by a gentleman who said he was an assessor, and connected with the U. S. Internal Revenue Department. I said I had never heard of his branch of business before, but I was very glad to see him, all the same—would he sit down? He sat down. I did not know anything particular to-day, and yet I felt that people who had arrived at the dignity of keeping house must be conversational, must be easy and sociable in company. So in default of anything else to say, I asked him if he was opening his shop in our neighbourhood.

He said he was. [I did not wish to appear ignorant, but I had hoped he would mention what he had for sale.]

I ventured to ask him 'how was trade?' and he said 'So-so.'

I then said we would drop in, and if we

liked his house as well as any other, we would give him our custom.

He said he thought we would like his establishment well enough to confine ourselves to it—said he never saw anybody who would go off and hunt up another man in his line after trading with him once.

That sounded pretty complacent, but barring that natural expression of villainy which we all have, the man looked honest enough.

I do not know how it came about exactly, but gradually we appeared to melt down and run together, conversationally speaking, and then everything went along as comfortably as clockwork.

We talked, and talked, and talked—at least I did. And we laughed, and laughed, and laughed—at least he did. But all the time I had my presence of mind about me—I had my native shrewdness turned on 'full head,' as the engineers say. I was determined to find out all about his business, in spite of his obscure answers—and I was determined I would have it out of him without his suspecting what I was at. I meant to trap him with a deep, deep ruse. I would tell him all about my own business, and he would naturally so warm to me during this seductive burst of confidence that he would forget himself and tell me about his affairs before he suspected what I was about. I thought to myself, 'My son, you little know what an old fox you are dealing with.' I said:—

'Now you never would guess what I made lecturing this winter and last spring?'

'No—don't believe I could, to save me. Let me see—let me see. About two thousand dollars maybe? But no—no, sir, I knew you couldn't have made that much. Say seventeen hundred, maybe?'

'Ha-ha! I knew you couldn't. My lecturing receipts for last spring and this winter were fourteen thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars—what do you think of that?'

'Why it is amazing—perfectly amazing. I will make a note of it. And you say even this wasn't all?'

'All? Why bless you there was my income from the *Buffalo Express* for four months—about—about—well, what should you say to about eight thousand dollars, for instance?'

'Say! Why I should say I should like to see myself rolling in just such another ocean of affluence. Eight thousand! I'll make a note of it. Why man!—and on top of all this, I am to understand that you had still more income?'

'Ha-ha-ha! Why you're only in the

suburbs of it, so to speak. There's my book, "The Innocents Abroad"—price \$3 50 to \$5 00, according to the binding. Listen to me. Look me in the eye. During the last four months and a half, saying nothing of sales before that, but just simply during the four months and a half, we've sold ninety-five thousand copies of that book! Ninety-five thousand! Think of it. Average four dollars a copy, say. It's nearly four hundred thousand dollars, my son. I get half!"

"The suffering Moses! I'll set that down. Fourteen-seven-fifty-eight—two hundred. Total, say—well, upon my word, the grand total is about two hundred and thirteen or fourteen thousand dollars. Is that possible?"

"Possible! If there's any mistake it's the other way. Two hundred and fourteen thousand, cash, is my income for this year, if I know how to cipher."

Then the gentleman got up to go. It came over me most uncomfortably that maybe I had my revelations for nothing besides being flattered into stretching them considerably by the stranger's astonished exclamations. But no; at the last moment the gentleman handed me a large envelope and said it contained his advertisement; and that I would find out all about his business in it; and that he would be happy to have my custom—would, in fact, be proud to have the custom of a man of such prodigious income; and that he used to think there were several wealthy men in the city, but when they came to trade with him, he discovered that they barely had enough to live on; and that, in truth, it had been such a weary, weary age since he had seen a rich man face to face, and talked with him, and touched him with his hands, that he could hardly refrain from embracing me—in fact, would esteem it a great favour if I would let him embrace me.

This so pleased me, that I did not try to resist, but allowed this simple-hearted stranger to throw his arms about me and weep a few tranquilizing tears down the back of my neck. Then he went his way.

As soon as he was gone I opened his advertisement. I studied it attentively for four minutes. I then called up the cook and said:—

"Hold me while I faint. Let Maria turn the griddle cakes."

By-and-bye, when I came to, I sent down to the rum mill on the corner and hired an artist by the week to sit up nights and curse that stranger, and give me a lift occasionally in the day time when I came to a hard place.

Ah, what a miscreant he was! His "advertisement" was nothing in the world but a wicked tax-return—a string of impertinent

questions about my private affairs occupying the best part of four foolscap pages of fine print—questions, I may remark, gotten up with such marvellous ingenuity, that the oldest man in the world couldn't understand what the most of them were driving at—questions, too, that were calculated to make a man report about four times his actual income to keep from swearing to a falsehood. I looked for a loop-hole, but there did not appear to be any. Inquiry No. 1 covered my case, as generously and as simply as an umbrella could cover an ant-hill:

"What were your profits, during the past year, from any trade, business or vocation, wherever carried on?"

And that inquiry was backed up by thirteen others of an equally searching nature, the most modest of which required information as to whether I had committed any burglary or highway robbery, or by any arson or other secret source of emolument, had acquired property which was not enumerated in my statement of income as set opposite to enquiry No. 1.

It was plain that the stranger had enailed me to make a goose of myself. It was very, very plain, and so I went on and hired another artist. By working on my vanity the stranger had seduced me into declaring an income of 214,000 dollars. By law, 1000 dollars of this was exempt from income-tax—the only relief I could see, and it was only a drop in the ocean. At the legal five per cent., I must pay over to the government the appalling sum of ten thousand six hundred and fifty dollars, income-tax.

[I may remark, in this place, that I did not do it.]

I am acquainted with a very opulent man, whose house is a palace, whose table is regal, whose outlays are enormous, yet a man who has no income, as I have often noticed by the revenue returns; and to him I went for advice in my distress. He took my dreadful exhibition of receipts, he put on his glasses, he took his pen, and presto!—I was a pauper! It was the neatest thing that ever was. He did it simply & deftly, manipulating the bill of 'Deductions.' He set down my 'State, national, and municipal taxes' at so much; my losses by shipwreck, fire, &c., at so much; my 'losses on sales of real estate' on 'live stock sold'—on 'payments for rent of homestead'—on 'repairs, improvements, interest'—on 'previously taxed salary as an officer of the United States' army, navy, revenue service,' and other things. He got astonishing 'deductions' out of each and every one of these matters—each and every

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one of them. And when he was done he handed me the paper and I saw at a glance that during the year my income, in the way of profits, had been one thousand two hundred and fifty dollars and forty cents.

'Now,' said he, 'the thousand dollars is exempt by law. What you want to do is to go and swear this document in, and pay tax on the two hundred and fifty dollars.'

[While he was making this speech, his little boy Willie lifted a two dollar green-back out of his vest pocket and vanished with it, and I would wager anything that if any stranger were to call on that little boy to-morrow he would make a false return of his income.]

'Do you,' said I, 'do you always work up the "deductions" after this fashion in your own case, sir?'

'Well, I should say so. If it weren't for those eleven saving clauses under the head of "Deduction" I should be beggared every year to support this hateful and wicked, this extortionate and tyrannical Government.'

This gentleman stands away up among the very best of the solid men of the city—the men of moral weight, of commercial integrity, of unimpeachable social spotlessness—and so I bowed to his example. I went down to the revenue office, and under the accusing eyes of my old visitor I stood up and swore to lie after lie, fraud after fraud, villainy after villainy, till my soul was coated inches and inches thick with perjury and my self-respect gone for ever and ever.

But what of it? It is nothing more than thousands of the highest, and richest, and proudest, and most respected, honoured, and courted men in America, do every year. And so I don't care. I am not ashamed. I shall simply, for the present, talk little and scoww fireproof gloves, lest I fall into certain dreadful habits irrevocably.

EXPERIENCE OF THE McWILLIAMS-ES WITH MEMBRANEUS CROUP.

AS RELATED TO THE AUTHOR OF THIS BOOK BY MR. McWILLIAMS, A PLEASANT NEW YORK GENTLEMAN WHOM THE SAID AUTHOR MET BY CHANCE ON A JOURNEY.

Well, to go back to where I was before I digressed to explain to you how that frightful and incurable disease, membraneus croup, was raging in the town and driving all mothers mad with terror, I called Mrs. McWilliams' attention to little Penelope and said:

'Darling, I wouldn't let that child be chewing that pine stick if I were you.'

'Precious, where is the harm in it?' said she, but at the same time preparing to take away the stick—for women cannot receive even the most palpably judicious suggestions without arguing it; that is, married women.

I replied:

'Love, it is notorious that pine is the least nutritious wood that a child can eat.'

My wife's hand paused in the act of taking the stick, and returned itself to her lap. She bridled perceptibly, and said:

'Hubby, you know better than that. You know you do. Doctors all say that the turpentine in pine wood is good for weak back and the kidneys.'

'Ah—I was under a misapprehension. I did not know that the child's kidneys and spine were affected, and that the family physician had recommended—'

'Who said the child's spine and kidneys were affected?'

'My love, you intimated it.'

'The idea! I never intimated anything of the kind.'

'Why, my dear, it hasn't been two minutes since you said—'

'Bother what I said. I don't care what I did say. There isn't any harm in the child's chewing a bit of pine stick if she wants to; and you knew it perfectly well, and she shall chew it, too. So there now!'

'Say no more, my dear. I now see the force of your reasoning, and I will go and order two or three cords of the best pine wood to-day. No child of mine shall want while I—'

'O, please go along to your office and let me have some peace. A body can never make the simplest remark but you must take it up and go to arguing and arguing till you don't know what you are talking about, and you never do.'

'Very well, it shall be as you say. But there is a want of logic in your last remark which—'

However she was gone with a flourish before I could finish, and had taken the child with her. That night at dinner she confronted me with a face as white as a sheet.

'O, Mortimer, there's another! Little Georgie Gordon is taken.'

'Membraneus croup?'

'Membraneus croup.'

'Is there any hope for him?'

'None in the wide world. Oh, what is to become of us?'

By-and-bye a nurse brought in our Penelope to say good night and offer the customary prayer at the mother's knee. In the midst of 'Now I lay me down to sleep,' she gave a slight cough. My wife fell back like

one stricken with death. But the next moment she was up and brimming with the activities which terror inspires.

She commanded that the child's crib be removed from the nursery to our bed-room; and she went along to see the order executed. She took me with her, of course. We got matters arranged with speed. A cot bed was put up in my wife's dressing-room for the nurse. But now Mrs. McWilliams said we were too far away from the other baby, and what if he were to have the symptoms in the night—and she blanched again, poor thing.

We then restored the crib and the nurse to the nursery, and put up a bed for ourselves in a room adjoining.

Presently, however, Mrs. McWilliams said 'Suppose the baby should catch it from Penelope?' This thought struck a new panic to her heart, and the tribe of us could not get the crib out of the nursery again fast enough to satisfy my wife, though she assisted in her own person and well-nigh pulled the crib to pieces in her frantic hurry.

We moved down stairs, but there was no place for the nurse, and Mrs. McWilliams said the nurse's experience would be an inestimable help. So we returned, bag and baggage, to our own bed-room once more, and felt a great gladness; like storm-battered birds that have found their nests again.

Mrs. McWilliams sped to the nursery to see how things were going on there. She was back in a moment with a new dread. She said:

'What can make the baby sleep so?'

I said: 'Why, my darling baby always sleeps like a grave image.'

'I know. I know; but there's something peculiar about his sleep, now. He seems to—to—he seems to breathe so regularly. O, this is dreadful.'

'But, my dear, he always breathes regularly.'

'Oh, I know it, but there's something frightful about it now. His nurse is too young and inexperienced. Maria shall stay there with her, and be on hand if anything happens.'

'That is a good idea, but who will help you?'

'You can help to all I want. I wouldn't allow anybody to do anything but myself, any how, at such a time as this.'

I said I would feel mean to lie abed and sleep and leave her to watch and toll over our little patient all the weary night. But she reconciled me to it. So old Maria de-

parted and took up her ancient quarters in the nursery.

Penelope coughed twice in her sleep.

'Oh, why don't that doctor come! Mortimer, this room is too warm. Turn off the register—quick!'

I shut it off, glancing at the thermometer at the same time, and wondering to myself if 70 degrees was too warm for a sick child.

The coachman arrived from down town, now, with the news that our physician was ill and confined to his bed—Mrs. McWilliams turned a dead eye upon me, and said in a dead voice:

'There is a Providence in it. It is fore-ordained. He never was sick before—never. We have not been living as we ought to live, Mortimer. Time and time again I have told you so. Now you see the result. Our child will never get well. Be thankful if you can forgive yourself; I never can forgive myself.'

I said, without intent to hurt, but with headless choice of words, that I could not see that we had been leading such an abandoned life.

'Mortimer! Do you want to bring the judgment upon baby, too?'

Then she began to cry, but suddenly exclaimed:

'The doctor must have sent medicines!'

I said:

'Certainly. They are here. I was only waiting for you to give me a chance.'

'Well, do give them to me! Don't you know that every moment is precious now? But what was the use in sending medicines, when he knows that the disease is incurable?'

I said that while there was life there was hope.

'Hope! Mortimer, you know no more what you are talking about than the child unborn. If you would—As I live, the directions say give one teaspoonful once an hour! Once an hour!—as if we had a whole year before us to save the child in! Mortimer, please hurry. Give the poor perishing thing a tablespoonful, and try to be quick!'

'Why, my dear, a tablespoonful might—'

'Don't drive me frantic!'

There, there, there, my precious, my own; it's nasty bitter stuff, but it's good for Nelly—good for mother's precious darling; and it will make her well. There, there, there, put the little head on mamma's breast and go to sleep, and pretty soon—Oh, I know she can't live till morning! Mortimer, a tablespoonful every half hour will—Oh, the child needs balladonna too; I know she does—and acornite. Get them, Mort-

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mer. Now do let me have my way. You know nothing about these things.

We now went to bed, placing the crib close to my wife's pillow. All this turmoil had worn upon me, and within two minutes I was something more than half asleep.

Mrs. McWilliams roused me:

'Darling, is that register turned on?'

'No.'

'I thought as much. Please turn it on at once. This room is cold.'

I turned it on, and presently fell asleep again. I was aroused once more:

'Dearie, would you mind moving the crib to your side of the bed? It is nearer the register.'

I moved it, but had a collision with the rug and woke up the child. I dozed off once more, while my wife quieted the sufferer. But in a little while these words came murmuring remotely through the fog of my drowsiness:

'Mortimer, if we only had some goose-grease—will you ring?'

I climbed dreamily out, and stepped on a cat, which responded with a protest, and would have got a convincing kick for it if a chair had not got it instead.

'Now, Mortimer, why do you want to turn up the gas and wake up the child again?'

'Because I want to see how much I am hurt, Caroline.'

'Well, look at the chair, too—I have no doubt it is ruined. Poor cat, suppose you had—'

'Now I am not going to suppose anything about the cat. It never would have occurred if Maria had been allowed to remain here and attend to these duties, which are in her line and not in mine.'

'Now, Mortimer, I should think that you would be ashamed to make a remark like that. It is a pity if you cannot do the few things I ask of you at such an awful time as this child when our child—'

'There, there, I will do anything you want. But I can't raise anybody with this bell. They're all gone to bed. Where is the goose grease?'

'On the mantel-piece in the nursery. If you'll step there and speak to Maria—'

'I fetched the goose-grease and went to sleep again. Once more I was called:

'Mortimer, I so hate to disturb you, but the room is still too cold for me to try to apply this stuff. Would you mind lighting the fire? It is all ready to touch a match to.'

I dragged myself out and lit the fire, and then sat down disconsolate.

'Mortimer, don't sit there and catch your death of cold. Come to bed.'

As I was stepping in, she said:

'But wait a moment. Please give the child some more of the medicine.'

Which I did. It was a medicine which made a child more or less lively; so my wife made use of its waking interval to strip it and grease it all over with goose-oil. I was soon asleep once more, but once more I had to get up.

'Mortimer, I feel a draught. I feel it distinctly. There is nothing so bad for this disease as a draught. Please move the crib in front of the fire.'

I did it; and collided with the rug again, which I threw in the fire. Mrs. McWilliams sprang out of bed and rescued it, and we had some words. I had another trifling interval of sleep, and then got up, by request, and constructed a flaxseed poultice. This was placed upon the child's breast and left there to do its healing work.

A wood fire is not a permanent thing. I got up every twenty minutes and renewed ours, and this gave Mrs. McWilliams the opportunity to shorten the times of giving the medicines by ten minutes, which was a great satisfaction to her. Now, and then, between times, I reorganised the flaxseed poultices, and applied sinapisms and other sorts of blisters where unoccupied places could be found upon the child. Well, toward morning the wood gave out and my wife wanted me to go down cellar and get some more. I said:

'My dear, it is a labourious job, and the child must be nearly waked enough, with her extra clothing. Now mightn't we put on another layer of poultices and—'

I did not finish, because I was interpreted. I lugged wood up from below for some little time, and then turned in and fell to snoring as only a man can whose strength is all gone and whose soul is worn out. Just at broad daylight I felt a grip on my shoulder that brought me to my senses suddenly. My wife was glaring down upon me and gasping. As soon as she could command her tongue she said:

'It's all over! All over! The child's perishing! What shall we do?'

'Mercy, how you terrify me! I don't know what we ought to do. Maybe if we scraped her and put her in the draught again—'

'O, idiot! There is not a moment to lose! Go for the doctor. Go yourself. Tell him he must come, dead or alive.'

I dragged that poor sick man from his bed and brought him. He looked at the child and said she was not dying. This was

joy unspeakable to me, but it made my wife as mad as if he had offered her a personal affront. Then he said the child's cough was only caused by some trifling irritation or other in the throat. At this I thought my wife had a mind to show him the door. Now the doctor said he would make the child cough harder and dislodge the trouble. So he gave her something that sent her into a spasm of coughing, and presently up came a little wood splinter or so.

'This child has no membranous croup,' said he. 'She has been chewing a bit of pine shingle or something of the kind, and got some little splinters in her throat. They won't do her any hurt.'

'No,' said I, 'I can well believe that. Indeed, the turpentine that is in them is very good for certain sorts of diseases, that are peculiar to children. My wife will tell you so.'

But she did not. She turned away in disdain and left the room; and since that time there is one episode in our life which we never refer to. Hence the tide of our days flows by in deep and untroubled serenity.

(Very few married men have such an experience as McWilliams', and so the author of this book thought that maybe the novelty of it would give it a passing interest to the reader.)

SOME LEARNED FABLES FOR GOOD OLD BOYS AND GIRLS.

In Three Parts.

PART FIRST.

HOW THE ANIMALS OF THE WOOD SENT OUT A SCIENTIFIC EXPEDITION.

Once the creatures of the forest held a great convention, and appointed a commission consisting of the most illustrious scientists among them to go forth, clear beyond the forest and out into the unknown and unexplored world, to verify the truth of the matters already taught in their schools and colleges, and also to make discoveries. It was the most imposing enterprise of the kind the nation had ever embarked in. True, the nation had once sent Dr. Bull Frog, with a picked crew, to hunt for a north-westerly passage through the swamp to the right-hand corner of the wood, and had since sent out many expeditions to hunt for Dr. Bull Frog; but they never could find him, and so the Government finally gave him up and ennobled his mother to show its gratitude for the services her son had rendered to science. And once Government sent Sir Grass Hopper to hunt for the sources of

the rill that emptied into the swamp; and afterwards sent out many expeditions to hunt for Sir Grass, and at last they were successful—they found his body, but if he had discovered the sources meantime, he did not let on. So Government acted handsomely by deceased, and many envied his funeral.

But these expeditions were trifles compared with the present one; for this one comprised among its servants the very greatest among the learned; and besides it was to go to the utterly unvisited regions believed to lie beyond the mighty forest—as we have remarked before. How the members were banqueted, and glorified, and talked about! Everywhere that one of them showed himself, straightway there was a crowd to gape and stare at him.

Finally they set off, and it was a sight to see the long procession of dry-land Tortoises heavily laden with savans, scientific instruments, Glow-Worms and Fire-Flies for signal-service, provisions, Ants and Tumble-Bugs to fetch and carry and delve, Spiders to carry the surveying chain and do other engineering duty, and so forth and so on; and after the Tortoises came another long train of iron-clads—stately and spacious Mud Turtles for marine transportation service; and from every Tortoise and every Turtle flaunted a flaming gladiolus or other splendid banner; at the head of the column a great band of Bumble-Bees, Mosquitoes, Katy-dids and Crickets discoursed martial music; and the entire train was under the escort and protection of twelve picked regiments of the Army Worm.

At the end of three weeks the expedition emerged from the forest and looked upon the great Unknown World. Their eyes were greeted with an impressive spectacle. A vast level plain stretched before them, watered by a sinuous stream; and beyond there towered up against the sky a long and lofty barrier of some kind, they did not know what. The Tumble-Bug said he believed it was simply land tilted up on its edge, because he knew he could see trees on it. But Prof. Snail and the others said:

'You are hired to dig, sir—that is all. We need your muscles—not your brains. When we want your opinion on scientific matters, we will hasten to let you know. Your coolness is intolerable, too—loafing about here meddling with august matters of learning, when the other labourers are pitching camp. Go along and help handle the baggage.'

The Tumble-Bug turned on his heel uncrushed, unabashed, observing to himself,

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'If it isn't land tilted up, let me die the death of the unrighteous.'

Professor Bull Frog (nephew of the late explorer) said he believed the ridge was the wall that enclosed the earth. He continued:—

'Our fathers have left us much learning, but they had not travelled far, and so we may count this a noble new discovery. We are safe for renown now, even though our labours began and ended with this single achievement. I wonder what this wall is built of? Can it be fungus? Fungus is an honourable good thing to build a wall of.'

Professor Snail adjusted his field-glass and examined the rampart critically. Finally he said:—

'The fact that it is not diaphanous, convinces me that it is a dense vapour formed by the calorification of ascending moisture dephlogisticated by refraction. A few endiometrical experiments would confirm this, but it is not necessary.—The thing is obvious.'

So he shut up his glass, and went into his shell to make a note of the discovery of the world's end, and the nature of it.

'Profound mind!' said Professor Angle-Worm to Professor Field-Mouse; 'a profound mind! nothing can long remain a mystery to that august brain.'

Night drew on a pace, the sentinel crickets were posted, the Glow-Worm and Fire-Fly lamps were lighted, and the camp sang to silence and sleep. After breakfast in the morning, the expedition moved on. About noon a great avenue was reached, which had in it two endless parallel bars of some kind of hard black substance, raised the height of the tallest Bull Frog above the general level. The scientists climbed up on these and examined and tested them in various ways. They walked along them for a great distance, but found no end and no break in them. They could arrive at no decision. There was nothing in the records of science that mentioned anything of this kind. But at last the bald and venerable geographer, Professor Mud Turtle, a person who, born poor, and of a drudging low family, had by his own native force, raised himself to the headship of the geographers of his generation, said:

'My friends, we have indeed made a discovery here. We have found in a palpable, compact, and imperishable state what the wisest of our fathers always regarded as a mere thing of imagination. Humble yourselves, my friends, for we stand in a majestic presence. These are parallels of latitude!'

Every heart and every head was bowed,

so awful, so sublime was the magnitude of the discovery. Many shed tears.

The camp was pitched, and the rest of the day giving up to writing voluminous accounts of the marvel, and correcting astronomical tables to fit it. Toward midnight a demonical shriek was heard, then a clattering and rumbling noise, and the next instant a vast terrific eye shot by, with a long tail attached, and disappeared in the gloom, still uttering triumphant shrieks.

The poor camp labourers were stricken to the heart with fright, and stampeded for the high grass in a body. But not the scientists. They had no superstitions. They calmly proceeded to exchange theories. The ancient geographer's opinion was asked. He went into his shell and deliberated long and profoundly. When he came out at last, they all knew by his worshipping countenance that he had brought light. Said he, 'Give thanks for this stupendous thing which we have been permitted to witness. It is the Vernal Equinox!'

There were shoutings and great rejoicings. 'But,' said the Angle-Worm, uncoiling after reflection, 'this is a dead summer.'

'Very well,' said the Turtle, 'we are far from our region; the season differs with the difference of time between the two points.'

'Ah, true. True enough. But it is night. How should the sun pass in the night?'

In these distant regions he doubtless passes always in the night at this hour.'

'Yes, doubtless that is true. But it being night, how is it that we could see him?'

It is a great mystery. I grant that. But I am persuaded that the humidity of the atmosphere in these remote regions is such that particles of daylight adhere to the disc, and it was by aid of these that we were enabled to see the sun in the dark.'

This was deemed satisfactory, and due entry was made of the decision.

But about this moment those dreadful shriekings were heard again; again the rumbling and thundering came speeding up out of the night; and once more a flaming great eye flashed by and lost itself in gloom and distance.

The camp labourers gave themselves up for lost. The savants were sorely perplexed. Here was a marvel hard to account for. They thought and they talked, they talked and they thought.—Finally they learned and aged Lord Grand-Daddy-Louleggs, who had been sitting, in deep study, with his slender limbs crossed and his stemmy arms folded, said:

'Deliver your opinions, brethren, and

then I will tell my thought—for I think I have solved the problem.

'So be it, good your lordship,' piped the weak treble of the wrinkled and withered Professor Woodlouse, 'for we shall hear from your lordship's lips nought but wisdom.'—[Here the speaker threw in a mess of trite, threadbare, exasperating quotations from the ancient poets and philosophers, delivering them with unction in the sounding grandeurs of the original tongues, they being from the Mastodon, the Dodo, and other dead languages.] Perhaps I ought not to presume to meddle with matters pertaining to astronomy at all, in such a presence as this, I who have made it the business of my life to delve only among the riches of the extinct languages and unearth the opulence of their ancient lore; but still, as unacquainted as I am with the noble science of astronomy, I beg with deference and humility to suggest that inasmuch as the last of these wonderful apparitions proceeded in exactly the opposite direction from that pursued by the first, which you decide to be the Vernal Equinox, and greatly resembled it in all particulars, is it not possible, nay certain, that this last is the Autumnal Equinox—

'O-o-o!' 'O-o-o! go to bed! go to bed!' with annoyed derision from everybody. So the poor old Woodlouse retreated out of sight, consumed with shame.

Further discussion followed, and then the united voice of the Commission begged Lord Longlegs to speak. He said:

'Fellow-scientists, it is my belief we have witnessed a thing which has occurred in perfection but once before in the knowledge of created beings. It is a phenomenon of inconceivable importance and interest, view it as one may, but its interest to us is vastly heightened by an added knowledge of its nature which no scholar has heretofore possessed or even suspected. This great marvel which we have just witnessed, fellow savants (it almost takes my breath away!), is nothing less than the transit of Venus!'

Every scholar sprang to his feet pale with astonishment. Then ensued tears, hand shakings, frenzied embraces, and the most extravagant jubulations of every sort. But by and by, as emotion began to retire within bounds, and reflection to return to the front, the accomplished Chief Inspector Lizard observed:

'But how is this? Venus should traverse the sun's surface, not the earth's.'

The arrow went home. It carried sorrow to the breast of every apostle of learning there, for none could deny that this was a formidable criticism. But tranquilly the

venerable Duke crossed his limbs behind his ears and said:

'My friend has touched the marrow of our mighty discovery. Yes, all that have lived before us thought a transit of Venus consisted of a flight across the sun's face; they thought it, they maintained it, they honestly believed it, simple hearts, and were justified in it by the limitations of their knowledge; but to us has been granted the inestimable boon of proving that the transit occurs across the earth's face, for we have SEEN it!'

The assembled wisdom sat in speechless adoration of this imperial intellect. All doubts had instantly departed, like night before the lightning.

The Tumble-Bug had just intruded, unnoticed. He now came reeling forward among the scholars, familiarly slapping first one and then another on the shoulder, saying 'Nice ('ic!) nice old boy!' and smiling a smile of elaborate content. Arrived at a good position for speaking, he put his left arm akimbo with his knuckles planted in his hip just under the edge of his out-away coat, bent his right leg, placing his toe on the ground and resting his heel with easy grace against his left shin, puffed out his aldermanic stomach, opened his lips, leaned his right elbow on Inspector Lizard's shoulder—

But the shoulder was indignantly withdrawn and the hard-handed son of toil went to earth. He floundered a bit but came up smiling, arranged his attitude with the same careful detail as before, only choosing Professor Dogtick's shoulder for a support, opened his lips and—

Went to earth again. He presently scrambled up once more, still smiling, made a loose effort to brush the dust off his coat and legs, but a smart pass of his hand missed entirely, and the force of the unchecked impulse slewed him suddenly around, twisted his legs together, and projected him limber and sprawling, into the lap of the Lord Longlegs. Two or three scholars sprang forward, flung the low creature head over heels into a corner and reinstated the patrician, smoothing his ruffled dignity with many soothing and regretful speeches. Professor Bull Frog roared out:

'No more of this, sirrah Tumble-Bug. Say your say and then get you about your business with speed!—Quick, what is your errand? Come, move off a trifle; you smell like a stable; what have you been at?'

'Please ('ic!)—please your worship, I chanced to light upon a find. But no m—(e-uck!) matter 'bout that. There's b ('ic!) been another find which— Beg pardon,

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'It was the Vernal Equinox.'

'Inf ('ic!) fernal equinox. 'At's all right
—D ('ic!) Dunno him. What's other one?'

'The transit of Venus.'

'G ('ic!) Got me again. No matter.
Last one dropped something.'

'Ah, indeed. Good luck. Good news.
Quick—what is it?'

'M ('ic!) Mosey out'n' see. It'll pay.'

No more votes were taken for four and
twenty hours. Then the following entry
was made:

'The Commission went in a body to
view the find. It was found to consist
of a hard, smooth, huge object with a
rounded summit surrounded by a short up-
right projection resembling a section of a
cabbage stalk divided transversely. This
projection was not solid, but was a hollow
cylinder plugged with a soft, woody sub-
stance unknown to our region—that is, it
had been so plugged, but unfortunately this
obstruction had been heedlessly removed by
Norway Rat, Chief of the Sappers and
Miners before our arrival. The vast object
before us, so mysteriously conveyed from
the glittering domains of space, was found
to be hollow and nearly filled with a
pungent liquid of a brownish hue, like
rain-water that has stood for some time.
And such a spectacle as met our view.
Norway Rat was perched upon the summit
engaged in thrusting his tail into the cylin-
drical projection, drawing it out dripping,
permitting the struggling multitude of
labourers to suck the end of it, then
straightway reinserting it and delivering
the fluid to the mob as before. Evidently
this liquor had strangely potent qualities;
for all that partook of it were immediately
exalted with great and pleasurable emo-
tions, and went staggering about singing
ribald songs, embracing, fighting, dancing,
discharging irruptions of profanity, and de-
fying all authority. Around us struggled a
massed and uncontrolled mob—uncontrolled
and likewise uncontrollable, for the whole
army, down to the very sentinels, were mad
like the rest, by reason of the drink. We
were seized upon by these reckless creatures,
and within the hour, we, even we, were un-
distinguishable from the rest—the calm rali-
cation was complete and universal. In time
the camp wore itself out with its orgies and
sank into a stolid and pitiable stupor, in
whose mysterious bonds rank was for-
gotten, and strange bedfellows made, our
eyes, at the resurrection, being blasted
and our souls petrified with the incredible
spectacle of that intolerable stinking

scavenger, the Tumble Bug, and the illu-
trious patrician my lord Grand Daddy.
Duke of Longlegs, lying soundly steeped
in sleep, and clasped lovingly in each
other's arms, the like whereof hath not
been in all the ages that tradition com-
passeth, and doubtless none shall ever in
this world find faith to master the belief
of it save only we that have beheld the
damnable and unholy vision. Thus in-
scrutable be the ways of God, whose will be
done.

'This day, by order, did the Engineer-
in-Chief, Herr Spider, rig the necessary
tackle for the overturning of the vast re-
servoir, and so its calamitous contents were
discharged in a torrent upon the thirsty
earth, which drank it up, and now there is
no more danger, we reserving but a few
drops for experiment and scrutiny, and to
exhibit to the king and consequently pre-
serve among the wonders of the museum.
What this liquid is has been determined.
It is without question that fierce and most
destructive fluid called lightning. It was
wrested, in its container, from its store-
house in the clouds by the resistless might
of the flying planet, and hurled at our
feet as she sped by. An interesting dis-
covery here results, which is, that light-
ning, kept to itself, is quiescent; it is the
assaulting contact of the thunderbolt that
releases it from captivity, ignites its awful
fires, and so produces an instantaneous
combustion and explosion which spread
disaster and desolation far and wide in the
earth.'

After another day devoted to rest and
recovery, the expedition proceeded upon its
way. Some days later it went into camp
in a very pleasant part of the plain, and
the savants sallied forth to see what they
might find. Their reward was at hand.
Professor Bull Frog discovered a strange
tree, and called his comrades. They in-
spected it with profound interest. It was
very tall and straight, and wholly devoid of
bark, limbs or foliage. By triangulation
Lord Longlegs determined its altitude;
Herr Spider measured its circumference
at its top by a mathematical demonstration
based upon the warrant furnished by
the uniform degree of its taper upward.
It was considered a very extraordinary
find; and since it was a tree of a hitherto
unknown species, Professor Woodlouse
gave it a name of a learned sound, being
none other than that of Professor Bull
Frog translated into the ancient Mastodon
language, for it had always been the
custom with discoverers to perpetuate
their names and honour themselves by

this sort of connection with their discoveries.

Now, Professor Field Mouse having placed his sensitive ear to the tree, detected a rich harmonious sound issuing from it. This surprising thing was tested and enjoyed by each scholar in turn, and great was the gladness and astonishment of all. Professor Woodlouse was requested to add to and extend the tree's name so as to make it suggest the musical quality it possessed—which he did, furnishing the addition Anthem Singer, done with the Mastodon tongue.

By this time Professor Snail was making some telescope inspections. He discovered a great number of these trees, extending in a single rank with wide intervals between, as far as his instrument would carry, both southward and northward. He also presently discovered that all these trees were bound together, near their tops, by fourteen great ropes, one above another, which ropes were continuous, from tree to tree, as far as his vision could reach. This was surprising. Chief Engineer Spider ran aloft and soon reported that these ropes were simply a web hung there by some colossal member of his own species, for he could see its prey dangling here and there from the strands, in the shape of mighty shreds and rags that had a woven look about their texture, and were no doubt discarded skins of prodigious insects which had been caught and eaten. And then he ran along one of the ropes to make a closer inspection, but felt a smart sudden burn on the soles of his feet, accompanied by a paralyzing shock, wherefore he let go and swung himself to the earth by a thread of his own spinning, and advised all to hurry at once to camp, lest the monster should appear and get as much interested in the savants as they were in him and his works. So they departed with speed, making notes about the gigantic web as they went. And that evening the naturalist of the expedition built a beautiful model of a colossal spider, having no need to see it in order to do this, because he had picked up a fragment of its vertebrae by the tree, and so knew exactly what the creature looked like and what its habits and preferences were, by this simple evidence alone. He built it with a tail, teeth, fourteen legs and a snout, and said it ate grass, cattle, pebbles and dirt with equal enthusiasm. This animal was regarded as a very precious addition to science. It was hoped a dead one might be found, to stuff. Professor Woodlouse thought that he and his brother scholars, by lying hid and being quiet, might maybe catch a live one. He was advised to

try it, which was all the attention that was paid to his suggestion. The conference ended with the naming the monster after the naturalist, since he, after God, had created it.

'And improved it, mayhap,' muttered Tumble-Bug, who was intruding again, according to his idle custom and his unappeasable curiosity.

END OF PART FIRST.

SOME LEARNED FABLES FOR GOOD OLD BOYS AND GIRLS.

PART SECOND.

HOW THE ANIMALS OF THE WOOD COMPLETED THEIR SCIENTIFIC LABOURS.

A week later the expedition camped in the midst of a collection of wonderful curiosities. These were a sort of vast caverns of stone that rose singly and in bunches out of the plain by the side of the river which they had first seen when they emerged from the forest. These caverns stood in long straight rows on opposite sides of broad isles that were bordered with single ranks of trees. The summit of each cavern sloped sharply both ways. Several horizontal rows of great square holes, obstructed by a thin, shiny, transparent substance, pierced the frontage of each cavern. Inside were caverns within caverns; and one might ascend and visit these minor compartments by means of curious winding ways consisting of continuous regular terraces raised one above another. There were many huge shapeless objects in each compartment, which were considered to have been living creatures at one time, though now the thin brown skin was shrunk and loose, and rattled when disturbed. Spiders were here in great numbers, and their cobwebs, stretched in all directions and wreathing the great skinny dead together, were a pleasant spectacle, since they inspired with life and wholesome cheer a scene which would otherwise have brought to the mind only a sense of forsakenness and desolation. Information was sought of these spiders, but in vain. They were of different nationality from those with the expedition, and their language seemed but a musical, meaningless jargon. They were a timid, gentle race, but ignorant, and heathenish worshippers of unknown gods. The expedition detailed a great detachment of missionaries to teach them the true religion, and in a week's time a precious work had been wrought among those darkened creatures, not three families being by that time

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at peace with each other or having a settled
belief in any system of religion whatever.
This encouraged the expedition to estab-
lish a colony of missionaries there per-
manently, that the work of grace might go
on.

But let us not outrun our narrative. After
close examination of the fronts of the ca-
verns, and much thinking and exchanging
of theories, the scientists determined the
nature of these singular formations. They
said that each belonged mainly to the Old
Red Sandstone period; that the cavern
fronts rose in innumerable and wonderfully
regular strata high in the air, each stratum
about five frog-spans thick, and that in the
present discovery lay an overpowering refu-
tation of all received geology; for between
every two layers of Old Red Sandstone re-
posed a thin layer of decomposed limestone;
so instead of there having been but one Old
Red Sandstone period there had certainly
been not less than a hundred and seventy-
five! And by the same token it was plain
that there had also been a hundred and
seventy-five floodings of the earth and de-
positing of limestone strata! The unavoid-
able deduction from which pair of facts was,
the overwhelming truth that the world, in-
stead of being only two hundred thousand
years old, was older by millions upon mil-
lions of years! And there was another
curious thing: every stratum of Old Red
Sandstone was pierced and divided at mathe-
matically regular intervals by vertical strata
of limestone. Upshootings of igneous rock
through fractures in water formations were
common; but here was the first instance
where water-formed rock had been so pro-
tected. It was a great and noble discovery,
and its value to science was considered to be
inestimable.

A critical examination of some of the lower
strata demonstrated the presence of fossil
ants and tumble-bugs (the latter accompa-
nied by their peculiar goods,) and with high
ratification the fact was enrolled upon the
scientific record; for this was proof that
these vulgar labourers belonged to the first
and lowest orders of created beings, though
at the same time there was something repul-
sive in the reflection that the perfect and ex-
quisite creature of the modern uppermost
order owed its origin to such ignominious
beings through the mysterious law of De-
velopment of Species.

The Tumble-Bug, overhearing this discus-
sion, said he was willing that the parvenus of
these new times should find what comfort
they might in their wise-drawn theories,
since as far as he was concerned he was con-
tent to be of the old first families, and proud

to point back to his place among the old
original aristocracy of the land.

'Enjoy your mushroom dignity, stinking
of the varnish of yesterday's veneering, since
you like it,' said he; 'suffice it for the Tum-
ble-Bugs that they come of a race that rolled
ed their fragrant spheres down the solemn
aisles of antiquity, and left their imperish-
able works embalmed in the Old Red Sand-
stone to proclaim it to the wasting centuries
as they file along the highway of Time!'

'O, take a walk!' said the chief of the ex-
pedition with derision.

The summer passed, and the winter ap-
proached. In and about many of the caverns
were what seemed to be inscriptions. Most
of the scientists said they were inscriptions,
a few said they were not. The chief philolo-
gist, Professor Woodlouse maintained that
they were writings, done in a character utter-
ly unknown to scholars, and in a language
equally unknown. He had early ordered
his artists and draughtsmen to make fac-
similes of all that were discovered; and had
set himself about finding the key to the hid-
den tongue. In this work he had followed
the method which had always been used by
decipherers previously. That is to say, he
placed a number of copies of inscriptions be-
fore him, and studied them both collectively
and in detail. To begin with, he placed the
following copies together:

THE AMERICAN HO-	MEALS AT ALL
TEL.	HOURS.
THE SHADES.	NO SMOKING.
BOATS FOR HIRE	UNION PRAYER
CHEAP.	MEETING, 4 P. M.
BILLIARDS.	THE WATERSIDE
THE A 1 BARBER	JOURNAL
SHOP.	TELEGRAPH OFFICE
KEEP OFF THE	TRY BRANDRETH'S
GRASS.	PILLS.
COTTAGES FOR RENT DURING THE WATERING	
SEASON.	
FOR SALE CHEAP.	FOR SALE CHEAP.
FOR SALE CHEAP.	FOR SALE CHEAP.

At first it seemed to the Professor that
this was a sign-language, and that each word
was represented by a distinct sign; further
examination convinced him that it was a
written language, and that every letter of
its alphabet was represented by a character
of its own; and finally he decided that it
was a language that conveyed itself partly
by letters, and partly by signs or hierogly-
phics.

He observed that certain inscriptions were
met with in greater frequency than others.
Such as 'For Sale Cheap,' 'Billiards,'
'S. T.—1860—X,' 'Keno,' 'All on

Draught.' Naturally, then, these must be religious maxims. But this idea was cast aside by-and-bye, as the mystery of the strange alphabet began to clear itself. In time, the Professor was enabled to translate several of the inscriptions with considerable plausibility, though not to the perfect satisfaction of all the scholars. Still, he made constant and encouraging progress.

Finally, a cavern was discovered with these inscriptions upon it:—

WATERSIDE MUSEUM.

Open at all hours.

Admission 50 cents.

WONDERFUL COLLECTION OF WAX-WORKS,
ANCIENT FOSSILS, ETC.

Professor Woodlouse affirmed that the word 'Museum' was equivalent to the phrase '*lungath molo*,' or 'Burial-place.' Upon entering, the scientists were all astonished. But what they saw may be best conveyed in the language of their own official report:—

'Erect, and in a row, were a sort of rigid, great figures which struck us instantly as belonging to the long extinct species of reptile called Man, described in our ancient records. This was a peculiarly gratifying discovery, because of late times it has become fashionable to regard this creature as a myth and a superstition, a work of the inventive imaginations of our remote ancestors. But here, indeed, was Man, perfectly preserved, in a fossil state. And this was his burial-place, as already ascertained by the inscription. And now it began to be suspected that the caverns we had been inspecting had been his ancient haunts in that old time that he roamed the earth—for upon the breast of each of these tall fossils was an inscription in the character heretofore noticed. One read, "Captain Kidd, the Pirate;" another, "Queen Victoria;" another, "Abe Lincoln;" another, "George Washington," etc.

'With feverish interest we called for our ancient scientific records to discover it perchance the description of Man there set down would tally with the fossils before us. Professor Woodlouse read it aloud in its quaint and musty phraseology, to wit:

"In ye time of our fathers Man still walked ye earth, as by tradition we know. It was a creature of exceedingly great size, being compassed about with a loose skin, sometimes of one colour, sometimes of many, the which it was able to cast at will; which being done, the hind-legs were discovered

to be armed with short claws like a mole's but broader, and ye fore-legs with fingers of a curious slimness and a length much more prodigious than a frog's, armed also with broad talons for scratching in ye earth for its food. It has a sort of feathers upon its head such as hath a rat, but longer, and a beak suitable for seeking its food by ye smell thereof. When it was stirred with happiness it leaked water from its eyes; and when it suffered or was sad, it manifested it with a horrible, hellish, cackling clamour that was exceedingly dreadful to hear and made one long that it might rend itself and perish, and so end its troubles. Two Mans being together, they uttered noises at each other like to this: "Haw-haw—dam good, dam good," together with other sounds of more or less likeness to these, wherefore ye poets conceived that they talked, but poets be always ready to catch at any frantic folly, God he knows. Sometimes this creature goeth about with a long stick ye which it putteth to its face and bloweth fire and smoke through ye same with a sudden and most damnable bruit and noise that doth fright its prey to death, and so seizeth it in its talons and walketh away to its habitat consumed with a most fierce and devilish joy.

'Now was the description set forth by our ancestors wonderfully endorsed and confirmed by the fossils before us, as shall be seen. The specimen marked "Captain Kidd" was examined in detail. Upon its head and part of its face was a sort of fur like that upon the tail of a horse. With great labour its loose skin was removed, whereupon its body was discovered to be of a polished white texture, thoroughly petrified. The straw it had eaten, so many ages gone by, was still in its body, undigested—and even in its legs.

'Surrounding these fossils were objects that would mean nothing to the ignorant, but to the eye of science they were a revelation. They laid bare the secrets of dead ages. These musty Memorials told us when Man lived, and what were his habits. For here, side by side with Man, were the evidences that he had lived in the earliest ages of creation, the companion of the other low orders of life that belonged to that forgotten time.—Here was the fossil nautilus that sailed the primeval seas; here was the skeleton of the mastodon, the ichthyosaurus, the cave bear, the prodigious elk. Here, also, were the charred bones of some of these extinct animals and of the young of Man's own species, split lengthwise, showing that to his taste the marrow was a toothsome luxury. It was plain that man had robbed

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those bones of their contents, since no tooth-mark of any beast was upon them—albeit the Tumble-up intruded the remark that "no beast could mark a bone with its teeth, anyway." Here were proofs that Man had vague, grovelling notions of art; for this fact was conveyed by certain things marked with the untranslatable words, "Flint Hatchets, Knives, Arrow-Heads, and Bone Ornaments of Primeval Man." Some of these seemed to be rude weapons chipped out of flint, and in a secret place was found some more in process of construction, with this untranslatable legend on a thin flimsy material, lying by: "Jones, if you don't want to be discharged from the Museum, make the next primeval weapons more careful—you couldn't even fool one of these sleepy old scientific grannys from the Cologde with the last ones. And mind you the animals you carved on some of the Bone Ornaments is a blame sight too good for any primeval man that was ever fooled. — Barnum, Manager."

'Back of the burial place was a mass of ashes, showing that man always had a feast at a funeral—else why the ashes in such a place? and showing also, that he believed in God and the immortality of the soul—else why these solemn ceremonies?

'To sum up.—We believe that Man had a written language. We know that he existed at one time, and is not a myth; also, that he was the companion of the cave bear, the mastodon, and other extinct species; that he cooked and ate them and likewise the young of his own kind; also, that he bore rude weapons, and knew something of art; that he imagined he had a soul, and pleased himself with the fancy that it was immortal. But let us not laugh; there may be creatures in existence to whom we and our vanities and profundities may seem as ludicrous.'

END OF PART SECOND.

SOME LEARNED FABLES FOR GOOD OLD BOYS AND GIRLS.

PART THIRD.

Near the margin of the great river the scientists presently found a huge, shapely bone, with this inscription:

'In 1847, in the spring, the river overflowed its banks and covered the whole township. The depth was from two to six feet. More than 900 head of cattle were lost, and many houses destroyed. The Mayor ordered this memorial to be erected

to perpetuate the event. God spare us the repetition of it.'

With infinite trouble, Professor Woodlouse succeeded in making a translation of this inscription, which was sent home, and straightway an enormous excitement was created about it. It confirmed, in a remarkable way, certain treasured traditions of the ancients. The translation was slightly marred by one or two untranslatable words, but these did not impair the general clearness of the meaning. It is here presented:

'One thousand eight hundred and forty-seven years ago, the (fires?) descended and consumed the whole city. Only some nine hundred souls were saved, all others destroyed. The (king?) commanded this stone to be set up (untranslatable)

to prevent the repetition of it.

This was the first successful and satisfactory translation that had been made of the mysterious character left behind him by extinct man, and it gave Professor Woodlouse such reputation that at once every seat of learning in his native land conferred a degree of the most illustrious grade upon him, and it was believed that if he had been a soldier, and had turned his splendid talents to the extermination of a remote tribe of reptiles, the king would have ennobled him and made him rich. And this, too, was the origin of that school of scientists called Monologists, whose specialty is the deciphering of the ancient records of the extinct bird termed Man. (For it is now decided that man was a bird, and not a reptile.) But Professor Woodlouse began and remained chief of these, for it was granted that no translations were ever so free from error as his. Others made mistakes—he seemed incapable of it. Many a memorial of the lost race was afterwards found, but none ever attained to the renown and veneration achieved by the 'Mayoritish Stone'—it being so called from the word 'Mayor' in it, which, being translated 'King,' 'Mayoritish Stone' was but another way of saying 'King Stone.'

Another time the expedition made a great find. It was a vast round flattish mass, ten frog-spans in diameter, and five or six high. Professor Snail put on his spectacles and examined it all round, and then climbed up and inspected the top. He said:

'The result of my per-lustrations and per-scoitation of this isoperimetrical protuberance is a belief that it is one of those rare and wonderful creations left by the Mound Builders. The fact that this one is lamelli-branchiate in its formation, simply adds to its interest as being possibly of a different

kind from any we read of in the records of science, but yet in no manner marring its authenticity. Let the megalophonous grasshopper sound a blast and summon hither the perfunctory and circumferoneous Tumble-Bug, to the end that excavations may be made and learning gather new treasures.

Not a Tumble-Bug could be found on duty, so the Mound was excavated by a working party of ants. Nothing was discovered. This would have been a great disappointment had not the venerable Longlegs explained the matter. He said:

'It is now plain to me that the mysterious and forgotten race of Mound Builders did not always erect these edifices as mausoleums, else in this case, as in all previous cases, their skeletons would be found here, along with the rude implements which the creatures used in life. Is not this manifest?'

'True! true!' from everybody.

'Then we have made a discovery of peculiar value here; a discovery which greatly extends our knowledge of this creature in place of diminishing it; a discovery which will add lustre to the achievements of this expedition, and win for us the commendations of scholars everywhere. For the absence of the customary relics here means nothing less than this: The Mound Builder, instead of being the ignorant, savage reptile we have been taught to consider him, was a creature of cultivation and high intelligence, capable of not only appreciating worthy achievements of the great and noble of his species, but of commemorating them! Fellow-scholars, this stately Mound is not a sepulchre—it is a monument!'

A profound impression was produced by this.

But it was interrupted by rude and derisive laughter—and the Tumble-Bug appeared.

'A monument!' quoth he. 'A monument set up by a Mound Builder! Aye, so it is; indeed, to the shrewd keen eye of science; but to an ignorant poor devil who has never seen a college, it is not a monument, strictly speaking, but is yet a most rich and noble property, and with your worships' good permission I will proceed to manufacture it into spheres of exceeding grace and—'

The Tumble-Bug was driven away with stripes, and the draughtsmen of the expedition were set to making views of the Monument from different standpoints, while Professor Woodlouse, in a frenzy of scientific zeal, travelled all over it and all around it hoping to find an inscription. But if there had ever been one it had decayed or been removed by some vandal as a relic.

The views having been completed, it was now considered safe to load the precious Monument itself upon the backs of four of the largest Tortoises, and send it home to the King's Museum, which was done; and when it arrived it was received with enormous eclat and escorted to its future abiding-place by thousands of enthusiastic citizens, King Bull Frog XVI. himself attending and condescending to sit enthroned upon it throughout the progress.

The growing rigour of the weather was now admonishing the scientists to close their labours for the present, so they made preparations to journey homeward. But even their last days among the caverns bore fruits; for one of the scholars found in an out-of-the-way corner of the Museum or 'Burial Place' a most strange and extraordinary thing. It was nothing less than a double man-bird lashed together breast to breast by a natural ligament, and labelled with the untranslatable words 'Siamese Twins.' The official report concerning this thing closed thus:

'Wherefore it appears that there were in olden times two distinct species of this majestic fowl, the one being single and the other double. Nature has a reason for all things. It is plain to the eye of science that the double-man originally inhabited a region where dangers abounded; hence he was paired together to the end that while one part slept the other might watch; and likewise that danger being discovered, there might always be a double instead of a single power to oppose it. All honour to the mystery-dispelling eye of god-like science!'

And near the double man-bird was found what was plainly an ancient record of him, marked upon numberless sheets of a thin white substance and bound together. Almost the first glance that Professor Woodlouse threw into it revealed this following sentence, which he instantly translated and laid before the scientists, in a tremble, and it uplifted every soul there with exultation and astonishment.

'In truth, it is believed by many that the lower animals reason and talk together.'

When the great official report of the expedition appeared, the above sentence bore this comment:

'Then there are lower animals than Man! This remarkable passage can mean nothing else. Man himself is extinct, but they may still exist. What can they be? Where do they inhabit? One's enthusiasm bursts all bounds in the contemplation of the brilliant field of discovery and investigation here thrown open to science. We close our labours with the humble prayer that your Majesty

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will immediately appoint a commission and command it to rest not nor spare expense until the search for this hitherto unsuspected race of the creatures of God shall be crowned with success.

The expedition then journeyed homeward after its long absence and faithful endeavours, and was received with a mighty ovation by the whole grateful country.

There were vulgar, ignorant carpens, of course, as there always are and always will be; and naturally one of those was the ob- scene Tumble-Bug. He said that all he had learned by his travels was that science only needed a spoonful of supposition to build a mountain of demonstrated fact out of; and that for the future he meant to be content with the knowledge that nature had made free to all creatures, and not go prying into the august secrets of the Deity.

NIAGARA.

Niagara Falls is a most enjoyable place of resort. The hotels are excellent, and the prices not at all exorbitant. The opportunities for fishing are not surpassed in the country; in fact, they are not even equalled elsewhere. Because, in other localities, certain places in the streams are much better than others; but at Niagara one place is just as good as another, for the reason that the fish do not bite anywhere, and so there is no use in your walking five miles to fish, when you can depend on being just as successful nearer home. The advantages of this state of things have never heretofore been properly placed before the public.

The weather is cool in summer, and the walks and drives are all pleasant and none of them fatiguing. When you start out to "do" the Falls you first drive down about a mile, and pay a small sum for the privilege of looking down from a precipice into the narrowest part of the Niagara river. A railway "cut" through a hill would be as comely if it had the angry river tumbling and foaming through its bottom. You can descend a staircase here a hundred and fifty feet down, and stand at the edge of the water. After you have it, you will wonder why you did it; but you will then be too late.

The guide will explain to you, in his blood-curdling way, how he saw the little steamer, Maid of the Mist, descend the fearful rapids—how first one paddle-box was out of sight behind the raging billows, and then the other, and at what point it was that her smokestack toppled overboard, and where her planking began to break and part asunder—and how she did finally live through

the trip, after accomplishing the incredible feat of travelling seventeen miles in six minutes, or six miles in seventeen minutes, I have really forgotten which. But it was very extraordinary, anyhow. It is worth the price of admission to hear the guide tell the story nine times in succession to different parties, and never miss a word or alter a sentence or a gesture.

Then you drive over the Suspension Bridge, and divide your misery between the chances of smashing down two hundred feet into the river below, and the chances of having the railway train overhead smashing down on to you. Either possibility is discomforting taken by itself, but mixed together, they amount in the aggregate to positive unhappiness.

On the Canada side you drive along the chasm between long ranks of photographers standing behind their cameras, ready to make an ostentatious frontispiece of you and your decaying ambulance, and your solemn crate with a hide on it, which you are expected to regard in the light of a horse, and a diminished and unimportant background of sublime Niagara; and a great many people have the incredible effrontery or the native depravity to aid and abet this sort of crime.

Any day, in the hands of these photographers, you may see stately pictures of papa and mamma, Johnny and Bub and Sis, or a couple of country cousins, all smiling vacantly, and all disposed in studied and uncomfortable attitudes in their carriage, and all looming up in their awe-inspiring imbecility before the snubbed and diminished presentment of that majestic presence whose ministering spirits are the rainbows, whose voice is the thunder, whose awful front is veiled in clouds, who was monarch here dead and forgotten ages before this hackful of small reptiles was deemed temporarily necessary to fill a crack in the world's unnoted myriads, and will still be monarch here ages and decades of ages after they shall have gathered themselves to their blood relations, the ether worms, and been mingled with the unremembering dust.

There is no actual harm in making Niagara a background whereon to display one's marvellous insignificance in a good strong light, but it requires a sort of superhuman self-complacency to enable one to do it.

When you have examined the stupendous Horseshoe Fall till you are satisfied you cannot improve on it, you return to America by the new suspension bridge, and follow up the bank to where they exhibit the Cave of the Winds.

Here I followed instructions, and divested

myself of all my clothing, and put on a waterproof jacket and overalls. This costume is picturesque, but not beautiful. A guide, similarly dressed, led the way down a flight of winding stairs, which wound and wound, and still kept on winding long after the thing ceased to be a novelty, and then terminated long before it had begun to be a pleasure. We were then well down under the precipice, but still considerably above the level of the river.

We now began to creep along flimsy bridges of a single plank, our persons shielded from destruction by a crazy wooden railing, to which I clung with both hands—not because I was afraid, but because I wanted to. Presently the descent became steeper, and the bridge flimsier, and sprays from the American Fall began to rain down on us in fast-increasing sheets that soon became blinding, and after that our progress was mostly in the nature of groping. Now a furious wind began to rush out from behind the waterfall, which seemed determined to sweep us from the bridge, and scatter us on the rocks and among the torrents below. I remarked that I wanted to go home; but it was too late. We were almost under the monstrous wall of water thundering down from above, and speech was in vain in the midst of such a pitiless crash of sound.

In another moment the guide disappeared behind the deluge, and bewildered by the thunder, driven helplessly by the wind, and smitten by the arrowy tempest of rain, I followed. All was darkness. Such a mad storming, roaring and bellowing of warring wind and water never crazed my ears before. I bent my head and seemed to receive the Atlantic on my back. The world seemed going to destruction. I could not see anything, the flood poured down so savagely. I raised my head, with open mouth, and most of the American cataract went down my throat. If I had sprung a leak now, I had been lost. And at this moment I discovered that the bridge had ceased, and we must trust for a footing to the slippery and precipitous rocks. I never was so scared before and survived it. But we got through at last, and emerged into the open day, where we could stand in front of the lashed and frothy and seething world of descending water, and look at it. When I saw how much of it there was, and how fearfully in earnest it was, I was sorry I had gone behind it.

The noble red man has always been a friend and darling of mine. I love to read about him in tales and legends and romances. I love to read of his inspired sagacity, and his love of the wild free life of mountain and

forest, and his general nobility of character, and his stately and metaphorical manner of speech, and his chivalrous love for the dusky maiden, and the picturesque pomp of his dress and accoutrements. When I found the shops at Niagara Falls full of dainty Indian bead-work, and stunning moccasins, and equally stunning toy figures representing human beings who carried their weapons in holes bored through their arms and bodies, and had been shaped like a pie, I was filled with emotion. I knew that now, at last, I was going to come face to face with the noble Red Man.

A lady clerk in a shop told me, indeed, that all her grand array of curiosities were made by the Indians, and that they were plenty about the Falls, and that they were friendly, and that it would not be dangerous to speak to them. And sure enough, as I approached the bridge leading over to Luna Island, I came upon a noble Son of the Forest, sitting under a tree, diligently at work on a bead reticule. He wore a slouch hat and brogans, and had a short black pipe in his mouth. Thus does the baneful contact with our effeminate civilization dilute the picturesque pomp which is so natural to the Indian when far removed from us in his native haunts. I addressed the relic as follows:—

'Is the Wawhoo-Wang-Wang of the Whack-a-Whack happy? Does the great Speckled Thunder sigh for the war path, or is his heart contented with dreaming of the dusky maiden, the Pride of the Forest? Does the mighty Sachem yearn to drink the blood of his enemies, or is he satisfied to make bead reticules for the papooses of the paleface? Speak, sublime relic of bygone grandeur—venerable ruin, speak!'

The relic said—

'An' is, it meself, Dennis Hooligan, that ye'd be takin' for a dirty Injin, ye drawlin', lantern-jawed, spider-legged divil? By the piper that played before Moses, I'll ate ye!'

I went away from there.

By-and-bye, in the neighbourhood of the Terrapin Tower, I came upon a gentle daughter of the aborigines in fringed and beaded buckskin moccasins and leggings, seated on a bench, with her pretty wares about her. She had just carved out a wooden chief that had a strong family resemblance to a clothes-pin, and was now boring a hole through his abdomen to put his bow through. I hesitated a moment, and then addressed her:

'Is the heart of the forest maiden heavy? Is the Laughing Tadpole lonely? Does she mourn over the extinguished council-fires of

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her race, and the vanished glory of her
ancestors? Or does her sad spirit wander
afar towards the hunting-grounds whither
her brave Gobler-of-the-Lightnings is gone?
Why is my daughter silent? Has she
aught against the paleface stranger?

The maiden said—

"Faix, an' is it Biddy Malone ye dare
to be callin' names? Lave this, or I'll shy
your lean carcass over the cataract, ye
smivellin' blaggard!"

I adjourned from there also.

"Confound these Indians!" I said.
"They told me they were tame; but, if
appearances go for anything, I should say
they were all on the war path."

I made one more attempt to fraternize
with them, and only one. I came upon a
camp of them gathered in the shade of a
great tree, making wampum and moccasins,
and addressed them in the language of friend-
ship:

"Noble Red Men, Braves, Grand
Sachems, War Chiefs, Squaws, and High
Muck-a-Mucks, the paleface from the land
of the setting sun greets you! You, bene-
ficient Polecat—you, Devourer of Moun-
tains—you, Roaring Thundergust—you,
Bully Boy with a Glass Eye—the paleface
from beyond the great waters greets you all!
War and pestilence have thinned your ranks,
and destroyed your once proud nation.
Poker and seven-up, and a vain modern ex-
pense for soap, unknown to your glorious
ancestors, have depleted your purses. Ap-
propriating, in your simplicity, the property
of others, has gotten you into trouble. Mis-
representing facts, in your simple innocence,
has damaged your reputation with the soul-
less usurper. Trading for forty-rod whiskey,
to enable you to get drunk and happy and
tomahawk your families, has played the
everlasting mischief with the picturesque
pomp of your dress, and here you are, in the
broad light of the nineteenth century, gotten
up like the rag-tag-and-bobtail of the pur-
sues of New York. For shame! Remem-
ber your ancestors! Recall their mighty
deeds! Remember Uncas!—and Red Jacket!
—and Hole in the Day!—and Whoopde-
doodledoo! Emulate their achievements!
Unfurl yourselves under my banner, noble
savages, illustrious guttersnipes!"

"Down wid him!" "Scoop the blaggard!"
"Burn him!" "Hang him!" "Dhround
him!"

It was the quickest operation that ever
was. I simply saw as sudden flash in the
air of clubs, brickbat, fists, bead-baskets,
and moccasins—a single flash, and they all
appeared to hit me at once, and no two of
them in the same place. In the next instant

the entire tribe was upon me. They tore
half the clothes off me; they broke my arms
and legs; they gave me a thump that dented
the top of my head till it would hold coffee
like a saucer; and, to crown their disgrace-
ful proceedings and add insult to injury, they
threw me over the Niagara Falls, and I got
wet.

About ninety or a hundred feet from the
top, the remains of my vest caught on a pro-
jecting rock, and I was almost drowned be-
fore I could get loose. I finally fell, and
brought up in a world of white foam at the
foot of the Fall, whose celled and bubbly
masses towered up several inches above my
head. Of course I got into the eddy. I
sailed round and round in it forty-four
times—and just exactly missing it by a hair's-
breadth every time.

At last a man walked down and sat down
close to that bush, and put a pipe in his
mouth, and lit a match, and followed me
with one eye and kept the other on the
match, while he sheltered it in his hands from
the wind. Presently a puff of wind blew it
out. The next time I swept around he said—

"Got a match?"

"Yes; in my other vest. Help me out,
please."

"Not for Joe."

When I came round again, I said—

"Excuse the seemingly impertinent curi-
osity of a drowning man, but will you ex-
plain this singular conduct of yours?"

"With pleasure. I am the coroner. Don't
hurry on my account. I can wait for you.
But I wish I had a match."

I said—"Take my place, and I'll go and
get you one."

He declined. This lack of confidence on
his part created a coldness between us, and
from that time forward I avoided him. It
was my idea, in case anything happened to
me, to so time the occurrence as to throw
my custom into the hands of the opposition
coroner over on the American side.

At last a policeman came along, and ar-
rested me for disturbing the peace by yelling
at the people on shore for help. The judge
fined me, but I had the advantage of him.
My money was with my pantaloons, and my
pantaloons were with the Indians.

Thus I escaped. I am now lying in a very
critical condition. At least I am lying any
way—critical or not critical. I am hurt all
over, but I cannot tell the full extent yet,
because the doctor is not done taking inven-
tory. He will make out my manifest this
evening. However, thus far he thinks only
sixteen of my wounds are fatal. I don't
mind the others.

Upon regaining my right mind, I said—

'It is an awful savage tribe of Indians that do the bead work and moccasins for Niagara Falls, doctor. Where are they from?'

'Limerick, my son.'

HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF.

The following I find in a Sandwich Island paper, which some friend has sent from that tranquil far-off retreat. The coincidence between my own experience and that here set down by the late Mr. Benton is so remarkable that I cannot forbear publishing and commenting upon the paragraph. The Sandwich Island paper says:

'How touching is this tribute of the late Hon. T. D. Benton to his mother's influence:—"My mother asked me never to use tobacco; I have never touched it from that time to the present day." She asked me not to gamble, and I have never gambled. I cannot tell who is losing in games that are being played. She admonished me, too, against liquor-drinking, and whatever capacity for endurance I have at present, and whatever usefulness I may have attained through life, I attribute to having complied with her pious and correct wishes. When I was seven years of age, she asked me not to drink, and then I made a resolution of total abstinence; and that I have adhered to it through all time I owe to my mother.'

I never saw anything so curious. It is almost an exact epitome of my own moral career—after simply substituting a grandmother for a mother. How well I remember my grandmother's asking me not to use tobacco, good old soul! She said, 'You're at it again, are you, you whelp? Now, don't let me ever catch you chewing tobacco before breakfast again, or I'll black-snake you within an inch of your life!' I have never touched it at that hour of the morning from that hour to the present day.

She asked me not to gamble. She whispered and said, 'Put up those wicked cards this minute!—two pair and a jack, you numakull, and the other fellow's got a flush!'

I never have gambled from that day to this—never once—without a 'cold deck' in my pocket. I cannot even tell who is going to lose in games that are being played unless I dealt myself.

When I was two years of age she asked me not to drink, and then I made a resolution of total abstinence. That I have adhered to it, and enjoyed the beneficent effects of it all through time, I owe to my grandmother. I have never drank a drop from that day to this of any kind of water.

FIRST INTERVIEW WITH ARTEMUS WARD.

I had never seen him before. He brought letters of introduction from mutual friends in San Francisco, and by invitation I breakfasted with him. It was almost religion, there in the silver mines, to precede such a meal with whiskey cocktails. Artemus, with the true cosmopolitan instinct, always deferred to the customs of the country he was in, and so he ordered three of those abominations. Hingston was present. I said I would rather not drink a whiskey cocktail. I said it would go right to my head, and confuse me that I would be in a helpless tangle in ten minutes. I did not want to act like a lunatic before strangers. But Artemus gently insisted, and I drank the treasonable mixture under protest, and felt at the time that I was doing a thing I might be sorry for. In a minute or two I began to imagine that my ideas were clouded. I waited in great anxiety for the conversation to open, with a sort of vague hope that my understanding would prove clear, after all, and my misgivings groundless.

Artemus dropped an unimportant remark or two, and then assumed a look of superhuman earnestness, and made the following astounding speech. He said:

Now, there is one thing I ought to ask you about before I forget it. You have been here in Silverland—here in Nevada—two or three years, and, of course, your position on the daily press has made it necessary for you to go down in the mines and examine them carefully in detail, and therefore you know all about the silver-mining business. Now, what I want to get at is—well, the way the deposits of ore are made, you know. For instance. Now, as I understand it, the vein which contains the silver is sandwiched in between casings of granite, and runs along the ground, and sticks up like a curb-stone. Well, take a vein forty feet thick, for example, or eighty for that matter, or even a hundred—say you go down on it with a shaft, straight down you know, or with what you call "incline," maybe you go down five hundred feet, or maybe you don't go down but two hundred—any way, you go down, and all this time this vein grows narrower, when the casings come nearer or approach each other, you may say—that is, when they do approach, which of course they do not always do, particularly in cases where the nature of the formation is such that they stand apart wider than they otherwise would, and which geology has failed to account for, although everything in that

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re made, you know.
I understand it, the
silver is sandwiched
granite, and runs
icks up like a curb-
ein forty feet thick,
or that matter, or
you go down on it
wn you know, or
line," maybe you go
or maybe you don't
d—any way, you go
this vein grows nar-
come nearer or ap-
may say—that is,
—, which of course
particularly in case
formation is such
sider than they other-
geology has failed to
everything in this

science goes to prove that, all things being equal, it would if it did not, or would not certainly if it did, and then of course they are. Do not you think it is?"

I said to myself:

"Now I just knew how it would be—that whiskey cock-tail has done the business for me; I don't understand any more than a clam."

And I said aloud:

"I—I—that is—if you don't mind, would you—would you say that over again? I ought—"

"Oh, certainly, certainly! You see I am very unfamiliar with the subject, and perhaps I don't present my case clearly, but I—"

"No, no—no, no—you state it plain enough, but that cocktail has muddled me a little. But I will—no, I do understand for that matter; but I would get the hang of it all the better if you went over it again—and I'll pay better attention this time."

He said, "Why, what I was after, was this."

[Here he became even more fearfully impressive than ever, and emphasized each particular point by checking it off on his finger ends.]

"This vein, or lode, or ledge, or whatever you call it, runs along between two layers of granite just the same as if it were a sandwich. Very well. Now, suppose you go down on that, say a thousand feet, or maybe be twelve hundred (it don't really matter,) before you drift, and then you start your drifts, some of them across the ledge, and others along the length of it, where the sulphurets,—I believe they call them sulphurets, though why they should, considering that, so far as I can see, the main dependence of a miner does not so lie, as some suppose, but in which it cannot be successfully maintained, where the same should not continue, while part and parcel of the same or not committed to either in the sense referred to, whereas, under different circumstances, the most inexperienced among us could not detect it if it were, or might overlook it if it did, or scorn the very idea of such a thing even though it were palpably demonstrated as such. Am I not right?"

I said, sorrowfully—"I feel ashamed of myself, Mr. Ward. I know I ought to understand you perfectly well, but you see that treacherous whiskey cocktail has got into my head, and now I cannot understand even the simplest proposition. I told you how it would be."

"Oh, don't mind it, don't mind it; the

fault was my own, no doubt—though I did think it clear enough for—"

"Don't say a word. Clear! Why, you stated it as clear as the sun to anybody but an abject idiot, but it's that confounded cocktail that has played the mischief."

"No; now don't say that. I'll begin it all over again and—"

"Don't now—for goodness sake, don't do anything of the kind, because I tell you my head is in such a condition that I don't believe I could understand the most trifling question a man could ask me."

"Now, don't be afraid. I'll put it so plain this time that you can't help but get the hang of it. We will begin at the very beginning." Leaning far across the table, with determined impressiveness wrought upon his every feature, and fingers prepared to keep tally of each point as enumerated; and, leaning forward with painful interest, resolved to comprehend or perish. "You know the vein, the ledge, the thing that contains the metal, whereby it constitutes the medium between all other forces, whether of present or remote agencies, so brought to bear in favour of the former, against the latter, or the latter against the former, or all, or both, or compromising the relative differences existing within the radius whence culminate the several degrees of similarity to which—"

"Oh, hang my wooden head, it ain't any use!—it ain't any use to try—I can't understand anything. The plainer you get it, the more I can't get the hang of it."

I heard a suspicious noise behind me, and turned in time to see Hingston, dodging behind a newspaper, and quaking with a gentle ecstasy of laughter. I looked at Ward again, and he had thrown off his dread solemnity and was laughing also. Then I saw that I had been sold—that I had been made the victim of a swindle in the way of a string of plausible worded sentences that didn't mean anything under the sun. Artemus Ward was one of the best fellows in the world, and one of the most companionable. It has been said that he was not fluent in conversation, but with the above experience in my mind, I differ.

HINTS TO BARBERS.

SUGGESTIONS WHICH WILL REVOLUTIONIZE THE ART OF SHAVING.

It is safe to say that nine out of ten of the men one meets on the streets in our cities shave, or rather are shaved. Some shave the moustache, some shave the chin, some the cheeks. Indeed one must go into

mathematics to the tables of permutations and combinations to find out how many varieties of shavings are possible. Woman is accused of being the party who devotes her time to appearance and frivolities of the mirror, but, after all, man does his share of it. The reason he escapes the charge is that he blandly sets down his decorative work as being a work of necessity.

And it is urged that shaving is a very old custom, nor have we anything to say against it, except that it is unnatural, and is, and should be acknowledged to be a concession to the looking-glass and to vanity. But the point is, that old as is the art, it is a singular how few know how to shave. 'Nearly all men shave in the passive voice.' This may be taken as the grammatical phrase or as an acknowledgment of the voice of the barber which they have to endure. Each signification is true. And while nearly all men consent to refer their shaving to a few who make it a business, only a fraction of those few understand their art.

There is a financial blunder at the bottom of it that makes trouble all through. The dogma that a shave is a shave is a mistake. One man with a stiff beard and a full face will choose to have his whole expressive countenance clean shorn; another will shave on his upper lip. To each it is a 'shave,' and each is charged alike. One may require thirty minutes' attention, the other ten minutes. The first will dull a razor, the second not affect the edge. To each it is ten cents. Now, a barber's working day, we will assume, is ten hours long. If he is occupied three quarters of his time, he must be busier than usually appears. This gives him seven hours labour, and if he struck a day of half-hour faces, his whole receipts would be one dollar and forty cents. Even this would not pay, were it not for the seductive side issues—the hair cuts and the shampoos of the trade—that bring in more per hour than the fundamental industry.

Now, as the price and the circumstances of shaving go, it is a constant hurry to finish a man, as shaving scarcely pays at the best, and if he is one of the most absorbing subjects—full of shave and a stiff beard—it is a loss to work upon him. To shave him carefully takes too much time and costs the edge of the razor. To skim over his face, cutting off sections of beard here and there, and leaving old oases of hair along the deserts of the cheek, saves the razor and spoils the person who pays for the operation, and who should not be forgotten. The scale of prices ought to be regulated by what one gets, and barbers ought to have the courage to charge for what they do.

This done, a revolution in the art would follow. Speed would not be the great aim. Attention could be given to the removal of the beard, which, in old times, it was as important to remove as the lather, and the man who went out of the barber's shop would leave satisfied, instead of hoping that the next time it would be better. We recommend these considerations to the trade without charge for the advice. Shaving is a custom of civilization; playing with soap bubbles is a game of childhood. It is now a matter of luck which of these operations fall to the barber's patron to-day.

MRS. McWILLIAMS AND THE LIGHTNING.

Well, sir—continued Mr. McWilliams for this was not the beginning of his talk—the fear of lightning is one of the most distressing infirmities a human being can be afflicted with. It is mostly confined to women; but now and then you find it in a little dog and sometimes in a man. It is a particularly distressing infirmity, for the reason that it takes the sand out of a person to an extent which no other fear can, and it can't be reasoned with neither can it be shamed out of a person. A woman who could face the very devil himself—or, a mouse—loses her grip and goes all to pieces in front of a flash of lightning. Her fright is something pitiful to see.

Well, as I was telling you, I woke up with that smothered and unlocatable cry of 'Mortimer! Mortimer!' wailing in my ears; and as soon as I could scrape my faculties together I reached over in the dark and then said:

'Evangeline is that you calling? What is the matter? Where are you?'

'Shut up in the boot closet. You ought to be ashamed to lie there and sleep so and such an awful storm going on.'

'Why, how can one be ashamed when he is asleep? It is unreasonable; a man can't be ashamed when he is asleep, Evangeline.'

'You never try, Mortimer—you know very well you never try.'

I caught the sounds of muffled sobs.

That sound smote dead the sharp speech that was on my lips, and I changed it to—

'I'm sorry my dear—I'm truly sorry. I never meant to act so. Come back and—'

'MORTIMER.'

'Heavens! what is the matter, my love?'

'Do you mean to say you are in that bed yet?'

in the art would be the great aim to the removal of these, it was as im-her, and the man-ber's shop would hoping that the ter. We recom-to the trade with-e. Shaving is a laying with soap-ood. It is now a these operations to-day.

B AND THE NG.

Mr. McWilliams ing of his talk- of the most dis- being can be in-ctly confined to you find it in a in a man. It is infirmity, for the nd out of a per-o other fear can, with neither can rson. A woman devil himself—or, and goes all to of lightning. Her to see.

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I'm truly sorry. so. Come back

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you are in that bed

'Why, of course.'

'Come out of it instantly. I should think you would take some *little* care of your life, for my sake and the children's, if you will not for your own.'

'But, my love—'

'Don't talk to me, Mortimer. You *know* there is no place so dangerous as a bed, in such a thunderstorm as this—all the books say that; yet there you would lie, and deliberately throw away your life—for goodness knows what, unless, for the sake of arguing and arguing, and—'

'But, confound it, Evangeline, I'm not in the bed *now*. I'm—'

[Sentence interrupted by a sudden glare of lightning, followed by a terrific little scream from Mrs. McWilliams and tremendous blast of thunder.]

'There. You see the result. Oh, Mortimer, how can you be so profligate as to wear at such a thing as this?'

'I *didn't* swear. And that *wasn't* a result of it, anyway. And it would have come just the same, if I hadn't said a word; and you know very well, Evangeline—at least you ought to know—that when the atmosphere is charged with electricity—'

'Oh, yes, now argue it, and argue it, and argue it!—I don't see how you can act so, when you *know* there is not a lightning-rod in the place, and your poor wife and children are absolutely at the mercy of Providence. What are you doing?—lighting a match at such a time as this. Are you stark mad?'

'Hang it, woman, where's the harm? The place is as dark as the inside of an infidel, and—'

'Put it out! put it out instantly? Are you determined to sacrifice us all? You *know* there is nothing attracts lightning like light. [Fizt,—crash,—boom boom-boom-boom.] Oh, just hear it. Now see what you've done.'

'No, I don't see what I've done. A match may attract lightning, for all I know, but it don't *cause* lightning—I'll go odds a that. And it didn't attract it worth a cent this time; for if that shot was levelled at my match, it was blessed poor marksmanship—about an average of none out of a possible million, I should say. Why, Dollymount such marksmanship as that—'

'For shame, Mortimer. Here we are standing right in the very presence of death, and yet in so solemn a moment you are capable of using such language as that. You have no desire to—Mortimer!'

'Well!'

'Did you say your prayers to-night?'

'I—I meant to, but I got to trying to cipher out how much twelve times thirteen is, and—'

[Fizt!—boom-beroom boom! bumble-umble bang-SMASH!]

'Oh, we are lost beyond all help! How could you neglect such a thing at such a time as this?'

'But it *wasn't* "such a time as this." There *wasn't* a cloud in the sky. How could I know there was going to be all this rumpus and pow-wow about a little slip like that? And I don't think it's just fair for you to make so much out of it, anyway, seeing it happens so seldom; I haven't missed before since I brought on that earthquake, four years ago.'

'MORTIMER! How you talk! Have you forgotten the yellow fever to me. Oh! I think it is perfectly unreasonable? You can't even send a telegraphic message so far as Memphis without relays, so how is a little devotional slip of mine going to carry so far? I'll stand the earthquake, because it was in the neighbourhood but I'll be hanged if I'm going to be responsible for every blamed—'

[Fizt —BOOM beroom-boom boom — BANG!]

'Oh, dear, dear, dear! I *know* it struck something, Mortimer. We never shall see the light of another day; and if it will do you any good to remember, when we are gone, that your dreadful language—Mortimer!'

'WELL! What now?'

'Your voice sounds as if—Mortimer, are you actually standing in front of that open fire-place?'

'That is the very crime I am committing.'

'Get away from it this moment! You *do* seem determined to bring destruction on us all. Don't you *know* that there is no better conductor for lightning than an open chimney? Now where have you got to?'

'I'm here by the window.'

'Oh, for pity sake, have you lost your mind? Clear out from there, this moment. The very children in arms know it is fatal to stand near a window in a thunder storm. Dear, dear, I know I shall never see the light of another day. Mortimer?'

'Yes?'

'What is that rustling?'

'It's me.'

'What are you doing?'

'Trying to find the upper end of my pantaloons.'

'Quick! throw those things away! I do believe you would deliberately put on those clothes at such a time as this; yet you know perfectly well that *all* authorities agree that wollen stuffs attract lightning. Oh, dear,

dear, it isn't sufficient that one's life must be in danger from natural causes, but you must do everything you can possibly think of to augment the danger. Oh, don't sing! What can you be thinking of?

'Now, where's the harm in it?'

'Mortimer, if I have told you once, I have told you a hundred times, that singing causes a vibration in the atmosphere which interrupts the flow of the electric fluid, and—What on earth are you opening that door for?'

'Goodness gracious, woman, is there any harm in that?'

'Harm? There's death in it. Anybody that has given this subject any attention knows that to create a draught is to invite the lightning. You haven't half shut it; shut it tight—and do hurry, or we are all destroyed. Oh, it is an awful thing to be shut up with a lunatic at such a time as this. Mortimer, what are you doing?'

'Nothing. Just turning on the water. This room is smothering hot and close. I want to bathe my face and hands.'

'You have certainly parted with the remnant of your mind! Where lightning strikes any other substance once, it strikes water fifty times. Do turn it off. Oh, dear, I am sure that nothing in this world can save us. It does seem to me that—Mortimer, what was that?'

'It was a da—it was a picture. Knocked it down.'

'Then you are close to the wall! I never heard of such imprudence! Don't you know that there's no better conductor for the lightning than a wall? Come away from there! And you came as near as anything to swearing, too. Oh, how can you be so desperately wicked, and your family in such peril? Mortimer, did you order a feather bed, as I asked you to do?'

'No. Forgot it.'

'Forgot it! It may cost you your life. If you had a feather bed, now, and could spread it in the middle of the room and lie on it, you would be perfectly safe. Come in here—come quick, before you have a chance to commit any more frantic indiscretions.'

'I tried, but the little closet would not hold us both with the door shut, unless we could be content to smother. I gasped awhile, then forced my way out. My wife called out:

'Mortimer, something must be done for your preservation. Give me that German book that is on the end of the mantel-piece, and a candle; but don't light it; give me a match; I will light it in here. That book has some directions in it.'

'I got the book—at a cost of a vase and some other brittle things; and the madam

shut herself up with the candle. I had a moment's peace; then she called out:

'Mortimer, what was that?'

'Nothing but the cat.'

'The cat! Oh, destruction! Catch her, and shut her up in the wash-stand. Do be quick, love; cats are full of electricity. I just know my hair will turn white with this night's awful perils.'

I heard the muffled sobbings again. But for that, I should not have moved hand or foot in such a wild enterprise in the dark.

However, I went at my task—over chairs, and against all sorts of obstructions, all of them hard ones, too, and most of them with sharp edges—and, at last I got kitty cooped up in the commode, at an expense of four hundred dollars in broken furniture and shins. Then these muffled words came from the closet:

'It says the safest thing is to stand on a chair in the middle of the room, Mortimer; and the legs of the chair must be insulated, with non-conductors. That is, you must set the legs of the chair in glass tumblers. [Fit—boom!—bang!—smash!] Oh, hear that! Do hurry, Mortimer, before you are struck.'

I managed to find and secure the tumblers. I got the last four—broke all the rest. I insulated the chair legs, and called for further instructions.

'Mortimer, it says, "Während eines Gewitters entferne man Metalle wie z. B. Ringe, Thren, Schlüssel, etc., von sich und halte sich auch nicht an solchen Stellen auf, wo viele Metalle bei einander liegen, oder mit andern Körpern verbunden sind, wie and Herden, Oefen, Eisengittern u. dgl." What does that mean, Mortimer? Does it mean that you must keep metals about you, or keep them away from you?'

'Well, I hardly know. It appears to be a little mixed. All German advices is more or less mixed. However, I think that that sentence is mostly in the dative sense, with a little genitive and accusative sifted in, here and there for luck; so I reckon it means that you must keep some metals about you.'

'Yes, that must be it. It stands to reason that it is. They are in the nature of lightning rods, you know. Put on your fireman's helmet, Mortimer; that is mostly metal.'

I got it and put it on—a very heavy and clumsy and uncomfortable thing on a hot night in a close room. Even my night-dress seemed to be more clothing than I strictly needed.

'Mortimer, I think your middle ought

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to be protected. Won't you buckle on your
militia sabre, please ?

I complied.

'Now, Mortimer, you ought to have
some way to protect your feet. Do please
put on your spurs.'

I did it in silence, and kept my temper as
well as I could.

'Mortimer, it says, 'Das Gewitter lauten
ist sehr gefaherlich, weil die Glocken selbst,
sowie der durch das Lauten veranlassie
Luftzug und die Hohe des Thurmes den
Blitz anziehen konnten.' Mortimer, does
that mean that it is dangerous to ring the
church bells during a thunderstorm ?

'Yes, it seems to mean that, if that is
the past participle of the nominative case
singular, and I reckon it is. Yes, I think
it means that on account of the height of
the church tower and the absence of *Luftzug*
it would be very dangerous (*sehr gefaherlich*)
not to ring the bells in time of a storm ; and
moreover, don't you see, the very word-

ing—
'Never mind that, Mortimer don't waste
the precious time in talk. Get the large
dinner bell : it is right there in the hall.
Quick, Mortimer dear ; we are almost safe.
Oh, dear, I do believe we are going to be
saved at last.'

Our little summer arrangement stands
on the top of a high range of hills, over-
looking a valley. Several farm houses are
in our neighbourhood—the nearest some
three or four hundred yards away.

When I, mounted on the chair, had been
clanging that dreadful bell a matter of
seven or eight minutes, our shutters were
suddenly torn open from without, and a
brilliant bull's-eye lantern was thrust in at
the window, followed by a hoarse in-
quiry :—

'What in the nation is the matter here ?'

The window was full of men's heads, and
the heads were full of eyes that stared
wildly at my night-dress and my warlike
accoutrements.

I dropped the bell, skipped down from the
chair in confusion, and said :—

'There is nothing the matter, friends—
only a little discomfort on account of the
thunderstorm. I was trying to keep off the
lightning.'

'Thunderstorm? Lightning? Why, Mr.
McWilliams, have you lost your mind? It
is a beautiful starlight night; there has
been no storm.'

I looked out, and I was so astonished I
could hardly speak for a while. Then I
said :—

'I do not understand this. We dis-
tinctly saw the glow of the flashes thro' the

curtains and shutters, and heard the thun-
der.'

One after another those people laid down
on the ground to laugh—and two of them
died. One of the survivors remarked :—

'Pity you didn't think to open your
blinds and look over the top of the high hill
yonder. What you heard was cannon ;
what you saw was the flash. You see, the
telegraph brought some news, just at mid-
night: Garfield nominated—and that's
what's the matter?'

'Yes, Mr. Twain, as I was saying in the
beginning,' (said Mr. McWilliams,) 'the
rules for preserving people against lightning
are so excellent and so innumerable that the
most incomprehensible thing in the world
to me is how anybody ever manages to get
struck.'

So saying, he gathered up his satchel and
umbrella, and departed ; for the train had
reached his town.

MARK TWAIN SPEECHLESS.

On February 24 the Papyrus Club of
Boston had its annual 'ladies' night' dinner
at which Mark Twain was 'struck speech-
less' as follows :—

'I am perfectly astounded (he said) at
the way in which history repeats itself. I
find myself situated at this moment exactly
and precisely as I was once before, years ago
to a jot, to a tittle—to a very hair. There
isn't a shade of difference. It is the most
astonishing coincidence that ever—but wait.
I will tell you the former instance, and then
you will see it for yourself. Years ago I
arrived one day at Salamanca, N. Y., east-
ward bound. Must change cars there and
take the sleeper train. There were crowds of
people there and they were swarming into
the long sleeper train and packing it full,
and it was a perfect purgatory of rust and
confusion and gritting of teeth and soft,
sweet and low profanity. I asked the young
man in the ticket office if I could have a
sleeping section and he answered 'No,'
with a snarl that shrivelled me up like
burned leather. I went off, smarting under
this insult to my dignity, and asked another
local official, supplicatingly, if I couldn't
have some poor little corner somewhere in a
sleeping car, but he cut me short with a
venomous 'No, you can't; every corner is
full. Now, don't bother me any more;' and
he turned his back and walked off. My
dignity was in a state now which cannot be
described. I was so ruffled that—well, I
said to my companion, 'If these people
knew who I am they—' but my companion
cut me short there and said, 'Don't talk

such folly. If they did know who you are, do you suppose it would help your high mightiness to a vacancy in a train which has no vacancies in it? This did not improve my condition any to speak of, but just then I observed that the coloured porter of a sleeping car had his eye on me. I saw his dark countenance light up. He whispered to the uniformed conductor, punctuating with nods and jerks towards me, and straightway this conductor came forward, oozing politeness from every pore, and said:—'Can I be of any service? Will you have a place in the sleeper?' 'Yes,' I said, 'and much obliged, too. Give me anything, anything will answer.' He said: 'We have nothing left but the big family state-room with two berths and a couple of armchairs in it, but it is entirely at your disposal. Here, Tom, take these catchels aboard.'

He touched his hat and we and the coloured Tom moved along. I was bursting to drop just one little remark to my companion, but I held in and waited. Tom made us comfortable in that sumptuous great apartment, and then said, with many bows and a perfect affluence of smiles, 'Now is dey anything you want, Sah? case you kin have jes anything you wants. It don't make no difference what it is.' I said, 'Can I have some hot water and a tumbler at 9 to-night, blas-

ing hot? You know about the right temperature for a hot Scotch punch.' 'Yes, Sah, dat you kin; you kin pen on it, I'll get it myself.' 'Good! now that lamp is hung too high. Can I have a big coach candle fixed up just at the head of my bed, so that I can read comfortably?' 'Yes, Sah, you kin, I'll fix her up myself, an' I'll fix her so she'll burn all night. Yes, Sah; an' you can jes call for anything you wants, and disah yer whole railroad 'll be turned wrong end up, an' inside out for to git it for you. Dat's so.' And he disappeared. Well, I tilted my head back, hooked my thumbs in my arm-holes, smiled a smile on my companion, and said gently, 'Well, what do you say now?' My companion was not in a humour to respond, and didn't. The next moment that smiling black face was thrust in at the crack of the door and this speech followed:—'Laws bless you, Sah, I knowed you in a minute. I told de conductah so. Laws! I knowed you de minute I sot eyes on you.' 'Is that so, my boy? (Handing him a quadruple fee). Who am I?' 'Jeuuel McClellan,' and he disappeared again. My companion said vinegarishly, 'Well, well! what do you say now?' Right there comes in the marvelous coincidence I mentioned a while ago, viz., I was—speechless and that is my condition now. Perceive it?'

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AN IDLE EXCURSION.

CHAPTER I.

All the journeyings I had ever done had been purely in the way of business. The pleasant May weather suggested a novelty, namely, a trip for pure recreation, the bread and butter element left out. The Reverend said he would go, too : a good man, one of the best of men, although a clergyman. By eleven at night we were in New Haven, and on board the New York boat. We bought our tickets, and then went wandering around here and there, in the solid comfort of being free and idle, and of putting distance between ourselves and the mails and telegraphs.

After a while I went to my state-room and undressed, but the night was too enticing for bed. We were moving down the bay now, and it was pleasant to stand at the window and take the cool night-breeze and watch the gliding lights on shore. Presently two elderly men sat down under that window, and began a conversation. Their talk was properly no business of mine, yet I was feeling friendly toward the whole world and willing to be entertained. I soon gathered that they were brothers, that they were from a small Connecticut village, and that the matter in hand concerned the cemetery. Said one—

'Now, John, we talked it all over amongst ourselves, and this is what we've done. You see, everybody was a-movin' from the old buryin'-ground, and our folks was most about left themselves, as you may say. They were crowded, too, as you know; lot wa'n't big enough in the first place; and last year, when Seth's wife died, we couldn't hardly tuck her in. She sort o' overlaid Deacon Shorb's lot, and he soured on her, so to speak, and on the rest of us, too. So we talked it over, and I was for a laying, if it was heap. Well, the two best and biggest plots was No. 8 and No. 9—both of a

size; nice comfortable room for twenty-six,—twenty-six full-grown that is; but you reckon in children and other shorts, and strike an average, and I should say you might lay in thirty, or may be thirty-two or three, pretty genteel—no crowdin' to signify.'

'That's a plenty, William. Which one did you buy?'

'Well, I'm a comin' to that, John. You see No. 8 was thirteen dollars, No. 9 fourteen'—

'I see. So's't you took No. 8.'

'You wait. I took No. 9; and I'll tell you for why. In the first place, Deacon Shorb wanted it. Well, after the way he'd gone on about Seth's wife overlappin' his prem'ises, I'd a beat him out o' that No. 9 if I'd 'a' had to stand two dollars extra, let alone one. That's the way I felt about it. Says I, what's a dollar, any way? Life's on'y a pilgrimage, says I; we ain't here for good, and we can't take it with us, says I. So I just dumped it down, knowin' the Lord don't suffer a good deed to go for nothin', and callatin' to take it out o' somebody in the course o' trade. There was another reason, John. No. 9's a long way the handiest lot in the simitery, and the likeliest for situation. It lies right on top of a knoll in the dead centre of the buryin' ground; and you can see Millport from there, and Tracy's and Hopper Mount, and a raft o' farms, and so on. There ain't no better outlook from a buryin'-plot in the State. Si Higgins says so, and I reckon he ought to know. Well, and that ain't all. Course Shorb had to take No. 8; wa'n't no help for't. Now, No. 8 joins on to No. 9, but it's on the slope of the hill, and every time it rains it'll soak right down to the Shorbs. Si Higgins says't when the deacon's time comes, he'd better take out fire and marine insurance on his remains.'

Here there was the sound of a low, placid,

duplicate chuckle of appreciation and satisfaction.

'Now, John, here's a little rough draft of the ground, that I've made on a piece of paper. Up here, in the left hand corner, we've bunched the departed; took them from the old grave-yard and stowed them one alongside o' tother, on a first-come-first-served plan, no partialities, with gran'ther Jones for a starter on'y because it happened so, and windin' up indiscriminate with Seth's twins. A little crowded towards the end of the lay-out, may be, but we reckoned't wa'n't best to scatter the twins. Well, next comes the livin'. Here, where it's marked A, we're going to put Mariar and her family, when they're called; B, that's for brother Hosea and his'n; C, Calvin and tribe. What's left in these two lots here,—just the gem of the whole patch for general style and outlook; thy're for me and my folks and you and yours. Which of them would you rather be buried in?'

'I swear you've took me mighty unexpected, William! It sort of started the shivers. Fact is, I was thinkin' so busy about makin' things comfortable for the others, I hadn't thought about being buried myself.'

'Life's only a fleeting show, John, as the sayin' is. We've all got to go, sooner or later. To go with a clean record's the main thing. Fact is, it's the on'y way worth strivin' for John.'

'Yes, that's so, William, that's so; there ain't no gettin' round it. Which of these lots would you recommend?'

'Well, it depends, John. Are you particular about outlook?'

'I don't say I am, William, I don't say I ain't. Reely, I don't know. But mainly, I reckon, I'd set store by a south exposure.'

'That's easy fixed, John; they're both south exposure. They take the sun and the Shorbs get the shade.'

'How about sile, William?'

'D's a sandy sile, E's mostly loom.'

'You may gimme E, then William; a sandy sile caves in more or less, and costs for repairs.'

'All right; set your name down here, John, under E. Now, if you don't mind payin' me your share of the fourteen dollars, John, while we're on the business, every-thin'g's fixed.'

After some biggling and sharp bargaining the money was paid, and John bade his brother good-night and took his leave. There was a silence for some moments, then a soft chuckle welled up from the lonely William and he muttered: 'I declare for't if I haven't made a mistake! It's D that

mostly loam, not E; and John's booked for a sandy sile after all.'

There was another soft chuckle, and William departed to his rest also.

The next day, in New York, was a hot one; still we managed to get more or less entertainment out of it. Toward the middle of the afternoon we arrived on board the staunch steamship 'Bermuda,' with bag and baggage, and hunted for a shady place. It was blazing summer weather until we were half way down the harbour. Then I buttoned my coat closely; half-an-hour later I put on a spring overcoat, and buttoned that. As we passed the lightship I added an ulster, and tied a handkerchief round the collar to hold it snug up to my neck. So rapidly had the summer gone and the winter come again!

By nightfall we were far out to sea, with no land in sight. No telegrams could come here, no letters, no news. It was an uplifting thought. It was still more uplifting to reflect that the millions of harassed people on shore behind us were suffering just as usual.

The next day brought us into the midst of the Atlantic solitudes,—out of smoke-coloured soundings into fathomless deep blue; no ships visible anywhere over the wide ocean; no company but Mother Cary's chicken's, wheeling, darting, skimming the waves in the sun. There were some sea-faring men among the passengers, and the conversation drifted into matters concerning ships and sailors. One said that 'true as a needle to the pole' was a bad figure as the needle seldom pointed to the pole. He said a ship's compass was not faithful to any particular point, but was the most fickle and treacherous of the servants of man. It was forever changing. It changed every day in the year; consequently the amount of the daily variation had to be ciphered out and allowance made for it, else the mariner would go utterly astray. Another said there was a vast fortune waiting for the genius who should invent a compass that would not be affected by the local influences of an iron ship. He said there was only one creature more fickle than a wooden ship's compass and that was the compass of an iron ship. Then came reference to the well-known fact that an experienced mariner can look at the compass of a new iron vessel thousands of miles from her birth-place, and tell which way her head was pointing when she was in process of building.

Now an ancient whale-ship master fell to talking about the sort of crews they used to have in early days. Said he,—

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students. Queer lot. Ignorant? Why, they didn't know the catheds from the main. But if you took them for fools you'd get bit sure. They'd learn more in a month than another man would in a year. We had one once in the "Mary Ann," that came on board with gold spectacles on. And besides he was rigged out from maintruck to keelson in the nobblest clothes that ever saw a fo'castle. He had a chest full, too; cloaks and broadcloth coats and velvet vests; everything swell, you know; and didn't the salt water fix them out for him? I guess not! Well, going to sea, the mate told him to go aloft and help shake out the fore-to'-gallant. Up he shins to the fore-top, with his spectacles on, and in a minute down he comes again, looking insulted. Says the mate, "What did you come down for?" Says the chap, "P'raps you didn't notice that there ain't any ladders above there." You see we hadn't any shrouds above the forestop. The men bursted out in a laugh such as I guess you never heard the like of. Next night, which was dark and rainy, the mate ordered this chap to get aloft about something, and I'm dummed if he didn't start up with an umbrella and a lantern! But no matter; he made a mighty good sailor before the voyage was done, and we had to hunt up something else to laugh at. Years afterwards, when I had forgot all about him, I comes into Boston, mate of a ship, and was loafing about town with the second mate, and it so happened that we stepped into the Revere House, thinking maybe we would chance the salt-horse in that big dining-room for a flyer, as the boys say. Some fellows were talking just at our elbow, and one says, "Yonder's the new governor of Massachusetts—at that table over there, with the ladies." We took a good look, my mate and I, for we hadn't either of us seen a governor before. I looked and looked at that face, and then all of a sudden it popped on me. But I didn't give any sign. Says I, "Mate, I've a notion to go over and shake hands with him." Says he, "I think I see you doing it, Tom." Says I, "Mate, I'm a-going to do it." Says he, "Oh, yes, I guess so! May be you don't want to bet you will, Tom?" Says I, "I don't mind going a V on it mate." Says he, "Put it up." "Up she goes," says I, planking the cash. This surprised him. But he covered it, and says pretty sarcastic, "Haden't you better take your grub with the governor and the ladies, Tom?" Says I, "Upon second thoughts, I will." Says he, "Well, Tom, you are a dum fool." Says I, "May be I am, may be I ain't; but the main question is, Do you want to risk two

and a half that I won't do it?" "Make it a V," says he. "Done," says I. I started him a-giggling and slapping his hand on his thigh, he felt so good. I went over there and leaned my knuckles on the table a minute and looked the governor in the face, and says I, "Mister Gardner, don't you know me?" He stared, and I stared, and he stared. Then all of a sudden he sings out, "Tom Bowling, by the holy poker! Ladies, it's old Tom Bowling, that you've heard me talk about,—shipmate of mine in the 'Mary Ann.' He rose up and shook hands with me ever so hearty—I sort of glanced around and took a realizing sense of my mate's saucer eyes,—and then says the governor, "Plant yourself, Tom, plant yourself; you can't cut your anchor again till you've had a feel with me and the ladies!" I planted myself alongside the governor, and ganted my eye around towards my mate. Well, sir, his dead-lights were bugged out like tompons; and his mouth stood that wide open that you could have laid a ham in it without noticing it.

There was great applause at the conclusion of the old captain's story; then after a moment's silence, a grave, pale young man, said,—

"Had you ever met the governor before?"

The old captain looked steadily at this inquirer a while, and then got up and walked aft without making any reply. One passenger after another stole a furtive glance at the inquirer, but failed to make him out, and so gave him up. It took some little work to get the talk machinery to run smoothly again after this derangement; but at length a conversation sprang up about that important and jealously guarded instrument, a ship's time-keeper, its exceeding delicate accuracy, and the wreck and destruction that have sometimes resulted from its varying a few seemingly trifling moments from the true time; then in due course, my comrade, the Reverend, got off on a yarn, with a fair wind and everything drawing. It was a true story, too,—about Captain Rounceville's shipwreck,—true in every detail. It was to this effect:—

Captain Rounceville's vessel was lost in mid-Atlantic and likewise his wife and his two little children. Captain Rounceville and seven seamen escaped with life, but with little else. A small, rudely constructed raft was to be their home for eight days. They had neither provisions nor water. They had scarcely any clothing; no one had a coat but the captain. The coat was changing hands all the time, for the weather was very cold. Whenever a man became ex-

haunted with the cold, they put the coat on him and laid him down between two shipmates until the garment and their bodies had warmed new life into him again. Among the sailors was a Portuguese who knew no English. He seemed to have no thought of his own calamity, but was concerned only about the captain's bitter loss of wife and children. By day, he would look with dumb compassion into the captain's face; and by night, in the darkness and the driving spray and rain, he would seek out the captain and try to comfort him with caressing pats on the shoulder. One day, when hunger and thirst were making their sure inroads upon the men's strength and spirits, a floating barrel was seen at a distance. It seemed a great prize, for doubtless it contained food of some sort. A brave fellow swam to it, and after a long and exhausting effort got it to the raft. It was eagerly opened. It was a barrel of magnesia! On the fifth day an onion was spied. A sailor swam off and got it. Although perishing with hunger he brought it in its integrity and put it into the captain's hand. The history of the sea teaches that among starving, shipwrecked men, selfishness is rare, and a wonder-compelling magnanimity the rule. The onion was equally divided into eight parts, and eaten with deep thanksgivings. On the eighth day a distant ship was sighted. Attempts were made to hoist an oar with Captain Rounceville's coat on it for a signal. There were many failures, for the men were but skeletons now, and strengthless. At last success was achieved, but the signal brought no help. By and by another ship appeared, and passed so near that the castaways, every eye eloquent with gratitude, made ready to welcome the boat that would be sent to save them. But this ship also drove on, and left these men staring their unutterable surprise and dismay into each other's ashen faces. Late in the day, still another ship came up out of the distance, but the men noted with a pang that her course was one which would not bring her nearer. Their remnant of life was nearly spent; their lips and tongues were swollen, parched, cracked with eight days' thirst; their bodies starved; and here was their last chance gliding relentlessly from them; they would not be alive when the next sun rose. For a day or two past the men had lost their voices, but now Captain Rounceville whispered, 'Let us pray.' The Portuguese patted him on the shoulder in sign of deep approval. All knelt at the base of the oar that was waving the signal coat aloft, and bowed their heads. The sea was tossing; the sun rested, a red, rayless disc, on

the sea-line in the west. When the men presently raised their heads they would have roared a hallelujah if they had had a voice; the ship's sails lay wrinkled and flapping against her masts, she was going about! Here was a rescue at last, and in the very last instant of time that was left for it. No, not rescue yet,—only the imminent prospect of it. The red disc sank under the sea and darkness blotted out the ship. By and by came a pleasant sound,—oars moving in a boat's row-locks. Nearer it came, and nearer—within thirty steps, but nothing visible. Then a deep voice: 'Hol-lo!' The castaways could not answer; their swollen tongues refused voice. The boat skirted round and round the raft, started away—the agony of it!—returned, rested on the oars, close at hand, listening, no doubt. The deep voice again: 'Hol-lo! Where are ye, shipmates?' Captain Rounceville whispered to his men, saying: 'Whisper your best, boys! now—all at once! So they sent out an eight-fold whisper in hoarse concert: 'Here!' There was life in it if it succeeded; death if it failed. After that supreme moment Captain Rounceville was conscious of nothing until he came to himself on board of the saving ship. Said the Reverend, concluding:—

'There was one little moment of time in which that raft could be visible from that ship, and had only one little fleeting moment had passed unfruitful, those men doomed was sealed. As close as that does God shave events foreordained from the beginning of the world. When the sun reached the water's edge that day, the captain of that ship was sitting on deck reading his prayer-book. The book fell; he stooped to pick it up, and happened to glance at the sun. In that instant that far-off raft appeared for a second against the red disc, its needle-like oar and diminished signal out sharp and black against the bright surface, and in the next instant was thrust away into the dusk again. But that ship, that captain, and that pregnant instant had had their work appointed for them in the dawn of time and could not fail of the performance!'

There was a deep, thoughtful silence for some moments. Then the grave, pale young man said—

'What is the chronometer of God?'

CHAPTER II.

At dinner, six o'clock, the same people assembled whom we had talked with on deck and seen at luncheon and breakfast this second day out, and at dinner the evening before. That is to say, three journey-

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ing ship-masters, a Boston merchant, and a returning Bermudian who had been absent from Bermuda thirteen years; these sat on the starboard side. On the port side sat the Reverend in the seat of honour; I next; next to me an aged Bermudian, returning to his sunny islands after an absence of twenty-seven years. Of course our captain was at the head of the table, the purser at the foot of it. A small company, but small companies are pleasant.

No racks upon the table; the sky cloudless, the sun brilliant, the blue sea scarcely ruffled; then what had become of the four married couples, the three bachelors, and the active and obliging doctor from the rural districts of Pennsylvania?—for all these were on deck when we sailed down New York harbour. This is the explanation. I quote from my note book :—

Thursday, 3.30 p.m. Under way, passing the Battery. The large party, of four married couples, three bachelors, and a cheery, exhilarating doctor from the wilds of Pennsylvania, are evidently travelling together. All but the doctor grouped in camp-chairs on deck.

Passing principal fort. The doctor is one of those people who has an infallible preventive of sea-sickness; is flitting from friend to friend administering it and saying, "Don't you be afraid; I know this medicine; absolutely infallible; prepared under my own supervision." Takes a dose himself, intrepidly.

4.15 P.M. Two of those ladies have struck their colours notwithstanding the "infallible." They have gone below. The other two begin to show distress.

5 P.M. Exit one husband and one bachelor. These still had their infallible in cargo when they started, but arrive at the companion-way without it.

5.10. Lady No. 3, two bachelors, and one married man have gone below with their own opinion of the infallible.

5.30. Passing Quarantine Hulk. The infallible has done the business for all the party except the Scotchman's wife and the author of that formidable remedy.

Nearing the Light-Ship. Exit the Scotchman's wife, head dropped on stewardess's shoulder.

Entering the open sea. Exit doctor !

The rout seems permanent; hence the smallness of the company at table since the voyage began. Our captain is a grave, handsome Hercules of thirty-five, with a brown hand of such majestic size that one cannot eat for admiring it and wondering if a single kid or calf could furnish material for gloving it.

Conversation not general; drones along between couples. One catches a sentence here and there. Like this, from Bermudian of thirteen years' absence: "It is the nature of woman to ask trivial, irrelevant, and pursuing questions—questions that pursue you from a beginning in nothing to a run-to-cover in nowhere." Reply of Bermudian of twenty-seven years' absence: "Yes; and to think they have logical, analytical minds and argumentative ability. You see 'em begin to whet up whenever they smell argument in the air." Plainly these be philosophers.

Twice since we left port our engines have stopped for a couple of minutes at a time. Now they stop again. Says the pale young man, meditatively, "There!—that engineer is sitting down to rest again."

Grave stare from the captain, whose mighty jaws cease to work, and whose harpooned potato stops in mid-air on its way to his open paralyzed mouth. Presently says he in measured tones, "Is it your idea that the engineer of this ship propels her by a crank turned by his own hands?"

The pale young man studies over this a moment, then lifts up his guileless eyes, and says, "Don't he?"

Thus gently falls the death-blow to further conversation, and the dinner drags to its close in a reflective silence, disturbed by no sounds but the murmurous wash of the sea and the subdued clash of teeth.

After a smoke and a promenade on deck, where is no motion to discompose our steps, we think of a game of whist. We ask the brisk and capable stewardess if there are any cards in the ship.

"Bless your soul, dear, indeed there is. Not a whole pack, true for ye, but not enough missing to signify."

However, I happened by accident to be-think me of a new pack in a morocco, in my trunk, which I had placed there by mistake, thinking it to be a flask of something. So a party of us conquered the tedium of the evening with a few games and were ready for bed about six bells, mariner's time, the signal for putting out the lights.

There was much chat in the smoking-cabin on the upper deck after luncheon to-day, mostly whaler yarns from those old sea-captains. Captain Tom Bowling was garrulous. He had that garrulous attention to minor detail which is born of secluded farm life or life at sea on long voyages, where there is little to do and time no object. He would sail along till he was right in the most exciting part of a yarn, and then say, "Well, as I was saying, the rudder was fouled, ship driving before the gale, head-on, straight for the iceberg, all hands holding their breath,

turned to stone, top-hamper giving way, sails blown to ribbons, first one stuck going, then another, boom! smash! crash! duck your head and stand from under! when up comes Johnny Rogers, captain bar in hand, eyes a-blazing, hair a-flying . . . no't wasn't Johnny Rogers . . . let me see . . . seems to me Johnny Rogers wa'n't along that voyage; he was along one voyage, I know that mighty well, but somehow it seems to me that he signed the articles for this voyage, but—but—whether he come along or not, or got left, or something happened!"

And so on and so on, till the excitement all cooled down and nobody cared whether the ship struck the iceberg or not.

In the course of his talk he rambled into a criticism upon New England degrees of merit in ship-building. Said he, "You get a vessel built away down Marine-way; Bath, for instance; what's the result? First thing you do, you want to heave her down for repairs,—that's the result! Well, sir, she hain't been down a week till you can heave a dog through her seams. You send that vessel to sea, and what's the result? She wets her oakum the first trip! Leave it to any may if 't ain't so. Well, you let our folks build you a vessel—down New Bedford way. What's the result? Well, sir, you might take that ship and heave her down, and keep her hove down six months, and she'll never shed a tear!"

Everybody, landsmen and all, recognized the descriptive neatness of that figure, and applauded, which greatly pleased the old man. A moment later, the meek eyes of the pale young fellow heretofore mentioned came up slowly, rested upon the old man's face a moment, and the meek mouth began to open.

"Shet your head!" shouted the old mariner.

It was a rather startling surprise to everybody, but it was effective in the matter of its purpose. So the conversation flowed on instead of perishing.

There was some talk about the perils of the sea, and a landsman delivered himself of the customary nonsense about the poor mariner wandering in far oceans, tempest-tossed, pursued by dangers, every storm blast and thunderbolt in the home skies moving the friends by snug firesides to compassion for that poor mariner, and prayers for his succour. Captain Bowling put up with this for a while, and then burst out with a new view of the matter.

"Come, belay there! I have read this kind of rot all my life in poetry and tales and such like rubbage. Pity for the poor mariner! All right enough, but not in the

way the poetry puts it. Pity for the mariner's wife! all right again, but not in the way the poetry puts it. Look-a-here! whose life's the safest in the wole world? The poor mariners. You look at the statistics, you'll see. So don't you fool away any sympathy on the poor mariner's dangers and privations and sufferings. Leave that to the poetry muffs. Now you look at the other side a minute. Here is Captain Brace, forty years old, been at sea thirty. On his way now to take command of his ship and sail south from Bermuda. Next week he'll be under way; easy times, comfortable quarters; passengers, sociable company; just enough to do to keep his mind healthy and not tire him; king over his ship, boss of everything and everybody; thirty years' safety to learn him that his profession ain't a danger one. Now you look back at his home. His wife's a feeble woman; she's a stranger in New York; shut up in blazing hot or freezing cold lodgings, according to the season; don't know anybody hardly; no company but her lonesomeness and her thoughts; husband gone six months at a time. She has borne eight children; five of them she has buried without her husband ever setting eyes on them. She watched them all the long nights till they died—he comfortable on the sea; she followed them to the grave, she heard the clods fall that broke her heart,—he comfortable on the sea; she mourned at home, weeks, and weeks, missing them every day and every hour,—he cheerful at sea knowing nothing about it. Now look at it a minute—turn it over in your mind and size it; five children born, she among strangers, and him not by to hearten her; buried, and him not by to comfort her; think of that! Sympathy for the poor mariner's perils is rot; give it to his wife's hard lines, where it belongs! Poetry makes out that all the wife worries about is the danger her husband's running. She's got substantialer things to worry over, I tell you. Poetry's always pitying the poor mariner on account of his perils at sea; better a blamed sight pity him for the nights he can't sleep for thinking of how he had to leave his wife in her very birth pains, lonesome and friendless, in the thick of disease and trouble and death. If there's one thing that can make me madder than another, it's this sappy, damned maritime poetry!"

Captain Brace was a patient, gentle, seldom-speaking man, with a pathetic something in his bronzed face that had been a mystery up to this time, but stood interpreted now, since we had heard his story. He had voyaged eighteen times to the Me-

diterranean, seven times to India, once to the Arctic pole in a discovery ship, and "between times" had visited all the remote seas and ocean corners of the globe. But he said that twelve years ago, on account of his family, he "settled down," and ever since then had ceased to roam. And what do you suppose was this simple-hearted, life-long wanderer's idea of settling down and ceasing to roam? Why, the making of two five-month voyages a year between Surinam and Boston for sugar and molasses.

Among other talk, to-day, it came out that whale-ships carry no doctor. The captain adds the doctorship to his own duties. He not only gives medicines, but sets broken limbs after notions of his own, or saws them off and sears the stump when amputation seems best. The captain is provided with a medicine chest, with the medicines numbered instead of named. A book of directions goes with this. It describes diseases and symptoms, and says, "Give a teaspoonful of No. 9 once an hour," or "Give ten grains of No. 12 every half-hour," etc. One of our sea-captains came across a skipper in the North Pacific who was in a state of great surprise and perplexity. Said he:

"There's something rotten about this medicine-chest business. One of my men was sick,—nothing much the matter. I looked in the book: it said, give him a teaspoonful of No. 15. I went to the medicine-chest, and I see I was out of No. 15. I judged I'd got to get up a combination somehow that would fill the bill; so I have into the fellow half a teaspoonful of No. 8 and half a teaspoonful of No. 7, and I'll be hanged if it didn't kill him in fifteen minutes! There's something about this medicine-chest system that's too many for me!"

There was a good deal of pleasant gossip about old Captain "Hurricane" Jones, of the Pacific Ocean,—peace to his ashes! Two or three of us present had known him, I, particularly, well, for I had made four sea-voyages with him. He was a very remarkable man. He was born in a ship; he picked up what little education he had among his shipmates; he began life in the fore-castle, and climbed grade by grade to the captaincy. More than fifty years of his sixty-five were spent at sea. He had sailed all oceans, seen all lands, and borrowed a tint from all climates. When a man has been fifty years at sea, he necessarily knows nothing of men, nothing of the world but its surface, nothing of the world's thought, nothing of the world's learning but its A. B. C., and that blurred and distorted by the unfocused lenses of an untrained mind. Such a man is only a gray and bearded child.

This is only what old Hurricane Jones was,—simply an innocent, lovable old infant. When his spirit was in repose he was as sweet and gentle as a girl; when his wrath was up he was a hurricane that made his nickname seem tamely descriptive. He was formidable in a fight, for he was of powerful build and dauntless courage. He was frescoed from head to heel with pictures and mottoes tattooed in red and blue India ink. I was with him one voyage when he got his last vacant space tattooed; this vacant space was around his left ankle, during three days he stumped about the ship with his ankle bare and swollen, and this legend gleaming red and angry out from a clouding of India ink: "Virtue is its own R'd." (There was a lack of room.) He was deeply and sincerely pious, and swore like a fish-woman. He considered swearing blameless, because sailors would not understand an order unilluminated by it. He was a profound Biblical scholar,—that is, he thought he was. He believed everything in the Bible, but he had his own methods of arriving at his beliefs. He was of the "advanced" school of thinkers, and applied natural laws to the interpretation of all miracles, somewhat on the plan of the people who make the six days of creation six geological epochs, and so forth. Without being aware of it, he was a rather severe satire on modern scientific religionists. Such a man as I have been describing is rabidly fond of disquisition and argument; one knows that without being told of it.

One trip the captain had a clergyman on board, but did not know he was a clergyman, since the passenger list did not betray the fact. He took a great liking to this Rev. Mr. Peters, and talked with him a great deal; told him yarns, gave him toothsome scraps of personal history, and wove a glittering streak of profanity through his garrulous fabric that was refreshing to a spirit weary of the dull neutralities of undecorated speech. One day the captain said, "Peters, do you ever read the Bible?"

"Well,—yes."

"I judge it ain't often, by the way you say it. Now, you tackle it in dead earnest once, and you'll find it'll pay. Don't you get discouraged, but hang right on. First, you won't understand it; but by and by, things will begin to clear up, and then you wouldn't lay it down to eat."

"Yes, I have heard that said."

"And it's so, too. There ain't a book begins with it. It lays over 'em all, Peters. There's some pretty tough things in it,—there ain't any getting around that,—but you stick to them and think them out, and

when once you get on the inside everything's plain as day."

"The miracles, too, captain?"

"Yes, sir; the miracles, too. Every one of them. Now, there's that business with the prophets of Baal; like enough that stumped you?"

"Well, I don't know, but"—

"Own up, now; it stumped you. Well, I don't wonder. You hadn't had any experience in raveling such things out and naturally it was too many for you. Would you like to have me explain that thing to you, and show you how to get at the meat of these matters?"

"Indeed, I would, captain, if you don't mind."

Then the captain proceeded as follows: "I'll do it with pleasure. First you see I read and read, and thought and thought, till I got to understand what sort of people they were in the old Bible times, and then after that it was all clear and easy. Now, this was the way I put it up, concerning Isaac* and the prophets of Baal. There was some mighty sharp men amongst the public characters of that old ancient day, and Isaac was one of them. Isaac had his failings—plenty of them, too; it ain't for me to apologize for Isaac; he played it on the prophets of Baal, and like enough he was justifiable considering the odds that was against him. No, all I say is, 'twa'n't any miracle, and that I'll show you so's't you can see it yourself."

"Well, times had been getting rougher and rougher for prophets,—that is, prophets of Isaac's denomination. There was four hundred and fifty prophets of Baal in the community, and only one Presbyterian; that is, if Isaac was a Presbyterian, which I reckon he was, but it don't say. Naturally, the prophets of Baal took all the trade. Isaac was pretty low-spirited, I reckon, but he was a good deal of a man, and no doubt he went a-prophesying around, letting on to be doing a land-office business, but 'twa'n't any use; he couldn't run any opposition to amount to anything. By and by things got desperate with him; he sets his head to work and thinks it all out, and then what does he do? Why, he begins to throw out hints that the other parties are this and that and t' other—nothing very definite, may be, but just kind of undermining their reputation in a quiet way. This made talk, of course, and finally got to the king. The king asked Isaac what he meant by his talk. Says Isaac, 'Oh, nothing particular; only they pray down fire from heaven on an altar? It ain't much,

may be, your majesty, only can they do it? That's the idea.' So the king was a good deal disturbed, and he went to the prophets of Baal, and they said, pretty airy, that if he had an altar ready, they were ready, and they intimated that he had better get it insured, too."

"Next morning all the children of Israel and their parents and the other people gathered themselves together. Well, here was that great crowd of prophets of Baal packed together on one side, and Isaac walking up and down all alone on the other putting up his job. When time was called, Isaac let on to be comfortable and indifferent; told the other team to take the first innings. So they went at it, the whole four hundred and fifty, praying around the altar, very hopeful, and doing their level best. They prayed an hour—two hours—three hours—and so on, plump till noon. It wa'n't any use; they hadn't took a trick. Of course they felt kind of ashamed before all those people, and well they might. Now, what would a magnanimous man do? Keep still, wouldn't he? Of course. What did Isaac do? He gravelled the prophets of Baal every way he could think of. Says he, 'You don't speak up loud enough; your god's asleep, like enough, or maybe he's taking a walk; you want to holler, you know'—or words to that effect; I don't apologize for Isaac; he had his faults."

"Well, the prophets of Baal prayed along the best they knew how all the afternoon, and never raised a spark. At last, about sundown, they were all tuckered out, and they owned up and quit."

"What does Isaac do, now? He steps up and says to some friends of his there, 'Pour four barrels of water on the altar!' Everybody was astonished; for the other side prayed at it dry, you know, and got white-washed. They poured it on. Says he, 'Heave on four more barrels.' Then he says, 'Heave on four more.' Twelve barrels, you see, altogether. The water ran all over the altar, and all down the sides, and filled up a trench around it that would hold a couple of hogheads,—'measures,' it says; I reckon it means about a hoghead. Some of the people were going to put on their things and go, for they allowed he was crazy. They didn't know, Isaac. Isaac knelt down and began to pray; he strung along, about the heathen in distant lands, and about the sister churches, and about the state and the country at large, and about those that's in authority in the government, and all the usual programme, you know, till everybody had got tired and gone to thinking about something else, and then all of a

*This is the captain's own mistake.

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sudden, when nobody was noticing, he outs with a match and rakes it on the under side of his leg, and puff! up the whole thing blazes like a house afire! Twelve barrels of water? Petroleum, Sir, petroleum! that's what it was!"

"Petroleum, captain?"

"Yes, Sir; the country was full of it. Isaac knew all about that. You read the Bible. Don't you worry about the tough places. They ain't tough when you come to think them out and throw light on them. There ain't a thing in the Bible but what is true; all you want is to go prayerfully to work and cipher out how 'twas done."

At eight o'clock on the third morning out from New York, land was sighted. Away across the sunny waves one saw a faint dark stripe stretched along under the horizon—or pretended to see it, for the credit of his eye-sight. Even the Reverend said he saw it, a thing which was manifestly not so. But I never have seen any one who was morally strong enough to confess that he could not see land when others claimed that they could.

By and by the Bermuda Islands were easily visible. The principal one lay upon the water in the distance, a long, dull-coloured body, scalloped with slight hills and valleys. We could not go straight at it, but had to travel all way around it, sixteen miles from shore, because it is fenced with an invisible coral reef. At last we sighted buoys, bobbing here and there, and then we glided into a narrow channel among them, "raised the reef," and came upon shoaling blue water that soon further shoaled into pale green, with a surface scarcely rippled. Now came the resurrection hour: the berths gave up their dead. Who are these pale spectres in plug hats and silken flounces that file up the companion-way in melancholy procession and step upon the deck? These are they which took the pre-infallible preventive of sea-sickness in New York harbour and then disappeared and were forgotten. Also there came two or three faces not before seen until this moment.

One's impulse is to ask, "Where did you come aboard?"

We followed the narrow channel a long time, with land on both sides—low hills that might have been green and grassy, but had a faded look instead. However, the land-locked water was lovely, at any rate, with its glittering belts of blue and green where moderate soundings were, and its broad splotches of rich brown where the rocks lay near the surface. Everybody was feeling so well that even the grave, pale young man (who, by a sort of kindly common con-

sent, had come latterly to be referred to as "The Ass") received frequent and friendly notice—which was right enough, for there was no harm in him.

At last we steamed between two island points whose rocky jaws allowed only just enough room for the vessel's body, and now before us loomed Hamilton on her clustered hill-sides and summits, the whitest mass of terraced architecture that exists in the world perhaps.

It was Sunday afternoon, and on the pier were gathered one or two hundred Bermudians, half of them black, half of them white, and all of them nobbily dressed, as the poet says.

Several boats came off to the ship, bringing citizens. One of these citizens was a faded, diminutive old gentleman, who approached our most ancient passenger with a childlike joy in his twinkling eyes, halted before him, folded his arms, and said, smiling with all his might and with all the simple delight that was in him, 'You don't know me, John! Come, out with it, now; you know you don't!'

The ancient passenger scanned him perplexedly, scanned the napless, threadbare costume of venerable fashion that had done Sunday-service no man knows how many years, contemplated the marvellous stove-pipe hat of still more ancient and venerable pattern, with its poor pathetic old stiff brim canted up "gallusly" in the wrong places and said, with a hesitation that indicated strong internal effort to "place" the gentle old apparition, "Why . . . let me see . . . plague on it . . . there's something about you that . . . er . . . er . . . but I've been gone from Bermuda for twenty-seven years, and . . . hum, hum . . . I don't seem to get at it, somehow, but there's something about you that is just as familiar to me as"—

"Likely it might be his hat," murmured the Ass, with sympathetic interest.

CHAPTER III.

So the Reverend and I had at last arrived at Hamilton, the principal town in the Bermuda Islands. A wonderfully white town; white as snow itself. White as marble; white as flour. Yet looking like none of these, exactly. Never mind, we said; we shall hit upon a figure by and by that will describe this peculiar white.

It was a town that was compacted together upon the sides and tops of a cluster of small hills. Its outlying borders fringed off and thinned away among the cedar forests, and there was no woody distance of

curving coast, or leafy islet sleeping upon the dimpled, painted sea, but was flecked with shining white points—half-concealed houses peeping out of the foliage.

The architecture of the town was mainly Spanish, inherited from the colonists of two hundred and fifty years ago. Some ragged-topped cocoa-palms, glimpsed here and there, gave the land a tropical aspect.

There was an ample pier of heavy masonry; upon this, under shelter, were some thousands of barrels containing that product which has carried the fame of Bermuda to many lands—the potato. With here and there an onion. That last sentence is facetious; for they grow at least two onions in Bermuda to one potato. The onion is the pride and joy of Bermuda. It is her jewel, her gem of gems. In her conversation, her pulpit, her literature, it is her most frequent and eloquent figure. In Bermudian metaphor it stands for perfection—perfection absolute.

The Bermudian weeping over the departed, exhausts praise when he says, 'He was an onion!' The Bermudian extolling the living hero, bankrupts applause when he says, 'He is an onion!' The Bermudian setting his son upon the stage of life to dare and do for himself, climaxes all counsel, supplication, admonition, comprehends all ambition, when he says, 'Be an onion!'

When parallel with the pier, and ten or fifteen steps outside it, we anchored. It was Sunday, bright and sunny. The groups upon the pier, men, youths, and boys, were whites and blacks in about equal proportion. All were well and neatly dressed, many of them natively, a few of them very stylishly. One would have to travel far before he would find another town of twelve thousand inhabitants that could represent itself so respectably, in the matter of clothes, on a freight-pier, without premeditation or effort. The women and young girls, black and white, who occasionally passed by, were nicely clad, and many were elegantly and fashionably so. The men did not affect summer clothing much, but the girls and women did, and their white garments were good to look at, after so many months of familiarity with sombre colours.

Around one isolated potato barrel stood four young gentlemen, two black, two white, becomingly dressed, each with the head of a slender cane pressed against his teeth, and each with a foot propped up on the barrel. Another young gentleman came up, looked longingly at the barrel but saw no rest for his foot there. He wandered here and there, but without result. Nobody sat upon a barrel,

as is the custom of the idle in other lands, yet all the isolated barrels were humanly occupied. Whosoever had a foot to spare put it on a barrel if all the places on it were not already taken. The habits of all peoples are determined by their circumstances. The Bermudians lean upon barrels because of the scarcity of lamp-posts.

Many citizens came on board and spoke eagerly to the officers—inquiring about the Turco-Russian war news, I supposed. However, by listening judiciously, I found that this was not so. They said, "What is the price of onions?" or, "how is onions?" Naturally enough this was their first interest; but they dropped into the war the moment it was satisfied.

We went ashore and found a novelty of a pleasing nature; there were no hackmen, hacks, or omnibuses on the pier or about it anywhere, and nobody offered his services to us, or molested us in any way. I said it was like being in heaven. The Reverend rebukingly and rather pointedly advised me to make the most of it, then. We knew of a boarding-house, and what we needed now was somebody to pilot us to it. Presently a little barefooted coloured boy came along, whose raggedness was conspicuously un-Bermudian. His rear was so marvellously be-patched with coloured squares and triangles that one was half persuaded he had got it out of an atlas. When the sun struck him right, he was as good to follow as a lightning-bug. We hired him and dropped into his wake. He piloted us through one picturesque street after another, and in due course deposited us where we belonged. He charged us nothing for his map, and but a trifle for his services; so the Reverend doubled it. The little chap received the money with a beaming applause in his eye which plainly said, "This man's an onion!"

We had brought no letter of introduction. Our names had been misspelt in the passenger list; nobody knew whether we were honest folks or otherwise, so we were expecting to have a good private time in case there was nothing in our general aspect to close boarding-house doors against us. We had no trouble. Bermuda has had but little experience of rascals, and is not suspicious. We got large, cool, well-lighted rooms on a second floor, overlooking a bloomy display of flowers and flowering shrubs—calla and annunciation lilies, lantanae, heliotrope, jessamine, roses, double geraniums, oleanders, pomegranates, blue morning-glories of a great size, and many plants that were unknown to me.

We took a long afternoon walk, and soon found out that that exceedingly white town

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was built of blocks of white coral. Bermuda is a coral island, with a six-inch crust of soil on top of it, and every man has a quarry on his own premises. Everywhere you go you see square recesses cut into the hill-sides, with perpendicular walls unmarred by crack or crevice, and perhaps you fancy that a house grew out of the ground there, and has been removed in a single piece from the mould. If you do, you err. But the material for a house has been quarried there. They cut right down through the coral, to any depth that is convenient—ten to twenty feet—and take it out in great square blocks. This cutting is done with a chisel that has a handle twelve or fifteen feet long, and is used as one uses a crowbar when he is drilling a hole, or a dasher when he is churning. Thus soft is this stone. Then with a common handsaw they saw the great blocks into handsome, huge bricks that are two feet long, a foot wide, and about six inches thick. These stand loosely pile during a month to harden, then the work of building begins. The house is built of these blocks; it is roofed with broad coral slabs an inch thick, whose edges lap upon each other, so that the roof looks like a succession of shallow steps or terraces; the chimneys are built of the coral blocks and sawed into graceful and picturesque patterns; the ground-floor veranda is paved with coral blocks—built in massive panels, with broad cap-stones and heavy gate-posts, and the whole trimmed into easy lines and comely shape with the saw. Then they put a hard coat of whitewash, as thick as your thumb-nail, on the fence and all over the house, roof, chimneys, and all; the sun comes out and shines on this spectacle, and it is time for you to shut your unaccustomed eyes, lest they be put out. It is the whitest white you can conceive of, and the blindingest. A Bermuda house does not look like marble; it is a much intenser white than that; and besides, there is a dainty, indefinable something else about its look that is not marble-like. We put in a great deal of solid talk and reflection over this matter of trying to find a figure that would describe the unique white of a Bermuda house, and we contrived to hit upon it at last. It is exactly the white of the icing of a cake, and has the same un-emphasized and scarcely perceptible polish. The white of marble is modest and retiring compared with it.

After the house is cased in its hard scale of whitewash, not a crack, or sign of a seam, or joining of the blocks, is detectible, from base-stone to chimney-top; the building looks as if it had been carved from a single block of stone, and the doors and windows

sawed out afterwards. A white marble house has a cold, tomb-like, unsociable look, and takes the conversation out of a body and depresses him. Not so with a Bermuda house. There is something exhilarating, even hilarious, about its vivid whiteness when the sun plays upon it. If it be of picturesque shape and graceful contour—and many of the Bermudian dwellings are—it will so fascinate you that you will keep your eyes upon it until they ache. One of those clean-cut fanciful chimneys—too pure and white for this world—with one side glowing in the sun and the other touched with a soft shadow, is an object that will charm one's gaze by the hour. I know of no other country that has chimneys worthy to be gazed at and gloated over. One of those snowy houses, half-concealed and half-glimped through green foliage, is a pretty thing to see; and if it takes one by surprise and suddenly, as he turns a sharp corner of a country road, it will wring an exclamation from him, sure.

Wherever you go, in town or country, you find those snowy houses, and always with masses of bright-coloured flowers about them, but with no vines climbing their walls; vines cannot take hold of the smooth hard whitewash. Wherever you go, in the town or along the country roads, among little potato farms and patches or expensive country-seats, these stainless white dwellings, gleaming out from flowers and foliage, meet you at every turn. The least little bit of a cottage is as white and blemishless as the stateliest mansion. Nowhere is there dirt or stench, puddle, or hog-wallow, neglect, disorder, or lack of trimness and neatness. The roads, the streets, the dwellings, the people, the clothes, this neatness extends to everything that falls under the eye. It is the tidiest country in the world. And very much the tidiest, too.

Considering these things, the question came up, Where do the poor live? No answer was arrived at. Therefore, we agreed to leave this conundrum for future statesmen to wrangle over.

What a bright and startling spectacle one of those blazing white country palaces, with its brown-tinted window caps and ledges, and green shutters, and its wealth of caressing flowers and foliage, would be in black London! And what a gleaming surprise it would be in nearly any American city one could mention!

Bermuda roads are made by cutting down a few inches into the solid white coral—or a good many feet, where a hill intrudes itself—and smoothing off the surface of the road-bed. It is a simple and easy process. The

grain of the coral is coarse and porous; the road-bed has the look of being made of coarse white sugar. Its excessive cleanness and whiteness are a trouble in one way: the sun is reflected into your eyes with such energy as you walk along that you want to sneeze all the time. Old Captain Tom Bowling found another difficulty. He joined us in our walk, but kept wandering unrestfully to the road-side. Finally he explained. Said he, 'Well, I chew, you know, and the road's so plaguy clean.'

We walked several miles that afternoon in the bewildering glare of the sun, the white roads, and the white buildings. Our eyes got to paining us a good deal. By-and-by a soothing, blessed twilight spread its cool balm around. We looked up in pleased surprise, and saw that it proceeded from an intensely black negro who was going by. We answered his military salute in the grateful gloom of his near presence, and then passed on into the pitiless white glare again.

The coloured women whom we met usually bowed and spoke; so did the children. The coloured men commonly gave the military salute. They borrowed this fashion from the soldiers, no doubt; England has kept a garrison here for generations. The younger men's custom of carrying small canes is also borrowed from the soldiers, I suppose, who always carry a cane, in Bermuda as everywhere else in Britain's broad dominions.

The country roads curve and wind hither and thither in the delightfulest way, unfolding pretty surprises at every turn; billowy masses of oleander that seem to float out from behind distant projections like the pink cloud-banks of sunset; sudden plunges among cottages and gardens, life and activity, followed by as sudden plunges into the sombre twilight and stillness of the woods; flitting visions of white fortresses and beacon towers pictured against the sky on remote hill-tops; glimpses of shining green sea caught for a moment through opening headlands then lost again; more woods and solitude; and by-and-by another turn lays bare, without warning, the full sweep of the inland ocean, enriched with its bars of soft colour, and graced with its wandering sails.

Take any road you please; you may depend upon it you will not stay in it half a mile. Your road is everything that a road ought to be; it is bordered with trees, and with strange plants and flowers; it is shady and pleasant, or sunny and still pleasant; it carries you by the prettiest and peace-fullest and most home-like of homes, and through stretch of forest that lie in a deep hush sometimes,

and sometimes are alive with the music of birds; it curves always, which is a continual promise, whereas straight roads reveal everything at a glance and kill interest. Your road is all this, and yet you will not stay in it half a mile for the reason that little, seductive, mysterious roads are always branching out from it on either hand, and as these curve sharply also and hide what is beyond, you cannot resist the temptation to desert your own chosen road, and explore them. You are usually paid for your trouble; consequently your walk inland always turns out to be one of the most crooked, involved, purposeless, and interesting experiences a body can imagine. There is enough of variety. Sometimes you are in the level open, with marshes, thick grown with flag-lances that are ten feet high on the one hand, and potato and onion orchards on the other; next, you are on a hill-top, with the ocean and the islands spread around you; presently the road winds through a deep cut shut in by perpendicular walls, thirty or forty feet high, marked with the oddest and abruptest stratum lines, suggestive of sudden and eccentric old upheavals, and garnished with here and there a clinging adventurous flower, and here and there a dangling vine, and by-and-bye your way is along the sea edge, and you may look down a fathom or two through the transparent water and watch the diamond-like fish flash and play on the light upon the rock and sands on the bottom until you are tired of it—if you are so constituted as to be able to get tired of it.

You may march the country roads in maiden meditation fancy free, by field or farm, for no dog will plunge out at you from unsuspected gates with breath-taking surprise and a ferocious bark, notwithstanding it is a Christian land and a civilized. We saw upwards of a million cats in Bermuda, but the people are very abstemious in the matter of dogs. Two or three nights we prowled the country far and wide, and never once were accosted by a dog. It is a great privilege to visit such a land. The cats were no offence when properly distributed, but when piled they obstruct travel.

As we entered the edge of the town that Sunday afternoon, we stopped at a cottage to get a drink of water. The proprietor, a middle-aged man with a good face, asked us to sit down and rest. His dame brought chairs, and we grouped ourselves in the shade of the trees by the door. Mr. Smith, that was not his name, but it will answer—questioned us about ourselves and our country, and we answered him truthfully, as a general thing, and questioned him

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in return. It was all very simple and pleasant and sociable. Rural, too; for there was a pig and a small donkey and a hen anchored out, close at hand, by cords to their legs, on a spot that purported to be grassy. Presently a woman passed along, and although she coldly said nothing, she changed the drift of our talk. Said Smith: "She didn't look this way, you noticed? Well, she is our next neighbour on one side, and there's another family that's our next neighbours on the other side; but there's a general coolness now, and we don't speak. Yet these three families, one generation and another, have lived there side by side and been as friendly as weavers for a hundred and fifty years, till about a year ago."

"Why, what calamity could have been powerful enough to break up so old a friendship?"

"Well, it was too bad, but it couldn't be helped. It happened like this: About a year or more ago, the rats got to pestering my place a good deal, and I set up a steel-trap in the back yard. Both of these neighbours run considerable to cats, and so I warned them about the trap, because their cats were pretty sociable around here nights, and they might get into trouble without my intending it. Well, they shut up their cats for a while, but you know how it is with people; they got careless, and sure enough one night the trap took Mrs. Jones's principal tom-cat into camp, and finished him up. In the morning Mrs. Jones comes here with the corpse in her arms, and cries and takes on the same as if it was a child. It was a cat by the name of Yelverton—Heotor G. Yelverton—a troublesome old rip, with no more principle than an Injun, though you couldn't make her believe it. I said all a man could to comfort her, but no, nothing would do but I must pay for him. Finally, I said I warn't investing in cats now as much as I was, and with that she walked off in a huff, carrying the remains with her. That closed our intercourse with the Joneses. Mrs. Jones joined another church and took her tribe with her. She said she would not hold fellowship with assassins. Well, by and by comes Mrs. Brown's turn—she that went by here a minute ago. She had a disgraceful old yellow cat that she thought as much of as if he was twins, and one night he tried that trap on his neck, and it fitted him so, and was so sort of satisfactory, that he laid down and curled up and stayed with it. Such was the end of Sir John Baldwin."

"Was that the name of the cat?"

"The same. There's cats around here with names that would surprise you. Maria to his wife—what was that cat's name

that eat a keg of ratsbane by mistake over at Hooper's, and started home and got struck by lightning and took the blind staggers and fell in the well and was most drowned before they could fish him out?"

"That was that coloured Deacon Jackson's cat. I only remember the last end of its name, which was To-be or-not-to-be-that-is-the-question-Jackson."

"Sho, that ain't the one. That's the one that eat up an entire box of Seidlitz powders, and then hadn't any more judgment than to go and take a drink. He was considered to be a great loss, but I never could see it. Well, no matter about the names. Mrs. Brown wanted to be reasonable, but Mrs. Jones wouldn't let her. She put her up to going to law for damages. So to law she went, and had the face to claim seven shillings and sixpence. It made a great stir. All the neighbours went to court; everybody took sides. It got hotter and hotter, and broke up all the friendships for three hundred yards around—friendships that had lasted for generations and generations."

"Well, I proved by eleven witnesses that the cat was of a low character and very ornery, and warn't worth a cancelled postage-stamp, any way, taking the average of cats here; but I lost the case. What could I expect? The system is all wrong here, and is bound to make revolution and bloodshed some day. You see, they give the magistrate a poor little starvation salary, and then turn him loose on the public to gouge for fees and costs to live on. What is the natural result? Why, he never looks into the justice of a case—never once. All he looks at is which client has got the money. So this one piled the fees and costs and everything on to me. I could pay specie, don't you see? and he knew mighty well that if he put the verdict on to Mrs. Brown, where it belonged, he'd have to take his swag in currency."

"Currency? Why, has Bermuda a currency?"

"Yes—onions. And they were forty per cent. discount, too, then, because the season had been over as much as three months. So I lost my case. I had to pay for that cat. But the general trouble the case made was the worst thing about it. Broke up so much good feeling. Two neighbours don't speak to each other now. Mrs. Brown had named a child after me. So she changed its name right away. She is a Baptist. Well, in the course of baptising it over again, it got drowned. I was hoping we might get to be friendly again some time or other, but of course this drowning the child knocked that all out of the question."

It would have saved a world of heart-break and ill blood if she had named it dry."

I knew by the sight that this was honest. All this trouble and all this destruction of confidence in the purity of the bench on account of a seven-shilling lawsuit about a cat! Somehow, it seemed to "size" the country.

At this point we observed that an English flag had just been placed at half mast on a building a hundred yards away. I and my friend were busy in an instant trying to imagine whose death, among the island dignitaries, could command such a mark of respect as this. Then a shudder shook him and me at the same moment, and I knew that we had jumped to one and the same conclusion: "The Governor has gone to England; it is for the British admiral!"

At this moment Mr. Smith noticed the flag. He said with emotion:—

"That's on a boarding-house. I judge there's a boarder dead."

A dozen other flags within view went to half-mast.

"It's a boarder, sure," said Smith.

"But would they half-mast the flags here for a boarder, Mr. Smith?"

"Why certainly they would, if he was dead."

That seemed to "size" the country again.

CHAPTER IV.

The early twilight of a Sunday evening in Hamilton, Bermuda, is an alluring time. There is just enough of whispering breeze, fragrance of flowers, and sense of repose to raise one's thoughts heavenward; and just enough amateur piano music to keep him reminded of the other place. There are many venerable pianos in Hamilton, and they all play at twilight. Age enlarges and enriches the powers of some musical instruments—notably those of the violin—but it seems to set a piano's teeth on edge. Most of the music in vogue there is the same that those pianos prattled in their innocent infancy; and there is something very pathetic about it when they go over it now, in their asthmatic second childhood, dropping a note here and there, where a tooth is gone.

We attended evening service at the stately Episcopal church on the hill, where were five or six hundred people, half of them white and the other half black, according to the usual Bermudian proportions; and all well dressed—a thing which is also usual in Bermuda and to be confidently expected. There was good music, which we heard, and doubtless a good sermon, but there was a wonderful deal of coughing, and so only the

high parts of the argument carried over it. As we came out after service, I overheard one young girl say to another—

"Why you don't mean to say you pay duty on gloves and laces! I only pay postage; have them done up and sent in the Boston Advertiser."

There are those who believe that the most difficult thing to create is a woman who can comprehend that it is wrong to smuggle; and that an impossible thing to create is a woman who will not smuggle, whether or no, when she gets a chance. But these may be errors.

We went wandering off toward the country, and were soon far down in the lonely black depths of a road that was roofed over by the dense foliage of a double rank of great cedars. There was no sound of any kind there; it was perfectly still. And it was so dark that one could detect nothing but sombre outlines. We strode farther and farther down this tunnel, cheering the way with chat.

Presently the chat took this shape:—How insensibly the character of a people and of a government makes its impression upon a stranger, and gives him a sense of security or of insecurity without his taking deliberate thought upon the matter or asking anybody a question! We have been in this land half a day; we have seen none but honest faces; we have noticed the British flag flying, which means efficient government and good order; so without inquiry we plunged unarmed and with perfect confidence into this dismal place, which in almost any other world would swarm with thugs and garroters!—

"Sh! What was that? Stealthy footsteps. Low voices! We gasp, we close up together, and wait. A vague shape glides out of the dusk and confronts us. A voice speaks—demands money!"

"A shilling, gentlemen, if you please, to help build the new Methodist church."

Blessed sound! Holy sound! We contribute with thankful avidity to the new Methodist church, and are happy to think how lucky it was that those little coloured Sunday-school scholars did not seize upon everything we had with violence, before we recovered from our momentary helpless condition. By the light of cigars we write down the names of weightier philanthropists than ourselves on the contribution-cards, and then pass on into farther darkness, saying, What sort of a government do they call this, where they allow little black pious children, with contribution cards, to plunge out upon peaceable strangers in the dark and scare them to death?

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by the sea-side, sometimes inland, and finally managed to get lost, which is a feat that requires talent in Bermuda. I had on new shoes. They were No. 7's when I started, but were not more than 5's now and still diminishing. I walked two hours in those shoes after that, before we reached home. Doubtless I could have the reader's sympathy for the asking. Many people have never had the headache or toothache, and I am one of those myself; but everybody has worn tight shoes for two or three hours, and know the luxury of taking them off in a retired place and seeing his feet swell up and obscure the firmament. Few of us will ever forget the exquisite hour we were married. Once when I was a callow, bashful cub, I took a plain, unsentimental country girl to a comedy one night. I had known her a day; she seemed divine; I wore my new boots. At the end of the first half-hour she said, "Why do you fidget so with your feet?" I said, "Did I?" Then I put my attention there and kept still. At the end of another half hour she said, "Why do you say 'yes, oh, yes' and 'Ha, ha, oh, certainly! very true' to everything I say, when half the time those are entirely irrelevant answers?" I blushed and explained that I had been a little absent-minded. At the end of another half hour she said, "Please why do you grin so steadfastly at vacancy, and yet look so sad?" I explained that I always did that when I was reflecting. An hour passed, and then she turned and contemplated me with her earnest eyes and said, "Why do you cry all the time?" I explained that very funny comedies always made me cry. At last human nature surrendered, and I secretly slipped my boots off. This was a mistake. I was not able to get them on any more. It was a rainy night; there were no omnibuses going our way; and as I walked home, burning up with shame, with the girl on one arm and my boots under the other, I was an object worthy of some compassion,—especially in those moments of martyrdom when I had to pass through the glare that fell upon the pavement from street lamps. Finally, this child of the forest said, "Where are your boots?" and being taken unprepared, I put a fitting finish to the follies of the evening with the stupid remark, "The higher classes do not wear them to the theatre."

The Reverend had been an army chaplain during the war, and while we were hunting for a road that would lead to Hamilton he told a story about two dying soldiers which interested me in spite of my feet. He said that in the Potomac hospitals rough pine coffins were furnished by government, but

that it was not always possible to keep up with the demand; so, when a man died, if there was no coffin at hand he was buried without one. One night late, two soldiers lay dying in a ward. A man came in with a coffin on his shoulder, and stood trying to make up his mind which of these two poor fellows would be likely to need it first. Both of them begged for it with their fading eyes,—they were past talking. Then one of them protruded a wasted hand from his blankets and made a feeble beckoning sign with the fingers, to signify, "Be a good fellow; put it under my bed, please." The man did it, and left. The lucky soldier painfully turned himself in his bed until he faced the other warrior, raised himself partly on his elbow, and began to work up a mysterious expression of some kind in his face. Gradually, irksomely, but surely and steadily, it developed, and at last it took definite form as a pretty successful wink. The sufferer fell back exhausted with his labour, but bathed in glory. Now entered a personal friend of No. 2, the despoiled soldier. No. 2 pleaded with him with eloquent eyes, till presently he understood, and removed the coffin from under No. 1's bed and put it under No. 2's. No. 2 indicated his joy, and made some more signs; the friend understood again, and put his arm under No. 2's shoulders and lifted him partly up. Then the dying hero turned the dim exultation of his eye upon No. 1, and began a slow and laboured work with his hands; gradually he lifted one hand up toward his face; it grew weak and dropped back again; once more he made the effort, but failed again. He took a rest; he gathered all the remnant of his strength, and this time he slowly but surely carried his thumb to the side of his nose, spread the gaunt fingers wide in triumph, and dropped back dead. That picture sticks by me yet. The "situation" is unique.

The next morning, at what seemed a very early hour, the little white table-waiter appeared suddenly in my room and shot a single word out of himself: "Breakfast!"

This was a remarkable boy in many ways. He was about eleven years old; he had alert, intent black eyes; he was quick of movement; there was no hesitation, no uncertainty about him anywhere: there was a military decision in his lip, his manner, his speech, that was an astonishing thing to see in a little chap like him; he wasted no words; his answers always came so quick and brief that they seemed to be part of the question that had been asked instead of a reply to it. When he stood at the table with his fly-brush, rigid, erect, his face set

in a cast-iron gravity, he was a statue till he detected a dawning want in somebody's eye; then he pounced down, supplied it, and was instantly a statue again. When he was sent to the kitchen for anything, he marched upright till he got to the door; he turned hand-springs the rest of the way.

"Breakfast!"

I thought I would make one more effort to get some conversation out of this being.

"Have you called the Reverend, or are—?"

"Yes, s'r."

"Is it early, or is—?"

"Eight-five!"

"Do you have to do all the 'chores,' or is there somebody to give you a l—?"

"Coloured girl!"—

"Is there only one parish in the island, or are there—?"

"Eight!"

"Is the big church on the hill a parish church, or is it—?"

"Chapel-of-ease!"

"Is taxation here classified into poll, parish, town, and—?"

"Don't know!"

Before I could cudgel another question out of my head he was below, hand-springing across the back-yard. He had slid down the balusters, head first. I gave up trying to provoke a discussion with him. The essential element of discussion had been left out of him; his answers were so final and exact, that they did not leave a doubt to hang conversation on. I suspect that there is the making of a mighty man or a mighty rascal in this boy,—according to circumstances,—but they are going to apprentice him to a carpenter. It is the way the world uses its opportunities.

During this day and the next we took carriage drives about the island and over to the town of St. George's fifteen or twenty miles away. Such hard, excellent roads to drive over are not to be found elsewhere out of Europe. An intelligent young coloured man drove us, and acted as guide-book. In the edge of the town we saw five or six mountain-cabbage palms (atrocious names!) standing in a straight row, and equidistant from each other. These were not the largest or the tallest trees I have ever seen, but they were the stateliest, the most majestic. That row of them must be the nearest that nature has ever come to counterfeiting a colonnade. These trees are all the same height, say sixty feet; the trunks as gray as granite, with a very gradual and perfect taper, without sign of branch or knot or flaw; the surface not looking like bark, but like granite that has been dressed and not polished. Thus

all the way up the diminishing shaft for fifty feet; then it begins to take the appearance of being closely wrapped, spool-fashion, with gray cord, or of having been turned in a lathe. Above this point there is an outward swell, and thence upwards for six feet or more, the cylinder is a bright, fresh green, and is formed of wrappings like those of an ear of green Indian corn. Then comes the great spraying palm plume, a'sreen. Other palmtrees always lean out of the perpendicular, or have a curve in them. But the plumbline could not detect a deflection in any individual of this stately row. They stand as straight as the colonnade of Baalbec; they have its great height, they have its gracefulness, they have its dignity; in moonlight or twilight, and shorn of their plumes, they would duplicate it.

The birds we came across in the country were singularly tame. Even that wild creature, the quail, would pick around in the grass at ease while we inspected it and talked about it at leisure. A small bird of the canary species had to be stirred up with the butt-end of the whip before it would move, and then it moved only a couple of feet. It is said that even the suspicious flea is tame and sociable in Bermuda, and will allow himself to be caught and caressed without misgivings. This should be taken with allowance, for doubtless there is more or less brag about it. In San Francisco they used to claim that their native flea could kick a child over, as if it were a merit in a flea to be able to do that; as if the knowledge of it trumpeted abroad ought to entice emigration. Such a thing in nine cases out of ten would be almost sure to deter a thinking man from coming.

We saw no bugs or reptiles to speak of, and so I was thinking of saying in print, in a general way, that there were none at all; but one night after I had gone to bed, the Reverend came into my room carrying something, and asked, "Is this your boot?" I said it was, and he said he had met a spider going off with it. Next morning he stated that just at dawn the same spider raised his window, and was coming in to get a shirt, but saw him and fled.

I inquired, "Did he get the shirt?"

"No."

"How did you know it was a shirt he was after?"

"I could see it in his eye."

We inquired round, but could hear of no Bermudian spider capable of doing these things. Citizens said that their largest spiders could not more than spread their legs over an ordinary saucer, and that they had always been considered honest. Here was

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testimony of a clergyman against the testi-
mony of more worldlings—interested ones,
too. On the whole I judged it best to lock
up my things.

Here and there on the country roads we
found lemon, papaya, orange, lime, and fig-
trees; also several sorts of palms, among
them the cocoa, the date, and the palmetto.
We saw some bamboos forty feet high, with
stems as thick as a man's arm. Jungles of
the mangrove-tree stood up out of
swamps, propped on their interlaced roots
as upon a tangle of stilts. In dryer places
the noble tamarind sent down its grateful
cloud of shade. Here and there the blos-
somy tamarac adorned the roadside. There
was a curious gnarled and twisted black
tree, without a single leaf on it. It might
have passed itself off for a dead apple-tree,
but for the fact that it had a star-like, red,
hot flower sprinkled sparsely over it person.
It had the scattery red glow that a constel-
lation might have when glimpsed through
smoked glass. It is possible that our con-
stellations have been so constructed as to be
invisible through smoked glass; if this is so
it is a great mistake.

We saw a tree that bears grapes, and just
as calmly and unostentatiously as a vine
would do it. We saw an India-rubber tree,
but out of season, possibly, so there were no
shoes on it, nor suspenders, nor anything
that a person would properly expect to find
there. This gave it an impressively fraudu-
lent look. There was exactly one mahog-
any-tree on the island. I know this to be
reliable, because I saw a man who said he
had counted it many a time, and could not
be mistaken. He was a man with a hair lip
and a pure heart, and everybody said he was
as true as steel. Such men are all too few.

One's eye caught near and far the pink
cloud of the oleander and the blaze of the
pomegranate blossom. In one piece of wild
wood the morning-glory vines had wrapped
the trees to their very tops, and decorated
them all over with couples and clusters of
great blue-bells—a fine and striking specta-
cle at a little distance. But the dull
cedar is everywhere, and it's the
prevailing foliage. One does not ap-
preciate how dull it is until the varnished,
bright green attire of the infrequent lemon
tree pleasantly intrudes its contrast. In one
thing Bermuda was eminently tropical,—was
in May, at least,—the unbrilliant, slightly
faded, unrejoicing look of the landscape.
For forests arrayed in a blemishless mag-
nificence of glowing green foliage that seems
to exult in its own existence, and can move
the beholder to an enthusiasm that will
make him either shout or cry, one must go

to countries that have malignant winters.

We saw scores of coloured farmers dig-
ging their crops of potatoes and onions,
their wives and children helping, entirely
contented and comfortable, if looks go for
anything. We never met a man or woman
or child anywhere in this sunny island, who
seemed to be unprosperous, or discontented,
or sorry about anything. This sort of mono-
tony became very tiresome presently, and
even something worse. The spectre of an
entire nation grovelling in contentment is an
infuriating thing. We felt the lack of
something in this community,—a vague, an-
undefinable, an elusive something, and yet a
lack. But after considerable thought we
made out what it was,—tramps. Let them
go there, right now, in a body. It is utterly
virgin soil. Passage is cheap. Every true
patriot in America will help buy tickets.
Whole armies of these excellent beings can
be spared from our midst and our pells;
they will find a delicious climate, and a
green, kind hearted people. There are pota-
toes and onions for all, and a generous wel-
come for the first batch and elegant graves
for the second.

It was the Early Rose potato the people
were digging. Later in the year they have
another crop, which they call the Garnet.
We buy their potatoes (retail) at fifteen
dollars a barrel; and those coloured farmers
buy ours for a scng, and live on them.
Havana might exchange cigars with Con-
necticut in the same advantageous way if she
thought of it.

We passed a roadside grocery with a sign
up, "Potatoes Wanted." An ignorant
stranger doubtless. He could not have gone
thirty steps from his place without finding
plenty of them.

In several fields, the arrowroot crop was
already sprouting. Bermuda used to make
a vast annual profit out of this staple before
fire-arms came into such general use.

The island is not large. Somewhere in
the interior a man ahead of us had a very
slow horse. I suggested that we had better
go by him; but the driver said the man had
but a little way to go. I waited to see
wondering how he could know. Presently
the man did turn down another road. I
asked, "How did you know he would?"

"Because I knew the man, and where he
lived."

I asked him satirically, if he knew
everybody in the island; he answered very
simply, that he did. This gives a boy's
mind a good substantial grip on the dimen-
sions of the place.

At the principal hotel in St. George's,
a young girl, with a sweet serious face,

said we could not be furnished with dinner, because we had not been expected, and no preparation had been made. Yet it was still an hour before dinner time. We argued; she yielded not; we supplicated, she was serene. The hotel had not been expecting an inundation of two people, and so it seemed that we should have to go home dinnerless. I said we were not very hungry, a fish would do. My little maid answered, it was not the market day for fish. Things began to look serious: but presently the boarder who sustained the hotel came in, and when the case was laid before him he was cheerfully willing to divide. So we had much pleasant chat at table about St. George's chief industry, the repairing of damaged ships; and in between we had a soup that had something in it that seemed to taste like the hereafter, but it proved to be only pepper of a particularly vivacious kind. And we had an iron-clad chicken that was deliciously cooked, but not in the right way. Baking was not the thing to convince his sort. He ought to have been put through a quartz mill until the "tuck" was taken out of him, and then boiled till we came again. We got a good deal of sport out of him, but not enough sustenance to leave the victory on our side. No matter; we had potatoes and a pie and a sociable good time. Then a ramble through the town, which is a quaint one, with interesting crooked streets, and narrow crooked lanes, with here and there a grain of dust. Here, as in Hamilton, the dwellings had Venetian blinds of a very sensible pattern. They were not double shutters, hinged at the sides, but a single broad shutter hinged at the top; you push it outward, from the bottom, and fasten it at any angle required by the sun or desired by yourself.

All about the island one sees great white scars on the hill-slopes. These are dished spaces where the soil has been scraped off and the coral exposed and glazed with hard whitewash. Some of these are a quarter-acre in size. They catch and carry the rainfall to reservoirs; for the wells are few and poor, and there are no natural springs and no brooks.

They say that the Bermuda climate is mild and equitable, with never any snow or ice, and that one may be very comfortable in spring clothing the year round, there. We had delightful and decided summer weather in May, with a flaming sun that permitted the thinnest of raiment, and yet there was a constant breeze; consequently we were never discomfited by heat. At four or five in the afternoon the mercury began to go down, and then it became necessary to change to

thick garments. I went to St. George's in the morning clothed in the thinnest of linen, and reached home at five in the afternoon with two overcoats on. The nights are said to be always cool and bracing. We had mosquito nets, and the Reverend said the mosquitoes persecuted him a good deal. I often heard him slapping and banging at these imaginary creatures with as much zeal as if they had been real. There are no mosquitoes in the Bermudas in May.

The poet Thomas Moore spent several months in Bermuda more than seventy years ago. He was sent out to be registrar of the admiralty. I am not quite clear as to the function of a registrar of the admiralty of Bermuda, but I think it is his duty to keep a record of all the admirals born there. I will inquire into this. There was not much doing in admirals, and Moore got tired and went away. A reverently preserved souvenir of him is still one of the treasures of the islands. I gathered the idea vaguely, that it was a jug, but was persistently thwarted in the twenty-two efforts I made to visit it. However, it was no matter, for I found afterwards that it was only a chair.

There are several "sights" in the Bermudas, of course, but they are easily avoided. This is a great advantage—one cannot have it in Europe. Bermuda is the right country for a jaded man to "loaf" in. There are no harassments; the deep peace and quiet of the country sink into one's body and bones, and give his conscience a test, and chloroform the legion of invisible small devils that are always trying to whitewash his hair. A good many Americans go there about the first of March and remain until the early spring weeks have finished their villainies at home.

The Bermudas are hoping soon to have telegraphic communication with the world. But even after they shall have acquired this curse it will still be a good country to go to for a vacation, for there are charming little islets scattered about the inclosed sea where one could live secure from interruption. The telegraph boy would have to come in a boat, and one could easily kill him while he was making his landing.

We had spent four days in Bermuda—three bright ones out of doors and one rainy one in the house, we being disappointed about getting a yacht for a sail; and now our furlough was ended.

We made the run home to New York quarantine in three days and five hours, and could have gone right along up to the city if we had had a health permit. But health permits are not granted after seven in the

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evening, partly because a ship cannot be inspected and overhauled with exhaustive thoroughness except in the daylight, and partly because health officials are liable to catch cold if they expose themselves to the night air. Still, you can buy a permit after hours for five dollars extra, and the officer will do the inspecting next week. Our ship and passengers lay under expense and in humiliating captivity all night, under the very nose of the little official reptile who is supposed to protect New York from pestilence by his vigilant "inspections." This imposing rigour gave everybody a solemn and awful idea of the beneficent watchfulness of our government, and there were some who wondered if anything finer could be found in other countries.

In the morning we were all a-tiptoe to witness the intricate ceremony of inspecting the ship. But it was a disappointing thing. The health officer's tug ranged alongside for a moment, our purser handed the lawful three-dollar permit fee to the health officer's boot-black, who passed us a folded paper on a forked stick, and away we went. The entire "inspection" did not occupy thirteen seconds.

The health officer's place is worth a hundred thousand dollars a year to him. His system of inspection is perfect, and therefore cannot be improved on; but it seems to me that his system of collecting his fees might be amended. For a great ship to lie idle all night is a most costly loss of time; for her passengers to have to do the same thing works to them the same damage, with the addition of an amount of exasperation and bitterness of soul that the spectacle of that health off . . . could hardly sweeten. Now, why would it not be better and simpler to let the ships pass in unmo-lested, and the permits be exchanged once a year by post?

* When the proofs of this article came to me I saw that "The Atlantic" had condemned the words which occupied the place where is now a vacancy. I can invent no figure worthy to stand in the shoes of the lurid colossus which a too deep respect for the opinions of mankind has thus ruthlessly banished from his due and rightful pedestal in the world's literature. Let the blank remain a blank; and let it suggest to the reader that he has sustained a precious loss which can never be made good to him. M. T.

THE END.

ROBERTSON'S CHEAP SERIES.

POPULAR READING AT POPULAR PRICES.

THE
PRINCE AND PAUPER.

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By MARK TWAIN.

COMPLETE.

TORONTO:

J. ROSS ROBERTSON, 55 KING STREET, WEST, COR. BAY.

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THE PRINCE AND PAUPER.

CHAPTER I.

THE BIRTH OF THE PRINCE AND THE PAUPER.

In the ancient city of London, on a certain autumn day in the second quarter of the sixteenth century, a boy was born to a poor family of the name of Canty, who did not want him. On the same day another English child was born to a rich family of the name of Tudor, who did want him. All England wanted him too. England had so longed for him, and hoped for him, and prayed God for him, that, now that he was really come, the people went nearly mad for joy. Mere acquaintances hugged and kissed each other and cried. Everybody took a holiday, and high and low, rich and poor, feasted and danced and sang, and got very mellow; and they kept this up for days and nights together. By day, London was a sight to see, with gay banners waving from every balcony and housetop, and splendid pageants marching along. By night, it was again a sight to see, with its great bonfires at every corner, and its troops of revellers making merry around them. There was no talk in all England but of the new baby, Edward Tudor, Prince of Wales, who lay lapped in silks and satins, unconscious of all this fuss, and not knowing that great lords and ladies were tending him and watching over him--and not caring, either. But there was no talk about the other baby, Tom Canty, lapped in his poor rags, except among the family of paupers whom he had just come to trouble with his presence.

CHAPTER II.

TOM'S EARLY LIFE.

Let us skip a number of years.

London was fifteen hundred years old, and was a great town--for that day. It had a hundred thousand inhabitants--some think double as many. The streets were very narrow, and crooked, and dirty, especially in the part where Tom Canty lived, which was not far from London Bridge. The

houses were of wood, with the second story projecting over the first, and the third sticking its elbows out beyond the second. The higher the houses grew, the broader they grew. They were skeletons of strong criss-cross beams, with solid material between, coated with plaster. The beams were painted red or blue or black, according to the owner's taste, and this gave the house a very picturesque look. The windows were small, glazed with little diamond-shaped panes, and they opened outward, on hinges, like doors.

The house which Tom's father lived in was up a foul little pocket called Offal Court, out of Pudding Lane. It was small, decayed, and rickety, but it was packed full of wretchedly poor families. Canty's tribe occupied a room on the third floor. The mother and father had a sort of bedstead in the corner; but Tom, his grandmother, and his two sisters, Bet and Nan, were not restricted--they had all the floor to themselves, and might sleep where they chose. There were the remains of a blanket or two, and some bundles of ancient and dirty straw, but these could not rightly be called beds, for they were not organized; they were kicked into a general pile, mornings, and selections made from the mass at night, for service.

Bet and Nan were fifteen years old--twins. They were good-hearted girls, unclean, clothed in rags, and profoundly ignorant. Their mother was like them. But the father and the grandmother were a couple of fiends. They got drunk whenever they could; then they fought each other or anybody else who came in the way; they cursed and swore always, drunk or sober; John Canty was a thief, and his mother a beggar. They made beggars of the children, but failed to make thieves of them. Among, but not of, the dreadful rabble that inhabited the house, was a good old priest whom the King had turned out of house and

home with a pension of a few farthings, and he used to get the children aside and teach them right ways secretly. Father Andrew also taught Tom a little Latin, and how to read and write; and would have done the same with the girls, but they were afraid of the jeers of their friends, who could not have endured such a queer accomplishment in them.

All Offal Court was just such another hive as Canty's house. Drunkenness, riot and brawling were the order there every night and nearly all night long. Broken heads were as common as hunger in that place. Yet little Tom was not unhappy. He had a hard time of it, but did not know it. It was the sort of time that all the Offal Court boys had, therefore he supposed it was the correct and comfortable thing. When he came home empty-handed at night, he knew his father would curse him and thrash him first, and that when he was done the awful grandmother would do it all over again and improve on it; and that in the night his starving mother would slip to him stealthily with any miserable scrap or crust she had been able to save for him by going hungry herself, notwithstanding she was often caught in that sort of treason and soundly beaten for it by her husband.

No, Tom's life went along well enough, especially in summer. He only begged just enough to save himself, for the laws against mendicancy were stringent, and the penalties heavy; so he put in a good deal of his time listening to good Father Andrew's charming old tales and legends about giants and fairies, dwarfs and genii, and enchanted castles, and gorgeous kings and princes. His head grew to be full of these wonderful things, and many a night as he lay on his scant and offensive straw, tired, hungry, and smarting from a thrashing, he unleashed his imagination and soon forgot his aches and pains in delicious picturings to himself of the charmed life of a petted prince in a regal palace. One desire came in time to haunt him day and night: it was to see real prince, with his own eyes. He spoke it once to some of his Offal Court comrades; but they jeered him and scoffed him so unmercifully that he was glad to keep his dream to himself after that.

He often read the priest's old books and got him to explain and enlarge upon them. His dreamings and readings worked certain changes in him, by and by. His dream-people were so fine that he grew to lament his shabby clothing and his dirt, and to wish to be clean and better clad. He went on playing in the mud just the same, and enjoying it, too; but instead of splashing

around in the Thames solely for the fun of it, he began to find an added value in it because of the washings and cleansings it afforded.

Tom could always find something going on around the Maypole in Cheapside, and at the fairs; and now and then he and the rest of London had a chance to see a military parade when some famous unfortunate was carried prisoner to the Tower, by land or boat. One summer's day he saw poor Anne Askew and three men burned at the stake in Smithfield, and heard an ex-Bishop preach a sermon to them which did not interest him. Yes, Tom's life was varied and pleasant enough, on the whole.

By and by Tom's reading and dreaming about princely life wrought such a strong effect upon him that he began to act the prince, unconsciously. His speech and manners became curiously ceremonious and courtly, to the vast admiration and amusement of his intimates. But Tom's influence among these young people began to grow, now, day by day; and in time he came to be looked up to, by them, with a sort of wondering awe, as a superior being. He seemed to know so much! and he could do and say such marvellous things! and withal he was so deep and wise! Tom's remarks, and Tom's performances, were reported by the boys to their elders; and these, also, presently began to discuss Tom Canty, and to regard him as a most gifted and extraordinary creature. Full-grown people brought their perplexities to Tom for solution, and were often astonished at the wit and wisdom of his decisions. In fact he was become a hero to all who knew him except his own family—these, only, saw nothing in him.

Privately, after a while, Tom organized a royal court! He was the prince; his special comrades were guards, chamberlains, equerries, lords and ladies in waiting, and the royal family. Daily the mock prince was received with elaborate ceremonials borrowed by Tom from his romantic readings; daily the great affairs of the mimic kingdom were discussed in the royal council, and daily his mimic highness issued decrees to his imaginary armies, navies, and viceroynalties.

After which, he would go forth in his rags and beg a few farthings, eat his poor crust, take his customary cuffs and abuse, and then stretch himself upon his handful of foul straw, and resume his empty grandeurs in his dreams.

And still his desire to look just once upon a real prince, in the flesh, grew upon him, day by day, and week by week, until at last it absorbed all other desires, and became the one passion of his life.

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One January day, on his usual begging tour, he tramped despondently up and down the region round about Mincing Lane and Little East Cheap, hour after hour, bare-rooted and cold, looking in at cook-shop windows and longing for the dreadful pork-pies and other deadly inventions displayed there—for to him these were dainties fit for the angels; that is, judging by the smell, they were—for it had never been his good luck to own and eat one. There was a cold drizzle of rain; the atmosphere was murky; it was a melancholy day. At night Tom reached home so wet and tired and hungry that it was not possible for his father and grandmother to observe his forlorn condition and not be moved—after their fashion; wherefore they gave him a brisk cuffing at once and sent him to bed. For a long time his pain and hunger, and the swearing and fighting going on in the building, kept him awake; but at last his thoughts drifted away to far, romantic lands, and he fell asleep in the company of jewelled and gilded princelings who lived in vast palaces, and had servants salaaming before them or flying to execute their orders. And then, as usual, he dreamed that he was a princeling himself.

All night long the glories of his royal estate shone upon him; he moved among great lords and ladies, in a blaze of light, breathing perfumes, drinking in delicious music, and answering the reverent obeisances of the glittering throng as it parted to make way for him, with here a smile, and there a nod of his princely head.

And when he awoke in the morning and looked upon the wretchedness about him, his dream had had its usual effect—it had intensified the sordidness of his surroundings a thousand fold. Then came bitterness, and heart-break, and tears.

CHAPTER III.

TOM'S MEETING WITH THE PRINCE.

Tom got up hungry, and sauntered hungry away, but with his thoughts busy with the shadowy splendours of his night dreams. He wandered here and there in the city, hardly noticing where he was going, or what was happening around him. People jostled him, and some gave him rough speech; but it was all lost on the musing boy. By and by he found himself at Temple Bar, the farthest from home he had ever travelled in that direction. He stopped and considered a moment, then fell into his imaginings again, and passed on outside the walls of London. The Strand had ceased to

be a country-road then, and regarded itself as a street, but by a strained construction; for, though there was a tolerably compact row of houses on one side of it, there were only some scattering great buildings on the other, these being palaces of rich nobles, with ample and beautiful grounds stretching to the river—grounds that are now closely packed with grim acres of brick and stone.

Tom discovered Charing Village presently, and rested himself at the beautiful cross built there by a bereaved king of earlier days; then idled down a quiet, lovely road, past the great cardinal's stately palace, toward a far more mighty and majestic palace beyond,—Westminster. Tom stared in glad wonder at the vast pile of masonry, the wide-spreading wings, the frowning bastions and turrets, the huge stone gateway, with its gilded bars and its magnificent array of colossal granite lions, and other signs and symbols of English royalty. Was the desire of his soul to be satisfied at last? Here, indeed, was a king's palace. Might he not hope to see a prince now,—a prince of flesh and blood, if heaven were willing?

At each side of the gilded gate stood a living statue, that is to say, an erect and stately and motionless man-at-arms, clad from head to heel in shining steel armour. At a respectful distance were many country folk, and people from the city, waiting for any glimpse of royalty that might offer. Splendid carriages, with splendid people in them and splendid servants outside, were arriving and departing by several other noble gateways that pierced the royal enclosure.

Poor little Tom, in his rags, approached, and was moving slow and timidly past the sentinels, with a beating heart and a rising hope, when all at once he caught sight through the golden bars of a spectacle that almost made him shout for joy. Within was a comely boy, tanned and brown with sturdy out-door exercises, whose clothing was all of lovely silks and satins, shining with jewels; at his hip a little jewelled sword and dagger; dainty buskins on his feet, with red heels; and on his head a jaunty crimson cap, with drooping plumes fastened with a great sparkling gem. Several gorgeous gentlemen stood near—his servants, without a doubt. Oh! he was a prince—a prince, a living prince, a real prince—without the shadow of a question; and the prayer of the pauper-boy's heart was answered at last.

Tom's breath came quick and short with excitement, and his eyes grew big with wonder and delight. Everything gave way in his mind instantly to one desire: that was to get close to the prince, and have a good,

devouring look at him. Before he knew what he was about, he had his face against the gate-bars. The next instant one of the soldiers snatched him rudely away, and sent him spinning among the gaping crowd of country gawks and London idlers. The soldier said,—

'Mind thy manners, thou young beggar!'

The crowd jeered and laughed; but the young prince sprang to the gate with his face flushed, and his eyes flashing with indignation, and cried out,—

'How dar'st thou use a poor lad like that? How dar'st thou use the King my father's meanest subject so? Open the gates, and let him in!'

You should have seen that fickle crowd snatch off their hats then. You should have heard them cheer, and shout, 'Long live the Prince of Wales!'

The soldiers presented arms with their halberds, opened the gates, and presented again as the little Prince of Poverty passed in, in his fluttering rags, to join hands with the Prince of Limitless Plenty.

Edward Tudor said,—

'Thou lookest tired and hungry: thou'st been treated ill. Come with me.'

Half a dozen attendants sprang forward to—
—I don't know what; interfere, no doubt. But they were waved aside with a right royal gesture, and they stopped stock still where they were, like so many statues. Edward took Tom to a rich apartment in the palace, which he called his cabinet. By his command a repast was brought such as Tom had never encountered before except in books. The prince, with princely delicacy and breeding, sent away the servants, so that his humble guest might not be embarrassed by their critical presence; then he sat near by, and asked questions while Tom ate.

'What is thy name, lad?'

'Tom Canty, an' it please thee, sir.'

'Tis an odd one. Where dost live?'

'In the city, please thee, sir. Offal Court, out of Pudding Lane.'

'Offal Court! Truly 'tis another odd one. Hast parents?'

'Parents have I, sir, and a grand-dam likewise that is but indifferently precious to me. God forgive me if it be offence to say it—also twin sisters, Nan and Bet.'

'Then is thy grand-dam not over kind to thee, I take it.'

'Neither to any other is she, so please your Worship. She hath a wicked heart, and worketh evil all her days.'

'Doth she mistreat thee?'

'There be times that she stayeth her hand, being asleep or overcome with drink; but when she hath her judgment clear again, she

maketh it up to me with goodly beatings.'

A rce look came in to the little prince's eyes, and he cried out,—

'What! Beatings?'

'Oh, indeed, yes, please you, sir.'

'Beatings!—and thou so frail and little.

Hark ye: before the night come, she shall hie her to the Tower. The King my father—

'Insooth, you forget, sir, her low degree. The Tower is for the great alone.'

'True, indeed. I had not thought of that. I will consider of her punishment. Is thy father kind to thee?'

'Not more than Gammer Canty, sir.'

'Fathers be alike, mayhap. I hath not a doll's temper. He smiteth with a heavy hand, yet spareth me: he spareth me not always with his tongue, though, sooth to say. How doth thy mother use thee?'

'She is good, sir, and giveth me neither sorrow nor pain of any sort. And Nan and Bet are like to her in this.'

'How old be these?'

'Fifteen, an' it please you, sir.'

'The Lady Elizabeth, my sister, is fourteen, and the Lady Jane Grey, my cousin, is of mine own age, and comely and gracious withal; but my sister the Lady Mary, with her gloomy mien and—Look you: do thy sisters forbid their servants to smile, lest the sin destroy their souls?'

'They? Oh, dost think, sir, that they have servants?'

The little prince contemplated the little pauper gravely a moment, then said,—

'And prithee, why not? Who helpeth them undress at night? who attireth them when they rise?'

'None, sir. Wouldst have them take off their garment, and sleep without,—like the beasts?'

'Their garment! Have they but one?'

'Ah, good your worship, what would they do with more? Truly they have not two bodies each.'

'It is a quaint and marvellous thought! Thy pardon, I had not meant to laugh. But thy good Nan and thy Bet shall have raiment and lackeys enow, and that soon, too: my cofferer shall look to it. No, thank me not; 'tis nothing. Thou speakest well; thou hast an easy grace in it. Art learned?'

'I know not if I am or not, sir. The good priest that is called Father Andrew taught me, of his kindness, from his books.'

'Know'st thou the Latin?'

'But scantily, sir, I doubt.'

'Learn it, lad; 'tis hard only at first. The Greek is harder; but neither these nor any tongues else, I think, are hard to the Lady Elizabeth and my cousin. Thou

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'In truth, yes, so please you, sir, save when one is hungry. There be Punch-and-Judy shows, and monkeys,—oh, such antic creatures! and so bravely dressed!—and there be plays wherein they that play do shout and fight till all are slain, and 'tis so fine to see, and costeth but a farthing—albeit 'tis main hard to get the farthing, please your worship.'

'Tell me more.'

'We lads of Offal Court do strive against each other with the cudgel, like to the fashion of the 'prentices, sometimes.'

The prince's eyes flashed. Said he,—

'Marry, that would not I mislike. Tell me more.'

'We strive in races, sir, to see who of us shall be fleetest.'

'That would I like also. Speak on.'

'In summer, sir, we wade and swim in the canal and in the rivers, and each doth duck his neighbour, and spatter him with water, and dive and shout and tumble and!—

'Twould be worth my father's kingdom but to enjoy it once! Prithee go on.'

'We dance and sing about the Maypole in Cheapside; we play in the sand, each covering his neighbour up; and times we make mud pastry—oh the lovely mud, it hath not its like for delightfulness in all the world!—we do fairly wallow in the mud, sir, saving your worship's presence.'

'Oh, prithee, say no more, 'tis glorious! If that I could clothe me in raiment like to thine, and strip my feet, and revel in the mud once, just once, with none to rebuke me or forbid, meseemeth I could forego the crown!'

'And if that I could clothe me once, sweet sir, as thou art clad—just once!—

'Oho, wouldst like it? Then so shall it be. Doff thy rags, and don these splendours, lad! It is a brief happiness, but will be not less keen for that. We will have it while we may, and change again before any come to molest.'

A few minutes later the little Prince of Wales was garlanded with Tom's fluttering odds and ends, and the little Prince of Pauperdom was tricked out in the gaudy plumage of royalty. The two went and stood side by side before a great mirror, and lo, a miracle: there did not seem to have been any change made! They stared at each other, then at the glass, then at each other again. At last the puzzled princeling said,—

'What dost thou make of this?'

'Ah, good your worship, require me not to answer. It is not meet that one of my degree should utter the thing.'

'Then will I utter it. Thou hast the same hair, the same eyes, the same voice and manner, the same form and stature, the same face and countenance, that I bear. Fared we forth naked, there is none could say which was you, and which the Prince of Wales. And, now that I am clothed as thou wert clothed, it seemeth I should be able the more nearly to feel as thou didst when the brute soldier—Hark ye, is not this a bruise upon your hand?'

'Yes; but it is a slight thing, and your worship knoweth that the poor man-at-arms'—

'Peace! It was a shameful thing and a cruel!' cried the little prince, stamping his bare foot. 'If the King—Stir not a step till I come again! It is a command!'

In a moment he had snatched up and put away an article of national importance that lay upon a table, and was out at the door and flying through the palace grounds in his bannered rags, with a hot face and glowing eyes. As soon as he reached the great gate, he seized the bars, and tried to shake them, shouting,—

'Open! Unbar the gates!'

The soldier that had maltreated Tom obeyed promptly; and as the prince burst through the portal, half-smothered with royal wrath, the soldier fetched him a sound ing box on the ear that sent him whirling to the roadway, and said,—

'Take that, thou beggar's spawn, for what thou got'st me from his Highness!'

The crowd roared with laughter. The prince picked himself out of the mud, and made fiercely at the sentry, shouting,—

'I am the Prince of Wales, my person is sacred; and thou shalt hang for laying thy hand upon me!'

The soldier brought his halberd to a present-arms and said mockingly,—

'I salute your gracious Highness.' Then angrily, 'Be off, thou crazy rubbish!'

Here the jeering crowd closed around the poor little prince, and hustled him far down the road, hooting him, and shouting, 'Way for his royal Highness! way for the Prince of Wales!'

CHAPTER IV.

THE PRINCE'S TROUBLES BEGIN.

After hours of persistent pursuit and persecution, the little prince was at last deserted by the rabble and left to himself. As long as he had been able to rage against the mob,

and threaten it royally, and royally utter commands that were good stuff to laugh at, he was very entertaining; but when weariness finally forced him to be silent, he was no longer of use to his tormentors, and they sought amusement elsewhere. He looked about him now, but could not recognize the locality. He was within the city of London—that was all he knew. He moved on, aimlessly, and in a little while the houses thinned, and the passers-by were infrequent. He bathed his bleeding feet in the brook which flowed then where Farringdon street now is; rested a few moments, then passed on, and presently came upon a great space with only a few scattered houses in it, and a prodigious church. He recognized this church. Scaffoldings were about everywhere, and swarms of workmen; for it was undergoing elaborate repairs. The prince took heart at once—he felt that his troubles were at an end, now. He said to himself, 'It is the ancient Grey Friar's church, which the king my father hath taken from the monks and given for a home forever for poor and forsaken children, and new-named it Christ's Church. Right gladly will they serve the son of him who hath done so generously by them—and the more that that son is himself as poor and as forlorn as any that be sheltered here this day, or ever shall be.'

He was soon in the midst of a crowd of boys who were running, jumping, playing at ball and leap-frog and otherwise disporting themselves, and right noisily, too. They were all dressed alike, and in the fashion which in that day prevailed among serving-men and 'prentices—(See Note 1, at end of the volume).—that is to say, each had on the crown of his head a flat black cap about the size of a saucer, which was not useful as a covering, it being of such scanty dimensions, neither was it ornamental; from beneath it the hair fell, unparted, to the middle of the forehead, and was cropped straight around; a clerical band at the neck; a blue gown that fitted closely and hung as low as the knees or lower; full sleeves; a broad red belt; bright yellow stockings, gartered above the knees; low shoes with large metal buckles. It was a sufficiently ugly costume.

The boys stopped their play and flocked about the prince, who said with native dignity—

'Good lads, say to your master that Edward Prince of Wales desireth speech with him.'

A great shout went up at this, and one rude fellow said—

'Marry, art thou his grace's messenger, beggar?'

The prince's face flushed with anger, and his ready hand flew to his hip, but there was nothing there. There was a storm of laughter, and one boy said—

'Didst mark that? He fancied he had a sword—belike he is the prince himself.'

This sally brought more laughter. Poor Edward drew himself up proudly and said—

'I am the prince; and it ill besemeth you that feed upon the king my father's bounty to use me so.'

This was vastly enjoyed, as the laughter testified. The youth who had first spoken, shouted to his comrades—

'Ho, swine, slaves, pensioners of his grace's princely father, where be your manners? Down on your marrow bones, all of ye, and do reverence to his kingly port and royal rags.'

With boisterous mirth they dropped upon their knees in a body and did mock homage to their prey. The prince spurned the nearest boy with his foot, and said fiercely—

'Take thou that, till the morrow come and I build thee a gibbet!'

Ah, but this was not a joke—this was going beyond fun. The laughter ceased on the instant, and fury took its place. A dozen shouted—

'Hale him forth! To the horse-pond, to the horse-pond! Where be the dogs? Ho, there, Lion! he Fangs!'

Then followed such a thing as England had never seen before—the sacred person of the heir to the throne rudely buffeted by plebeian hands, and set upon and torn by dogs.

As night drew to a close that day, the prince found himself far down in the close-built portion of the city. His body was bruised, his hands were bleeding, and his rags were all besmirched with mud. He wandered on and on, and grew more and more bewildered, and so tired and faint he could hardly drag one foot after the other. He had ceased to ask questions of any one, since they brought him only insult instead of information. He kept muttering to himself, 'Offal Court—that is the name; if I can but find it before my strength is wholly spent and I drop, then am I saved—for his people will take me to the palace and prove that I am none of theirs, but the true prince, and I shall have mine own again.' And now and then his mind reverted to his treatment by those rude Christ's Hospital boys, and he said, 'When I am king, they shall not have bread and shelter only, but

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also teachings out of books; for a full belly is little worth where the mind is starved, and the heart. I will keep this diligently in my remembrance, that this day's lesson be not lost upon me, and my people suffer thereby; for learning softeneth the heart and breedeth gentleness and charity.' (See Note 2, at end of the volume.)

The lights began to twin'le, it came on to rain, the wind rose, and a raw and gusty night set in. The houseless prince, the homeless heir to the throne of England, still moved on, drifting deeper into the maze of squalid alleys where the swarming hives of poverty and misery were massed together.

Suddenly a great drunken ruffian collared him and said—

'Out to this time of night again, and hast not brought a farthing home, I warrant me! If it be so, an' I do not break all the bones in thy lean body, then am I not John Canty, but some other.'

The prince twisted himself loose, unconsciously brushed his profaned shoulder, and eagerly said—

'O, art his father, truly? Sweet heaven grant it be so—then wilt thou fetch him away and restore me!'

'His father? I know not what thou mean'st; I but know I am thy father, as thou shalt soon have cause to—'

'O, jest not, paltor not, delay not!—I am worn, I am wounded, I can bear no more. Take me to the king my father, and he will make thee rich beyond thy wildest dreams. Believe me, man, believe me!—I speak no lie, but only the truth!—put forth thy hand and save me! I am indeed the Prince of Wales!'

The man stared down, stupefied, upon the lad, then shook his head and muttered—

'Gone stark mad as any Tom o' Bedlam!—then collared him once more, and said with a coarse laugh and an oath, 'But mad or no mad, I and thy Gammer Canty will soon find where the soft places in thy bones lie, or I'm no true man!'

With this he dragged the frantic and struggling prince away, and disappeared up a front court followed by a delighted and noisy swarm of human vermin.

CHAPTER V.

TOM AS A PATRICIAN.

Tom Canty, left alone in the prince's cabinet, made good use of his opportunity. He turned himself this way and that before the great mirror, admiring his finery; then walked away, imitating the prince's high-bred carriage, and still observing results in

the glass. Next he drew the beautiful sword, and bowed, kissing the blade, and laying it across his breast, as he had seen a noble knight do, by way of salute to the lieutenant of the Tower, five or six weeks before, when delivering the great lords of Norfolk and Surrey into his hands for captivity. Tom played with the jewelled dagger that hung upon his thigh; he examined the costly and exquisite ornaments of the room; he tried each of the sumptuous chairs, and thought now proud he would be if the Offal Court herd could only peep in and see him in his grandeur. He wondered if they would believe the marvellous tale he should tell when he got home, or if they would shake their heads and say his overtaxed imagination had at last upset his reason.

At the end of half an hour it suddenly occurred to him that the prince was gone a long time; then right away he began to feel lonely, very soon he fell to listening and longing, and ceased to toy with the pretty things about him; he grew uneasy, then restless, then distressed. Suppose some one should come and catch him in the prince's clothes, and the prince not there to explain. Might they not hang him at once, and inquire into his case afterward? He had heard that the great were prompt about small matters. His fears rose higher and higher; and trembling he softly opened the door to the antechamber, resolved to fly and seek the prince, and through him, protection and release. Six gorgeous gentlemen-servants and two young pages of high degree, clothed like butterflies, sprung to their feet, and bowed low before him. He stepped quickly back and shut the door. He said:

'Oh, they mock at me! They will go and tell. Oh! why came I here to cast away my life?'

He walked up and down the floor, filled with nameless fears, listening, startled at every trifling sound. Presently the door swung open, and a silken page said,

'The Lady Jane Grey.'

The door closed, and a sweet young girl, richly clad, bounded toward him. But she stopped suddenly, and said in a distressed voice,

'Oh, what aileth thee, my lord?'

Tom's breath was nearly failing him; but he made shift to stammer out,

'Ah, be merciful, thou! In sooth I am no lord, but only poor Tom Canty of Offal Court in the city. Prithce let me see the prince, and he will of his grace restore to me my rags, and let me hence unhurt. Oh, be thou merciful, and save me!'

By this time the boy was on his knees, and supplicating with his eyes and up-

lifted hands as well as with his tongue. The young girl seemed horror-stricken. She cried out—

'O my lord, on thy knees?—and to me!'

Then she fled away in fright; and Tom, smitten with despair, sank down, murmuring—

'There is no help, there is no hope. Now will they come and take me.'

Whilst he lay there benumbed with terror, dreadful tidings were spreading through the palace. The whisper, for it was whispered always, flew from menial to menial, from lord to lady, down all the long corridors, from story to story, from saloon to saloon, 'The prince hath gone mad, the prince hath gone mad!' Soon every saloon, every marble hall, had its groups of glittering lords and ladies, and other groups of dazzling lesser folk, talking earnestly together in whispers, and every face had in it dismay. Presently a splendid official came marching by these groups, making solemn proclamation,—

'IN THE NAME OF THE KING!

Let none list to this false and foolish matter, upon pain of death, nor discuss the same, nor carry it abroad. In the name of the King!"

The whisperings ceased as suddenly as if the whispers had been stricken dumb.

Soon there was a general buzz along the corridors, of 'The prince! See, the prince comes!'

Poor Tom came slowly walking past the low-bowing groups, trying to bow in return, and meekly gazing upon his strange surroundings with bewildered and pathetic eyes. Great nobles walked upon each side of him, making him lean upon them, and so steady his steps. Behind him followed the court-physicians and some servants.

Presently Tom found himself in a noble apartment of the palace, and heard the door close behind him. Around him stood those who had come with him. Before him, at a little distance, reclined a very large and very fat man, with a wide, pulpy face, and a stern expression. His large head was very gray; and his whiskers, which he wore only around his face, like a frame, were gray also. His clothing was of rich stuff, but old, and slightly frayed in places. One of his swollen legs had a pillow under it, and was wrapped in bandages. There was silence now; and there was no head there but was bent in reverence, except this man's. This stern-countenanced invalid was the dread Henry VIII. He said,—and his face grew gentle as he began to speak,—

'How now, my Lord Edward, my prince? Hast been minded to cozen me, the good King thy father, who loveth thee, and kindly useth thee, with a sorry jest?'

Poor Tom was listening, as well as his dazed faculties would let him, to the beginning of this speech; but when the words 'me the good King' fell upon his ear, his face blanched, and he dropped as instantly upon his knees as if a shot had brought him there. Lifting up his hands, he exclaimed,—

'Thou the King? Then am I undone indeed!'

This speech seemed to stun the King. His eyes wandered from face to face aimlessly, then rested, bewildered upon the boy before him. Then he said in a tone of deep disappointment,—

'Alack, I had believed the rumour disproportioned to the truth; but I fear me 'tis not so.' He breathed a heavy sigh, and said in a gentle voice, 'Come to thy father, child; thou art not well.'

Tom was assisted to his feet, and approached the Majesty of England, humble and trembling. The King took the frightened face between his hands, and gazed earnestly and lovingly into it a while, as if seeking some grateful sign of returning reason there, then pressed the curly head against his breast, and patted it tenderly. Presently he said,—

'Dost not know thy father, child? Break not my old heart; say thou know'st me. Thou dost know me, dost thou not?'

'Yea; thou art my dread lord the King, whom God preserve!'

'True, true—that is well—he comforted, tremble not so; there is none here would hurt thee; there is none here but loves thee. Thou art better now; thy ill dream passeth—is't not so? And thou knowest thyself now also—is't not so? Thou wilt not mis-call thyself again, as they say thou didst a little while ago?'

'I pray thee of thy grace believe me, I did but speak the truth, most dread lord; for I am the meanest among thy subjects, being a pauper born, and tis by a sore mischance and accident I am here, albeit I was therein nothing blameful. I am but young to die, and thou canst save me with one little word. Oh speak it, sir!'

'Die? Talk not so, sweet prince—peace, peace, to thy troubled heart—thou shalt not die!'

Tom dropped on his knees with a glad cry,—

'God requite thy mercy, oh my King, and save thee long to bless thy land!' Then springing up, he turned a joyful face toward

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the two lords in waiting, and exclaimed, 'Thou heard'st it! I am not to die; the King hath said it!' There was no movement, save that all bowed with grave respect; but no one spoke. He hesitated, a little confused, then turned timidly toward the King, saying, 'I may go now?'

'Go? Surely, if thou desirest. But why not tarry yet a little? Whither wouldst go!'

Tom dropped his eyes, and answered humbly,—

'Peradventure I mistook; but I did think me free, and so was I moved to seek again the kennel where I was born and bred to misery, yet which harboureth my mother and my sisters, and so is home to me; whereas these pomps and splendours whereunto I am not used—oh, please you, sir, to let me go!'

The king was silent and thoughtful a while, and his face betokened a growing distress and uneasiness. Presently he said, with something of hope in his voice,—

'Perchance he is but mad upon this one strain, and hath his wits unmarred as toucheth other matter. God send it may be so! We will make trial.'

Then he asked Tom a question in Latin, and Tom answered him lamely in the same tongue. The King was delighted, and showed it. The lords and doctors manifested their gratification also. The King said,—

'Twas not according to his schooling and ability, but sheweth that his mind is but deceased, not stricken fatally. How say you, sir?'

The physician addressed bowed low, and replied,—

'It jumpeth with mine own conviction, that thou hast divined aright.'

The King looked pleased with this encouragement, coming as it did from so excellent an authority, and continued with great heart—

'Now mark ye all: we will try him further.'

He put a question to Tom in French. Tom stood silent a moment, embarrassed by having so many eyes centred upon him, then said diffidently—

'I have no knowledge of this tongue, so please your majesty.'

The King fell back upon his couch. The attendants flew to his assistance; but he put them aside, and said—

'Trouble me not—it is nothing but a scurvy faintness. Raise me! there, 'tis sufficient. Come hither, child; there, rest thy poor troubled head upon thy father's heart, and be at peace. Thou'll soon be well: 'tis but a passing fantasy. Fear thou not;

thou'll soon be well.' Then he turned toward the company, his gentle manner changed, and baleful lightnings began to play from his eyes. He said—

'List ye all! This my son is mad; but it is not permanent. Overstudy hath done this, and somewhat too much of confinement. Away with his books, and teachers! see ye to it. Pleasure him with sports, beguile him in wholesome ways, so his health come again.' He raised himself higher still, and went on with energy. 'He is mad; but he is my son, and England's heir, and mad or sane, still shall he reign! And hear ye further, and proclaim it: where speaketh of this his distemper worketh against the peace and order of these realms, and shall to the gallows... Give me to drink—I burn: this sorrow sappeth my strength... There, take away the cup... Support me. There, that is well. Mad, is he? Were he a thousand times mad, yet is he Prince of Wales, and I the King will confirm it. This very morrow shall he be installed in his princely dignity in due and ancient form. Take instant order for it, my lord Hertford.'

One of the nobles knelt at the royal couch, and said—

'The King's majesty knoweth that the Hereditary Great Marshal of England lieth attainted in the Tower. It were not meet that one attainted—'

'Peace! Insult not mine ears with his hated name. Is this man to live forever? Am I to be balked of my will? Is the prince to tarry uninstalled, because, forsooth, the realm lacketh an earl marshal free of treasonable taint to invest him with his honours? No, by the splendour of God! Warn my parliament to bring me Norfolk's doom before the sun rise again, else shall they answer for it grievously!' (See Note 3, at end of the volume.)

Lord Hertford said—

'The King's will is law; and rising, returned to his former place.

Gradually the wrath faded out of the old King's face, and he said—

'Kiss me, my prince. There... what fearest thou? Am I not thy loving father?'

'Thou art good to me that am unworthy, O mighty and gracious lord, that in truth I know. But—but—it grieveth me to think of him that is to die, and—'

'Ah, 'tis like thee, 'tis like thee! I know thy heart is still the same, even though thy mind hath suffered hurt, for thou wert ever of a gentle spirit. But this duke standeth between thee and thine hopours; I will have another in his stead that shall bring no

tant to his great office. Comfort thee, my prince; trouble not thy poor head with this matter.'

'But is it not I that speed him hence, my liege? How long might he not live, but for me?'

'Take no thought of him, my prince; he is not worthy. Kiss me once again, and go to thy trifles and amusements; for my malady distresseth me. I am aweary, and would rest. Go with thine uncle Hertford and thy people, and come again when my body is refreshed.'

Tom, heavy-hearted, was conducted from the presence, for his last sentence was a death-blow to the hope he had cherished that now he would be set free. Once more he heard the buzz of low voices, exclaiming, 'The prince, the prince comes!'

His spirits sank lower and lower as he moved between the glittering files of bowing courtiers; for he recognized that he was indeed a captive now, and might remain forever shut up in this gilded cage, a forlorn and friendless prince, except God in his mercy took pity on him and set him free.

And, turn where he would, he seemed to see floating in the air the severed head and the remembered face of the great Duke of Norfolk, the eyes fixed on him, reproachfully.

His old dreams had been so pleasant; but this reality was so dreary!

CHAPTER VI.

TOM RECEIVES INSTRUCTIONS.

Tom was conducted to the principal apartment of a noble suite, and made to sit down—a thing which he was loath to do, since there were elderly men and men of high degree about him. He begged them to be seated, also, but they only bowed their thanks or murmured them, and remained standing. He would have insisted, but his 'uncle' the earl of Hertford whispered in his ear—

'Prithee, insist not, my lord; it is not meet that they sit in thy presence.'

The lord St. John was announced, and after making obeisance to Tom, he said—

'I come upon the king's errand, concerning a matter which requirerh privacy. Will it please your royal highness to dismiss all that attend you here, save my lord the earl of Hertford?'

Observing that Tom did not seem to know how to proceed, Hertford whispered him to make a sign with his hand and not trouble himself to speak unless he chose. When the waiting gentlemen had retired, lord St. John said—

'His majesty commandeth, that for due and weighty reasons of state, the prince's grace shall hide his infirmity in all ways that be within his power, till it be passed and he be as he was before. To wit, that he shall deny to none that he is the true prince, and heir to England's greatness; that he shall uphold his princely dignity, and shall receive, without word or sign of protest, that reverence and observance which unto it do appertain of right and ancient usage; that he shall cease to speak to any of that lower birth and life his malady hath conjured out of the unwholesome imaginings of o'erwrought fancy; that he shall strive with diligence to bring unto his memory again those faces which he was wont to know—and where he faileth he shall hold his peace, neither betraying by semblance of surprise, nor other sign, that he hath forgot; that upon occasions of state, whosoever any matter shall perplex him as to the thing he should do or the utterance he should make, he shall show nought of unrest to the curious that look on, but take advice in that matter of the lord Hertford, or my humble self, which are commanded of the king to be upon service and close at call, till this commandment be dissolved. Thus saith the king's majesty, who sendeth greeting to your royal highness and prayeth that God will of His mercy quickly heal you and have you now and ever in His holy keeping.'

The lord St. John made reverence and stood aside. Tom replied, resignedly—

'The king hath said it. None may palter with the king's command, or fit it to his ease, where it doth chafe, with deft evasions. The king shall be obeyed.'

Lord Hertford said—

'Touching the king's majesty's ordinance concerning books and such like serious matters, it may peradventure please your highness to ease your time with lightsome entertainment, lest you go wearied to the banquet and suffer harm thereby.'

Tom's face showed inquiring surprise; and a blush followed when he saw lord St. John's eyes bent sorrowfully upon him. His lordship said—

'Thy memory still wrongeth thee, and thou hast shown surprise—but suffer it not to trouble thee, for 'tis a matter that will not bide, but depart with thy mending malady. My lord of Hertford speaketh of the city's banquet which the king's majesty did promise some two months frown your highness should attend. Thou recallest it now?'

'It grieves me to confess it had indeed escaped me,' said Tom, in a hesitating voice; and blushed again.

At this moment the lady Elizabeth and

the lady Jane Grey were announced. The two lords exchanged significant glances, and Hertford stepped quickly toward the door. As the young girls passed him, he said in a low voice—

'I pray ye, ladies, seem not to observe his humours, nor show surprise when his memory doth lapse—it will grieve you to note how it doth stick at every trille.'

Meantime lord St. John was saying in Tom's ear—

'Please you sir, keep diligently in mind his majesty's desire. Remember all thou canst—seem to remember all else. Let them not perceive that thou art much changed from thy wont, for thou knowest how tenderly thy old play-fellows bear thee in their hearts and how 'twould grieve them. Art willing, sir, that I remain?—and thine uncle?'

Tom signified assent with a gesture and a murmured word, for he was already learning, and in his simple heart was resolved to acquit himself as best he might according to the king's command.

In spite of every precaution, the conversation became a little embarrassing, at times. More than once, in truth, Tom was near to breaking down and confessing himself unequal to his tremendous part; but the tact of the princess Elizabeth saved him, or a word from one or the other of the vigilant lords, thrown in apparently by chance, had the same happy effect. Once the little lady Jane turned to Tom and cornered him with this question,—

'Hast paid thy duty to the queen's majesty to-day, my lord?'

Tom hesitated, looked distressed, and was about to stammer out something at hazard, when lord St. John took the word and answered for him with the easy grace of a courtier accustomed to encounter delicate difficulties and to be ready for them—

'He hath indeed, madam, and she did greatly hearten him, as touching his majesty's condition; is it not so, your highness?'

Tom mumbled something that stood for assent, but felt that he was getting upon dangerous ground. Somewhat later it was mentioned that Tom was to study no more at present, whereupon her little ladyship exclaimed—

'Tis a pity, 'tis such a pity! Thou wert proceeding bravely. But bide thy time in patience; it will not be for long. Thou'lt yet be graced with learning like thy father, and make thy tongue master of as many languages as his, my good prince.'

'My father!' cried Tom, off his guard for the moment. 'I trow he cannot speak his

own so that any but the swine that wallow in the slums may tell his meaning; and as for learning of any sort soever'—

He looked up and encountered a solemn warning in my lord St. John's eyes.

He stopped, blushed, then continued low and sadly: 'Ah, my malady persecuteth me again, and my mind wandereth. I meant the king's grace no irreverence.'

'We know it, sir,' said the princess Elizabeth, taking her 'brother's' hand between her two palms, respectfully but caressingly; 'trouble not thyself as to that. The fault is none of thine, but thy dis-temper's.'

'Thou'rt a gentle comforter, sweet lady,' said Tom, gratefully, 'and my heart moveth me to thank thee for't an' I may be so bold.'

Once the giddy little lady Jane fired a simple Greek phrase at Tom. The princess Elizabeth's quick eye saw by the serene blackness of the target's front that the shaft was overshot; so she tranquilly delivered a return volley of sounding Greek on Tom's behalf, and then straightway changed the talk to other matters.

Time wore on pleasantly, and likewise smoothly, on the whole. Snags and sand-bars grew less and less frequent, and Tom grew more and more at ease, seeing that all were so lovingly bent on helping him and overlooking his mistakes. When it came out that the little ladies were to accompany him to the Lord Mayor's banquet in the evening, his heart gave a bound of relief and delight, for he felt that he should not be friendless, now, among the multitude of strangers, whereas, an hour earlier, the idea of their going with him would have been an insupportable terror to him.

Tom's guardian angels, the two lords, had had less comfort in the interview than the other parties to it. They felt much as if they were piloting a great ship through a dangerous channel; they were on the alert constantly, and found their office no child's play. Therefore, at last, when the ladies' visit was drawing to a close and the lord Guilford Dudley was announced, they not only felt that their charge had been sufficiently taxed for the present, but also that they themselves were not in the best condition to take their ship back and make their anxious voyage all over again. So they respectfully advised Tom to excuse himself, which he was very glad to do, although a slight shade of disappointment might have been observed upon my lady Jane's face when she heard the splendid stripling denied admittance.

There was a pause, now, a sort of waiting silence which Tom could not understand. He glanced at lord Hertford, who gave him a sign—but he failed to understand that, also. The ready Elizabeth came to the rescue with her usual easy grace. She made reverence and said—

'Have we leave of the prince's grace my brother to go?'

Tom said—

'Indeed your ladyships can have whatsoever of me they will, for the asking; yet would I rather give them any other thing that in my power lieth, than leave to take the light and blessing of their presence hence. Give ye good den, and God be with ye!' Then he smiled inwardly at the thought, 'tis not for nought I have dwelt but among princes in my reading, and taught my tongue some slight trick of their broidered and gracious speech withal!'

When the illustrious maidens were gone, Tom turned wearily to his keepers and said—

'May it please your lordships to grant me leave to go into some corner and rest me?'

Lord Hertford said—

'So please your highness, it is for you to command, it is for us to obey. That thou shouldst rest is indeed a needful thing, since thou must journey to the city presently.'

He touched a bell, and a page appeared, who was ordered to desire the presence of Sir William Herbert. This gentleman came straightway, and conducted Tom to an inner apartment. Tom's first movement, there, was to reach for a cup of water; but a silk-and-velvet servitor seized it, dropped upon one knee, and offered it to him on a golden salver.

Next, the tired captive sat down and was going to take off his buskins, timidly asking leave with his eye, but another silk-and-velvet discomforter went down upon his knees and took the office from him. He made two or three further efforts to help himself, but being promptly forestalled each time, he finally gave up, with a sigh of resignation and a murmured 'Beshrew me but I marvel they do not require to breathe for me also!' Slipped, and wrapped in a sumptuous robe, he laid himself down at last to rest, but not to sleep, for his head was too full of thoughts and the room too full of people. He could not dismiss the former, so they staid; he did not know enough to dismiss the latter, so they staid also, to his vast regret,—and theirs.

Tom's departure had left his two noble guardians alone. They mused awhile, with

much head-shaking and walking the floor, then lord St. John said—

'Plainly, what dost thou think?'

'Plainly, then, this. The king is near his end, my nephew is mad, mad will mount the throne, and mad remain. God protect England, since she will need it!'

'Verily it promiseth so indeed. But . . . have you no misgivings as to . . . as to?'

The speaker hesitated, and finally stopped. He evidently felt that he was upon delicate ground. Lord Hertford stopped before him, looked into his face with a clear, frank eye, and said—

'Speak on—there is none to hear but me. Misgivings as to what?'

'I am full loath to word the thing that is in my mind, and thou so near to him in blood, my lord. But craving pardon if I do offend, seemeth it not strange that madness could so change his port and manner?—not but that his port and speech are princely still, but that they differ in one unweighty trifle or another, from what his custom was aforesaid. Seemeth it not strange that madness should flinch from his memory his father's very lineaments; the customs and observances that are his due from such as be about him; and, leaving him his Latin, strip him of his Greek and French? My lord, be not offended, but ease my mind of its disquiet and receive my grateful thanks. It hannteth me his saying he was not the prince, and so—'

'Peace, my lord; thou utterest treason! Hast forgot the king's command? Remember I am party to the crime, if I but listen.'

St. John paled, and hastened to say—

'I was in fault, I do confess it. Betray me not, grant me this grace out of thy courtesy, and I will neither think nor speak of this thing more. Deal not hardly with me, sir, else am I ruined.'

'I am content, my lord. So thou offend not again, here or in the ears of others, it shall be as thou hadst not spoken. But thou needst not have misgivings. He is my sister's son; are not his voice, his face, his form, familiar to me from his cradle? Madness can do all the odd conflicting things thou seest in him, and more. Dost not recall how that the old Baron Marley, being mad, forgot the favour of his own countenance that he had known for sixty years, and held it was another's; nay, even claimed he was the son of Mary Magdalene, and that his head was made of Spanish glass; and sooth to say, he suffered none to touch it, lest by mischance some heedless hand might shiver it. Give thy misgivings easement, good my lord. This is the very prince, I know him well—and soon will be thy king:

it may advantage thee to bear this in mind and more dwell upon it than the other.'

After some further talk, in which the lord St. John covered up his mistake as well as he could by repeated protests that his faith was thoroughly grounded now, and could not be assailed by doubts again, the lord Hertford relieved his fellow keeper, and sat down to keep watch and ward alone. He was soon deep in meditation. And evidently the longer he thought, the more he was bothered. By and by he began to pace the floor and mutter.

'Tush, he must be the prince! Will any he in all the land maintain there can be two, not of one blood and birth, so marvelously twinned? And even were it so, 'twere yet a stranger miracle that chance cast the one into the other's place. Nay, 'tis folly, folly, folly!'

Presently he said—

'Now were he impostor and called himself prince, look you that would be natural; that would be reasonable. But lived ever an impostor yet, who, being called prince by the king, prince by the court, prince by all, denied his dignity and pleaded against his exaltation? No! By the soul of St. Swithin, no! This is the true prince, gone mad!'

CHAPTER VII.

TOM'S FIRST ROYAL DINNER.

Somewhat after one in the afternoon, Tom resignedly underwent the ordeal of being dressed for dinner. He found himself as finely clothed as before, but every thing different, every thing changed, from his ruff to his stockings. He was presently conducted with much state to a spacious and ornate apartment, where a table was already set for one. Its furniture was all of massive gold, and beautilfied with designs which well-nigh made it priceless, since they were the work of Bevenuto. The room was half filled with noble servitors. A chaplain said grace, and Tom was about to fall to, for hunger had long been constitutional with him, but was interrupted by my lord the Earl of Berkeley, who fastened a napkin about his neck; for the great post of Diaperers to the Princes of Wales was hereditary in this nobleman's family. Tom's cup-bearer was present, and forestalled all his attempts to help himself to wine. The Taster to his highness the Prince of Wales was there also, prepared to taste any suspicious dish upon requirement, and run the risk of being poisoned. He was only an ornamental appendage at this time, and was seldom called upon to exercise his func-

tion; but there had been times, not many generations past, when the office of taster had its perils, and was not a grandeur to be desired. Why they did not use a dog or a plumber seems strange; My lord d'Arey, First Groom of the Chamber, was there to do goodness knows what; but there he was—let that suffice. The Lord Chief Butler was there, and stood behind Tom's chair, overseeing the solemnities, under command of the Lord Great Steward and the Lord Head Cook, who stood near. Tom had three hundred and eighty-four servants beside these; but they were not all in that room, of course, nor the quarter of them; neither was Tom aware yet that they existed.

All those that were present had been well drilled within the hour to remember that the prince was temporarily out of his head, and to be careful to show no surprise at his vagaries. These 'vagaries' were soon on exhibition before them; but they only moved their compassion and their sorrow, not their mirth. It was a heavy affliction to them to see the beloved prince so stricken.

Poor Tom ate with his fingers mainly; but no one smiled at it, or even seemed to observe it. He inspected his napkin curiously, and with deep interest, for it was of a very dainty and beautiful fabric, then said with simplicity,

'Prithee take it away, lest in mine unheedfulness it be soiled.'

The Hereditary Diaperer took it away with reverent manner, and without word or protest of any sort.

Tom examined the turnips and the lettuce with interest, and asked what they were, and if they were to be eaten; for it was only recently that men had begun to raise these things in England in place of importing them as luxuries from Holland. (See note 4, at end of volume.) His question was answered with grave respect, and no surprise manifested. When he had finished his dessert, he filled his pockets with nuts; but nobody appeared to be aware of it, or disturbed by it. But the next moment he was himself disturbed by it, and showed discomposure; for this was the only service he was permitted to do with his own hands during the meal, and he did not doubt that he had done a most improper and unprincely thing. At that moment the muscles of his face began to twitch, and the end of that organ to lift and wrinkle. This continued, and Tom began to evince a growing distress. He looked appealingly, first at one and then another of the lords about him, and tears came into his eyes. They sprang forward with dismay in their faces, and begged to

know his trouble. Tom said with genuine anguish,

'I crave your indulgence; my nose itcheth cruelly. What is the custom and usage in this emergency? Prithce speed, for 'tis but a little time that I can bear it.'

None smiled; but all were sore perplexed, and looked one to the other in deep tribulation for counsel. But behold, here was a dead wall, and nothing in English history to tell how to get over it. The Master of Ceremonies was not present: there was not one who felt safe to venture on this unchartered sea, or risk the attempt to solve this solemn problem. Alas! there was no Hereditary Scratcher. Meantime the tears had overflowed their banks, and began to trickle down Tom's cheeks. His twitching nose was pleading more urgently than ever for relief. At last nature broke down the barriers of etiquette: Tom lifted up an inward prayer for pardon if he was doing wrong, and brought relief to the burdened hearts of his court by scratching his nose himself.

His meal being ended, a lord came and held before him a broad, shallow, golden dish with fragrant rosewater in it, to cleanse his mouth and fingers with; and my lord the Hereditary Diaperer stood by with a napkin for his use. Tom gazed at the dish a puzzled moment or two, then he returned it to the waiting lord, and said—

'Nay, it likes me not, my lord: it hath a pretty flavour, but it wanteth strength.'

This new eccentricity of the prince's ruined mind made all the hearts about him ache; but the sad sight moved none to merriment.

Tom's next unconscious blunder was to get up and leave the table just when the chaplain had taken his stand behind his chair, and with uplifted hands, and closed, uplifted eyes, was in the act of beginning the blessing. Still nobody seemed to perceive that the prince had done a thing unusual.

By his own request, our small friend was now conducted to his private cabinet, and left there alone to his own devices. Hanging upon hooks in the oaken wainscoting were the several pieces of a suit of shining steel armour, covered all over with beautiful designs exquisitely inlaid in gold. This martial panoply belonged to the true prince—a recent present from Madam Parr the Queen. Tom put on the greaves, the gauntlets, the plumed helmet, and such other pieces as he could don without assistance, and for a while was minded to call for help and complete the matter, but bethought him of the nuts he had brought away from dinner and the joy it would be to eat them with

no crowd to eye him, and no Grand Hereditaries to pester him with undesired services; so he restored the pretty things to their several places, and soon was cracking nuts, and feeling almost naturally happy for the first time since God for his sins had made him a prince. When the nuts were all gone, he stumbled upon some inviting books in a closet, among them one about the etiquette of the English court. This was a prize. He lay down upon a sumptuous divan, and proceeded to instruct himself with honest zeal. Let us leave him there for the present.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE QUESTION OF THE SEAL.

About five o'clock Henry VIII. awoke out of an unrefreshing nap, and muttered to himself, 'Troublous dreams, troublous dreams! Mine eni is now at hand: so say these warnings, and my failing pulses do confirm it.' Presently a wicked light flamed up in his eye, and he muttered, 'Yet will not I die till he go before.'

His attendants perceiving that he was awake, one of them asked his pleasure concerning the Lord Chancellor, who was waiting without.

'Admit him, admit him!' exclaimed the King eagerly.

The Lord Chancellor entered, and knelt by the King's couch, saying,—

'I have given order, and, according to the King's command, the peers of the realm, in their robes, do now stand at the bar of the House, where, having confirmed the Duke of Norfolk's doom, they humbly wait his majesty's further pleasure in the matter.'

The King's face lit up with a fierce joy. Said he,—

'Lift me up! In mine own person will I go before my Parliament, and with mine own hand will I seal the warrant that rides me off!'

His voice failed; an ashen pallor swept the flush from his cheeks; and the attendants eased him back upon his pillows, and hurriedly assisted him with restoratives. Presently he said sorrowfully,—

'Alack, how have I longed for this sweet hour! and lo, too late it cometh, and I am robbed of this so coveted chance. But speed ye, speed ye! let others do this happy office sith 'tis denied to me. I put my great seal in commission: choose thou the lords that shall compose it, and get ye to your work. Speed ye, man! Before the sun shall rise and set again, bring me his head that I may see it.'

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'According to the King's command, so shall it be. Will't please your majesty to order that the Seal be now restored to me, so that I may forth upon the business?'

'The Seal? Who keepeth the Seal but thou?'

'Please your majesty, you did take it from me two days since, saying it should no more do its office till your own royal hand should use it upon the Duke of Norfolk's warrant.'

'Why, so in sooth I did: I do remember it. . . . What did I with it?

I am very feeble. . . . So oft these days dost my memory play the traitor with me.

. . . . 'Tis strange, strange!'

The King dropped into inarticulate mumblings, shaking his gray head weakly from time to time, and gropingly trying to recollect what he had done with the Seal. At last my lord Hertford ventured to kneel and offer information,—

'Sire, if that I may be so bold, here be several that do remember with me how that you gave the Great Seal into the hands of his highness the Prince of Wales to keep against the day that—'

'True, most true!' interrupted the King. 'Fetch it? Go: time flieeth!'

Lord Hertford flew to Tom, but returned to the King before very long, troubled and empty-handed. He delivered himself to this effect,—

'It grieveth me, my lord the King, to bear so heavy and unwelcome tidings; but it is the will of God that the prince's affliction abideth still, and he cannot recall to mind that he received the Seal. So came I quickly to report, thinking it were waste of precious time, and little worth withal, that any should attempt to search the long array of chambers and saloons that belong unto his royal high—'

A groan from the King interrupted my lord at this point. After a little while his majesty said, with a deep sadness in his tone,—

'Trouble him no more, poor child. The hand of God lieth heavy upon him, and my heart goeth out in loving compassion for him, and sorrow that I may not bear his burden on mine own old trouble-weighted shoulders, and so bring him peace.'

He closed his eyes, fell to mumbling, and presently was silent. After a time he opened his eyes again, and gazed vacantly around until his glance rested upon the kneeling Lord Chancellor. Instantly his face flushed with wrath,—

'What, thou here yet! By the glory of God, an' thou gettest not about that traitor's

business, thy mitre shall have holiday the morrow for lack of a head to grace withal!'

The trembling Chancellor answered;—
'Good your majesty, I cry you mercy! I but waited for the Seal.'

'Man, hast lost thy wits? The small Seal which aforetime I was wont to take with me abroad lieth in my treasury. And, since the Great Seal hath flown away, shall not it suffice? Hast lost thy wits? Be-gone! And hark ye,—come no more till thou do bring his head.'

The poor Chancellor was not long in removing himself from this dangerous vicinity; nor did the commission waste time in giving the royal assent to the work of the slavish Parliament, and appointing the morrow for the beheading of the premier peer of England, the luckless Duke of Norfolk.—(See Note 5, at the end of volume).

CHAPTER IX.

THE RIVER PAGEANT.

At nine in the evening the whole vast river-front of the palace was blazing with light. The river itself, as far as the eye could reach citywards, was so thickly covered with watermen's boats and with pleasure-barges, all fringed with coloured lanterns, and gently agitated by the waves, that it resembled a glowing and limitless garden of flowers stirred to soft motion by summer winds. The grand terrace of stone steps leading down to the water, spacious enough to mass the army of a German principality upon, was a picture to see, with its ranks of royal halberdiers in polished armour, and its troops of brilliantly costumed servitors fitting up and down, and to and fro, in the hurry of preparation.

Presently a command was given, and immediately all living creatures vanished from the steps. Now the air was heavy with the hush of suspense and expectancy. As far as one's vision could carry, he might see the myriads of people in the boats rise up, and shade their eyes from the glare of lanterns and torches, and gaze toward the palace.

A file of forty or fifty state barges drew up to the steps. They were richly gilt, and their lofty prows and sterns were elaborately carved. Some of them were decorated with banners and streamers; some with cloth-of-gold and arras embroidered with coats-of-arms; others with silken flags that had numberless little silver bells fastened to them, which shook out tiny showers of joyous music whenever the breezes fluttered them; others of yet higher pretensions, since they belonged to nobles

in the prince's immediate service, had their sides picturesquely fenced with shields gorgeously emblazoned with armorial bearings. Each state barge was towed by a tender. Besides the rowers, these tenders carried each a number of men-at-arms in glossy helmet and breastplate, and a company of musicians.

The advance-guard of the expected procession now appeared in the great gateway, a troop of halberdiers. 'They were dressed in striped hose of black and tawny, velvet caps graced at the sides with silver roses, and doublets of murrey and blue cloth, embroidered on the front and back with the three feathers, the prince's blazon, woven in gold. Their halberd staves were covered with crimson velvet, fastened with gilt nails and ornamented with gold tassels. Filing off on the right and left, they formed two long lines, extending from the gateway of the palace to the water's edge. A thick, rayed cloth or carpet was then unfolded, and laid down between them by attendants in the gold-and-crimson liveries of the prince. This done, a flourish of trumpets resounded from within. A lively prelude arose from the musicians on the water; and two ushers with white wands marched with a slow and stately pace from the portal. They were followed by an officer bearing the civic mace, after whom came another carrying the city's sword: then several sergants of the city guard, in their full accoutrements, and with badges on their sleeves, then the garter king-at-arms, in his tabard; then several knights of the bath, each with a white lace on his sleeve; then their esquires; then the judges, in their robes of scarlet and coifs; then the lord high chancellor of England, in a robe of scarlet, open before, and purled with miniver; then a deputation of aldermen, in their scarlet cloaks; and then the heads of the different civic companies, in their robes of state. Now came twelve French gentlemen, in splendid habiliments, consisting of pourpoints of white damask barred with gold, short mantles of crimson velvet lined with violet taffeta, and carnation-coloured *hauts-de-chausses*, and took their way down the steps. They were of the suite of the French ambassador, and were followed by twelve cavaliers of the suite of the Spanish ambassador, clothed in black velvet, unrelieved by any ornament. Following these came several great English nobles with their attendants.'

There was a flourish of trumpets within; and the prince's uncle, the future great Duke of Somerset, emerged from the gateway, arrayed in a 'doublet of black cloth-of-

gold, and a cloak of crimson satin flowered with gold, and ribanded with nets of silver.' He turned, doffed his plumed cap, bent his body in a low reverence, and began to step backward, bowing at each step. A prolonged trumpet-blast followed, and a proclamation, 'Way for the high and mighty, the Lord Edward, Prince of Wales!' High aloft on the palace walls a long line of red tongues of flame leaped forth with a thunder-crash: the massed world on the river burst into a mighty roar of welcome; and Tom Canty, the cause and hero of it all, stepped into view, and slightly bowed his princely head.

He was 'magnificently habited in a doublet of white satin, with a front-piece of purple cloth-of-tissue, powdered with diamonds, and edged with ermine. Over this he wore a mantle of white cloth-of-gold, pounced with the triple-feather crest, lined with blue satin, set with pearls and precious stones, and fastened with a clasp of brilliants. About his neck hung the order of the Garter, and several princely foreign orders; and wherever light fell upon him jewels responded with a blinding flash. O Tom Canty, born in a hovel, bred in the gutters of London, familiar with rags and dirt and misery, what a spectacle is this!

CHAPTER X.

THE PRINCE IN THE TOILS.

We left John Canty dragging the rightful prince into Offal Court, with a noisy and delighted mob at his heels. There was but one person in it who offered a pleading word for the captive, and he was not heeded; he was hardly even heard, so great was the turmoil. The prince continued to struggle for freedom, and to rage against the treatment he was suffering, until John Canty lost what little patience was left in him, and raised his oaken cudgel in a sudden fury over the prince's head. The single pleader for the lad sprang to stop the man's arm, and the blow descended upon his own wrist. Canty roared out,—

'Thou'lt meddle, wilt thou? Then have thy reward.'

His cudgel crashed down upon the meddler's head: there was a groan, a dim form sank to the ground among the feet of the crowd, and the next moment it lay there in the dark alone. The mob pressed on, their enjoyment nothing disturbed by this episode.

Presently the prince found himself in John Canty's abode, with the door closed against the outsiders. By the vague light of a tal-

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ow candle which was thrust into a bottle,
as made out the main features of the louth-
some den, and also the occupants of it. Two
frowzy girls and a middle-aged woman cov-
ered against the wall in one corner, with the
aspect of animals habituated to harsh usage,
and expecting and dreading it now. From
another corner stole a withered hag with
streaming gray hair and malignant eyes.

John Canty said to this one,—

'Tarry! There's fine mummeries here.
Mar them not till thou'st enjoyed them;
Stand forth, lad. Now say thy foolery
again, an' thou'st not forgot it. Name thy
name. Who art thou?'

The insulted blood mounted to the little
prince's cheek once more, and he lifted a
steady and indignant gaze to the man's face,
and said,—

'Tis but ill-breeding in such as thou to
command me to speak. I tell thee now, as
I told thee before, I am Edward, Prince of
Wales, and none other.'

The stunning surprise of this reply nailed
the hag's feet to the floor where she stood,
and almost took her breath. She stared at
the prince in stupid amazement, which so
amused her ruffianly son, that he burst into
a roar of laughter. But the effect upon
Tom Canty's mother and sisters was differ-
ent. Their dread of bodily injury gave way
at once to distress of a different sort. They
ran forward with woe and dismay in their
faces, exclaiming,—

'O poor Tom, poor lad!'

The mother fell on her knees before the
prince, put her hands upon his shoulders,
and gazed yearningly into his face through
her rising tears. Then she said,—

'O my poor boy! thy foolish reading hath
wrought its woeful work at last, and ta'en
thy wit away. Ah! why didst thou cleave
to it when I so warned thee 'gainst it?
Thou'st broke thy mother's heart.'

The prince looked into her face, and said
gently,—

'Thy son is well, and hath not lost his wits,
good dame. Comfort thee: let me to the
palace where he is, and straightway will the
King my father restore him to thee.'

'The King thy father! O my child!
unsay these words that be freighted with
death for thee, and ruin for all that be near
thee. Shake off this grewsome dream. Call
back thy poor wandering memory. Look
upon me. Am not I thy mother that bore
thee, and loveth thee?'

The prince shook his head, and reluctant-
ly said,—

'God knoweth I am loath to grieve thy
heart; but truly have I never looked upon
thy face before.'

The woman sank back to a sitting posture
on the floor, and covering her eyes with her
hands, gave way to heartbroken sobs and
wailings.

'Let the show go on!' shouted Canty.
'What, Nan! what, Bet! Mannerless
wenches! will ye stand in the prince's pre-
sence? Upon your knees, ye pauper scum,
and do him reverence!'

He followed this with another horse-laugh.
The girls began to plead timidly for their
brother; and Nan said,—

'An' thou wilt but let him to bed, father,
rest and sleep will heal his madness: prithee,
do.'

'Do, father,' said Bet; 'he is more worn
than he is wont. To-morrow will he be
himself again, and will beg with diligence,
and come not empty home again.'

This remark sobered the father's joviality,
and brought his mind to business. He
turned angrily upon the prince, and said,—

'The morrow must we pay two pennies to
him that owns this hole; two pennies, mark
ye,—all this money for a half-year's rent, else
out of this we go. Show what thou'st gather-
ed with thy lazy begging.'

The prince said,—

'Offend me not with thy sordid matters.
I tell thee again I am the King's son.'

A sounding blow on the prince's shoulder
from Canty's broad palm sent him stagger-
ing into goodwife Canty's arms who clasped
him to her breast, and sheltered him from a
pelting rain of cuffs and slaps by interposing
her own person. The frightened girls re-
treated to their corner; but the grandmother
stepped eagerly forward to assist her son.
The prince sprang away from Mrs. Canty,
exclaiming,—

'Thou shalt not suffer for me, madam.
Let these swine do their will upon me
alone.'

This speech infuriated the swine to such a
degree that they set about their work with-
out waste of time. Between them they be-
laboured the boy right soundly, and then
gave the girls and their mother a beating for
showing sympathy for the victim.

'Now,' said Canty, 'to bed, all of ye.
The entertainment has tired me.'

The light was put out, and the family re-
tired. As soon as the snorings of the head
of the house and his mother showed that
they were asleep, the young girls crept to
where the prince lay, and covered him ten-
derly from the cold with straw and rags;
and their mother crept to him also, and
stroked his hair, and cried over him, whisper-
ing broken words of comfort and compas-
sion in his ear the while. She had saved a
morsel for him to eat, also; but the boy's

pains had swept away all appetite,—at least for black and tasteless crusts. He was touched by her brave and costly defence of him, and by her commiseration; and he thanked her in very noble and princely words, and begged her to go to her sleep and try to forget her sorrows. And he added that the King his father would not let her loyal kindness go unrewarded. This return to his 'madness' broke her heart anew, and she strained him to her breast again and again and then went back, drowned in tears, to her bed.

As she lay thinking and mourning, the suggestion began to creep into her mind that there was an undefinable something about this boy that was lacking in Tom Canty, mad or sane. She could not describe it, she could not tell just what it was, and yet her sharp mother instinct seemed to detect it and perceive it. What if the boy were really not her son, after all? O, absurd! She almost smiled at the idea, spite of her griefs and troubles. No matter, she found that it was an idea that would not 'down,' but persisted in haunting her. It pursued her, it harassed her, it clung to her, and refused to be put away or ignored. At last she perceived that there was not going to be any peace for her until she should devise a test that should prove, clearly and without question, whether this lad was her son or not, and so banish these wearing and worrying doubts. Ah yes, this was plainly the right way out of the difficulty; therefore she set her wits to work at once to contrive that test. But it was an easier thing to propose than to accomplish. She turned over in her mind one promising test after another, but was obliged to relinquish them all—none of them were absolutely sure, absolutely perfect; and an imperfect one could not satisfy her. Evidently she was racking her head in vain—it seemed manifest that she must give the matter up. While this depressing thought was passing through her mind, her ear caught the regular breathing of the boy, and she knew he had fallen asleep. And while she listened, the measured breathing was broken by a soft, startled cry, such as one utters in a troubled dream. This chance occurrence furnished her with a plan worth all her laboured tests combined. She at once set herself feverishly, but noiselessly, to work, to relight her candle, muttering to herself, 'Had I but seen him then, I should have known! Since that day, when he was little, that the powder burst in his face, he hath never been startled of a sudden out of his dreams or out of his thinkings, but he hath cast his hand before his eyes, even as he did that day; and not as others would do

it, with the palm inward, but always with the palm turned outward—I have seen it a hundred times, and it hath never varied nor ever failed. Yes, I shall soon know, now!

By this time she had crept to the slumbering boy's side, with the candle, shaded, in her hand. She bent heedfully and warily over him, scarcely breathing, in her suppressed excitement, and suddenly flashed the light in his face and struck the floor by his ear with her knuckles. The sleeper's eyes sprung wide open, and he cast a startled stare about him—but he made no special movement with his hands.

The poor woman was smitten almost helpless with surprise and grief; but she contrived to hide her emotions, and to soothe the boy to sleep again; then she crept apart and communed miserably with herself upon the disastrous result of her experiment. She tried to believe that her Tom's madness had banished this habitual gesture of his; but she could not do it. 'No,' she said, 'his hands are not mad, they could not unlearn so old a habit in so brief a time. O, this is a heavy day for me!'

Still, hope was as stubborn, now, as doubt had been before; she could not bring herself to accept the verdict of the test; she must try the thing again—the failure must have been only an accident; so she startled the boy out of his sleep a second and a third time, at intervals—with the same result which had marked the first test—then she dragged herself to bed, and fell sorrowfully asleep saying, 'But I cannot give him up—O, no, I cannot, I cannot—he must be my boy!'

The poor mother's interruptions having ceased, and the prince's pains having gradually lost their power to disturb him, utter weariness at last sealed his eyes in a profound and restful sleep. Hour after hour slipped away, and still he slept like the dead. Thus four or five hours passed. Then his snore began to lighten. Presently while half asleep and half awake, he murmured—

'Sir William!'

After a moment—

'Ho, Sir William Herbert! Hie thee hither, and list to the strangest dream that ever . . . Sir William dost hear? Man, I did think me changed to a pauper, and . . . Ho there! Guards! Sir William! What! is there no groom of the chamber in waiting? Alack it shall go hard with—'

'What aileth thee?' asked a whisper near him. 'Who art thou calling?'

'Sir William Herbert. Who art thou?'

'I? Who should I be, but thy sister Nan? O, Tom, I had forgot! Thou'rt

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mad yet—poor lad, thou'rt mad yet, would I had never woken to know it again! But prithee master thy tongue, lest we be all beaten till we die!

The startled prince sprang partly up, but a sharp reminder from his stiffened bruises brought him to himself, and he sunk back among his foul straw with a moan and the ejaculation—

'Alas, it was no dream then!'

In a moment all the heavy sorrow and misery which sleep had banished were upon him again, and he realized that he was no longer a petted prince in a palace, with the adoring eyes of a nation upon him, but a pauper, an outcast, clothed in rags, prisoner in a den fit only for beasts, and consorting with beggars and thieves.

In the midst of his grief he began to be conscious of hilarious noises and shoutings, apparently but a block or two away. The next moment there were several sharp raps at the door; John Canty ceased from snoring and said—

'Who knocketh? What wilt thou?'

A voice answered—

'Know'st thou who it was thou laid thy cudgel on?'

'No. Neither know I, nor care.'

'Belike thou'lt change thy note eftsoons. An' thou would save thy neck, nothing but flight may stead thee. The man is this moment delivering up the ghost. 'Tis the priest, Father Andrew!'

'God-a-mercy!' exclaimed Canty. He roused his family, and hoarsely commanded. 'Up with ye all and fly—or bidde where ye are and perish!'

Scarcely five minutes later the Canty household were in the street and flying for their lives. John Canty held the prince by the wrist, and hurried him along the dark way, giving him this caution in a low voice—

'Mind thy tongue, thou mad fool, and speak not our name. I will choose me a new name, speedily, to throw the law's dogs of the scent. Mind thy tongue, I tell thee!'

He growled these words to the rest of the family—

'If it so chance that we be separated, let each make for London bridge; whoso findeth himself as far as the last linen-draper's shop on the bridge, let him tarry there till the others be come, then will we flee into Southwark together.'

At this moment the party burst suddenly out of darkness into light; and not only in to light, but into the midst of a multitude of singing, dancing, and shouting people, massed together on the river frontage.

There was a line of bonfires stretching as far as one could see, up and down the Thames; London bridge was illuminated; Southwark bridge likewise; the entire river was aglow with the flash and sheen of coloured lights; and constant explosion of fireworks filled the skies with an intricate commingling of shooting splendours and a thick rain of dazzling sparks that almost turned night into day; everywhere were crowds of revellers; all London seemed to be at large.

John Canty delivered himself of a furious curse and commanded a retreat; but it was too late. He and his tribe were swallowed up in that swarming hive of humanity, and hopelessly separated from each other in an instant. We are not considering that the prince was one of his tribe; Canty still kept his grip upon him. The prince's heart was beating high with hopes of escape now. A burly waterman, considerably exalted with liquor, found himself rudely shoved by Canty, in his efforts to plough through the crowd; he laid his great hand on Canty's shoulder and said—

'Nay, whither so fast, friend? Dost canker thy soul with sordid business when all that be leal men and true make holiday?'

'Mine affairs are mine own, they concern thee not,' answered Canty roughly; 'take away thy hand and let me pass.'

'Sith that is thy humour; thou'lt not pass, till thou'lt drunk to the Prince of Wales, I tell thee that,' said the waterman, barring the way resolutely.

'Give me the cup, then, and make speed, make speed!'

Other revellers were interested by this time. They cried out—

'The loving-cup, the cup! make the sour knave drink the loving-cup, else will we feed him to the fishes.'

So a huge loving-cup was brought; the waterman, grasping it by one of its handles, and with his other hand bearing up the end of an imaginary napkin, presented it in due and ancient form to Canty, who had to grasp the opposite handle with one of his hands and take off the lid with the other, according to ancient custom. (See Note 6, at end of volume.) This left the prince hand-free for a second of course. He wasted no time, but divided among the forest of legs about him and disappeared. In another moment he could not have been harder to find, under the tossing sea of life, if its billows had been the Atlantic's and he a lost sinner.

He very soon realized this fact, and straightway busied himself about his own

affairs without further thought, of John Canty. He quietly realized another thing, too. To wit, that a spurious Prince of Wales was being feasted by the city in his stead. He easily concluded that the pauper lad, Tom Canty, had deliberately taken advantage of his stupendous opportunity and become a usurper.

Therefore there was but one course to find his way to the Guildhall, make himself known, and denounce the impostor. He also made up his mind that Tom should be allowed a reasonable time for spiritual preparation, and then be hanged, drawn and quartered, according to the law and usage of the day, in cases of high treason.

CHAPTER XI.

AT GUILDHALL.

The royal barge, attended by its gorgeous fleet, took its stately way down the Thames through the wilderness of illuminated boats. The air was laden with music; the river banks were heruffled with joy flames; the distant city lay in a soft luminous glow from its countless invisible bonfires, above it rose many a slender spire into the sky, incrustated with sparkling lights, wherefore in their remoteness they seemed like jewelled lances thrust aloft; as the fleet swept along, it was greeted from the banks with a continuous hoarse roar of cheers and the ceaseless flash and boom of a tillery.

To Tom Canty, half buried in his silken cushions, these sounds and this spectacle were a wonder unspeakably sublime and astonishing. To his little friends at his side, the princess Elizabeth and the lady Jane Grey, they were nothing.

Arrived at Dowgate, the fleet was towed up the limpid Walbrook (whose channel has now been for two centuries buried out of sight under acres of buildings) to Bucklersbury, past houses and under bridges populous with merry-makers and brilliantly lighted, and at last came to a halt in a basin where now is Barge Yard, in the centre of the ancient city of London. Tom disembarked, and he and his gallant procession crossed Cheapside and made a short march through the Old Jewry and Basinghall street to the Guildhall.

Tom and his little ladies were received with due ceremony by the Lord Mayor and the Fathers of the City, in their gold chains and scarlet robes of state, and conducted to a rich canopy of state at the head of the great hall, preceded by heralds making proclamation, and by the Mace and the City Sword. The lords and ladies who were to

attend upon Tom and his two small friends took their places behind their chairs.

At a lower table the court grandees and other guests of noble degree were seated, with the magnates of the city; the commoners took places at a multitude of tables on the main floor of the hall. From their lofty vantage-ground, the giants Gog and Magog, the ancient guardians of the city, contemplated the spectacle below them with eyes grown familiar to it in forgotten generations. There was a bugle-blast and a proclamation, and a fat butler appeared in a high perch in the leftward wall, followed by his servitors bearing with impressive solemnity a royal Baron of Beef, smoking hot and ready for the knife.

After grace, Tom (being instructed) rose—and the whole house with him—and drank from a portly golden loving-cup with the princess Elizabeth; from her it passed to the lady Jane, and then traversed the general assemblage. So the banquet began.

By midnight the revelry was at its height. Now came one of those picturesque spectacles so admired in that old day. A description of it is still extant in the quaint wording of a chronicler who witnessed it:

'Space being made, presently entered a baron and an earl appareled after the Turkish fashion in long robes of bawdikin powdered with gold; hats on their heads of crimson velvet, with great rolls of gold, girded with two swords, called scimitars, hanging by great bawdricks of gold. Next came yet another baron and another earl, in two long gowns of yellow satin, traversed with white satin, and in every bend of white was a bend of crimson satin, after the fashion of Russia, with furred hats of grey on their heads; either of them having an hatchet in their hands, and boots with *pylkes* (points a foot long), 'turned up. And after them came a knight, then the Lord High Admiral, and with him five nobles, in doublets of crimson velvet, voyded low on the back and before to the cannell-bone, laced on the breasts with chains of silver; and, over that, short cloaks of crimson satin, and on their heads hats after the dancers' fashion, with pheasants' feathers in them. These were appareled after the fashion of Prussia. The torch-bearers, which were about an hundred, were appareled in crimson satin and green, like Moors, their faces black. Next came in a *mommarye*. Then the minstrels, which were disguised, danced; and the lords and ladies did wildly dance also, that it was a pleasure to behold.'

And while Tom, in his high seat, was

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gazing upon this 'wild' dancing, lost in admiration of the dazzling commingling of kaleidoscopic colours which the whirling turmoil of gaudy figures below him presented, the ragged but real little prince of Wales was proclaiming his rights and his wrongs, denouncing the impostor, and clamouring for admission at the gates of Guildhall! The crowd enjoyed this episode prodigiously, and pressed forward and craned their necks to see the small rioter. Presently they began to taunt him and mock at him, purposely to goad him into a higher and still more entertaining fury. Tears of mortification sprung to his eyes, but he stood his ground and defied the mob right royally. Other taunts followed, added mockings stung him, and he exclaimed—

'I tell ye again, you pack of unmannerly curs, I am the prince of Wales! And all forlorn and friendless as I be, with none to give me word of grace or help me in my need, yet will not I be driven from my ground, but will maintain it!'

'Though you be prince or no prince, 'tis all one, thou be'st a gallant lad, and not friendless neither! Here stand I by thy side to prove it; and mind I tell the thou might'st have a worse friend than Miles Hendon and yet not tire thy legs with seeking. Rest thy small jaw, my child, I talk the language of these base kennel rats like to a very native.'

The speaker was a sort of Don Cesar de Bazan in dress, aspect, and bearing. He was tall, trim-built, muscular. His doublet and trunks were of rich material, but faded and threadbare, and their gold-lace adornments were sadly tarnished; his ruff was rumpled and damaged; the plume in his slouched hat was broken and had a bedraggled and disreputable look; at his side he wore a long rapier in a rusty iron sheath; his swagging carriage marked him at once as a ruffler of the camp. The speech of this fantastic figure was received with an explosion of jeers and laughter. Some cried, 'Tis another prince in disguise!' 'Ware thy tongue, friend, belike he is dangerous!' 'Marry, he looketh it—mark his eye!' Pluck the lad from him—to the horse-pond wi' the cub!

Instantly a hand was laid upon the prince, under the impulse of this happy thought; as instantly the stranger's long sword was out and the meddler went to the earth under a sounding thump with the flat side of it. Thenext moment a score of voices shouted 'Kill the dog! kill him! kill him!' and the mob closed in on the warrior, who backed himself against a wall and began to lay about him with his long weapon like a

madman. His victims sprawled this way and that, but the mob-tide poured over their prostrate forms and dashed itself against the champion with undiminished fury. His moments seemed numbered, his destruction certain, when suddenly a trumpet-blast sounded, a voice shouted, 'Way for the king's messenger!' and a troop of horsemen came charging down upon the mob, who fled out of harm's reach as fast as their legs could carry them. The bold stranger caught up the prince in his arms, and was soon far away from danger and the multitude.

Return we within the Guildhall. Suddenly high above the jubilant roar and thunder of the revel, broke the clear peal of a bugle-note. There was instant silence,—a deep hush; then a single voice rose—that of the messenger from the palace—and began to pipe forth a proclamation, the whole multitude standing, listening. The closing words, solemnly pronounced, were—

'The king is dead!'

The great assemblage bent their heads upon their breasts with one accord; remained so, in profound silence, a few moments; then all sunk upon their knees in a body, stretched out their hands toward Tom, and a mighty shout burst forth that seemed to shake the building—

'Long live the king!'

Poor Tom's dazed eyes wandered abroad over this stupefying spectacle, and finally rested dreamily upon the kneeling princesses beside him, a moment, then upon the earl of Hertford. A sudden purpose dawned in his face. He said, in a low tone, at lord Hertford's ear—

'Answer me truly, on thy faith and honour! Uttered I here a command, the which none but a king might hold privilege and prerogative to utter, would such commandment be obeyed, and none rise up to say me nay?'

'None, my liege, in all these realms. In thy person bides the majesty of England. Thou art the king—thy word is law.'

Tom responded, in a strong, earnest voice, and with great animation—

'Then shall the king's law be law of mercy, from this day, and never more be law of blood! Up from thy knees and away! To the Tower and say the king de-crees the duke of Norfolk shall not die!' (See Note 7, at end of volume.)

The words were caught up and carried eagerly from lip to lip far and wide over the hall, and as Hertford hurried from the presence, another prodigious shout burst forth—

'The reign of blood is ended! Long live Edward, king of England!'

CHAPTER XII.

THE PRINCE AND HIS DELIVERER.

As soon as Miles Hendon and the little prince were clear of the mob, they struck down through back lanes and alleys toward the river. Their way was unobstructed until they approached London Bridge; then they plunged into the multitude again, Hendon keeping a fast grip upon the prince's—no, the king's—wrist. The tremendous news was already abroad, and the boy learned it from a thousand voices at once—'The king is dead!' The tidings struck a chill to the heart of the poor little waif, and sent a shudder through his frame. He realized the greatness of his loss, and was filled with a bitter grief; for the grim tyrant who had been such a terror to others had always been gentle with him. The tears sprang to his eyes and blurred all objects. For an instant he felt himself the most forlorn, outcast, and forsaken of God's creatures—then another cry shook the night with its far-reaching thunders: 'Long live King Edward the Sixth!' and this made his eyes kindle, and thrilled him with pride to his fingers' ends. 'Ah,' he thought, 'how grand and strange it seems—I AM KING!'

Our friends threaded their way slowly through the throngs upon the Bridge. This structure, which had stood for six hundred years, and had been a noisy and populous thoroughfare all that time, was a curious affair, for a closely packed rank of stories and shops, with family quarters overhead, stretched along both sides of it, from one bank of the river to the other. The Bridge was a sort of town to itself; it had its inn, its beer-houses, its bakeries, its haberdasheries, its food markets, its manufacturing industries, and even its church. It looked upon the two neighbours which it linked together—London and Southwark—as being well enough, as suburbs, but not otherwise particularly important. It was a close corporation, so to speak; it was a narrow town, of a single street a fifth of a mile long; its population was but a village population, and everybody in it knew all his fellow townsmen intimately, and had known their fathers and mothers before them—and all their little family affairs into the bargain. It had its aristocracy, of course—its fine old families of butchers, and bakers, and what-nots, who had occupied the same old premises for five or six hundred years, and knew the great history of the Bridge from beginning to end, and all its strange legends; and who always talked bridgy talk, and thought

bridgy thoughts, and lied in a long, level, direct, substantial bridgy way. It was just the sort of population to be narrow and ignorant and self-conceited. Children were born on the Bridge, were reared there, grew to old age and finally died without ever having set a foot upon any part of the world but London Bridge alone. Such people would naturally imagine that the mighty and interminable procession which moved through its street night and day, with its confused roar of shouts and cries, its neighings and bellowings and bleatings and its muffled thunder-tramp, was the one great thing in this world, and themselves somehow the proprietors of it. And so they were, in effect—at least they could exhibit it from their windows, and did—for a consideration—whenever a returning king or hero gave it a fleeting splendour, for there was no place like it for affording a long, straight uninterrupted view of marching columns.

Men born and reared upon the Bridge found life unendurably dull and insane, elsewhere. History tells of one of these who left the Bridge at the age of seventy-one and retired to the country. But he could only fret and toss in his bed; he could not go to sleep, the deep stillness was so painful, so awful, so oppressive. When he was worn out with it, at last, he fled back to his home, a lean and haggard spectre, and fell peacefully to rest and pleasant dreams under the lulling music of the lashing waters and the boom and crash and thunder of London Bridge.

In the times of which we are writing, the Bridge furnished 'object lessons' in English history, for its children—namely, the livid and decaying heads of renowned men impaled upon iron spikes atop of its gateways. But we digress.

Hendon's lodgings were in the little inn on the Bridge. As he neared the door with his small friend, a rough voice said—

'So, thou'rt come at last! Thou'lt not escape again, I warrant thee; and if pound-ing thy bones to a pudding can teach thee somewhat, thou'lt not keep us waiting another time, mayhap'—and John Canty put out his hand to seize the boy.

Miles Hendon stepped in the way and said—

'Not too fast, friend. Thou art need-lessly rough, methinks. What is the lad to thee?'

'If it be any business of thine to make and meddle in others' affairs, he is my son.'

'Tis a lie!' cried the little king, hotly.

'Boldly said, and I believe thee, whether thy small head-piece be sound or cracked, my boy. But whether this scurvy ruffian

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be thy father or no, 'tis all one, he shall not have thee to beat thee and abuse, according to his threat, so thou prefer to bide with me.'

'I do, I do—I know him not, I loathe him, and will die before I will go with him.'

'Then 'tis settled, and there is nought more to say.'

'We will see, as to that!' exclaimed John Canty, striding past Hendon to get at the boy: 'by force shall he'—

'If thou do but touch him, thou animated offal, I will spit thee like a goose!' said Hendon, barring the way and laying his hand upon his sword hilt. Canty drew back. 'Now mark ye,' contended Hendon, 'I took this lad under my protection when a mob such as thou would have mishandled him, mayhap killed him: dost imagine I will desert him now to a worse fate?—for whether thou art his father or no,—and sooth to say, I think it is a lie—a decent swift death were better for such a lad than life in such brute hands as thine. So go thy ways, and set quick about it, for I like not much bandying of words, being not over-patient in my nature.'

John Canty moved off, muttering threats and curses, and was swallowed from sight in the crowd. Hendon ascended three flights of stairs to his room, with his charge, after ordering a meal to be sent hither. It was a poor apartment with a shabby bed and some odds and ends of old furniture in it, and was vaguely lighted by a couple of sickly candles. The little king dragged himself to the bed and lay down upon it, almost exhausted with hunger and fatigue. He had been on his feet a good part of a day and a night, for it was now two or three o'clock in the morning, and had eaten nothing meantime. He murmured drowsily—

'Prithee call me when the table is spread,' and sunk into a deep sleep immediately.

A smile twinkled in Hendon's eye, and he said to himself—

'By the mass, the little beggar takes to one's bed with as natural and easy a grace as if he owned it—with never a by-your-leave or so-please-it-you, or anything of the sort. In his diseased ravings he called himself the prince of Wales, and bravely doth he keep up the character. Poor little friendless rat, doubtless his mind has been disordered with ill usage. Well, I will be his friend; I have saved him, and it draweth me strongly to him; already I love the bold-tongued little rascal. How sold er-like he faced the smutty rabble and flung back his defiance! And what a comely, sweet and gentle face he hath, now that

sleep hath conjured away its troubles and its griefs. I will teach him, I will cure his malady: yea, I will be his elder brother, and care for him and watch over him; and whoso would shame him or do him hurt, may order his shroud, for though I be burnt for it he shall need it!'

He bent over the boy and contemplated him with kind and pitying interest, tapping the young cheek tenderly and smoothing back the tangled curls with his great brown hand. A slight shiver passed over the boy's form. Hendon muttered—

'See, now, how like a man it was to let him lie here uncovered and fill his body with deadly rheums. Now what shall I do? 'twill wake him to take him up and put him within the bed, and he sorely needeth sleep.'

He looked about for extra covering, but finding none doffed his doublet and wrapped the lad in it, saying, 'I am used to nipping air and scant apparel, 'tis little I shall mind the cold'—then walked up and down the room to keep his blood in motion, soliloquizing as before.

'His injured mind persuades him he is prince of Wales: 'twill be odd to have a prince of Wales still with us, now that he that was the prince is prince no more, but king,—for this poor mind is set upon the one fantasy, and will not reason out that now it should cast by the prince and call itself the king. . . . If my father liveth still, after these seven years that I have heard nought from home in my foreign dungeon, he will welcome the poor lad and give him generous shelter for my sake; so will my good elder brother, Arthur; my other brother, Hugh—but I will crack his crown, an' he interfere, the fox-hearted, ill-conditioned animal! Yes, thither will we fare—and straightway, too.'

A servant entered with a smoking meal, disposed it upon a small deal table, placed the chairs, and took his departure, leaving such cheap lodgers as these to wait upon themselves. The door slammed after him, and the noise woke the boy, who sprang to a sitting posture, and shot a glad glance about him; then a grieved look came into his face and he murmured, to himself, with a deep sigh, 'Alack, it was but a dream, woe is me.' Next he noticed Miles Hendon's doublet—glanced from that to Hendon, comprehended the sacrifice that had been made for him, and said, gently—

'Thou art good to me; yes, thou art very good to me. Take it and put it on—I shall not need it more.'

Then he got up and walked to the wash-

stand in the corner, and stood their, waiting. Hendon said in a cheery voice—

'We'll have a right hearty sup and bite, now, for every thing is savory and smoking hot, and that and thy nap together will make thee a little man again, never fear!'

The boy made no answer, but bent a steady look, that was filled with grave surprise, and also somewhat touched with impatience, upon the tall knight of the sword. Hendon was puzzled, and said—

'What's amiss?'

'Good sir, I would wash me.'

'O, is that all! Ask no permission of Miles Hendon for aught thou cravest. Make thyself perfectly free here, and welcome, with all that are his belongings.'

Still the boy stood, and moved not; more, he tapped the floor once or twice with his small impatient foot. Hendon was wholly perplexed. Said he—

'Bless us, what is it?'

'Prithce pour the water, and make not so many words!'

Hendon, suppressing a horse-laugh, and saying to himself, 'By all the saints, but this is admirable!' stepped briskly forward and did the small insolent's bidding; then stood by, in a sort of stupefaction, until the command, 'Come—the towel!' woke him sharply up. He took up a towel, from under the boy's nose, and handed it to him, without comment. He now proceeded to comfort his own face with a wash, and while he was at it his adopted child seated himself at the table and prepared to fall to. Hendon despatched his ablutions with alacrity, then drew back the other chair and was about to place himself at table, when the boy said, indignantly—

'Forbear! Wouldst sit in the presence of the king?'

This blow staggered Hendon to his foundations. He muttered to himself, 'Lo, the poor thing's madness is up with the time! it hath changed with the great change that is come to the realm, and now in fancy he is king! Good lack, I must humour the conceit, too—there is no other way—faith, he would order me to the Tower, else!'

And pleased with this jest, he removed the chair from the table, took his stand behind the king, and proceeded to wait upon him in the courtliest way he was capable of.

While the king ate, the rigor of his royal dignity relaxed a little, and with his growing contentment came a desire to talk. He said—

'I thin' thou callest thyself Miles Hendon, if I heard thee aright!'

'Yes, sire,' Miles replied; then observed to himself, 'If I must humour the poor lad's

madness, I must sire him, I must majesty him, I must not go by halves, I must stick at nothing that belongeth to the part I play, else shall I play it ill and work evil to this charitable and kindly cause.'

The king warmed his heart with a second glass of wine, and said—'I would know thee—tell me thy story. Thou hast a gallant way with thee, and a noble—art nobly born?'

'We are of the tail of the nobility, good your majesty. My father is a baronet—one of the smaller lords, by knight service*—Sir Richard Hendon, of Hendon Hall, by Monk's Holm in Kent.'

'The name has escaped my memory. Go on—tell me thy story.'

'Tis not much, your majesty, yet perchance it may beguile a short half hour for want of a better. My father, Sir Richard, was very rich, and of a most generous nature. My father died whilst I was yet a boy. I have two brothers: Arthur, my elder, with a soul like his father's; and Hugh, younger than I, a mean spirit, covetous, treacherous, vicious, underhanded—a reptile. Such was he from the cradle; such was he ten years past, when I last saw him—a ripe rascal at nineteen, I being twenty, then, and Arthur twenty-two. There is none other of us but the lady Edith, my cousin—she was sixteen, then—beautiful, gentle, good, the daughter of an earl, the last of her race, heiress of a great fortune and a lapsed title. My father was her guardian. I loved her and she loved me; but she was betrothed to Arthur from the cradle, and Sir Richard would not suffer the contract to be broken. Arthur loved another maid, and bade us be of good cheer and hold fast to the hope that delay and luck together would some day give success to our several causes. Hugh loved the lady Edith's fortune, though in truth he said it was herself he loved—but then 'twas his way, always, to say the one thing and mean the other. But he lost his art upon the girl; he could deceive my father, but none else. My father loved him best of us all, and trusted and believed him; for he was the youngest child, and the others hated him—these qualities being in all ages sufficient to win a parent's dearest love; and he had a smooth persuasive tongue, with an admirable gift of lying—and these be qualities which do mightily assiat a blind affection to cozen itself. I was wild—in troth I might go yet farther and say *very* wild, though 'twas the wildness of an innocent sort, since

*He refers to the order of baronets, or baronets.—the *baronets minores*, as distinct from the parliamentary barons:—not, it need hardly be said, the baronets of later creation.

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it hurt none but me, brought shame to none,
nor loss, nor had in it any taint of crime or
baseness, or what might not besem mine
honorable degree.

'Yet did my brother Hugh turn these
faults to good account—he seeing that our
brother Arthur's health was but indifferent,
and hoping the worst might work him profit
were I swept out of the path—so,—but
'twere a long tale, good my liege, and little
worth the telling. Briefly, then, this
brother did deftly magnify my faults and
made them crimes; ending his base work
with finding a ladder in mine apart-
ments—conveyed thither by his own means
—and did convince my father by this, and
suborned evidence of servants and other
lying knaves, that I was minded to carry off
my Edith and marry with her, in rank de-
fiance of his will.

'Three years of banishment from home
and England might make a soldier and a
man of me, my father said, and teach me
some degree of wisdom. I fought out my
long probation in the continental wars, tast-
ing sumptuously of hard knocks, privation
and adventure; but in my last battle I was
taken captive, and during the seven years
that have waxed and waned since then, a
foreign dungeonth harboured me. Through
wit an courage I won to the free air at last,
and fled hither straight; and am but just
arrived, right poor in purse and raiment,
and poorer still in knowledge of what these
dull seven years have wrought at Hendon
Hall, its people and belongings. So please
you, sir, my meagre tale is told.'

'Thou hast been shamefully abused!'
said the little king, with a flashing eye.
'But I will right thee—by the cross will I!
The king hath said it.'

Then, fired by the story of Miles' wrongs,
he loosed his tongue and poured the history
of his own recent misfortunes into the ears
of his astonished listener. When he had
finished, Miles said to himself—

'Lo, what an imagination he hath!
Verily this is no common mind; else,
crazed or sane, it could not weave so straight
and gaudy a tale as this out of the airy
nothings wherewith it hath wrought this
curious romances. Poor ruined little head,
it shall not lack friend or shelter whilst I
bide with the living. He shall never leave
my side; he shall be my pet, my little com-
rade. And he shall be cured!—aye, made
whole and sound—then will he make himself
a name—and proud shall I be to say, "Yes,
he is mine—I took him, a homeless little
ragamuffin, but I saw what was in him, and
I said his name would be heard some day—
behold him, observe him—was I right!"'

The king spoke—in a thoughtful, measured
voice—

'Thou didst save me injury and shame, per-
chance my life, and so my crown. Such service
demandeth rich reward. Name thy desire
and so it be within the compass of my royal
power, it is thine.'

This fantastic suggestion startled Hendon
out of his reverie. He was about to thank
the king and put the matter aside with say-
ing he had only done his duty and desired
no reward, but a wiser thought came into
his head, and he asked leave to be silent a
few moments and consider the gracious offer
—an idea which the king gravely approved
remarking that it was best to be not too
hasty with a thing of such great import.

Miles reflected during some moments,
then said to himself, 'Yes, that is the thing
to do—by any other means it were impos-
sible to get at it—and certes, this hour's
experience has taught me 'twould be most
wearing and inconvenient to continue it as
it is. Yes, I will propose it; 'twas a happy
accident that I did not throw the chance
away.' Then he dropped upon one knee and
said—

'My poor service went not beyond the
limit of a subject's simple duty, and there-
fore hath no merit; but since your majesty
is pleased to hold it worthy some reward, I
take heart of grace to make petition to this
effect. Near four hundred years ago, as
your grace knoweth, there being ill blood
betwixt John, King of England, and the
King of France, it was decreed that two
champions should fight together in the lists,
and so settle the dispute by what is called
the arbitrament of God. These two kings,
and the Spanish king, being assembled to
witness and judge the conflict, the French
champion appeared; but so redoubtable was
he, that our English knights refused to
measure weapons with him. So the matter,
which was a weighty one, was like to go
against the English monarch by default.
Now in the Tower lay the lord de Courcy,
the mightiest arm in England, stripped of
his honours and possessions, and wasting with
long captivity. Appeal was made to him;
he gave assent, and came forth arrayed for
battle; but no sooner did the Frenchman
glimpse his huge frame and hear his famous
name but he fled away, and the French
king's cause was lost. King John restored
de Courcy's titles and possessions, and said,
'Name thy wish and thou shalt have it,
though it cost me half my kingdom;' where-
at de Courcy, kneeling, as I do now, made
answer, "This, then, I ask, my liege; that
I and my successors may have and hold the
privilege of remaining covered in the pres-

ence of the kings of England, henceforth while the throne shall last." The boon was granted, as your majesty knoweth; and there hath been no time, these four hundred years, that that line has failed of an heir; and so, even unto this day, the head of that ancient house still weareth his hat or helm before the king's majesty, without let or hindrance, and this none other may do.* Invoking this precedent in aid of my prayer. I beseech the king to grant to me but this one grace and privilege—to my more than sufficient reward—and none other, to wit: that I and my heirs, forever, may sit in the presence of the majesty of England!

'Rise, Sir Miles Hendon, Knight,' said the king, gravely—giving the accolade with Hendon's sword—'rise, and seat thyself. Thy petition is granted. Whilst England remains, and the crown continues, the privilege shall not lapse.'

His majesty walked apart, musing, and Hendon dropped into a chair at table, observing to himself, 'Twas a brave thought, and hath wrought me a mighty deliverance; my legs are grievously wearied. An' I had not thought of that, I must have had to stand for weeks, till my poor lad's wits are cured.' After a little, he went on, 'And so I am become a knight of the Kingdom of Dreams and Shadows! A most odd and strange position, truly, for one so matter-of-fact as I. I will not laugh—no, God forbid, for this thing which is so substanceless to me is real to him. And to me, also, in one way, it is not a falsity, for it reflects with truth the sweet and generous spirit that is in him.' After a pause: 'Ah, what if he should call me by my fine title before folk!—there'd be a merry contrast betwixt my glory and my raiment! But no matter: let him call me what he will, so it please him; I shall be content.'

CHAPTER XIII.

THE DISAPPEARANCE OF THE PRINCE.

A heavy drowsiness presently fell upon the two comrades. The king said—

'Remove these rags'—meaning his clothing.

Hendon disapparelled the boy without dissent or remark, tucked him up in bed, then glanced about the room, saying to himself, ruefully, 'He hath taken my bed again, as before—marry, what shall I do?' The little king observed his perplexity, and dissipated it with a word. He said, sleepily—

'Thou wilt sleep athwart the door, and

*The lords of Kingale, descendants of de Courcy, still enjoy this curious privilege.

guard it.' In a moment more he was out of his troubles, in a deep slumber.

'Dear heart, he should have been born a king!' muttered Hendon, admiringly; 'he playeth the part to a marvel.'

Then he stretched himself across the door, on the floor, saying contentedly—

'I have lodged worse for seven years; 'twould be but ill gratitude to Him above to find fault with this.'

He dropped asleep as the dawn appeared. Toward noon he rose, uncovered his unconscious ward—a section at a time—and took his measure with a string. The king awoke, just as he had completed his work, complained of the cold, and asked what he was doing.

'Tis done, now, my liege,' said Hendon; 'I have a bit of business outside, but will presently return; sleep thou again—thou needest it. There—let me cover thy head also—thou'lt be warm the sooner.'

The king was back in dreamland before this speech was ended. Miles slipped softly out, and slipped as softly in again, in the course of thirty or forty minutes, with a complete second-hand suit of boy's clothing, of cheap material, and showing signs of wear; but tidy, and suited to the season of the year. He seated himself, and began to overhaul his purchase, mumbling to himself—

'A longer purse would have got a better sort, but when one has not the long purse one must be content with what a short one may do—

"There was a woman in out town,
In our town did dwell"—

'He stirred, methinks—I must sing in a less thunderous key; 'tis not good to mar his sleep, with this journey before him and he so wearied out, poor chap. . . . This garment—'tis well enough—a stitch here and another one there will set it aright. This other is better, albeit a stitch or two will not come amiss in it, likewise. . . . These be very good and sound, and will keep his small feet warm and dry—an odd new thing to him, belike, since he has doubtless been used to foot it bare, winters and summers the same. . . . Would thread were bread, seeing one getteth a year's sufficiency for a farthing, and such a brave big needle without cost, for mere love. Now shall I have the demon's own time to thread it!'

And so he had. He did as men have always done, and probably always will do, to the end of time—held the needle still, and tried to thrust the thread through the eye, which is the opposite of a woman's way.

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Time and time again the thread missed the mark, going sometimes on one side of the needle, sometimes on the other, sometimes doubling up against the shaft; but he was patient, having been through these experiences before, when he was soldiering. He succeeded at last, and took up the garment that had lain waiting, meantime, across his lap, and began his work.

'The inn is paid—the breakfast that is to come, included—and there is wherewithal left to buy a couple of donkeys and meet our little costs for the two or three days betwixt this and the plenty that awaits us at Hendon Hall—

'She loved her hus—'

'Body o' me! I have driven the needle under my nail! . . . It matters little—'tis not a novelty—yet 'tis not a convenience, neither. . . . We shall be merry there, little one, never doubt it! Thy troubles will vanish, there, and likewise thy sad distemper—

'She loved her husband dearilee,
But another man—'

'These be noble large stitches!'—holding the garment up and viewing it admiringly—'they have a grandeur and a majesty that do cause these small stingy ones of the tailor-man to look mightily paltry and plebeia—

'She loved her husband dearilee,
But another man he loved she,—'

'Marry, 'tis done—a goodly piece of work, too, and wrought with expedition. Now will I wake him, apparel him, pour for him, feed him, and then will we hie us to the mart by the Tabard inn in Southwark and—be pleased to rise, my liege!—he answereth not—what ho, my liege!—of a truth must I profane his sacred person with a touch, sith his slumber is deaf to speech. What!'

He threw back the covers—the boy was gone!

He stared about him in speechless astonishment for a moment; notice! for the first time that his ward's ragged raiment was also missing, then he began to rage and storm, and shout for the innkeeper.—At that moment a servant entered with the breakfast.

'Explain, thou limb of Satan, or thy time is come!' roared the man of war, and made so savage a spring toward the waiter that this latter could not find his tongue, for the instant, for fright and surprise. Where is the boy?'

In disjointed and trembling syllables the man gave the information desired.

'You were hardly gone from the place, your worship, when a youth came running and said it was your worship's will that the boy come to you straight, at the bridge-end on the Southwark side. I brought him hither; and when he awoke the lad and gave his message, the lad did grumble some little for being disturbed "so early," as he called it, but straightway trussed on his rags and went with the youth, only saying it had been better manners that your worship came yourself, not sent a stranger—and so—'

'And so thou'rt a fool!—a fool, and easily cozened—hang all thy breed! Yet mayhap no hurt is done. Possibly no harm is meant the boy. I will go fetch him. Make the table ready. Stay! the coverings of the bed were disposed as if one lay beneath them—happened that by accident?'

'I know not, good your worship. I saw the youth meddle with them—he that came for the boy.'

'Thousand deaths! 'twas done to deceive me—'tis plain 'twas done to gain time. Hark ye! Was that youth alone?'

'All alone, your worship.'

'Art sure?'

'Sure, your worship.'

'Collect thy scattered wits—bethink thee take time, man.'

After a moment's thought, the servant said—

'When he came, none came with him; but now I remember me that as the two stepped into the thump of the Bridge, a ruffianly-looking man plunged out from some near place; and just as he was joining them—'

'What then?—out with it!' thundered the impatient Hendon, interrupting.

'Just then the crowd lapped them up and closed them in, and I saw no more, being called by my master, who was in a rage because a joint that the scrivener had ordered was forgot, though I take all the saints to witness that to blame me for that miscarriage were like holding the unborn babe to judgment for sins com—'

'Out of my sight, idiot! Thy prating drives me mad! Hold! whither art flying? Canst not bide still an instant? Went they toward Southwark?'

'Even so, your worship—for, as I said before, as to that detestable joint, the babe unborn is no whit more blameless than—'

'Art here yet! And prating still? Vanish, lest I throttle thee!' The servitor vanished. Hendon followed after him, passed him, and plunged down the stairs two steps at a stride, muttering, 'Tis that scurvy vil-

lain that claimed he was his son. I have lost thee, my poor little, mad master—it is a bitter thought—and I had come to love thee so! No! by book and bell, not lost! Not lost, for I will ransack the land till I find thee again. Poor child, yonder is his breakfast—and mine, but I have no hunzer now—so, let the rats have it—speed, speed! that is the word!’ As he wormed his swift way through the noisy multitudes upon the bridge, he several times said to himself—clinging to the thought as if it were a particularly pleasing one—‘He grumbled, but he went, yes, because he thought Miles Hendon asked it, sweet lad—he would ne’er have done it for another, I know it well.’

CHAPTER XIV.

‘LE ROI EST MORT—VIVE LE ROI.’

Toward daylight of the same morning, Tom Canty stirred out of a heavy sleep and opened his eyes in the dark. He lay silent a few moments, trying to analyze his confused thoughts and impressions, and get some sort of meaning out of them, then suddenly he burst out in a rapturous but guarded voice—

‘I see it all, I see it all! Now, God be thanked, I am indeed awake at last! Come, joy! vanish, sorrow! Ho, Nan! Bet! kick off your straw and hie ye hither to my side, till I do pour into your unbelieving ears the wildest madcap dream that ever the spirits of night did conjure up to astonish the soul of man withal!—Ho, Nan, I say! Bet!’

A dim form appeared at his side, and a voice said—

‘Wilt deign to deliver thy commands?’

‘Commands?—O, woe is me, I know thy voice! Speak, thou—who art thou?’

‘Thou? In sooth, yesternight wert thou the prince of Wales, to-day art thou thy my most gracious liege, Edward, King of England.’

Tom buried his head among his pillows, murmuring plaintively—

‘Alack, it was no dream! Go to thy rest, sweet sir—leave me to my sorrows.’

Tom slept again, and after a time he had this pleasant dream. He thought it was summer and he was playing, all alone, in the fair meadow called Goodman’s Fields, when a dwarf only a foot high, with long red whiskers and a humped back appeared to him suddenly and said, ‘Dig by that stump.’ He did so, and found twelve bright new pennies—wonderful riches! Yet this was not the best of it; for the dwarf said—

‘I know thee, Thou art a good lad and a deserving; thy distresses shall end, for the

day of thy reward is come. Dig here every seventh day, and thou shalt find always the same treasure, twelve bright new pennies. Tell none—keep the secret.’

Then the dwarf vanished, and Tom flew to Offal Court with his prize, saying to himself, ‘Every night will I give my father a penny; he will think I begged it, it will glad his heart, and I shall no more be beaten. One penny every week the good priest that teacheth me shall have; mother, Nan and Bet the other four. We be done with hunger and rags, now, done with fears and frets and savage usage.’

In his dream he reached his sordid home all out of breath, but with eyes dancing with grateful enthusiasm; cast four of his pennies into his mother’s lap and cried out—

‘They are for thee!—all of them, every one!—for thee and Nan and Bet—and honestly come by, not begged nor stolen!’

The happy and astonished mother strained him to her breast and exclaimed—

‘It waxeth late—may it please your majesty to rise?’

Ah, that was not the answer he was expecting. The dream had snapped asunder—he was awake.

He opened his eyes—the richly clad First Lord of the Bedchamber was kneeling by his couch. The gladness of the lying dream faded away—the poor boy recognized that he was still a captive and a king. The room was filled with courtiers clothed in purple mantles—the mourning colour—and with noble servants of the monarch. Tom sat up in bed and gazed out from the heavy silken curtains upon this fine company.

The weighty business of dressing began, and one courtier after another knelt and paid his court and offered to the little King his condolences upon his heavy loss, whilst the dressing proceeded. In the beginning, a shirt was taken up by the Chief Equerry in Waiting, who passed it to the First Lord of the Buckhounds, who passed it to the Second Gentleman of the Bedchamber, who passed it to the Head Ranger of Windsor Forest, who passed it to the Third Groom of the Stole, who passed it to the Chancellor Royal of the Duchy of Lancaster, who passed it to the Master of the Wardrobe, who passed it to Norroy King-at-Arms, who passed it to the Constable of the Tower, who passed it to the Chief Steward of the Household, who passed it to the Hereditary Grand Diaperer, who passed it to the Lord High Admiral of England, who passed it to the Archbishop of Canterbury, who passed it to the First Lord of the Bedchamber, who took what was left of it and put it on Tom. Poor little wonder-

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ing chap, it reminded him of passing buckets
at a fire.

Each garment in its turn had to go through
this slow and solemn process; consequently
Tom grew very weary of the ceremony;
so weary that he felt an almost gushing
gratefulness when he at last saw his long
silken hose begin the journey down the line
and knew that the end of the matter was
drawing near. But he exulted too soon.
The First Lord of the Bedchamber received
the hose and was about to encase Tom's legs
in them, when a sudden flush invaded his
face and he hurriedly hustled the things
back into the hands of the Archbishop of
Canterbury, with an astounded look and a
whispered, 'See, my lord!'—pointing to a
something connected with the hose. The
Archbishop paled, then flushed, and passed
the hose to the Lord High Admiral, whisper-
ing, 'See, my lord!' The Admiral passed
the hose to the Hereditary Grand Diaperer,
and had hardly breath enough in his body to
ejaculate, 'See, my lord!' The hose drifted
backward along the line, to the Chief Stew-
ard of the Household, the Constable of the
Tower, Norroy King-at-Arms, the Master of
the Wardrobe, the Chancellor Royal of the
Duchy of Lancaster, the Third Groom of the
Stole, the Head Ranger of Windsor Forest,
the Second Gentleman of the Bedchamber,
the First Lord of the Buckhounds,—accom-
panied always with that amazed and fright-
ened 'See I see!'—till they finally reached
the hands of the Chief Equerry in Waiting,
who gazed a moment, with a palid face,
upon what had caused all this dismay, then
hoarsely whispered, 'Body of my life, a tag
gone from a truss point!—to the Tower with
the Head Keeper of the King's Hose!'—
after which he leaned upon the shoulder of
the First Lord of the Buckhounds to re-
gather his vanished strength whilst fresh
hose, without any damaged strings to them,
were brought.

But all things must have an end, so in
time Tom Canty was in a condition to get
out of bed. The proper official poured
water, the proper official engineered the
washing, the proper official stood by with a
towel, and by and by Tom got safely
through the purifying stage and was ready
for the services of the Hairdresser-royal.
When he at length emerged from this mas-
ter's hand, he was a gracious figure and as
pretty as a girl, in his mantle and trunks of
purple satin, and purple-plumed cap. He
now moved in state toward his breakfast
room, through the midst of the courtly as-
semblage; and as he passed, these fell back,
leaving his way free, and dropped upon
their knees.

After breakfast he was conducted with
regal ceremony, attended by his great offi-
cers and his guard of fifty Gentlemen Pen-
sioners bearing gilt battle-axes, to the
throne-room, where he proceeded to transact
business of state. His 'uncle,' lord Hert-
ford, took his stand by the throne, to assist
the royal mind with wise counsel.

The body of illustrious men named by the
late king as his executors, appeared, to ask
Tom's approval of certain acts of theirs—
rather a form, and yet not wholly a form,
since there was no Protector as yet. The
Archbishop of Canterbury made report of the
decree of the Council of Executors concern-
ing the obsequies of his late most illustrious
majesty, and finished by reading the signa-
tures of the Executors, to-wit: the Arch-
bishop of Canterbury; the Lord Chancellor
of England; William Lord St. John; John
Lord Russell; Edward Earl of Hertford;
John Viscount Lisle; Cuthbert Bishop of
Durham—

Tom was not listening—an earlier clause of
the document was puzzling him. At this point
he turned and whispered to lord Hertford—

'What did he say the burial hath been
appointed for?'

'The 16th of the coming month my
liege.'

'Tis a strange folly. Will he keep?'

Poor chap, he was still new to the cus-
toms of royalty; he was used to seeing the
forlorn dead of Offal Court hustled out of
the way with a very different sort of expedi-
tion. However, the lord Hertford set his
mind at rest with a word or two.

A secretary of state presented an order
of the Council appointing the morrow at
eleven for the reception of the foreign am-
bassadors and desired the king's assent.

Tom turned an enquiring look to Hert-
ford, who whispered—

"Your majesty will signify consent.
They come to testify their royal masters'
sense of the heavy calamity which hath
visited your grace and the realm of Eng-
land.'

Tom did as he was bidden. Another
secretary began to read a preamble concern-
ing the expenses of the late king's house-
hold, which had amounted to £28,000 dur-
ing the preceding six months—a sum so
vast that it made Tom Canty gasp; he
gasped again when the fact appeared that
£20,000 of this money were still owing and
unpaid; and once more when it appeared
that the king's coffers were about empty,
and his twelve hundred servants much em-
barrassed for lack of the wages due them.

*Hume.

Tom spoke out, with lively apprehension—
 'We be going to the dogs, 'tis plain. 'Tis meet and necessary that we take a smaller house and set the servants at large, sith they be of no value but to make delay, and trouble one with offices that harass the spirit and shame the soul, they misbecoming any but a doll, and hath not brains nor hands to help itself withal. I remember me of a small house that standeth over against the fish-market at Billingsgate'—

A sharp pressure upon Tom's arm stopped his foolish tongue and sent a blush to his face; but no countenance there betrayed any sign that this strange speech had been remarked or given concern.

A secretary made report that forasmuch as the late king had provided in his will for concerning the ducal degree upon the earl of Hertford and raising his brother, Sir Thomas Seymour, to the peerage, and likewise Hertford's son to an earldom, together with similar aggrandizements to other great servants of the crown, the Council had resolved to hold a sitting on the 10th of February for the delivering and conferring of these honours; and that meantime, the late king not having granted, in writing, estates suitable to the support of these dignities, the Council, knowing his private wishes in that regard, had thought proper to grant to Seymour '£500 lands,' and to Hertford's son '800 pound lands, and 200 pound of the next bishop's land which should fall vacant,'—his present majesty being willing.

Tom was about to blurt out something about the propriety of paying the late king's debts first, before squandering all this money; but a timely touch upon his arm from the thoughtful Hertford saved him this indiscretion; wherefore he gave the royal assent, without spoken comment, but with much inward discomfort. While he sat reflecting a moment, over the ease with which he was doing strange and glittering miracles, a happy thought shot into his mind: why not make his mother Duchess of Offal Court and give her an estate? But a sorrowful thought swept it instantly away: he was only a king in name, these grave veterans and great nobles were his masters; to them his mother was only the creature of a distant mind; they would simply listen to his project with unbelieving ears, then send for the doctor.

The dull work went tediously on. Petitions were read, and proclamations, patents, and all manner of wordy, repetitious and wearisome papers relating to the public business; and at last Tom sighed pathetically and murmured to himself, 'In what have I offended, that the good God should

take me away from the fields and the free air and the sunshine, to shut me up here and make me a king and afflict me so?' Then his poor muddled head nodded a while, and presently dropped to his shoulder; and the business of the empire came to a stand-still for want of that august factor, the ratifying power. Silence ensued around the slumbering child, and the sages of the realm ceased from their deliberations.

During the forenoon, Tom had an enjoyable hour, by permission of his keepers, Hertford and St. John, with the lady Elizabeth and the little lady Jane Grey; though the spirits of the princesses were rather subdued by the mighty stroke that had fallen upon the royal house and at the end of the visit his 'elder sister'—afterwards the 'Bloody Mary' of history—chilled him with a solemn interview which had but one merit in his eyes, its brevity. He had a few moments to himself, and then a slim lad of about twelve years of age was admitted to his presence, whose clothing, except his snowy ruff and the lace about his wrists, was of black,—doublet, hose and all. He bore no badge of mourning but a knot of purple ribbon on his shoulder. He advanced hesitatingly, with head bowed and bare, and dropped upon one knee in the front of Tom. Tom sat still and contemplated his soberly a moment. Then he said—

'Rise, lad. Who art thou? What wouldst have?'

The boy rose, and stood at graceful ease, but with an aspect of concern in his face. He said—

'Of a surety thou must remember me, my lord. I am thy whipping-boy.'

'My whipping-boy?'

'The same, your grace. I am Humphrey—Humphrey Marlow.'

Tom perceived that here was someone whom his keepers ought to have posted him about. The situation was delicate. What should he do?—pretend he knew this lad, and then betray by his every utterance, that he had never heard of him before? No, that would not do. An idea came to his relief: accidents like this might be likely to happen with some frequency, now that business urgencies would often call Hertford and St. John from his side, they 'being members of the council of executors; therefore perhaps it would be well to strike a plan himself to meet the requirements of such emergencies. Yes, that would be a wise course—he would practise on this boy, and see what sort of success he might achieve. So he stroked his brow, perplexedly, a moment or two, and presently said—

'Now I seem to remember thee some-

what—but my wit is clogged and dim with suffering’—

‘Alack, my poor master!’ ejaculated the whipping-boy, with feeling; adding, to himself, ‘In truth ’tis as they said—his mind is gone—alas, poor soul! But misfortune catch me, how am I forgetting! they said one must not seem to observe that aught is wrong with him.’

‘Tis strange how my memory doth wanton with me these days,’ said Tom. ‘But mind it not—I mend apace—a little clew doth often serve to bring me back again the things and names which had escaped me. [And not they, only, forsooth, but even such as I ne’er heard before—as this lad shall see.] Give thy business speech.’

‘Tis matter of small weight, my liege, yet will I touch upon it an’ it please your grace. Two days gone by, when your majesty faulted thrice in your Greek—in the morning lessons,—dost remember it?’

‘Y-e-s—me thinks I do. [It is not much of a lie—an’ I had meddled with the Greek at all, I had not faulted simply thrice, but forty times.] Yes, I do recall it, now—go on.’

‘The master, being wroth with what he termed such slovenly and delish work, did promise that he would soundly whip me for it—and’—

‘Whip thee!’ said Tom, astonished out of his presence of mind. ‘Why should he whip thee for faults of mine?’

‘Ah, your grace forgetteth again. He always scourgeth me, when thou dost fail in thy lessons.’

‘True, true—I had forgot. Thou teachest me in private—then if I fail, he argueth that thy office was lamely done, and’—

‘O, my liege, what words are these? I, the humblest of thy servants, presume to teach thee?’

‘Then where is thy blame? What riddle is this? Am I in truth gone mad, or is it thou? Explain—speak out.’

‘But good your majesty, there’s nought that needest simplifying.—None may visit the sacred person of the prince of Wales with blows; wherefore when he faultest, ’tis I that take them; and meet it is and right, for that it is mine office and my livelihood.’ (See note 8, at end of volume.)

Tom stared at the tranquil boy, observing to himself, ‘Lo, it is a wonderful thing,—a most strange and curious trade; I marvel they have not hired a boy to take my combings and my dressings for me—would heaven they would!—and they will do this thing, I will be my lashings in mine own person, giving God thanks for the change.’ Then he said aloud—

‘And hast thou been beaten, poor friend, according to the promise?’

‘No, good your majesty, my punishment was appointed for the day, and peradventure it may be annulled, as unbefitting the season of mourning that is come upon us; I know not, and so have made bold to come hither and remind your grace about your gracious promise to intercede in my behalf’—

‘With the master? To save thee thy whipping?’

‘Ah, thou dost remember!’

‘My memory mendeth, thou seest. Set thy mind at ease—thy back shall go unscathed—I will see to it.’

‘O, thanks, my good lord!’ cried the boy, dropping upon his knee again. ‘Mayhap I have ventured far enough; and yet’—

Seeing Master Humphrey hesitate, Tom encouraged him to go on, saying he was ‘in the granting mood.’

‘Then will I speak it out, for it lieth near my heart. Sith thou art no more prince of Wales, but King, thou canst order matters as thou wilt, with none to say thee nay; wherefore it is not in reason that thou wilt longer vex thyself with dreary studies, but wilt burn thy books and turn thy mind to things less irksome. Then am I ruined, and mine orphan sisters with me!’

‘Ruined? Prithce how?’

‘My back is my bread, O my gracious liege! if it go idle, I starve. An’ thou cease from study, mine office is gone, thou’lt need no whipping-boy. Do not turn me away!’

Tom was touched with this pathetic distress. He said, with a right royal burst of generosity—

‘Discomfort thyself no further, lad. Thine office shall be permanent in thee and thy line, forever.’ Then he struck the boy a light blow on the shoulder with the flat of his sword, exclaiming, ‘Rise, Humphrey Marlow, Hereditary Grand Whipping-Boy to the royal house of England! Banish sorrow—I will betake me to my books again, and study so ill that they must in justice treble thy wage, so mightily shall the business of thine office be augmented.’

The grateful Humphrey responded fervidly—

‘Thanks, O most noble master, this princely lavishness doth far surpass my most distempered dreams of fortune. Now shall I be happy all my days, and all the house of Marlow after me.’

Tom had wit enough to perceive that here was a lad who could be useful to him. He encouraged Humphrey to talk, and he was nothing loath. He was delighted to believe that he was helping in Tom’s ‘cure,’ for al-

ways as soon as he had finished calling back to Tom's diseased mind the various particulars of his experiences and adventures in the royal school-room and elsewhere about the palace, he noticed that Tom was then able to 'recall' the circumstances quite clearly. At the end of an hour Tom found himself well freighted with very valuable information concerning personages and matters pertaining to the Court; so he resolved to draw instruction from this source daily; and to this end he would give order to admit Humphrey to the royal closet whenever he might come, provided the majesty of England was not engaged with other people. Humphrey had hardly been dismissed when my lord Hertford arrived with more trouble for Tom.

He said that the lords of the Council, fearing that some overwrought report of the king's damaged health might have leaked out and got about, they deemed it wise and best that his majesty should begin to dine in public after a day or two—his wholesome complexion and vigorous step, assisted by carefully guarded repose of manner and ease and grace of demeanour, would more surely quiet the general pulse—in case any any evil rumours had gone about—than any other scheme that could be devised.

Then the earl proceeded, delicately, to instruct Tom as to the observances proper to the stately occasion, under the rather thin disguise of 'reminding' him concerning things already known to him; but to his vast gratification it turned out that Tom needed very little help in this line—he had been making use of Humphrey in that direction, for Humphrey had mentioned that within a few days he was to begin to dine in public; having gathered it from the swift-winged gossip of the Court. Tom kept these facts to himself, however.

Seeing the royal memory so improved, the earl ventured to apply a few tests to it, in an apparently casual way, to find out how far its amendment had progressed. The results were happy, here and there, in spots—spots where Humphrey's tracks remained—and on the whole my lord was greatly pleased and encouraged. So encouraged was he, indeed, that he spoke up and said in a quite hopeful voice—

'Now am I persuaded that if your majesty will but tax your memory yet a little further, it will resolve the puzzle of the Great Seal—a loss which was of moment yesterday, although of none to-day, since its term of service ended with our late lord's life. May it please your grace to make the trial?'

Tom was at sea—a Great Seal was a something which he was totally unacquainted with. After a moment's hesitation he looked up innocently and asked—

'What was it like, my lord?'

The earl started, almost imperceptibly muttering to himself, 'Alack, his wits are flown again!—it was ill wisdom to lead him on to strain them'—then he deftly turned the talk to other matters, with the purpose of sweeping the unlucky Seal out of Tom's thoughts—a purpose which easily succeeded.

CHAPTER XV.

TOM AS KING.

The next day the foreign ambassadors came, with their gorgeous trains; and Tom, throned in awful state, received them. The splendours of the scene delighted his eye and fired his imagination, at first, but the audience was long and dreary, and so were most of the addresses—wherefore what began as a pleasure, grew into weariness and homesickness by and by. Tom said the words which Hertford put into his mouth from time to time, and tried hard to acquit himself satisfactorily, but he was too new to such things, and too ill at ease to accomplish more than a tolerable success. He looked sufficiently like a king, but he was ill able to feel like one. He was cordially glad when the ceremony was ended.

The larger part of his day was 'wasted'—as he termed it, in his own mind—in labours pertaining to his royal office. Even the two hours devoted to certain princely pastimes and recreations were rather a burden to him, than otherwise, they were so fettered by restrictions and ceremonious observances. However he had a private hour with his whipping-boy which he counted clear gain, since he got both entertainment and needful information out of it.

The third day of Tom Canty's Kingship came and went much as the others had done, but there was a lifting of his cloud in one way—he felt less uncomfortable than at first; he was getting a little used to his circumstances and surroundings; his chains still galled, but not all the time; he found the presence and homage of the great afflicted and embarrassed him less and less sharply with every hour that drifted over his head.

But for one single dread, he could have seen the fourth day approach without serious distress—the dining in public; it was to begin that day. There were greater mat-

ters in the programme—for on that day he would have to preside at a council which would take his views and commands concerning the policy to be pursued towards various foreign nations scattered far and near over the great globe; on that day, too, lord Herbert would be formally chosen to the grand office of Lord Protector; other things of note were appointed for that fourth day, also; but to Tom they were all insignificant compared with the ordeal of dining all by himself with a multitude of curious eyes fastened upon him and a multitude of mouths whispering comments upon his performance—and upon his mistakes, if he should be so unlucky as to make any.

Still, nothing could stop that fourth day, and so it came. It found poor Tom low-spirited and absent-minded, and this mood continued; he could not shake it off. The ordinary duties of the morning dragged upon his hands and wearied him. Once more he felt the sense of captivity heavy upon him.

Late in the afternoon he was in a large audience chamber, conversing with the Earl of Hertford, and dully awaiting the striking of the hour appointed for a visit of ceremony from a considerable number of great officials and courtiers.

After a little while, he had wandered to the window and become interested in the life and movement of the great highway beyond the palace gates—and not idly interested, but longing with all his heart to take part in person in its stir and freedom—he saw the van of a hooting and shouting mob of disorderly men, women and children of the lowest and poorest degree approaching from up the road.

'I would I knew what 'tis about!' he exclaimed, with all a boy's curiosity in such happenings.

'Thou art the king!' solemnly responded the earl, with a reverence. 'Have I your grace's leave to act?'

'O, blithely, yes! O, gladly, yes!' exclaimed Tom, excitedly, adding to himself with a lively sense of satisfaction, 'In truth, being a king is not all dreariness—it hath its compensations and conveniences.'

The earl called a page, and sent him to the captain of the guard with the order—

'Let the mob be halted, and inquiry made concerning the occasion of its movement. By the king's command!'

A few seconds later a long rank of the royal guards, cased in flashing steel, filed out at the gates and formed across the highway in front of the multitude. A messenger returned, to report that the crowd were following a man, a woman and a young girl to

execution for crimes committed against the peace and dignity of the realm.

Death—and a violent death—for these poor unfortunates! The thought wrung Tom's heart-strings. The spirit of compassion took control of him, to the exclusion of all other considerations; he never thought of the offended laws, or of the grief or loss which these three criminals had inflicted upon their victims, he could think of nothing but the scaffold and the grizzly fate hanging over the heads of the condemned. His concern made him even forget, for the moment, that he was but the false shadow of a king, not the substance; and before he knew it he had blurted out the command—

'Bring them here!'

Then he blushed scarlet, and a sort of apology sprung to his lips; but observing that his order had wrought no sort of surprise in the earl or the waiting page, he suppressed the words he was about to utter. The page, in the most manner-of-course way, made a profound obeisance and retired backwards out of the room to deliver the command. Tom experienced a glow of pride and a renewed sense of the compensating advantages of the kingly office. He said to himself, 'Truly it is what I was used to feel when I read the old priest's tales, and imagine mine own self a prince, giving law and command to all, saying, "Do this, do that," whilst none durst offer let or hindrance to my will.'

Now the doors swung open; one high-sounding title after another was announced, the personages owning them followed, and the place was quickly half-filled with noble fold and finery. But Tom was hardly conscious of the presence of these people, so wrought up was he and so intensely absorbed in that other and more interesting matter. He seated himself, absently, in his chair of state, and turned his eyes upon the door with manifestations of impatient expectancy, seeing which, the company forebore to trouble him, and fell to chatting a mixture of public business and court gossip one with another.

In a little while the measured tread of military men was heard approaching, and the enpripts entered the presence in charge of an under-sheriff and escorted by a detail of the king's guard. The civil officer knelt before Tom, then stood aside; the guard took position behind Tom's chair. Tom scanned the prisoners curiously. Something about the dress or appearance of the man had stirred a vague memory in him. 'Methinks I have seen this man ere now . . . but when or the where fail me'—such was Tom's thought. Just then the man glanced

quickly up, and quickly dropped his face again, not being able to endure the awful port of sovereignty; but the one full glimpse of the face, which Tom got was sufficient. He said to himself: 'Now is the matter clear; this is the stranger that plucked Giles Witt out of the Thames, and saved his life, that windy, bitter, first day of the New Year—a brave good deed—pity he hath been doing baser ones and got himself in this sad case. . . . I have not forgot that day, neither the hour: by reason that an hour after, upon the stroke of eleven, I did get a hiding by the hand of Gammer Canty which was of so goodly and admired severity that all that went before or followed after it were but fondlings and caresses by comparison.'

Tom now ordered that the woman and the girl be removed from the presence for a little time; then addressed himself to the under-sheriff, saying—

'Good sir, what is this man's offence?'

The officer knelt, and answered—

'So please your majesty, he hath taken the life of a subject by poison.'

Tom's compassion for the prisoner and admiration of him as the daring rescuer of a drowning boy, experienced a most damaging shock.

'The thing was proven upon him?' he asked.

'Most clearly, sire.'

Tom sighed, and said—

'Take him away—he hath earned his death. 'Tis a pity, for he was a brave heart—na—na, I mean he hath the look of it!'

The prisoner clasped his hands together with sudden energy, and wrung them despairingly, at the same time appealing imploringly to the 'king' in broken and terrified phrases—

'O my lord the king, an' thou canst pity the lost, have pity upon me! I am innocent—neither hath that wherewith I am charged been more than but lamely proved—yet I speak not of that; the judgment is gone forth against me and may not suffer alteration; yet in mine extremity I beg a boon, for my doom is more than I can bear. A grace, a grace, my lord the king! in thy royal compassion grant my prayer—give commandment that I be hanged!'

Tom was amazed. This was not the outcome he had looked for.

'Odds my life, a strange boon! Was it not the fate intended thee?'

'O good my liege, not so? It is ordered that I be boiled alive!'

The hideous surprise of these words almost made Tom spring from his chair. As soon as he could recover his wits he cried out—

'Have thy wish, poor soul! an' thou had

poisoned a hundred men thou shouldst not suffer so miserable a death.'

The prisoner bowed his face to the ground and burst into passionate expressions of gratitude—ending with—

'If ever thou shouldst know misfortune—which God forefend!—may thy goodness to me this day be remembered and requited!'

Tom turned to the Earl of Hertford and said—

'My lord, is it believable that there was warrant for this man's ferocious doom?'

'It is the law, your grace—for prisoners. In Germany coiners be boiled to death in oil—not cast in of a sudden, but by a rope let down into the oil by degrees, and slowly; first the feet, then the legs, then—'

'O prithee no more, my lord, I cannot bear it!' cried Tom, covering his eyes with his hands to shut out the picture. 'I beseech your good lordship that order be taken to change this law—O, let no more poor creatures be visited with its tortures.'

The earl's face showed profound gratification, for he was a man of merciful and generous impulses—a thing not very common with his class in that fierce age. He said—

'These your grace's noble words have sealed its doom. History will remember it to the honour of your royal house.'

The under-sheriff was about to remove his prisoner; Tom gave him a sign to wait; then he said—

'Good sir, I would look into the matter further. The man has said his deed was but lamely proved. Tell me what thou knowest.'

'If the king's grace please, it did not appear upon the trial, that this man entered into a house in the hamlet of Islington where one lay sick—three witnesses say it was ten of the clock and two say it was some minutes later—the sick man being alone at the time, and sleeping—and presently the man came forth again, and went his way. The sick man died within the hour, being torn with spasms and retchings.'

'Did any see the poison given? Was poison found?'

'Marry, no, my liege.'

'Then how doth one know there was poison given at all?'

'Please your majesty, the doctors testified that none die with such symptoms but by poison.'

Weighty evidence, this—in that simple age. Tom recognised its formidable nature, and said:

'The doctor knoweth his trade—belike they were right. The matter hath an ill look for this poor man.'

'Yet was not this all, your majesty; there

is more and worse. Many testified that a witch, since gone from the village, none know whither, did foretell, and speak it privately in their ears, that the sick man would die by poison—and more, that a stranger would give it—a stranger with brown hair and clothed in a worn and common garb; and surely this prisoner doth answer woundily to the bill. Please your majesty to give the circumstance that solemn weight which is its due, seeing it was foretold.

This was an argument of tremendous force, in that superstitious day. Tom felt that the thing was settled if evidence was worth anything, this poor fellow's guilt was proved. Still he offered the prisoner a chance, saying:

'If thou canst say aught in thy behalf, speak.'

'Nought that will avail, my king. I am innocent, yet cannot I make it appear. I have no friends, else might I show that I was not in Islington that day; so also might I show that at the hour they name I was above a league away, seeing I was at Wapping Old Stairs; yea, more, my king, for I could show that while they were taking life, I was saving it. A drowning boy—'

'Peace! Sheriff, name the day the deed was done!'

'Atten in the morning or some minutes later, the first day of the new year, most illustrious—'

'Let the prisoner go free—it is the king's will!'

Another blush followed this unregal outburst, and he covered his indecorum as well as he could by saying:

'It enrageth me that a man should be hanged upon such idle, hair-brained evidence!'

A low buzz of admiration swept through the assemblage. It was not admiration of the decree that had been delivered by Tom, for the propriety or expediency of pardoning a convicted poisoner was a thing which few there would have felt justified in either admitting or admiring—no, the admiration was for the intelligence and spirit which Tom had displayed. Some of the low-voiced remarks were to this effect:

'This is no mad king—he hath his wits sound.'

'How sanely he put his questions—how like his former natural self was this abrupt, imperious disposal of the matter!'

'God be thanked his infirmity is spent! This is no weakling, but a king. He hath borne himself like to his own father.'

The air being filled with applause, Tom's ear necessarily caught a little of it. The

effect which this had upon him was to put him greatly at his ease, and also to charge his system with very gratifying sensations.

However, his juvenile curiosity soon rose superior to these pleasant thoughts and feelings; he was eager to know what sort of deadly mischief the woman and the little girl could have been about; so, by his command, the two terrified and sobbing creatures brought before him.

'What is it that these have done?' he inquired of the sheriff.

'Please your majesty, a black crime is charged upon them, and clearly proven; wherefore the judges have decreed, according to the law, that they be hanged. They sold themselves to the devil—such is their crime.'

Tom shuddered. He had been taught to abhor people who did this wicked thing. Still he was not going to deny himself the pleasure of feeding his curiosity, for all that; so he asked—

'Where was this done?—and when?'

'On a midnight, in December—in a ruined church, your majesty.'

Tom shuddered again.

'Who was there present?'

'Only these two, your grace—and that other.'

'Have these confessed?'

'Nay, not so, sire—they do deny it.'

'Then prithee, how was it known?'

'Certain witnesses did see them wending thither, good your majesty; this bred the suspicion, and dire effects have since confirmed and justified it. In particular, it is in evidence that through the wicked power so obtained, they did invoke and bring about a storm that wasted all the region round about. Above forty witnesses have proved the storm; and sooth one might have had a thousand, for all had reason to remember it, sith all had suffered by it.'

'Certes this is a serious matter.' Tom turned this dark piece of scoundrelism over in his mind a while, then asked—

'Suffered the woman, also, by the storm?'

Several old heads among the assemblage nodded their recognition of the wisdom of this question. The sheriff, however, saw nothing consequential in the inquiry; he answered, with simple directness—

'Indeed, did she, your majesty, and most righteously, as all aver. Her habitation was swept away, and herself and child left shelterless.'

'Methinks the power to do herself so ill a turn was dearly bought. She had been cheated had she paid but a farthing for it; that she paid her soul, and her child's, argueth that she is mad; if she is mad she



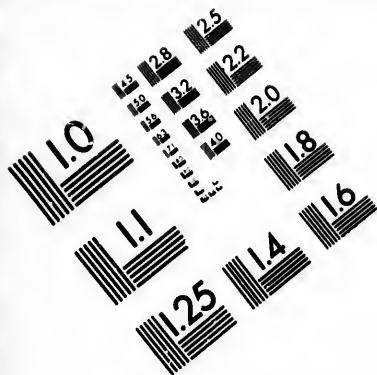
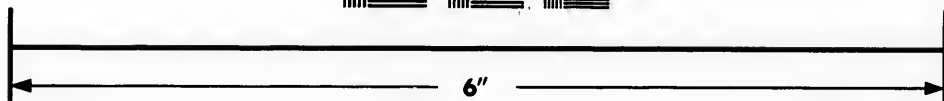
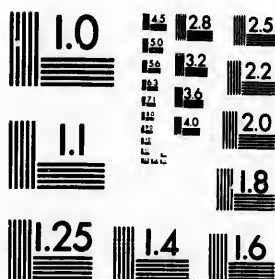


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knoweth not what she doth, therefore knoweth not.'

The elderly heads nodded recognition of Tom's wisdom once more, and one individual murmured, 'An' the king be mad himself, according to the report, then is it a madness of a sort that would improve the sanity of some I wot of, if by the gentle providence of God they could but catch it.'

'What age hath the child?' asked Tom.

'Nine years, please your majesty.'

'By the law of England may a child enter into covenant and sell itself, my lord?' asked Tom, turning to a learned judge.

'The law doth not permit a child to make or meddle in any weighty matter, good my liege, holding that its callow wit unfitteth it to cope with the riper wit and evil schemings of them that are its elders. The devil may buy a child, if he so choose, and the child agree thereto, but not an Englishman—in this latter case the contract would be null and void.'

'It seemeth a rude, unchristian thing, and ill-contrived, that English law denieth privileges to Englishmen, to waste them on the devil,' cried Tom, with honest heat. This novel view of the matter excited many smiles, and was stored away in many heads to be repeated about the court as evidence of Tom's originality as well as progress towards mental health.

The elder culprit had ceased from sobbing and was hanging upon Tom's words with an excited interest and a growing hope. Tom noticed this, and it strongly inclined his sympathies toward her in her perilous and unfriendly situation. Presently he asked—

'How wrought they to bring the storm?'

'By pulling off their stockings, sire.'

This astonished Tom, and also fired his curiosity to fever heat. He said, eagerly—

'It is wonderful! Hath it always this dread effect?'

'Always, my liege—at least if the woman desire it, and utter the needful words, either in her mind or with her tongue.'

Tom turned to the woman, and said with impetuous zeal—

'Exert thy power—I would see a storm!'

There was a sudden paling of cheeks in the superstitious assemblage, and a general though unexpressed desire to get out of the place—all of which was lost upon Tom, who was dead to everything but the proposed cataclysm. Seeing a puzzled and astonished look in the woman's face, he added, excitedly—

'Never fear—thou shalt be blameless, more—thou shalt go free—none shall touch thee. Exert thy power.'

'O, my lord the king, I have it not—I have been falsely accused.'

'Thy fears stay thee. Be of good heart, thou shalt suffer no harm. Make a storm—it mattereth not how small a one—I require nought great or harmful, but indeed prefer the opposite—do this and thy life is spared—thou shalt go out free, with thy child, bearing the king's pardon, and safe from hurt or malice from any in the realm.'

The woman prostrated herself, and protested, with tears that she had no power to do the miracle, else she would gladly win her child's life, alone, and be content to lose her own, if by obedience to the king's demand so precious a grace might be acquired.

Tom urged—the woman still adhered to her declarations. Finally he said—

'I think the woman hath said true. An' my mother were in her place and gifted with the devil's functions, she had not stayed a moment to call her storms and lay the whole land in ruins, if the saving of my forfeit life were the price she got! It is argument that other mothers are made in like mould. Thou art free, goodwife—thou and thy child—for I do think thee innocent. Now thou'st nought to fear, being pardoned—pull off thy stockings!—an' thou canst make me a storm, thou shalt be rich!'

The redeemed creature was loud in her gratitude, and proceeded to obey, whilst Tom looked on with eager expectancy, a little marred by apprehension; the courtiers at the same time manifesting decided discomfort and uneasiness. The woman stripped her own feet and her little girl's also, and plainly did her best to reward the king's generosity with an earthquake, but it was all a failure and a disappointment. Tom sighed and said—

'There, good soul, trouble thyself no further, thy power is departed out of thee. Go thy way in peace; and if it return to thee at any time, forget me not, but fetch me a storm.' (See notes to Chapters at the end of the volume).

CHAPTER XVI.

THE STATE DINNER.

The dinner hour drew near—yet strangely enough, the thought brought but slight discomfort to Tom, and hardly any terror. The morning's experiences had wonderfully built up his confidence; the poor little ascat was already wonted to his strange garret, after four days' habit than a mature person could have become in a full month. A child's facility in accommodating itself to

circumstances was never more strikingly illustrated.

Let us privileged ones hurry to the great banquetting room and have a glance at matters there whilst Tom is being made ready for the imposing occasion. It is a spacious apartment, with gilded pillars and pilasters, and pictured walls and ceilings. At the door stand tall guards, as rigid as statues, dressed in rich and picturesque costumes, and bearing halberds. In a high gallery which runs all around the place is a band of musicians and a packed company of citizens of both sexes, in brilliant attire. In the centre of the room, upon a raised platform, is Tom's table. Now let the ancient chronicler speak :

'A gentleman enters the room bearing a rod, and along with him another bearing a table-cloth, which, after they have both kneeled three times with the utmost veneration, he spreads upon the table, and after kneeling again they both retire; then come two others, one with the rod again, the other with a salt-cellar, plate and bread; when they have kneeled as the others had done, and placed what was brought upon the table, they too retire with the same ceremonies performed by the first; at last come two nobles, richly clothed, one bearing a tasting-knife, who, after prostrating themselves three times in the most graceful manner, approach and rub the table with bread and salt, with as much awe as if the king had been present.'*

So end the solemn preliminaries. Now, far down the echoing corridors we hear a bugle-blast, and the indistinct cry, 'Place for the king! way for the king's most excellent majesty! These sounds are momentarily repeated—they grow nearer and nearer—and presently, almost in our faces, the martial note peals and the cry rings out, 'Way for the king!' At this instant the shining pageant appears, and files in at the door, with a measured march. Let the chronicler speak again :

'First come Gentlemen, Barons, Earls, Knights of the Garter, all richly dressed and bare-headed; next comes the Chancellor, between two, one of which carries the royal sceptre, the other the Golden Sword of State in a red scabbard, studded with golden fleur-de-lis, the point upwards; next comes the King himself—whom, upon his appearing, twelve trumpets and many drums salute with a great burst of welcome, whilst all in the galleries rise in their places, crying, "God save the King!" After him come nobles attached to his person, and on his

* Leigh Hunt's "The Town," quotation from an early tourist.

right and left march his guard of honour, his fifty Gentlemen Pensioners, with gilt battle-axes.'

This was all very fine and pleasant. Tom's pulse beat high and a glad light was in his eye. He bore himself right gracefully, and all the more so because he was not thinking of how he was doing, his mind being charmed and occupied with the blithe sights and sounds about him—besides, nobody can be ungraceful in nicely-fitting beautiful clothes after he had grown a little used to them,—especially if he is for a moment unconscious of them. Tom remembered his instructions, and acknowledged his greeting with a slight inclination of his plumed head, and a courteous 'I thank you, my good people.'

He seated himself at the table, without removing his cap; and did it without the least embarrassment; for to eat with one's cap on was the one solitary royal custom upon which the kings and the Cantys met upon common ground, neither party having any advantage over the other in the matter of old familiarity with it. The pageant broke up and grouped itself picturesquely, and remained bareheaded.

Now, to the sound of gay music, the Yeomen of the Guard entered—'the tallest and mightiest men in England, they being carefully selected in this regard'—but we will let the chronicler tell about it :

'The Yeomen of the Guard entered, bare-headed, clothed in scarlet, with golden roses upon their backs, and these went and came, bringing in each turn a course of dishes, served in plate. These dishes were received by a gentleman in the same order they were brought, and placed upon the table, while the taster gave to each guard a mouthful to eat of the particular dish he had brought, for fear of any poison.'

Tom made a good dinner, notwithstanding he was conscious that hundreds of eyes followed each morsel to his mouth and watched him eat it with an interest which could not have been more intense if it had been a deadly explosive and was expected to blow him up and scatter him all about the place. He was careful not to hurry, and equally careful not to do anything whatever for himself, but wait till the proper official knelt down and did it for him. He got through without a mistake—flawless and precious triumph.

When the meal was over at last and he marched away in the midst of the bright pageant, with the happy noises in his ears of blaring bugles, rolling drums and thundering acclamations, he felt that if he had seen the

worst of dining in public, it was an ordeal which he would be glad to endure several times a day if by that means he could buy himself free from some of the more formidable requirements of his royal office.

CHAPTER XVII.

FOO-FOO THE FIRST.

Miles Hendon hurried along toward the Southwark end of the bridge, keeping a sharp lookout for the persons he sought, and hoping and expecting to overtake them presently. He was disappointed in this, however. By asking questions, he was enabled to track them part of the way through Southwark; then all traces ceased, and he was perplexed as to how to proceed. Still, he continued his efforts as best he could during the rest of the day. Nightfall found him leg-weary, half famished, and his desire as far from accomplishment as ever; so he supped at the Tabard inn, and went to bed, resolved to make an early start in the morning, and give the town an exhaustive search. As he lay thinking and planning, he presently began to reason thus: The boy would escape from the ruffian, his reputed father, if possible; would he go back to London and seek his former haunts? no, he would not do that, he would avoid recapture. What, then, would he do? Never having had a friend in the world, or a protector, until he met Miles Hendon, he would naturally try to find that friend again provided the effort did not require him to go toward London and danger. He would strike for Hendon Hall, that is what he would do, for he knew Hendon was homeward bound and there he might expect to find him. Yes, the case was plain to Hendon—he must lose no more time in Southwark, but move at once through Kent, toward Monk's Holm, searching the wood and inquiring as he went. Let us return to the vanished little king, now.

The ruffian whom the waiter at the inn on the bridge saw 'about to join' the youth and the king, did not exactly join them, but fell in close behind them and followed their steps. He said nothing. His left arm was in a sling, and he wore a large green patch over his left eye; he limped slightly, and used an oaken staff as a support. The youth led the king a crooked course through Southwark, and by and by struck into the high road beyond. The king was irritated, now, and said he would stop here—it was Hendon's place to come to him, not his to go to Hendon. He would not endure such insolence; he would stop where he was. The youth said—

'Thou'lt tarry here, and thy friend lying wounded in the wood yonder? So be it, then.'

The king's manner changed at once. He cried out—

'Wounded? And who hath dared to do it? But that is apart; lead on, lead on! Faster, sirrah! art shod with lead? Wounded, is he? Now though the doer of it be a duke's son, he shall rue it!'

It was some distance to the wood, but the space was speedily traversed. The youth looked about him, discovered a bough sticking in the ground, with a small bit of rag tied to it, then led the way into the forest, watching for similar boughs and finding them at intervals; they were evidently guides to the point he was aiming at. By and by an open place was reached, where were the charred remains of a farm house, and near them a barn which was falling to ruin and decay. There was no sign of life anywhere, and utter silence prevailed. The youth entered the barn, the king following eagerly upon his heels. No one there! The king shot a surprised and suspicious glance at the youth, and asked—

'Where is he?'

A mocking laugh was his answer. The king was in a rage in a moment; he seized a billet of wood and was in the act of charging upon the youth when another mocking laugh fell upon his ear. It was from the lame ruffian, who had been following at a distance. The king turned and said angrily—

'Who art thou! What is thy business here!'

'Leave thy foolery,' said the man, 'and quiet thyself. My disguise is none so good that thou canst pretend thou knowest not thy father through it.'

'Thou are not my father. I know thee not. I am the king. If thou hast hid my servant, find him for me, or thou shalt suffer sorrow for what thou has done.'

John Cauty replied, in a stern and measured voice—

'It is plain thou art mad, and I am loath to punish thee; but if thou provoke me, I must. Thy prating doth no harm here, where there are no ears that need to mind thy follies, yet it is well to practise thy tongue to wary speech, that it may do no hurt when our quarters change. I have done a murder, and may not tarry at home—neither shalt thou, seeing I need thy service. My name is changed, for wise reasons: it is Hobbs—John Hobbs; thine is Jack—change thy memory accordingly. Now, then, speak. Where is thy mother? Where are thy sisters? They came not to

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the place appointed—knowest thou whither they went?

The king answered sullenly—

'Trouble me not with these riddles. My mother is dead; my sisters are in the palace.'

The youth near by burst into a derisive laugh, and the king would have assailed him, but Canty—or Hobbs, as he now called himself—prevented, and said—

'Peace, Hugo, vex him not; his mind is astray, and thy ways fret him. Sit thee down, Jack, and quiet thyself; thou shalt have a morsel to eat, anon.'

Hobbs and Hugo fell to talking together, in low voices, and the king removed himself as far as he could from their disagreeable company. He withdrew into the twilight of the farther end of the barn, where he found the earthen floor bedded a foot deep with straw. He lay down here, drew straw over himself in lieu of blankets and was soon absorbed in thinkings. He had many griefs, but the minor ones were swept almost into forgetfulness by the supreme one, the loss of his father. To the rest of the world the name of Henry VIII. brought a shiver, and suggested an ogre whose nostrils breathed destruction and whose hand dealt scourgings and death; but to this boy the name brought only sensations of pleasure, the figure it invoked wore a countenance that was all gentleness and affection. He called to mind a long succession of loving passages between his father and himself, and dwelt fondly upon them, his unstinted tears attesting how deep and real was the grief that possessed his heart. As the afternoon wasted away, the lad, wearied with his troubles, sunk gradually into a tranquil and healing slumber.

After a considerable time—he could not tell how long—his senses struggled to a half-consciousness, as he lay with closed eyes vaguely wondering where he was and what had been happening, he noted a murmurous sound, the sullen beating of the rain upon the roof. A snug sense of comfort stole over him, which was rudely broken, the next moment, by a chorus of piping cackles and coarse laughter. It startled him disagreeably, and he unrolled his head to see whence this interruption proceeded. A grim and unsightly picture met his eye. A bright fire was burning in the middle of the floor, at the other end of the barn; and around it, and lit wierdly up by the red glare, lolled and sprawled the motliest company of tattered gutter-scum and ruffians, of both sexes, he had ever read or dreamed of. There were huge stalwart men, brown with exposure, long-haired, and clothed in fantastic rage; there were middle-sized youths, of

triculent countenance, and similarly clad; there were blind mendicants, with patched and bandaged eyes; crippled ones, with wooden legs and crutches; there was a villainous-looking peddler with his pack; a knife-grinder, a tinker, and a barber-surgeon, with the implements of their trades; some of the females were hardly-grown girls, some were at prime, some were old and wrinkled hags, and all were loud, brazen, foul-mouthed; and all soiled and slatternly; there were three sore-faced babies; there were a couple of starveling curs, with strings about their necks, whose office was to lead the blind.

The night was come, the gang had just finished feasting, an orgy was beginning, the can of liquor was passing from mouth to mouth. A general cry broke out—

'A song! a song from the Bat and Dick Dot-and-go-One!'

One of the blind men got up, and made ready by casting aside the patches that sheltered his excellent eyes, and the pathetic placard which recited the cause of his calamity. Dot-and-go-One disencumbered himself of his timber leg and took his place, upon sound and healthy limbs, beside his fellow-rascal: then they roared out a rollicking ditty, and were re-inforced by the whole crew, at the end of each stanza, in a rousing chorus. By the time the last stanza was reached, the half-drunken enthusiasm had risen to such a pitch, that everybody joined in and sang it clear through from the beginning, producing a volume of villainous sounds that made the rafters quake. These are the inspired words:

'Blen Darkmans then, Bouse Mort and Ken,
The bien Coves bings awast.
On Chates to trine by Rome Coves dine
For his long lib at last.
Bing'd out bien Morts and toure, and toure,
Bing out of the Rome vile bine.
And toure the Cove that cloy'd your duds,
Upon the Chates to trine.'

(From 'The English Rogue;' London, 1665.)

Conversation followed: not in the thieves' dialect of the song, for that was only used in talk when unfriendly ears might be listening. In the course of it it appeared that 'John Hobbs' was not altogether a new recruit, but had trained in the gang at some former time. His later history was called for, and when he said he had 'accidentally' killed a man, considerable satisfaction was expressed; when he added that the man was a priest, he was roundly applauded, and had to take a drink with everybody. Old acquaintances welcomed him joyously, and new ones were proud to shake him by the hand. He was asked why he had

'carried away so many months.' He answered—

'London is better than the country, and safer these late years, the laws be so bitter and so diligently enforced. An' I had not had that accident, I had staid there. I had resolved to stay, and never more venture country-wards—but the accident has ended that.'

He enquired how many persons the gang numbered now. The 'Ruffler,' or chief, answered—

'Five and twenty sturdy budes, bulks, files, clapperdungeons and maunders, counting the dells and doxies and other moirts.' Most are here, the rest are wandering eastward, along the winter lay. We follow at dawn.'

'I do not see the Wen among the honest folk about me. Where may he be?'

'Poor lad, his diet is brimstone, now, and over hot for a delicate taste. He was killed in a brawl, somewhere about midsummer.'

'I sorrow to hear that; the Wen was a capable man, and brave.'

'That was he, truly. Black Bess, his dell, 's of us yet, but absent on the eastward tramp; a fine lass, of nice ways and orderly conduct, none ever seeing her drunk above four days in the seven.'

'She was ever strict—I remember it well—a goodly wench and worthy all commendation. Her mother was more free and less particular; a troublesome and ugly tempered beldame, but furnished with a wit above the common.'

'We lost her through it. Her gift of palmistry and other sorts of fortune-telling begot for her at last a witch's name and fame. The law roasted her to death at a slow fire. It did touch me to a sort of tenderness to see the gallant way she met her lot—cursing and reviling all the crowd that gaped and gazed around her, whilst the flames licked upward toward her face and caught her thin locks and crackled about her old gray head—cursing them, said I?—cursing them? why an' thou shouldst live a thousand years thou'dst never hear so masterful a cursing. Alack, her art died with her. There be base and weakling imitations left, but no true blasphemy.'

The Ruffler sighed; the listeners sighed in sympathy; a general depression fell upon the company for a moment, for even hardened outcasts like these are not wholly dead to sentiment, but are able to feel a fleeting sense of loss and affliction at wide intervals and under peculiarly favouring circum-

*Canting terms for various kinds of thieves, beggars and vagabonds, and their female companions.

stances—as in cases like to this, for instance, when genius and culture depart and leave no heir. However, a deep drink all round soon restored the spirits of the mourners.

'Have any others of our friends fared hardly?' asked Hobbs.

'Some—yes. Particularly new comers—such as small husbandmen turned shiftless and hungry upon the world because their farms were taken from them to be changed to sheep ranges. They begged, and were whipped at the cart's tail, naked from the girdle up, till the blood ran; then set in the stocks to be pelted; they begged again, were whipped again, and deprived of an ear; they begged a third time—poor devils, what else could they do?—and were branded on the cheek with a red hot iron, then sold for slaves; they ran away, were hunted down, and hanged. 'Tis a brief tale, and quickly told. Others of us have fared less hardly. Stand forth, Yokel, Burns and Hodge—show your adornments!'

These stood up and stripped away some of their rags, exposing their backs, criss-crossed with ropy old welts left by the lash; one turned up his hair and showed the place where a left ear had once been; another showed a brand upon his shoulder—the letter V—and a mutilated ear; the third said—

'I am Yokel, once a farmer and prosperous, with loving wife and kids—now am I somewhat different in estate and calling; and the wife and kids are gone; mayhap they are in heaven, mayhap in—the other place—but the kindly God be thanked, they bide no more in England! My good old blameless mother strove to earn bread by nursing the sick; one of these died, the doctors knew not how, so my mother was burnt for a witch, whilst my babes looked on and wailed. English law!—up, all, with your cups!—now altogether and with a cheer!—drink to the merciful English law that delivered her from the English hell! Thank you, mates, one and all. I begged from house to house—I and the wife—bearing with us the hungry kids—but it was a crime to be hungry in England—so they stripped us and lashed us through three towns. Drink ye all again to the merciful English law!—for its lash drank deep of my Mary's blood and its blessed deliverance came quick. She lies there, in the potter's field, safe from all harm. And the kids—well, whilst the law lashed me from town to town, they starved. Drink lads—only a drop—a drop to the poor kids, that never did any creature harm. I begged again—begged for a crust, and got

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the stocks and lost an ear—see, here bides the stump; I begged again, and here is the stump of the other to keep me minded of it. And still I begged again, and was sold for a slave—here on my cheek under this stain, if I washed it off, ye might see the red S the branding-iron left there! A SLAVE! Do ye understand that word? An English SLAVE!—that is he that stands before ye. I have run away from my master, and when I am found—the heavy curse of heaven fall on the law of the land that hat^t commanded it!—I shall hang!’ (See Note 10, at end of volume.)

A ringing voice came through the murky air—

‘Thou shalt not!—and this day the end of that law is come!’

All turned, and saw the fantastic figure of the little king approaching hurriedly; as it emerged into the light and was clearly revealed, a general explosion of inquiries broke out:

‘Who is it? What is it? Who art thou, manikin?’

The boy stood unconfused in the midst of all those surprised and questioning eyes, and answered with princely dignity—

‘I am Edward, king of England.’

A wild burst of laughter followed, partly of derision and partly of delight at the excellence of the joke. The king was stung. He said sharply—

‘Ye mannerless vagrants, is this your recognition of the royal boon I have promised?’

He said more, with angry voice and excited gesture, but it was lost in a whirlwind of laughter and mocking exclamations. ‘John Hobbs’ made several attempts to make himself heard above the din, and at last succeeded—saying—

‘Mates, he is my son, a dreamer, a fool, and stark mad—mind him not—he thinketh he is the king.’

‘I am the king,’ said Edward, turning toward him, ‘as thou shalt know to thy cost, in good time. Thou hast confessed a murder—thou shalt swing for it.’

‘Thou’lt betray me—thou? An’ I get my hands upon thee—’

‘Tut-tut!’ said the burly Ruffler, interposing in time to save the king, and emphasizing this service by knocking Hobbs down with his fist, ‘hast respect for neither Kings nor Rufflers? An’ thou insult my presence so again, I’ll hang thee up myself.’ Then he said to his majesty, ‘Thou must make no threats against thy mates, lad; and thou must guard thy tongue from saying evil of them elsewhere. Be king, if it please thy mad humour, but be not harmful in it. Sink the title thou hast uttered—’tis treason; we

be bad men, in some few trifling ways, but none among us is so base as to be a traitor to his king; we be loving and loyal hearts in that regard. Note it I speak truth. Now—all together: “Long live Edward, king of England!”’

“LONG LIVE EDWARD, KING OF ENGLAND!”

The response came with such a thunder-gust from the motley crew that the crazy building vibrated to the sound. The little king’s face lighted with pleasure for an instant, and he slightly inclined his head and said with grave simplicity—

‘I thank you, my good people.’

This unexpected result threw the company into convulsions of merriment. When something like quiet was presently come again, the Ruffler said, firmly, but with an accent of good nature—

‘Drop it, boy, ’tis not wise, nor well. Humour thy fancy, if thou must, but choose some other title.’

A tinker shrieked out a suggestion—

‘Foo-foo the First, King of the Moon-caves!’

The title ‘took,’ at once, every throat responded, and a roaring shout went up of—

‘Long live Foo-foo the First, King of the Mooncaves!’ followed by howlings, cat-calls, and peals of laughter.

‘Hale him forth, and crown him!’

‘Robe him!’

‘Sceptre him!’

‘Throne him!’

These and twenty other cries broke out at once; almost before the poor little victim could draw a breath he was crowned with a tin basin, robed in a tattered blanket, throned upon a barrel, and sceptred with the tinker’s soldering-iron. Then all flung themselves upon their knees about him, and sent up a chorus of ironical wallings, and mocking supplications, whilst they swabbed their eyes with their soiled and ragged sleeves and aprons—

‘Be gracious to us, O, sweet king!’

‘Tangle not upon thy beseeching worms, O noble majesty!’

‘Pity thy slaves, and comfort them with a royal kick!’

‘Cheer us and warm us with thy gracious rays, O flaming sun of sovereignty!’

‘Sanctify the ground with the touch of thy foot, that we may eat the dirt and be ennobled!’

‘Deign to spit upon us, O sire, that our children’s children may tell of thy princely condescension, and be proud and happy forever!’

But the humorous tinker made the ‘hit’

of the evening and carried off the honours. Kneeling, he pretended to kiss the king's foot, and was indignantly spurned; whereupon he went about begging for a rag to paste over the place upon his face which had been touched by the foot, saying it must be preserved from contact with the vulgar air and that he should make his fortune by going on the highway and exposing it to view at the rate of a hundred shillings a sight. He made himself so killingly funny that he was the envy and admiration of the whole mangy rabble.

Tears of shame and indignation stood in the little monarch's eyes; and the thought in his heart was, 'Had I offered them a deep wrong they could not be more cruel—yet have I proffered nought but to them a kindness—and it is thus they use me for it!'

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE PRINCE WITH THE TRAMPS.

The troop of vagabonds turned out at early dawn, and set forward on their march. There was a lowering sky overhead, sloppy ground underfoot, and a winter chill in the air. All gaiety was gone from the company; some were sullen and silent, some were irritable and petulant, none were gentle-humoured, all were thirsty.

The Ruffler put 'Jack' in Hugo's charge, with some brief instructions and commanded John Canty to keep away from him and let him alone; he also warned Hugo not to be too rough with the lad.

After a while the weather grew milder, and the clouds lifted somewhat. The troop ceased to shiver, and their spirits began to improve. They grew more and more cheerful, and finally began to chaff each other and insult passengers along the highway. This showed that they were awaking to an appreciation of life and its joys once more. The dread in which their sort was held was apparent in the fact that everybody gave them the road, and took their ribald insolences meekly, without venturing to talk back. They snatched linen from the hedges, occasionally in full view of the owners, who made no protest, but only seemed grateful that they did not take the hedges too.

By and by they invaded a small farm house and made themselves at home while the trembling farmer and his people swept the larder clean to furnish a breakfast for them. They chuckled the housewife and her daughters under the chin whilst receiving the food from their hands, and made coarse

jest about them, accompanied with insulting epithets and bursts of horse-laughter. They threw bones and vegetables at the farmer and his sons, kept them dodging all the time, and applauded uproariously when a good hit was made. They ended by buttering the head of one of the daughters who resented some of their familiarities. When they took their leave they threatened to come back and burn the house over the heads of the family if any report of their doings got to the ears of the authorities.

About noon, after a long and weary tramp, the gang came to a halt behind a hedge on the outskirts of a considerable village. An hour was allowed for rest, then the crew scattered themselves abroad to enter the village at different points to ply their various trades. 'Jack' was sent with Hugo. They wandered hither and thither for some time, Hugo watching for opportunities to do a stroke of business but finding none—so he finally said:—

'I see nought to steal; it is a paltry place. Wherefore will we beg.'

'We, forsooth! Follow thy trade—it befits thee. But I will not beg.'

'Thou'lt not beg!' exclaimed Hugo, eyeing the king with surprise. 'Prithee, since when hast thou reformed?'

'What dost thou mean?'

'Mean? Hast thou not begged the streets of London all thy life?'

'I? Thou idiot!'

'Spare thy compliments—thy stock will last the longer. Thy father says thou hast begged all thy days. Mayhap he lied. Peradventure you will even make as bold as to say he lied,' scoffed Hugo.

'Him you call my father? Yes, he lied.'

'Come, play not thy merry game of madman so far, mate; use it for thy amusement, not thy hurt. An' I tell him this, he will scorch thee finely for it.'

'Save thyself the trouble. I will tell him.'

'I like thy spirit, I do in truth; but I do not admire thy judgment. Bone-rackings and bastings be plenty enow in this life, without going out of one's way to invite them. But a truce to these matters; I believe your father. I doubt not he can lie; I doubt not he doth lie, upon occasion, for the best of us do that; but there is no occasion here. A wise man does not waste so good a commodity as lying for nought. But come; sith it is thy humour to give over begging, wherewithal shall we busy ourselves? With robbing kitchens?'

The king said, impatiently—

'Have done with this folly—you weary me!'

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Hugo replied, with temper—

'Now harkee, mate; you will not beg, you will not rob; so be it. But I will tell you what you will do. You will play decoy whilst I beg. Refuse, an' you think you may venture!'

The king was about to reply contemptuously, when Hugo said, interrupting—

'Peace! Here comes one with a kindly face. Now will I fall down in a fit. When the stranger runs to me, set you up a wail, and fall upon your knees, seeming to weep; then cry out as all the devils of misery were in your belly, and say, "O, sir, it is my poor afflicted brother, and we are friendless; o' God's name cast through your merciful eyes one pitiful look upon a sick, forsaken and most miserable wretch; bestow one little penny out of thy riches upon one smitten of God and ready to perish!"—and mind you, keep you on wailing, and abate not till we bilk him of his penny, else shall you rue it.'

Then immediately Hugo began to moan and groan, and roll his eyes, and reel and totter about; and when the stranger was close at hand, down he sprawled before him, with a shriek, and began to writhe and wallow in the dirt, in seeming agony.

'O dear, O dear!' cried the benevolent stranger, 'O poor soul, poor soul, how he doth suffer! There—let me help thee up.'

'O, noble sir, forbear, and God love you for a princely gentleman—but it giveth me cruel pain to touch me when I am taken so. My brother there will tell your worship how I am racked with anguish when these fits be upon me. A penny, dear sir, a penny, to buy a little food; then leave me to my sorrows.'

'A penny! thou shalt have three, thou hapless creature' and he fumbled in his pocket with nervous haste and got them out. 'There, poor lad, take them, and most welcome. Now come hither, my boy, and help me carry thy stricken brother to yon house, where—'

'I am not his brother,' said the king, interrupting.

'What! not his brother?'

'O hear him!' groaned Hugo, then privately ground his teeth. He denies his own brother—and he with one foot in the grave!

'Boy thou art indeed hard of heart, if this is thy brother. For shame!—and he scarce able to move hand or foot. If he is not thy brother who is he then?'

'A beggar and a thief! He got your money and has picked your pocket likewise. An' thou wouldst do a healing miracle, lay

thy staff over his shoulders and trust Providence for the rest."

But Hugo did not tarry for the miracle. In a moment he was up and off like the wind, the gentleman following after and raising the hue and cry lustily as he went. The king, breathing deep gratitude to Heaven for his own release, fled in the opposite direction and did not slacken his pace until he was out of harm's reach. He took the first road that offered, and soon put the village behind him. He hurried along as briskly as he could, during several hours, keeping a nervous watch over his shoulder for pursuit; but his fears left him at last, and a grateful sense of security took their place. He recognized now that he was hungry; and also very tired. So he halted at a farm-house; but when he was about to speak, he was cut short and driven rudely away. His clothes were against him.

He wandered on, wounded and indignant, and was resolved to put himself in the way of like treatment no more. But hunger is pride's master; so as evening drew near, he made an attempt at another farm-house; but here he fared worse than before; for he was called hard names and was promised arrest as a vagrant except he moved on promptly.

The night came on, chilly and overcast; and still the footsore monarch laboured slowly on. He was obliged to keep moving, for every time he sat down to rest he was soon penetrated to the skin with the cold. All his sensations and experiences, as he moved through the solemn gloom and the empty vastness of the night, were new and strange to him. At intervals he heard voices approach, pass by, and fade into silence; and as he saw nothing more of the bodies they belonged to than a sort of formless drifting blur, there was something spectral and uncanny about it all that made him shudder. Occasionally he caught the twinkle of a light—always far away, apparently—almost in another world; if he heard the tinkle of a sheep's bell, it was vague, distant, indistinct; the muffled lowing of the herds floated to him on the night wind in vanishing cadences, a mournful sound; now and then came the complaining howl of a dog over viewless expanses of field and forest; all sounds were remote; they made the little king feel that all life and activity were far removed from him, and that he stood solitary, companionless, in the centre of a measureless solitude.

He stumbled along, through the grewsome fascinations of this new experience, startled occasionally by the soft rustling of the dry leaves overhead, so like human whispers they seemed to sound; and by and by he came suddenly upon the freckled light of a tin lan-

tern near at hand. He stepped back into the shadow and waited. The lantern stood by the open door of a barn. The king waited some time—there was no sound, and nobody stirring. He got so cold standing still, and the hospitable barn looked so enticing, that at last he resolved to risk everything and enter. He started swiftly and stealthily, and just as he was crossing the threshold he heard a voice behind him. He darted behind a cask, with-in a barn, and stooped down. Two farm labourers came in, bringing the lantern with them, and fell to work, talking meanwhile. Whilst they moved about with the light, the king made good use of his eyes and took the bearings of what seemed to be a good sized stall at the further end of the place, purposing to grope his way to it when he should be left to himself. He also noted the position of a pile of horse blankets, midway of the route, with the intent to levy upon them for the service of the crown of England for one night.

By and by the men finished and went away, fastening the door behind them and taking the lantern with them. The shivering king made for the blankets, with as good speed as the darkness would allow; gathered them up and then groped his way safely to the stall. Of two of the blankets he made a bed, then covered himself with the remaining two. He was a glad monarch, now, though the blankets were old and thin, and not quite warm enough; and besides gave out a pungent horsey odour that was almost suffocatingly powerful.

Although the king was hungry and chilly, he was also so tired and so drowsy that these latter influences soon began to get the advantage of the former, and he presently dozed off into a state of semi-consciousness. Then, just as he was on the point of losing himself wholly, he distinctly felt something touch him! He was broad awake in a moment, and gasping for breath. The cold horror of that mysterious touch in the dark almost made his heart stand still. He lay motionless, and listened, scarcely breathing. But nothing stirred, and there was no sound. He continued to listen, and wait, during what seemed a long time, but still nothing stirred, and there was no sound. So he began to drop into a growse once more, at last; and all at once he felt that mysterious touch again! It was a grisly thing, this light touch from this noiseless and invisible presence; it made the boy sick with ghostly fears. What should he do? That was the question; but he did not know how to answer it. Should he leave these reasonably comfortable quarters and fly from this in-

scrutable horror? But fly whither? He could not get out of the bar; and the idea of scurrying blindly hither and thither in the dark, within the captivity of the four walls, with this phantom gliding after him, and visiting him with that soft hideous touch upon cheek or shoulder at every turn, was intolerable. But to stay where he was, and endure this living death all night?—was that better? No. What, then, was there left to do? Ah, there was but one course; he knew it well—he must put out his hand and find that thing!

It was easy to think this; but it was hard for him to brace himself up to try it. Three times he stretched his hand a little way out into the dark, gingerly; and snatched it suddenly back, with a gasp—not because it had encountered any thing, but because he had felt so sure it was just going to. But the fourth time, he groped a little further, and his hand lightly swept against something soft and warm. This petrified him, nearly, with fright—his mind was in such a state that he could imagine the thing to be nothing else than a corpse, newly dead and still warm. He thought he would rather die than touch it again. But he thought this false thought because he did not know the immortal strength of human curiosity. In no long time his hand was tremblingly groping again—against his judgment, and without his consent—but groping persistently on, just the same. It encountered a bunch of long hair; he shuddered, but followed up the hair and found what seemed to be a warm rope; followed up the rope and found an innocent calf!—for the rope was not a rope at all, but a calf's tail.

The king was cordially ashamed of himself for having gotten all that fright and misery out of so paltry a matter as a slumbering calf; but he need not have felt so about it, for it was not the calf that frightened him but a dreadful non-existent something which the calf stood for; and any other boy in those old superstitious times, would have acted and suffered just as he had done.

The king was not only delighted to find that the creature was only a calf, but delighted to have the calf's company; for he had been feeling so lonesome and friendless that the company and comradeship of even this humble animal was welcome. And he had been so buffeted, so rudely treated by his own kind, that it was a real comfort to him to feel that he was at last in the society of a fellow-creature that had at least a soft heart and a gentle spirit, whatever loftier attributes might be lacking. So he resolved

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While stroking its sleek warm back—for it lay near him and within easy reach—it occurred to him that this calf might be utilized in more ways than one. Whereupon he re-arranged his bed, spreading it down close to the calf; then he cuddled himself up to the calf's back, drew the covers up over himself and his friend, and in a minute or two was as warm and comfortable as he had ever been in the downy couches of the regal palace of Westminster.

Pleasant thoughts came, at once; life took on a cheerfuller seeming. He was free of the bonds of servitude and crime, free of the companionship of base and brutal outlaws; he was warm, he was sheltered; in a word, he was happy. The night wind was rising; it swept by in fitful gusts that made the old barn quake and rattle, then its forces died down at intervals, and went moaning and wailing around corners and projections—but it was all music to the king, now that he was snug and comfortable: let it blow and rage, let it batter and bang, let it moan and wail, he minded it not, he only enjoyed it. He merely snuggled the closer to his friend, in a luxury of warm contentment, and drifted blissfully out of consciousness into a deep and dreamless sleep that was full of serenity and peace. The distant dogs howled, the melancholy kine complained, and the winds went on raging, whilst furious sheets of rain drove along the roof; but the majesty of England slept on, undisturbed, and the calf did the same, it being a simple creature and not easily troubled by storms or embarrassed by sleeping with a king.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE PRINCE WITH THE PEASANTS.

When the king awoke in the early morning, he found that a wet but thoughtful rat had crept into the place during the night and made a cosy bed for itself in his bosom. Being disturbed, now, it scampered away. The boy smiled and said, 'Poor fool, why so fearful? I am as forlorn as thou.' 'Twould be a shame in me to hurt the helpless, who am myself so helpless. Moreover, I owe you thanks for a good omen; for when a king has fallen so low that the very rats do make a bed of him, it surely meaneth that his fortunes be upon the turn, since it is plain he can no lower go.'

He got up and stepped out of the stall, and just then he heard the sound of children's voices. The barn door opened and a couple of little girls came in. As soon as

they saw him their talking and laughing ceased, and they stopped and stood still, gazing at him with strong curiosity; they presently began to whisper together, then they approached nearer, and stopped again to gaze and whisper. By and by they gathered courage and began to discuss him aloud. One said:—

'He hath a comely face.'

The other added;—

'And pretty hair.'

'But is ill-clothed enow.'

'And how starved he looketh.'

They came still nearer, sidling shyly around and about him, examining him minutely from all points, as if he were some strange new kind of animal; but warily and watchfully the while, as if they half feared he might be some kind of animal that would bite upon occasion. Finally, they halted before him, holding each other's hands for protection, and took a good satisfying stare with their innocent eyes; then one of them plucked up all her courage and inquired with honest directness:—

'Who art thou, boy?'

'I am the king,' was the grave answer.

The children gave a little start, and their eyes spread themselves wide open and remained so during a speechless half minute. Then curiosity broke the silence:—

'The king? What king?'

'The king of England?'

The children looked at each other—then at him—then at each other again—wonderingly, perplexedly—then one said:—

'Didst hear him, Mary?—he saith he is the king. Can that be true?'

'How can it be else but true, Prissy? Would he say a lie? For look you, Prissy, an' it were not true, it would be a lie. It surely would be. Now think on't. For all things that be not true, be lies—thou canst make nought else of it.'

It was a good tight argument, without a leak in it anywhere; and it left Prissy's half-doubts not a leg to stand on. She considered a moment, then put the king upon his honour with the simple remark:—

'If thou art truly the king, then I believe thee.'

'I am truly the king.'

This settled the matter. His majesty's royalty was accepted without further question or discussion, and the two little girls began at once to inquire into how he came to be where he was, and how he came to be so unroyally clad, and whither he was bound, and all about his affairs. It was a mighty relief to him to pour out his troubles where they would not be scoffed at or doubted; so he told his tale with feeling.

forgetting even his hunger for the time ; and it was received with the deepest and tenderest sympathy by the gentle little maids. But when he got down to his latest experiences and they learned how long he had been without food, they cut him short and hurried him away to the farm house to find a breakfast for him.

The king was cheerful and happy, now, and said to himself, 'When I am come to mine own again, I will always honour little children, remembering how that these trusted me and believed in me in my time of trouble; whilst they that were older, and thought themselves wiser, mocked at me and held me for a liar.'

The children's mother received the king kindly, and was full of pity : for his forlorn condition and apparently crazed intellect touched her womanly heart. She was a widow, and rather poor; consequently she had seen trouble enough to enable her to feel for the unfortunate. She imagined that the demented boy had wandered away from his friends or keepers; so she tried to find out whence he had come, in order that she might take measures to return him; but all her references to neighbouring towns and villages, and all her inquiries in the same line, went for nothing—the boy's face, and his answers, too, showed that the things she was talking of were not familiar to him. He spoke earnestly and simply about court matters; and broke down, more than once, when speaking of the late king 'his father'; but whenever the conversation changed to baser topics, he lost interest and became silent.

The woman was mightily puzzled; but she did not give up. As she proceeded with her cooking, she set herself to contriving devices to surprise the boy into betraying his real secret. She talked about cattle—he showed no concern; then about sheep—the same result—so her guess that he had been a shepherd boy was an error; she talked about mills; and about weavers, tinkers, smiths, trades and tradesmen of all sorts; and about Bedlam, and jails, and charitable retreats; but no matter, she was baffled at all points. Not altogether, either; for she argued that she had narrowed the thing down to domestic service. Yes, she was sure she was on the right track, now—he must have been a house servant. So she led up to that. But the result was discouraging. The subject of sweeping appeared to weary him; fire-building failed to stir him; scrubbing and scouring awoke no enthusiasm. Then the goodwife touched, with a perishing hope, and rather as a matter of form, upon the subject of cooking.

To her surprise, and her vast delight, the king's face lighted at once! Ah, she had hunted him down at last, she thought; and she was right proud too, of the devious shrewdness and tact which had accomplished it.

Her tired tongue got a chance to rest, now: for the king's, inspired by gnawing hunger and the fragrant smells that came from the sputtering pots and pans, turned itself and delivered itself up to such an eloquent dissertation upon certain toothsome dishes, that within three minutes the woman said to herself, 'Of a truth I was right—he hath holpen in a kitchen!' Then he broadened his bill of fare, and discussed it with such appreciation and animation, that the good wife said to herself, 'Good lack! how can he know so many dishes, and so fine ones withal? For these only belong upon the tables of the rich and great. Ah, now I see! ragged outcast as he is, he must have served in the palace before his reason went astray, yes, he must have helped in the very kitchen of the king himself! I will test him.'

Full of eagerness to prove her sagacity, she told the king to mind the cooking a moment—hinting that he might manufacture and add a dish or two, if he chose—then she went out of the room and gave her children a sign to follow her. The king muttered—'Another English king had a commission like to this, in a bygone time—it is nothing against my dignity to undertake an office which the great Alfred stooped to assume. But I will try to better serve my trust than he; for he let the cakes burn.'

The intent was good, but the performance was not answerable to it; for this king, like the other one, soon fell into deep thinkings concerning his vast affairs, and the same calamity resulted—the cookery got burned. The woman returned in time to save the breakfast from entire destruction; and she promptly brought the king out of his dreams with a brisk and cordial tongue-lashing. Then, seeing how troubled he was, over his violated trust, she softened at once and was all goodness and gentleness toward him.

The boy made a hearty and satisfying meal, and was greatly refreshed and gladdened by it. It was a meal which was distinguished by this curious feature, that rank was waived on both sides; yet the recipient of the favour was aware that it had been extended. The good wife had intended to feed this young tramp with broken victuals in a corner, like any other tramp, or like a dog; but she was so remorseful for the scolding she had given him, that she did what she could to atone for it by allowing him to sit at the

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family table and eat with his betters, on ostensible terms of equality with them; and the king, on his side, was so remorseful for having broken his trust, after the family had been so kind to him, that he forced himself to atone for it by humbling himself to the family level, instead of requiring the woman and her children to stand and wait upon him while he occupied their table in the solitary state due his birth and dignity. It does us all good to unbend sometimes. This good woman was made happy all the day long by the applauses which she got out of herself for her magnanimous condescension to a tramp; and the king was just as self-complacent over his gracious humility toward a humble peasant woman.

When breakfast was over, the housewife told the king to wash up the dishes. This command was a staggerer, for a moment, and the king came near rebelling; but then he said to himself, 'Alfred the Great watched the cakes; doubtless he would have washed the dishes, too—therefore will I essay it.'

He made a sufficiently poor job of it; and to his surprise, too, for the cleaning of wooden spoons and trenchers had seemed an easy thing to do. It was a tedious and troublesome piece of work, but he finished it at last. He was becoming impatient to get away on his journey now; however, he was not to lose the thrifty dame's society so easily. She furnished him some little odds and ends of employment, which he got through with after a fair fashion and with some credit. Then she set him and the little girls to paring some winter apples; but he was so awkward at this service, that she retired him and gave him a butcher knife to grind. Afterward she kept him carding wool until he began to think he had laid the good King Alfred about far enough in the shade for the present, in the matter of showy menial heroisms that would read picturesquely in story-books and histories, and so he was half-minded to resign. And when, just after the noonday dinner, the goodwife gave him a basket of kittens to drown, he did resign. At least he was just going to resign—for he felt that he must draw the line somewhere, and it seemed to him that to draw it at kitten-drowning was about the right thing—when there was an interruption. The interruption was John Canty—with a peddler's pack on his back—and Hugo!

The king discovered these rascals approaching the front gate before they had had a chance to see him; so he said nothing about drawing the line, but took up his basket of kittens and stepped quietly out the back way, without a word. He left the

creatures in an outhouse, and hurried on, into a narrow lane at the rear.

CHAPTER XX.

THE PRINCE AND THE HERMIT.

The high hedge hid him from the house, now; and so, under the impulse of a deadly fright, he let out all his forces and sped toward a wood in the distance. He never looked back until he had almost gained the shelter of the forest; then he turned and descried two figures in the distance. That was sufficient; he did not wait to scan them critically, but hurried on, and never abated his pace till he was far within the twilight depths of the wood. Then he stopped; being persuaded that he was now tolerably safe. He listened intently, but the stillness was profound and solemn—awful, even, and depressing to the spirit's. At wide intervals his straining ear did detect sounds, but they were so removed, and hollow, and mysterious, that they seemed not to be real sounds, but only the moaning and complaining ghosts of departed ones. So the sounds were yet more dreary than the silence which they interrupted.

It was his purpose, in the beginning, to stay where he was the rest of the day; but a chill soon invaded his perspiring body, and he was at last obliged to resume movement in order to get warm. He struck straight through the forest, hoping to pierce to a road presently, but he was disappointed in this. He travelled on and on; but the farther he went, the denser the wood became, apparently. The gloom began to thicken, by and by, and the king realized that the night was coming on. It made him shudder to think of spending it in such an uncanny place; so he tried to hurry faster, but he could not now see well enough to choose his steps judiciously; consequently he kept tripping over roots and tangling himself in vines and briers.

And how glad he was when at last he caught the glimmer of a light! He approached it warily, stopping often to look about him and listen. It came from an unglazed window-opening in a shabby little hut. He heard a voice, now, and felt a disposition to run and hide; but he changed his mind at once, for this voice was praying, evidently. He glided to the one window of the hut, raised himself on tiptoe, and stole a glance within. The room was small; its floor was the natural earth, beaten hard by use; in a corner was a bed of rushes and a ragged blanket or two; near it was a pail, a cup, a basin, and two or three pots and

pane; there was a short bench and a three-legged stool; on the hearth the remains of a fagot fire were smouldering, before a shrine, which was lighted by a single candle, knelt an aged man, and on an old wooden box at his side, lay an open book and a human skull. The man was of large, bony frame; his hair and whiskers were very long and snowy white; he was clothed in a robe of sheepskins which hung from his neck to his heels.

'A holy hermit!' said the king to himself; 'now am I indeed fortunate.'

The hermit rose from his knees; the king knocked. A deep voice responded:

'Enter! but leave sin behind, for the ground whereon thou shalt stand is holy!'

The king entered, and paused. The hermit turned a pair of gleaming, unrestful eyes upon him, and said:—

'Who art thou?'

'I am the king,' came the answer, with placid simplicity.

'Welcome, king!' cried the hermit, with enthusiasm. Then, bustling about with feverish activity, and constantly saying, 'Welcome, welcome,' he arranged his bench, seated the king on it, by the hearth, threw some fagots on the fire, and finally fell to pacing the floor, with a nervous stride.

'Welcome! Many have sought sanctuary here, but they were not worthy, and were turned away. But a king who casts his crown away, and despises the vain splendours of his office, and clothes his body in rags, to devote his life to holiness and the mortification of the flesh—he is worthy, he is welcome!—here shall he abide all his days till death come.' The king hastened to interrupt and explain, but the hermit paid no attention to him—did not even hear him, apparently, but went right on with his talk, with a raised voice and a growing energy. 'And thou shalt be at peace. None shall find out thy refuge to disquiet thee with supplications to return to that empty and foolish life which God hath moved thee to abandon. Thou shalt pray, here; thou shalt study the Book; thou shalt meditate upon the follies and delusions of this world, and upon the sublimities of the world to come: thou shalt feed upon crusts and herbs, and scourge thy body with whips, daily, to the purifying of thy soul. Thou shalt wear a hair shirt next thy skin; thou shalt drink water, only; and thou shalt be at peace; yes, wholly at peace; for whoso comes to seek thee shall go his way again, baffled; he shall not find thee, he shall not molest.'

The old man, still pacing back and forth, ceased to speak aloud, and began to mutter. The

king seized this opportunity to state his case; and he did it with an eloquence inspired by uneasiness and apprehension. But the hermit went on muttering, and gave no heed. And still muttering, he approached the king and said, impressively—

'Sh! I will tell you a secret!' He bent down to impart it, but checked himself, and assumed a listening attitude. After a moment he went on tip-toe to the window-opening, put his head out and peered around in the gloaming, then came tiptoeing back again, put his face close down to the king's, and whispered—

'I am an archangel!'

The king started violently, and said to himself, 'Would God I were with the outlaws again; for lo, now am I the prisoner of a madman!' His apprehensions were heightened, and they showed plainly in his face. In a low, excited voice, the hermit continued—

'I see you feel my atmosphere! There's awe in your face! None may be in this atmosphere and not be thus affected; for it is the very atmosphere of heaven. I go thither and return in the twinkling of an eye. I was made an archangel on this very spot, it is five years ago, by angels sent from heaven to confer that awful dignity. Their presence filled this place with an intolerable brightness. And they knelt to me, king! yes, they knelt to me! for I was greater than they. I have walked in the courts of heaven, and held speech with the patriarchs. Touch my hand—be not afraid—touch it. There—now thou hast touched a hand which has been clasped by Abraham, and Isaac and Jacob! For I have walked in the golden courts, I have seen the Deity face to face!' He paused, to give his speech effect; then his face suddenly changed, and he started to his feet again, saying with angry energy, 'Yes, I am an archangel; a mere archangel!—I that might have been pope!' It is verily true. I was told it from heaven in a dream, twenty years ago; ah, yes, I was to be pope!—and I should have been pope, for Heaven hath said it—but the king dissolved my religious house, and I, poor obscure unfriended monk, was cast homeless upon the world, robbed of my mighty destiny! Here he began to mumble again, and beat his forehead in futile rage, with his fist; now and then articulating a venomous curse, and now and then a pathetic 'Wherefore I am nought but an archangel—I that should have been pope!'

So he went on, for an hour, whilst the poor little king sat and suffered. Then all at once the old man's frenzy departed, and he became all gentleness. His voice softened,

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he came down out of his clouds, and fell to prattling along so simply and so humanely, that he soon won the king's heart completely. The old devotee moved the boy nearer to the fire and made him comfortable; doctored his bruises and abrasions with a deft and tender hand; and then set about preparing and cooking a supper—chatting pleasantly all the time, and occasionally stroking the lad's cheek or patting his head, in such a gently caressing way that in a little while all the fear and repulsion inspired by the archangel were changed to reverence and affection for the man.

This happy state of things continued while the two ate the supper; then, after a prayer before the shrine, the hermit put the boy to bed, in a small adjoining room, tucking him in as snugly and lovingly as a mother might; and so, with a parting caress, left him and sat down by the fire, and began to poke the brands about in an absent and aimless way. Presently he paused; then tapped his forehead several times with his fingers, as if trying to recall some thought which had escaped from his mind. Apparently he was unsuccessful. Now he started quickly up, and entered his guest's room, and said—

'Thou art king?'

'Yes,' was the response, drowsily uttered.

'What king?'

'Of England.'

'Of England! Then Henry is gone!'

'Alack, it is so. I am his son.'

A black-frown settled down upon the hermit's face, and he clenched his bony hands with a vindictive energy. He stood a few moments, breathing fast and swallowing repeatedly, then said in a husky voice—

'Dost know it was he that turned us out into the world houseless and homeless?'

There was no response. The old man bent down and scanned the boy's reposeful face and listened to his placid breathing. 'He sleeps—sleeps soundly;' and the frown vanished away and gave place to an expression of evil satisfaction. A smile flitted across the dreaming boy's features. The hermit muttered, 'So—his heart is happy;' and he turned away. He went stealthily about the place, seeking here and there for something; now and then halting to listen, now and then jerking his head around and casting a quick glance toward the bed; and always muttering, always mumbling to himself. At last he found what he seemed to want—a rusty old butcher knife and a whetstone. Then he crept to his place by the fire, sat himself down, and began to whet

the knife softly on the stone, still muttering, mumbling, ejaculating. The winds sighed around the lonely place, the mysterious voices of the night floated by out of the distances. The shining eyes of venturesome mice and rats peered out at the old man from cracks and coverts, but he went on with his work, rapt, absorbed, and noted none of these things.

At long intervals he drew his thumb along the edge of his knife, and nodded his head with satisfaction. 'It grows sharper,' he said; 'yes, it grows sharper.'

He took no note of the flight of time, but worked tranquilly on, entertaining himself with his thoughts, which broke out occasionally in articulate speech:

'His father wrought us evil, he destroyed us—and is gone down into the eternal fires! Yes, down into the eternal fires! He escaped us—but it was God's will, yes it was God's will, we must not repine. But he hath not escaped the fires! no, he hath not escaped the fires, the consuming, un pitying, remorseless fires—and they are everlasting!'

And so he wrought; and still wrought; mumbling—chuckling a low rasping chuckle, at times—and at times breaking again into words:

'It was his father that did it all. I am but an archangel—but for him, I should be pope!'

The king stirred. The hermit sprang noiselessly to the bedside, and went down upon his knees, bending over the prostrate form with his knife uplifted. The boy stirred again; his eyes came open for an instant, but there was no speculation in them, they saw nothing; the next moment his tranquil breathing showed that his sleep was sound once more.

The hermit watched and listened, for a time, keeping his position and scarcely breathing; then he slowly lowered his arm, and presently crept away, saying—

'It is long past midnight—it is not best that he should cry out, lest by accident some one be passing.'

He glided about his hovel, gathering a rag here, a thong there, and another yonder; then he returned, and by careful and gentle handling, he managed to tie the king's ankles together without waking him. Next he essayed to tie the wrists; he made several attempts to cross them, but the boy always drew one hand or the other away, just as the cord was ready to be applied; but at last, when the archangel was almost ready to despair, the boy crossed his hands himself, and the next moment they were bound. Now a bandage was passed under the sleeper's chin

and brought up over his head and tied fast—and so softly, so gradually, and so deftly were the knots drawn together and compacted, that the boy slept peacefully through it all without stirring.

CHAPTER XXL

HENDON TO THE RESCUE.

The old man glided away, stooping, stealthy, cat-like and brought the low bench. He seated himself upon it, half his body in the dim, flickering light, and the other in the shadow; and so, with his craving eyes bent upon the slumbering boy, he kept his vigil there, heedless of the drift of time, and softly whetted his knife, and mumbled and chuckled; and in aspect and attitude he resembled nothing so much as a grizzly, monstrous spider, gloating over some hapless insect that lay bound and helpless in his web.

After a long while, the old man, who was still gazing—yet not seeing, his mind having settled into a dreamy abstraction—observed on a sudden, that the boy's eyes were open—wide open and staring! staring up in frozen horror at the knife. The smile of a gratified devil crept over the old man's face, and he said, without changing his attitude or his occupation—

'Son of Henry the Eighth, hast thou prayed?'

The boy struggled helplessly in his bonds; and at the same time forced a smothered sound through his closed jaws, which the hermit chose to interpret as an affirmative answer to his question.

'Then pray again. Pray the prayer for the dying!'

A shudder shook the boy's frame, and his face blanched. Then he struggled again to free himself—turning and twisting himself this way and that; tugging frantically, fiercely, desperately—but uselessly—to burst his fetters; and all the while the old ogre smiled down upon him, and nodded his head and placidly whetted his knife; mumbling from time to time. 'The moments are precious, they are few and precious—pray the prayer for the dying!'

The boy uttered a despairing groan, and ceased from his struggles, panting. The tears came then, and trickled one after the other down his face; but this piteous sight wrought no softening effect upon the savage old man.

The dawn was coming, now; the hermit observed it, and spoke up sharply, with a touch of nervous apprehension in his voice:

'I may not indulge this ecstasy longer! The night is already gone. It seems but a

moment—only a moment; would it had endured a year! Seed of the Church's spoiler, close thy perishing eyes, an' thou fearest to look upon!'

The rest was lost in inarticulate mutterings. The old man sank upon his knees, his knife in his hand, and bent himself over the moaning boy—

Hark! There was a sound of voices near the cabin—the knife dropped from the hermit's hand; he cast a sheepskin over the boy and started up, trembling.

The sounds increased, and presently the voices became rough and angry; then came blows, and cries for help; then a clatter of swift footsteps retreating. Immediately came a succession of thundering knocks upon the cabin door, followed by:—

'Hullo-o-o! Open! And despatch, in the name of all the devils!'

O, this was the blindest sound that had ever made music in the king's ears; for it was Miles Hendon's voice!

The hermit, grinding his teeth in impotent rage, moved swiftly out of the bedchamber, closing the door behind him; and straightway the king heard a talk, to this effect, proceeding from the chapel:—

'Homage and greeting, reverend sir! Where is the boy—my boy?'

'What boy, friend?'

'What boy! Lie me no lie, sir priest, play me no deceptions!—I am not in the humour for it. Near to this place I caught the scoundrels whom I judged did steal him from me, and I made them confess; they said he was at large again, and they had tracked him to your door. They showed me his very footprints. Now palter no more; for look you, holy sir, an' thou produce him not—Where is the boy?'

'O, good sir, peradventure you mean the ragged regal vagrant that tarried here the night. Is such as you take interest in such as he, know, then, that I have sent him of an errand. He will be back anon.'

'How soon? How soon? Come, waste not the time—cannot I overtake him? How soon will he be back?'

'Thou needst not stir; he will return quickly.'

'So he it, then. I will try to wait. But stop!—you sent him on an errand?—you. Verily, this is a lie—he would not go. He would pull thy old beard, an' thou didst offer him such an insolence. Thou has lied, friend; thou has surely lied! He would not go for thee, nor for any man.'

'For any man—no; haply not. But I am not a man.'

'What! Now o' God's name what art thou, then?'

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'It is a secret—mark thou reveal it not. I am an archangel!'

There was a tremendous ejaculation from Miles Hendon—not altogether unprofane—followed by—

'This doth well and truly account for his complaisance! Right well I knew he would budge nor hand nor foot in the menial service of any mortal; but lord, even a king must obey when an archangel gives the word o' command! Let me—'h! What noise was that?'

All this while the little king had been yonder, alternately quaking with terror and trembling with hope; and all the while, too, he had thrown all the strength he could into his anguished moanings, constantly expecting them to reach Hendon's ear, but always realizing, with bitterness, that they failed, or at least made no impression. So this last remark of his servant came as comes a reviving breath from fresh fields to the dying; and he exerted himself once more, and with all his energy, just as the hermit was saying—

'Noise? I heard only the wind.'

'Mayhap it was. Yes, doubtless that was it. I have been hearing it faintly all the—there it is again! It is not the wind! What an odd sound! Come, we will hunt it out!'

Now the king's joy was nearly insupportable. His tired lungs did their utmost—and hopefully, too—but the sealed jaws and the muffling sheepskin sadly crippled the effort. Then the poor fellow's heart sank, to hear the hermit say—

'Ah, it comes from without—I think from the copse yonder. Come, I will lead the way.'

The king heard the two pass out, talking; heard their footsteps die quickly away—then he was alone with a boding, brooding, awful silence.

It seemed an age till he heard the steps and voices approaching again—and this time he heard an added sound—the tramping of hoofs, apparently. Then he heard Hendon say—

'I will not wait longer. I cannot wait longer. He has lost his way in this thick wood. What direction took he? Quick—point it out to me.'

'He—but wait; I will go with thee.'

'Good—Good! Why, truly thou art better than thy looks. Marry I do think there's not another archangel with so right a heart as thine. Wilt ride? Wilt take the wee donkey that's for my boy, or wilt thou fork thy holy legs over this ill-conditioned slave of a mule that I have provided for myself?—and had been cheated in, too, had he cost

but the indifferent sum of a month's usury on a brass farthing let to a tinker out of work.'

'No—ride thy mule and, and lead thine ass; I am surer on mine own feet, and will walk.'

'Then prithee mind the little beast for me while I take my life in my hands and make what success I may toward mounting the big one.'

Then followed a confusion of kicks, cuffs, tramlings and plungings, accompanied by a thumlerous intermingling of volleyed curses and finally a bitter apostrophe to the mule, which must have broken its spirit, for hostilities seemed to cease from that moment.

With unutterable misery the fettered little king heard the voices and footsteps fade away and die out. All hope forsook him; now, for the moment, and a dull despair settled down upon his heart. 'My only friend is deceived and got rid of,' he said; 'the hermit will return and—He finished with a gasp and at once fell to struggling so frantically with his bonds again, that he snook off the smothering sheepskin.

And now he heard the door open! The sound chilled him to the marrow—already he seemed to feel the knife at his throat. Horror made him close his eyes; horror made him open them again—and before him stood John Canty and Hugo!

He would have said 'Thank God!' if his jaws had been free.

A moment or two later his limbs were at liberty, and his captors, each gripping him by an arm, were hurrying him with all speed through the forest.

CHAPTER XXII.

A VICTIM OF TREACHERY.

Once more 'King Foo-Foo the First' was roving with the tramps and outlaws, a butt for their coarse jests and dull-witted raileries, and sometimes the victim of small spitefulnesses at the hands of Canty and Hugo when the Ruffler's back was turned. None but Canty and Hugo really disliked him. Some of the others liked him, and all admired his pluck and spirit. During two or three days, Hugo, in whose ward and charge the king was, did what he covertly could to make the boy uncomfortable; and at night, during the customary orgies, he amused the company by putting small indignities upon him—always as if by accident. Twice he stepped upon the king's toes—accidentally—and the king, as became his royalty, was contemptuously unconscious of

it and indifferent to it; but the third time Hugo entertained himself in that way, the king felled him to the ground with a cudgel, to the prodigious delight of the tribe. Hugo, consumed with anger and shame, sprang up, seized a cudgel, and came at his small adversary in a fury. Instantly a ring was formed around the gladiators, and the betting and cheering began. But poor Hugo stood no chance whatever. His frantic and lubberly 'prentice-work found but a poor market for itself when pitted against an arm which had been trained by the first masters of Europe in single-stick, quarter-staff, and every art and trick of swordmanship. The little king stood, alert but at graceful ease, and caught and turned aside the thick rain of blows with a facility and precision which set the motley on-lookers wild with admiration; and every now and then, when his practised eye detected an opening, and a lightning-swift rap upon Hugo's head followed as a result, the storm of cheers and laughter that swept the place was something wonderful to hear. At the end of fifteen minutes, Hugo, all battered, bruised, and the target for a pitiless bombardment of ridicule, slunk from the field; and the unsathed hero of the fight was seized and borne aloft upon the shoulders of the joyous rabble to the place of honour beside the Ruffler, where with vast ceremony he was crowned King of the Game-Cocks; his meaner title being at the same time solemnly cancelled and annulled, and a decree of banishment from the gang pronounced against any who should thenceforth utter it.

All attempts to make the king serviceable to the troop had failed. He had stubbornly refused to act; moreover he was always trying to escape. He had been thrust into an unwatched kitchen, the first day of his return; he not only came forth empty handed, but tried to rouse the housemates. He was sent out with a tinker to help him at his work; he would not work; moreover he threatened the tinker with his own soldering-iron; and finally both Hugo and the tinker found their hands full with the mere matter of keeping him away. He delivered the thunders of his royalty upon the heads of all who hampered his liberties or tried to force him to service. He was sent out, in Hugo's charge, in company with a slatternly woman and a diseased baby, to beg; but the result was not encouraging—he declined to plead for the mendicants, or be a party to their cause in any way.

Thus several days went by; and the miseries of this tramping life, and the weariness and sordidness and meanness and vulgarity of it, became gradually and steadily

so intolerable to the captive that he began at last to feel that his release from the hermit's knife must prove only a temporary respite from death, at best.

But at night, in his dreams, these things were forgotten, and he was on his throne, and master again. This, of course, intensified the sufferings of the awakening—so the mortifications of each succeeding morning of the few that passed between his return to bondage and the combat with Hugo, grew bitter and bitterer and bitterer, and harder and harder to bear.

The morning after the combat, Hugo got up with a heart filled with vengeful purposes against the king. He had two plans, in particular. One was to inflict upon the lad what would be, to his proud spirit and 'imagined' royalty, a peculiar humiliation; and if he failed to accomplish this, his other plan was to put a crime of some kind upon the king and then betray him into the implacable clutches of the law.

In pursuance of the first plan, he purposed to put a 'clime' upon the king's leg; rightly judging that that would mortify him to the last and perfect degree; and as soon as the clime should operate, he meant to get Canty's help, and force the king to expose his leg in the highway and beg for alms. 'Clime' was the cant term for a sore, artificially created. To make a clime, the operator made a paste or poultice of unslaked lime, soap, and the rust of old iron, and spread it upon a piece of leather, which was then bound tightly upon the leg. This would presently fret off the skin, and make the flesh raw and angry-looking; blood was then rubbed upon the limb, which, being fully dried, took on a dark and repulsive colour. Then a bandage of soiled rags was put on in a cleverly careless way which would allow the hideous ulcer to be seen and move the compassion of the passer-by*.

Hugo got the help of the tinker whom the king had cowed with the soldering-iron; they took the boy out on a tinkering tramp, and as soon as they were out of sight of the camp they threw him down and the tinker held him while Hugo bound the poultice tight and fast upon his leg.

The king raged and stormed, and promised to hang the two the moment the sceptre was in his hand again; but they kept their grip upon him and enjoyed his impotent struggling and jeered at his threats. This continued until the poultice began to bite; and in no long time its work would have been perfected, if there had been no interruption.

*From 'The English Rogue'; London, 1665.

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But there was; for about this time the 'slave' who had made the speech denouncing England's laws, appeared on the scene and put an end to the enterprise, and stripped off the poultice and bandage.

The king wanted to borrow his deliverer's cudgel and warm the jackets of the two rascals on the spot; but the man said no, it would bring trouble—leave the matter till night; the whole tribe being together, then, the outside world would not venture to interfere or interrupt. He marched the party back to camp and reported the affair to the Ruffler, who listened, pondered, and then decided that the king should not be again detailed to beg, since it was plain he was worthy of something higher and better—wherefore, on the spot he promoted him from the mendicant rank and appointed him to steal!

Hugo was overjoyed. He had already tried to make the king steal, and failed; but there would be no more trouble of that sort, now, for of course the king would not dream of defying a distinct command delivered directly from headquarters. So he planned a raid for that very afternoon, purposing to get the king in the law's grip in the course of it; and to do it, too, with such ingenious strategy, that it should seem to be accidental and unintentional; for the King of the Game-Cocks was popular, now, and the gang might not deal over-gently with an unpopular member who played so serious a treachery upon him as the delivering him over to the common enemy, the law.

Very well. All in good time Hugo strolled off to a neighbouring village with his prey; and the two drifted slowly up and down one street after another, the one watching sharply for a sure chance to dart away and get free of his infamous captivity for ever.

Both threw away some tolerably fair-looking opportunities; for both, in their secret hearts, were resolved to make absolutely sure work this time, and neither meant to allow his fevered desires to seduce him into any venture that had much uncertainty about it.

Hugo's chance came first. For at last a woman approached who carried a fat package of some sort in a basket. Hugo's eyes sparkled with sinful pleasure as he said to himself, 'Breath o' my life, an' I can but put that upon him, 'tis good-den and God keep thee, King of the Game-Cocks!' He waited and watched—outwardly patient, but inwardly consuming with excitement—till the woman had passed by, and the time was ripe; then he said, in a low voice—

'Tarry here till I come again,' and darted stealthily after the prey.

The king's heart was filled with joy—he could make his escape now, if Hugo's quest only carried him far enough away.

But he was to have no such luck. Hugo crept behind the woman, snatched the package, and came running back, wrapping it in an old piece of blanket which he carried on his arm. The hue and cry was raised in a moment, by the woman, who knew her loss by the lightening of her burden, although she had not seen the pilfering done. Hugo thrust the bundle into the king's hands without halting, saying—

'Now speed ye after me with the rest, and cry "Stop thief!" but mind ye lead them astray!'

The next moment Hugo turned a corner and darted down a crooked alley—and in another moment or two he lounged into view again, looking innocent and indifferent, and took up a position behind a post to watch results.

The insulted king threw the bundle on the ground; and the blanket fell away from it just as the woman arrived, with an augmenting crowd at her heels; she seized the king's wrist with one hand, snatched up her bundle with the other, and began to pour out a tirade of abuse upon the boy while he struggled, without success, to free himself from her grip.

Hugo had seen enough—his enemy was captured and the law would get him, now—so he slipped away, jubilant and chuckling, and wended campwards, forming a judicious version of the matter to give to the Ruffler's crew as he strode along.

The king continued to struggle in the woman's strong grasp, and now and then cried out, in vexation—

'Unhand me, thou foolish creature; it was not I that bereaved thee of thy paltry goods.'

The crowd closed around, threatening the king and calling him names; a brawny blacksmith in leather apron, and sleeves rolled to the elbows, made a reach for him, saying he would trounce him well, for a lesson; but just then a long sword flashed in the air and fell with convincing force upon the man's arm, flat-side down, the fantastic owner of it remarking pleasantly at the same time—

'Marry, good souls, let us proceed gently, not with ill-blood and uncharitable words. This is matter for the law's consideration, not private and unofficial handling. Loose thy hold from the boy, goodwife.'

The blacksmith averaged the stalwart soldier with a glance, then went muttering away, rubbing his arm; the woman released the boy's wrist reluctantly; the crowd eyed

the stranger unlovingly, but prudently closed their mouths. The king sprang to his deliverer's side, with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes, exclaiming :—

'Thou hast lagged sorely, but thou comest in good season, now, Sir Miles. Carve me this rabble to rags !'

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE PRINCE A PRISONER.

Hendon forced back a smile, and bent down and whispered in the king's ear—

'Softly, softly, my prince, wag thy tongue warily—nay, suffer it not to wag at all. Trust in me—all shall go well in the end.' Then he added, to himself : 'Sir Miles ! Bless me, I had totally forgot I was a knight ! Lord, how marvellous a thing it is, the grip his memory doth take upon his quaint and crazy fancies ! . . . An empty and foolish title is mine, and yet it is something to have deserved it, for I think it is more honour to be held worthy to be a spectre-knight in his Kingdom of Dreams and Shadows, than to be held base enough to be an earl in some of the real kingdoms of this world.'

The crowd fell apart to admit a constable, who approached and was about to lay his hand upon the king's shoulder, when Hendon said—

'Gently, good friend, withhold your hand—he shall go peaceably ; I am responsible for that. Lead on, we will follow.'

The officer led, with the woman and her bundle ; Miles and the king followed after, with the crowd at their heels. The king was inclined to rebel ; but Hendon said to him in a low voice—

'Reflect, sire—your laws are the wholesome breath of your own royalty ; shall their source resist them, yet require the branches to respect them ? Apparently one of these laws has been broken ; when the king is on his throne again, can it ever grieve him to remember that when he was seemingly a private person he loyally sunk the king in the citizen and submitted to its authority ?'

'Thou art right ; say no more ; thou shalt see that whatsoever the king of England requires a subject to suffer under the law, he will himself suffer while he holdeth the station of a subject.'

When the woman was called upon to testify before the justice of the peace, she swore that the small prisoner at the bar was the person who had committed the theft ; there was none able to show the contrary, so the king stood convicted. The bundle was now unrolled, and when the contents proved to be a plump little dressed pig, the judge

looked troubled, whilst Hendon turned pale, and his body was thrilled with an electric shiver of dismay : but the king remained unmoved, protected by his ignorance. The judge meditated, during an ominous pause, then turned to the woman, with the question—

'What dost thou hold this property to be worth ?'

The woman courtesied and replied—

'Three shillings and eightpence, your worship—I could not abate a penny and set forth the value honestly.'

The justice glanced around uncomfortably upon the crowd, then nodded to the constable and said—

'Clear the court and close the doors.'

It was done. Nong remained but the two officials, the accused, the accuser, and Miles Hendon. This latter was rigid and colourless, and on his forehead big drops of cold sweat gathered, broke and blended together, and trickled down his face. The judge turned to the woman again, and said, in a compassionate voice—

'Tis a poor ignorant lad, and mayhap was driven hard by hunger, for these grievous times for the unfortunate ; mark you, he hath an evil face—but when hunger driveth— Good woman ! dost know that when one steals a thing above the value of thirteen pence ha'penny the law saith he shall hang for it !'

The little king started, wide-eyed with consternation, but controlled himself and held his peace ; but not so the woman. She sprang to her feet, shaking with fright, and cried out—

'O good lack, what have I done ! God-mercy, I would not hang the poor thing for the whole world ! Ah, save me from this, your worship—what shall I do, what can I do ?'

The justice maintained his judicial composure, and simply said—

'Doubtless it is allowable to revise the value since it is not yet writ upon the record.'

'Then in God's name call the pig eightpence, and heaven bless the day that freed my conscience of this awesome thing !'

Miles Hendon forgot all decorum in his delight ; and surprised the king and wounded his dignity, by throwing his arms around him and hugging him. The woman made her grateful adieux and started away with her pig ; and when the constable opened the door for her, he followed her out into the narrow hall. The justice proceeded to write in his record book. Hendon, always alert, thought he would like to know why the

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officer followed the woman out; so he slipped softly into the dusky hall and listened. He heard a conversation to this effect—

'It is a fat pig, and promises good eating; I will buy it of thee; here is the eightpence.'

'Eightpence, indeed! Thou'lt do no such thing. It cost me three shillings and eightpence, good honest coin of the last reign, that old Harry that's just dead ne'er touched nor tampered with. A fig for thy eightpence!'

'Stands the wind in that quarter? Thou wast under oath, and so swore falsely when thou saidst the value was but eightpence. Come straightway back with me before his worship, and answer for the crime!—and then the lad will hang.'

'There, there, dear heart, say no more, I am content. Give me the eightpence, and hold thy peace about the matter.'

The woman went off crying; Hendon slipped back into the Court-room, and the constable presently followed, after hiding his prize in some convenient place. The justice wrote a while longer, then read the king a wise and kindly lecture, and sentenced him to a short imprisonment in the common jail, to be followed by a public flogging. The astounded king opened his mouth and was probably going to order the good judge to be beheaded on the spot; but he caught a warning sign from Hendon, and succeeded in closing his mouth again before he lost anything out of it. Hendon took him by the hand, now, made reverence to the justice, and the two departed in the wake of the constable toward the jail. The moment the street was reached the inflamed monarch halted, snatched away his hand, and exclaimed—

'Idiot, dost imagine I will enter a common jail alive?'

Hendon bent down and said, somewhat sharply—

'Will you trust in me? Peace! and forbear to worsen our chances with dangerous speech. What God wills will happen; thou canst not hurry it, thou canst not alter it; therefore wait, and be patient—'twill be time enow to rail or rejoice when what is to happen has happened.' (See notes to Chapter xxiii, at end of volume.)

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE ESCAPE.

The short winter day was nearly ended. The streets were deserted, save for a few random stragglers, and these hurried straight along, with the intent look of people who

were only anxious to accomplish their errands as quickly as possible and then snugly house themselves from the rising wind and the gathering twilight. They looked neither to the right nor to the left; they paid no attention to our party, they did not even seem to see them. Edward the Sixth wondered if the spectacle of a king on his way to jail had ever encountered such marvellous indifference before. By-and-bye the constable arrived at a deserted market-square and proceeded to cross it. When he had reached the middle of it, Hendon laid his hand upon his arm, and said in a low voice—

'Bide a moment, good sir, there is none in hearing, and I would say a word to thee.'

'My duty forbids it, sir; prithee hinder me not, the night comes on.'

'Stay, nevertheless, for the matter concerns thee nearly. Turn thy back a moment and seem not to see; let this poor lad escape.'

'This to me, sir! I arrest thee in'—

'Nay, be not too hasty. See thou be careful and commit no foolish error'—then he shut his voice down to a whisper, and said in the man's ear—'the pig thou hast purchased for eightpence may cost thee thy neck, man!'

The poor constable, taken by surprise, was speechless, at first, then found his tongue and fell to blustering and threatening; but Hendon was tranquil, and waited with patience till his breath was spent; then said—

'I have a liking to thee, friend, and would not willingly see thee come to harm. Observe, I heard it all—every word. I will prove it to thee.' Then he repeated the conversation which the officer and the woman had had together in the hall, word for word, and ended with—

'There—have I set it forth correctly? Should not I be able to set it forth correctly before the judge if occasion required?'

The man was dumb with fear and distress for a moment; then he rallied and said with forced lightness—

'Tis making a mighty matter indeed out of a jest; I but plagued the woman for mine amusement.'

'Kept you the woman's pig for amusement?'

The man answered sharply—

'Nought else, good sir—I tell thee 'twas but a jest.'

'I do begin to believe thee,' said Hendon, with a perplexing mixture of mockery and half-conviction in his tone; 'but tarry thou here a moment whilst I run and ask his worship—for natless, he being a man experienced in law, in jest, in—'

He was moving away, still talking; the constable hesitated, fidgetted, spat out an oath or two, then cried out—

'Hold, hold, good sir—prithee wait a little—the judge! why man he hath no more sympathy with a jest than hath a dead corpse?—come, and we will speak further. Odds body! I seem to be in evil case—and all for an innocent and thoughtless pleasantry. I am a man of family; and my wife and little ones—List to reason, good your worship; what wouldst thou of me?'

'Only that thou be blind and dumb and paralytic whilst one may count a hundred thousand—counting slowly,' said Hendon, with the expression of a man who asks but a reasonable favour, and that a very little one.

'It is my destruction,' said the constable despairingly. 'Ah, be reasonable, good sir; only look at this matter, on all its sides, and see how mere a jest it is—how manifestly and how plainly it is so. And even if one granted it were not a jest, it is a fault so small that e'en the grimmest penalty it could call forth would be but a rebuke and warning from the judge's lips.'

Hendon replied with a solemnity which chilled the air about him—

'This jest of thine hath a name, in law,—wot you what it is?'

'I know it not! Peradventure I have been unwise. I never dreamed it had a name—ah, sweet heaven, I thought it was original.'

'Yes, it hath a name. In the law this crime is called *Non compos mentis lex talionis sic transit gloria Mundi*.'

'Ah, my God!'

'And the penalty is death!'

'God be merciful to me, a sinner!'

'By advantage taken of one in fault, in dire peril, and at thy mercy, thou hast seized goods worth above thirteen pence ha'penny, paying but a trifle for the same; and this, in the eye of the law, is constructive barratry, misprison of treason, malfeasance in office, *ad hominem expurgatis in statu quo*—and the penalty is death by the halter, without ransom, commutation, or benefit of clergy.'

'Bear me up, bear me up, sweet sir, my legs do fail me! Be thou merciful—spare me this doom, and I will turn my back and see tonight that shall happen.'

'Good! now thou'rt wise and reasonable. And thou'lt restore the pig?'

'I will, I will indeed—nor ever touch another, though heaven send it and an archangel fetch it. Go—I am blind for thy sake—I see nothing. I will say thou didst break in and wreat the prisoner from my hands by

force. It is but a crazy, ancient door—I will batter it down myself betwixt midnight and the morning.'

'Do it good soul, no harm will come of it; the judge hath a loving charity for this poor lad, and will shed no tears and break no jailer's bones for his escape.'

CHAPTER XXV.

HENDON HALL.

As soon as Hendon and the king were out of sight of the constable, his majesty was instructed to hurry to a certain place outside the town, and wait there, whilst Hendon should go to the inn and settle his account. Half an hour later the two friends were blithely jogging eastward on Hendon's sorry steeds. The king was warm and comfortable, now, for he had cast his rage and clothed himself in the second-hand suit which Hendon had bought on London Bridge.

Hendon wished to guard against over-fatiguing the boy; he judged that hard journeys, irregular meals, and illiberal measures of sleep would be bad for his crazed mind; whilst rest, regularity, and moderate exercise would be pretty sure to hasten its cure; he longed to see the stricken intellect made well again and its diseased visions driven out of the tormented little head; therefore he resolved to move by easy stages toward the home whence he had so long been banished, instead of obeying the impulse of his impatience and hurrying along night and day.

When he and the king had journeyed about ten miles, they reached a considerable village, and halted there for the night, at a good inn. The former relations were resumed; Hendon stood behind the king's chair, while he dined, and waited upon him; undressed him when he was ready for bed; then took the floor for his own quarters, and slept athwart the door, rolled up in a blanket.

The next day, and the day after, they jogged lazily along talking over the adventures they had met since their separation, and mightily enjoyed each other's narratives. Hendon detailed all his wide wanderings in search of the king, and described how the archangel had led him a fool's journey all over the forest, and taken him back to the hut, finally, when he found he could not get rid of him. Then—he said—the old man went into the bedroom and came staggering back looking broken-hearted, and saying he had expected to find that the boy had returned and lain down in there to rest, but it

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was not so. Hendon had waited at the hut all day; hope of the king's return died out, then, and he departed upon the quest again.

'And old Sanctum Sanctorum was truly sorry your highness came not back,' said Hendon; 'I saw it in his face.'

'Marry I will never doubt that?' said the king—and then told his own story; after which, Hendon was sorry he had not destroyed the archangel.

During the last day of the trip, Hendon's spirits were soaring. His tongue ran constantly. He talked about his old father, and his brother Arthur, and told of many things which illustrated their high and general characters; he went into loving frenzies over his Edith, and was so glad-hearted that he was even able to say some gentle and brotherly things about Hugh. He dwelt a deal on the coming meeting at Hendon Hall; where a surprise it would be to everybody, and what an outburst of thanksgiving there would be.

It was a fair region, dotted with cottages and orchards, and the road led through broad pasture lands whose receding expanses marked with gentle elevations and depressions, suggested the swelling and subsiding undulations of the sea. In the afternoon the returning prodigal made constant deflections from his course to see if by ascending some hillock he might not pierce the distance and catch a glimpse of his home. At last he was successful, and cried out excitedly,

'There is the village, my prince, and there is the Hall close by! You may see the towers from here; and that wood there—that is my father's park. Ah, now thou'lt know what state and grandeur be! A house with seventy rooms—think of that!—and seven and twenty servants! A brave lodging for such as we, is it not so? Come, let us speed—my impatience will not brook delay.'

All possible hurry was made; still, it was after three o'clock before the village was reached. The travellers scampered through it, Hendon's tongue going all the time. 'Here is the church—covered with the same ivy—none gone, none added.' 'Yonder is the inn, the old Red Lion, and yonder is the market place.' 'Here is the Maypole, and here the pump—nothing is altered; nothing but the people, at any rate; ten years make a change in people; some of these I seem to know but none know me.' So his chat ran on. The end of the village was soon reached; then the travellers struck into a crooked, narrow road, walled in with tall hedges, and hurried briskly along it for a half mile, then passed into a vast flower garden through

an imposing gateway whose huge stone pillars bore sculptured armorial devices. A noble mansion was before them.

'Welcome to Hendon Hall, my king!' exclaimed Miles. 'Ah, 'tis a great day! My father and my brother, and the lady Edith will be so mad with joy that they will have eyes and tongue for none but me in the first transports of the meeting, and so thou'lt seem but coldly welcomed—but mind it not; 'twill soon seem otherwise; for when I say thou art my ward, and tell them how costly is my love for thee, thou'lt see them take thee to their breasts for Miles Hendon's sake, and make their house and hearts thy home forever after!'

The next moment Hendon sprang to the ground before the great door, helped the king down, then took him by the hand and rushed within. A few steps brought him to a spacious apartment: he entered, seated the king with more hurry than ceremony, then ran toward a young man who sat at a writing table in front of a generous fire of logs.

'Embrace me, Hugh,' he cried, 'and say thou'rt glad I am come again! and call our father, for home is not home till I shall touch his hand, and see his face, and hear his voice once more!'

But Hugh only drew back, after betraying a momentary surprise, and bent a grave stare upon the intruder—a stare which indicated somewhat of offended dignity, at first, then changed, in response to some inward thought or purpose, to an expression of marvelling curiosity, mixed with a real or assumed compassion. Presently he said, in a mild voice—'Thy wits seem touched, poor stranger; doubtless thou hast suffered privations and rude buffetings at the world's hands; thy looks and dress betoken it. Whom dost thou take me to be?'

'Take thee? Prithee for whom else than whom thou art? I take thee to be Hugh Hendon,' said Miles, sharply.

The other continued, in the same soft tone—

'And whom dost thou imagine thyself to be?'

'Imagination hath nought to do with it! Dost thou pretend thou knowest me not for thy brother Miles Hendon?'

An expression of pleased surprise flitted across Hugh's face, and he exclaimed—

'What! thou art not jesting? can the dead come to life? God be praised if it be so! Our poor lost boy restored to our arms after all these cruel years! Ah, it seems too good to be true, it is too good to be true—I charge thee, have pity, do not trifle with

me! Quick—come to the light—let me scan thee well!

He seized Miles by the arm, dragged him to the window, and began to devour him from head to foot with his eyes, turning him this way and that, and stepping briskly around him and about him to prove him from all points of view; whilst the returned prodigal, all aglow with gladness, smiled, laughed, and kept nodding his head and saying—

‘Go on, brother, go on, and fear not; thou’lt find nor limb nor feature that cannot bide the test. Scour and scan me to thy content, my good old Hugh—I am indeed thy old Miles, thy same old Miles, thy lost brother, is’t not so? Ah, ’tis a great day—I said ’twas a great day! Give me thy hand, give me thy cheek—lord, I am like to die of very joy!’

He was about to throw himself upon his brother; but Hugh put up his hand in dissent, then dropped his chin mournfully upon his breast, saying with emotion—

‘Ah, God of his mercy give me strength to bear this grievous disappointment!’

Miles, amazed, could not speak, for a moment; then he found his tongue and cried out—

‘What disappointment? Am I not thy brother?’

Hugh shook his head sadly, and said—

‘I pray heaven it may prove so, and that other eyes may find the resemblances that are hid from mine. Alack, I fear me the letter spoke but too truly.’

‘What letter?’

‘One that came from over the sea, some six or seven years ago. It said my brother died in battle.’

‘It was a lie! Call thy father—he will know me.’

‘One may not call the dead.’

‘Dead?’ Miles’ voice was subdued and his lips trembled. ‘My father dead!—O, this is heavy news. Half my new joy is withered now. Prithce let me see my brother Arthur—he will know me; he will know me and console me.’

‘He, also, is dead.’

‘God be merciful to me, a stricken man! Gone—both gone—the worthy taken and the worthless spared, in me! Ah! I crave your mercy!—do not say the lady Edith!’

‘Is dead?’ No, she lives.’

Then, God be praised, my joy is whole again! Speed thee, brother—let her come to me! An’ she say I am not myself—but she will not; no, no, she will know me, I am a fool to doubt it. Bring her—bring her old servants; they, too, will know me.’

‘All are gone but five—Peter, Halsey, David, Bernard and Margaret.’

So saying, Hugh left the room. Miles stood musing a while, then began to walk the floor, muttering—

‘The five arch villains have survived the two-and-twenty leal and honest—’tis an odd thing.’

He continued walking back and forth, muttering to himself; he had forgotten the king entirely. By and by his majesty said gravely, and with a touch of genuine compassion, though the words themselves were capable of being interpreted ironically—

‘Mind not thy mischance, good man; there be others in the world whose identity is denied, and whose claims are derided. Thou hast company.’

‘Ah, my king,’ cried Hendon, colouring slightly, ‘do not thou condemn—wait, and thou shalt see. I am no impostor—she will say it; you shall hear it from the sweetest lips in England. I an impostor? Why I know this old hall, these pictures of my ancestors and all these things that are about us as a child knoweth its own nursery. Here was I born and bred, my lord; I speak the truth: I would not deceive thee; and should none else believe, I pray thee do not thou doubt me—I could not bear it.’

‘I do not doubt thee,’ said the king, with a child-like simplicity and faith.

‘I thank thee out of my heart!’ exclaimed Hendon, with a fervency which showed he was touched. The king added, with the same gentle simplicity—

‘Dost thou doubt me?’

A guilty confusion seized upon Hendon, and he was grateful that the door opened to admit Hugh, at that moment, and saved him the necessity of replying.

A beautiful lady, richly clothed, followed Hugh, and after her came several liveried servants. The lady walked slowly, with her head bowed and her eyes fixed upon the floor. The face was unspeakably sad. Miles Hendon sprang forward, crying out—

‘O, my Edith, my darling!’

But Hugh waved him back gravely, and said to the lady—

‘Look upon him. Do you know him?’

At the sound of Miles’ voice the woman had started slightly, and her cheeks had flushed; she was trembling now. She stood still, during the impressive pause of several moments: then slowly lifted up her head and looked into Hendon’s eyes with a stony and frightened gaze; the blood sank out of her face, drop by drop, till nothing remained but the gray pallor of death: then she said, in a voice as dead as the face, ‘I know him not’ and turned, with a moan

and a stifled sob, and tottered out of the room.

Miles Hendon sank into a chair and covered his face with his hands. After a pause, his brother said to the servants—

'You have observed him. Do you know him?'

They shook their heads; then the master said—

'The servants know you not, sir. I fear there is some mistake. You have seen that my wife knew you not.'

'Thy wife!' In an instant Hugh was pinned to the wall, with an iron grip about his throat. 'O, thou fox-hearted slave, I see it all! Thou'st writ the lying letter thyself, and my stolen bride and goods are its fruit. There—now get thee gone, but I shame mine honourable soldiery with the slaying of so pitiful a manikin!'

Hugh, red-faced, and almost suffocated, recoiled to the nearest chair, and commanded the servants to seize and bind the murderous stranger. They hesitated, and one of them said—

'He is armed, Sir Hugh, and we are weaponless.'

'Armed? What of it, and ye so many? Upon him, I say!'

But Miles warned them to be careful what they did, and added—

'Ye know me of old—I have not changed; come on, an' it like you.'

This reminder did not hearten the servants much; they still held back.

'They go, ye paltry cowards, and arm yourselves and guard the doors, whilst I send one to fetch the wretch;' said Hugh. He turned, at the threshold, and said to Miles, 'You'll find it to your advantage to offend not with useless efforts endeavours to escape.'

'Escape? Spare thyself discomfort, an' that is all that troubles thee. For Miles Hendon is master of Hendon Hall and all its belongings. He will remain—doubt it not.'

CHAPTER XXVI.

DISOWNED.

The king sat musing a few moments, then looked up and said—

'Tis strange—most strange. I cannot account for it.'

'No, it is not strange, my liege. I know him, and his conduct is but natural. He was a rascal from his birth.'

'O, I spake not of him, Sir Miles.'

'Not of him? Then of what? What is it that is strange?'

'That the king is not missed.'

'How? Which? I doubt I do not understand.'

'Indeed? Doth it not strike you as being passing strange that the land is not filled with couriers and proclamations describing my person and making search for me? Is it no matter for commotion and distress that the head of the State is gone?—that I am vanished away and lost?'

'Most true, my king, I had forgot.' Then Hendon sighed, and muttered to himself, 'Poor ruined mind—still busy with its pathetic dream.'

'But I have a plan that shall right us both. I will write a paper, in three tongues—Latin, Greek and English—and thou shalt haste away with it to London in the morning. Give it to none but my uncle, the lord Heitford; when he shall see it, he will know and say I wrote it. Then he will send for me.'

'Might it not be best, my prince, that we wait here, until I prove myself and make my rights secure to my domains? I should be so much the better able then to—'

The king interrupted him imperiously—

'Peace! What are thy paltry domains, thy trivial interests, contrasted with matters which concern the weal of a nation and the integrity of a throne?' Then he added, in a gentle voice, as if he were sorry for his severity, 'Obey, and have no fear; I will right thee, I will make thee whole—yes, more than whole. I shall remember, and requite.'

So saying, he took the pen, and set himself to work. Hendon contemplated him lovingly, a while, then said to himself—

'An' it were dark, I should think it was a king that spoke; there's no denying it, when the humour's upon him he doth thunder and lighten like your true king—now where got he that trick? See him scribble and scratch away contentedly at his meaningless pot-hooks, fancying them to be Latin and Greek—and except my wit shall serve me with a lucky device for diverting him from his purpose, I shall be forced to pretend to post away to-morrow on this wild errand he hath invented for me.'

The next moment Sir Miles' thoughts had gone back to the recent episode. So absorbed was he in his musings, that when the king presently handed him the paper which he had been writing he received it and pocketed it without being conscious of the act. 'How marvelous strange she acted,' he muttered. 'I think she knew me—and I think she did not know me. These opinions do conflict, I perceive it plainly; I cannot reconcile them, neither do I, by argument, dismiss either—'

the two, or even persuade one to outweigh the other. The matter standeth simply thus: she must have known my face, my figure, my voice, for how could it be otherwise? yet she said she knew me not, and that is proof perfect, for she cannot lie. But stop—I think I begin to see. Peradventure he hath influenced her—commanded her—compelled her, to lie. That is the solution! The riddle is unriddled. She seemed dead with fear—yes, she was under his compulsion. I will seek her; I will find her; now that he is away, she will speak her true mind. She will remember the old times when we were little playfellows together, and this will soften her heart, and she will no more betray me, but will confess me. There is no treacherous blood in her—no, she was always honest and true. She has loved me, in those old days—this is my security; for whom one has loved, one cannot betray.

He stepped eagerly toward the door; at that moment it opened, and the lady Edith entered. She was very pale, but she walked with a firm step, and her carriage was full of grace and gentle dignity. Her face was as sad as before.

Miles sprang forward, with a happy confidence, to meet her, but she checked him with a hardly perceptible gesture, and he stopped where he was. She seated herself, and asked him to do likewise. 'Thus simply did she take the sense of old-comradeship out of him, and transform him into a stranger and a guest. The surprise of it, the bewildering unexpectedness of it, made him begin to question, for a moment, if he was the person he was pretending to be, after all. The lady Edith said—

'Sir, I have come to warn you. The mad cannot be persuaded out of their delusions, perchance; but doubtless they may be persuaded to avoid perils. I think this dream of yours hath the seeming of honest truth to you, and therefore is not criminal—but do not tarry here with it; for here it is dangerous.' She looked steadily into Miles' face, a moment, then added, impressively, 'It is the more dangerous for you that you are much like what our lost lad must have grown to be, if he had lived.'

'Heavens, madam, but I am he!'

'I truly think you think it, sir. I question not your honesty in that—I but warn you, that is all. My husband is master in this region; his power hath hardly any limit; the people prosper or starve, as he wills. If you resembled not the man whom you profess to be, my husband might bid you pleasure yourself with your dream in peace; but trust me, I know him well, I know what he will do; he will say to all, that you are

but a mad impostor, and straightway all will echo him.' She bent upon Miles that same steady look once more, and added; 'If you were Miles Hendon, and he knew it and all the region knew it—consider what I am saying, weigh it well—you would stand in the same peril, your punishment would be no less sure; he would deny you and denounce you, and none would be bold enough to give you countenance.'

'Most truly I believe it,' said Miles, bitterly. 'The power that can command one life-long friend to betray and disown another, and be obeyed, may well look to be obeyed in quarters where bread and life are on the stake and no cobweb ties of loyalty and honour are concerned.'

A faint tinge appeared for a moment in the lady's cheek, and she dropped her eyes to the floor; but her voice betrayed no emotion when she proceeded—

'I have warned you, I must still warn you, to go hence. This man will destroy you, else. He is a tyrant who knows no pity. I, who am his fettered slave, know this. Poor Miles, and Arthur, and my dear guardian, Sir Richard, are free of him, and at rest—better that you were with them than that you bide here in the clutches of this miscreant. Your pretensions are a menace to his title and possessions; you have assaulted him in his own house—you are ruined if you stay. Go—do not hesitate. If you lack money, take this purse, I beg of you, and bribe the servants to let you pass. O be warned, poor soul, and escape while you may.'

Miles declined the purse with a gesture, and rose up and stood before her.

'Grant me one thing,' he said. 'Let your eyes rest upon mine, so that I may see if they be steady. There—now answer me. Am I Miles Hendon?'

'No. I know you not.'

'Swear it!'

The answer was low, but distinct—

'I swear.'

'O, this passes belief!'

'Fly! Why will you waste the precious time? Fly, and save yourself.'

At that moment the officers burst into the room and a violent struggle began; but Hendon was soon overpowered and dragged away. The king was taken, also, and both were bound, and led to prison.

CHAPTER XXVII.

IN PRISON.

The cells were all crowded; so the two friends were chained in a large room where

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Hendon

persons charged with trifling offences were commonly kept. They had company, for there were some twenty manacled and fettered prisoners here, of both sexes and of varying ages,—an obscene and noisy gang. The king chafed bitterly over the stupendous indignity thus put upon his royalty, but Hendon was moody and taciturn. He was pretty thoroughly bewildered. He had come home a jubilant prodigal, expecting to find everybody wild with joy over his return; and instead had got the cold shoulder and a jail. The promise and the fulfilment differed so widely, that the effect was stunning: he could not decide whether it was most tragic or most grotesque. He felt much as a man might who had danced blithely out to enjoy a rainbow and got struck by lightning.

But gradually his confused and tormenting thoughts settled down into some sort of order, and then his mind centered itself upon Edith. He turned her conduct over, and examined it in all lights, but he could not make anything satisfactory out of it. Did she know him?—or didn't she know him? It was a perplexing puzzle, and occupied him a long time; but he ended finally with the conviction that she did know him, and had repudiated him for interested reasons. He wanted to load her name with curses now; but this name had so long been sacred to him that he found he could not bring his tongue to profane it.

Wrapped in prison blankets of a soiled and tattered condition, Hendon and the king passed a troubled night. For a bribe the jailer had furnished liquor to some of the prisoners, and singing of ribald songs, fighting, shouting, and carousing, were the natural consequences. At last, a while after midnight, a man attacked a woman and nearly killed her by beating her over the head with his manacles before the jailer could come to the rescue. The jailer restored peace by giving the man a sound clubbing over the head and shoulders—then the carousing ceased and all had an opportunity to sleep who did not mind the annoyance of the moaning of the two wounded people.

During the ensuing week, the days and nights were of a monotonous sameness, as to events; men whose faces Hendon remembered more or less distinctly, came by day to gaze at the "impostor" and insult him; and by night the carousing went on with symmetrical regularity. However, there was a change of incident at last. The jailer brought in an old man and said to him—

"The villain is in this room—cast thy old eyes about and see if thou canst say which is he."

Hendon glanced up, and experienced a

pleasant sensation for the first time since he had been in the jail. He said, himself: "This is Blake Andrews, a servant all his life in my father's family—a good, honest soul, with a right heart in his breast. That is, formerly. But none are true, now; all are liars. This man will know me—and will deny me, too, like the rest."

The old man gazed around the room, glanced at each face in turn, and finally said—

"I see none here but paltry knaves, sound o' the streets. Which is he?"

The jailer laughed.

"Here," he said; "scan this big animal, and grant me an opinion."

The old man approached, and looked Hendon over, long and earnestly, then shook his head and said

"Marry, this is no Hendon—nor ever was!"

"Right! Thy old eyes are sound yet. An' I were Sir Hugh, I would take the shabby carle and!"

The jailer finished by lifting himself a tip-toe with an imaginary halter, at the same time making a gurgling noise in his throat suggestive of suffocation. The old man said, vindictively—

"Let him bless God an' he fare no worse. An' I had the handling o' the villain, he should roast, or I am no true man!"

The jailer laughed a pleasant hyena laugh, and said—

"Give him a piece of thy m'n", old man—they all do it. Thou'lt find it good diversion."

Then he sauntered toward his ante-room and disappeared. The old man dropped upon his knees and whispered.

"God be thanked, thou'rt come again, my master! I believed thou wert dead these seven years, and lo, here thou art alive! I knew thee the moment I saw thee, and main hard work it was to keep a stony countenance and seem to see none here but tuppenny knaves and rubbish o' the streets. I am old and poor, Sir Miles; but say the word and I will go forth and proclaim the truth though I be strangled for it."

"No," said Hendon; "thou shalt not. It would ruin thee, and yet help but little in my cause. But I would thank thee; for thou hast given me back somewhat of my lost faith in my kind."

The old servant became very valuable to Hendon and the king; for he dropped in several times a day to 'abuse' the former, and always smuggled in a few delicacies to help out the prison bill of fare; he also furnished the current news. Hendon reserved the dainties for the king; without them his

majesty might not have survived, for he was not able to eat the coarse and wretched food provided by the jailer. Andrews was obliged to confine himself to brief visits, in order to avoid suspicion; but he managed to impart a fair degree of information each time—information delivered in a low tone, for Hendon's benefit, and interlarded with insulting epithets delivered in a louder voice for the benefit of other hearers.

So little by little, the story of the family came out. Arthur had been dead six years. This loss, with the absence of news from Hendon, impaired the father's health; he believed he was going to die, and he wished to see Hugh and Edith settled in life before he passed away; but Edith begged hard for delay, hoping for Miles' return; then came the letter which brought the news of Miles' death; the shock prostrated Sir Richard; he believed his end was very near, and he and Hugh insisted upon the marriage; Edith begged for and obtained a month's respite; then another and finally a third; the marriage then took place, by the death-bed of Sir Richard. It had not proved a happy one. It was whispered about the country that shortly after the nuptials the bride found among her husband's papers several rough and incomplete drafts of the fatal letter, and had accused him of precipitating the marriage—and Sir Richard's death, too—by a wicked forgery. Tales of cruelty to the lady Edith and the servants were to be heard on all hands; and since the father's death Sir Hugh had thrown off all soft disguises and become a pitiless master toward all who in any way depended upon him and his domains for bread.

There was a bit of Andrews' gossip which the king listened to with a lively interest.

'There is rumour that the king is mad. But in charity forbear to say I mentioned it, for 'tis death to speak of it, they say.'

His majesty glared at the old man and said—

'The king is not mad, good man—and thou'lt find it to thy advantage to busy thyself with matters that nearer concern thee than this seditious prattle.'

'What dost the lad mean?' said Andrews, surprised at this brisk assault from such unexpected quarter. Hendon gave him a sign, and he did not pursue his question, but went on with his budget—

'The late king is to be buried at Windsor in a day or two—the 16th of the month—and the new king will be crowned at Westminster the 20th.'

'Methinks they must needs find him first,' muttered his majesty; then added, confi-

dently, 'but they will look to that—and so also shall I.'

'In the name of—'

But the old man got no further—a warning sign from Hendon checked his remark. He resumed the thread of his gossip—

'Sir Hugh goeth to the coronation—and with grand hopes. He confidently looketh to come back a peer, for he is high in favour with the Lord Protector.'

'What Lord Protector?' asked his majesty.

'His grace the Duke of Somerset.'

'What Duke of Somerset?'

'Marry, there is but one—Seymour, earl of Hertford.'

'The king asked, sharply—'

'Since when is he a duke, and Lord Protector?'

'Since the last day of January.'

'And prithee who made him so?'

'Himself and the Great Council—with help of the king.'

His majesty started violently. 'The king!' he cried. 'What king, good sir?'

'What king, indeed! (God-a-mercy, what aileth the boy?) Sith we have but one, 'tis not difficult to answer—his most sacred majesty King Edward the Sixth—whom God preserve! Yea, and a dear and gracious little urchin is he, too; and whether he be mad or no—and they say he mendeth daily—his praises are on all men's lips: and all bless him, likewise, and offer prayers that he may be spared to reign long in England; for he began humanely, with saving the old duke of Norfolk's life, and now he is bent on destroying the cruellest of the laws that harry and oppress the people.'

This news struck his majesty dumb with amazement and plunged him into a deep and dismal a reverie that he heard no more of the old man's gossip. He wondered if the 'little urchin' was the beggar-boy whom he left dressed in his own garments in the palace. It did not seem possible that this could be, for surely his manners and speech would betray him if he pretended to be the Prince of Wales—then he would be driven out, and search made for the true prince. Could it be that the Court had set up some sprig of the nobility in his place? No, for his uncle would not allow that—he was all-powerful and would crush such a movement of course. The boy's musings profited him nothing; the more he tried to unriddle the mystery the more perplexed he became, the more his head ached, and the worse he slept. His impatience to get to London grew hourly, and his captivity became almost unendurable.

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could not be comforted ; but a couple of women who were chained near him, succeeded better. Under their gentle ministrations he found peace and learned a degree of patience. He was very grateful, and came to love them dearly and to delight in the sweet and soothing influence of their presence. He asked them why they were in prison, and when they said they were Baptists, he smiled and inquired—

‘Is that a crime to be shut up for, in a prison? Now I grieve, for I shall lose ye—they will not keep ye long for such a little thing.’

They did not answer ; and something in their faces made him uneasy. He said eagerly—

‘You do not speak—be good to me and tell me—there will be no other punishment? Prithee tell me there is no fear of that.’

They tried to change the topic, but his fears were aroused, and he pursued it—

‘Will they scourge thee? No, no, they would not be so cruel! Say they would not. Come, they will not, will they?’

The women betrayed confusion and distress, but there was no avoiding an answer, so one of them said, in a voice choked with emotion—

‘O, thou’lt break our hearts, thou gentle spirit!—God will help us to bear our’—

‘It is a confession!’ the king broke in. ‘Then they will scourge thee, the stony-hearted wretches! But O, thou must not weep, I cannot bear it. Keep up thy courage—I shall come to my own in time to save thee from this bitter thing, and I will do it!’

When the king awoke in the morning, the women were gone.

‘They are saved!’ he said, joyfully ; then added, despondently, ‘but woe is me!—for they were my comforters.’

Each of them had left a shred of ribbon pinned to his clothing, in token of remembrance. He said he would keep these things always ; and that soon he would seek out these dear good friends of his and take them under his protection.

Just then the jailer came in with some subordinates and commanded that the prisoners be conducted to the jail-yard. The king was overjoyed—it would be a blessed thing to see the blue sky and breathe the fresh air once more. He fretted and chafed at the slowness of the officers, but his turn came at last and he was released from his staple and ordered to follow the other prisoners, with Hendon.

The court or quadrangle was stone-paved and open to the sky. The prisoners entered it through a massive archway of masonry,

and were placed in file, standing with their backs against the wall. A rope was stretched in front of them, and they were also guarded by their officers. It was a chill and lowering morning, and a light snow which had fallen during the night whitened the great empty space and added to the general dismalness of its aspect. Now and then a wintry wind shivered through the place and sent the snow eddying hither and thither.

In the centre of the court stood two women, chained to posts. A glance showed that these were his good friends. He shuddered, and said to himself, ‘Alack, they are not gone free, as I had thought. To think that such as these should know the lash!—in England! Ay! there’s the shame of it—not in Heathenlesse, but Christian England! They will be scourged ; and I, whom they have comforted and kindly entreated, must look on and see the great wrong done ; it is strange, so strange! that I, the very source of power in this broad realm, am helpless to protect them. But let these miscreants look well to themselves, for there is a day coming when I will require of them a heavy reckoning for this work. For every blow they strike now, they shall feel a hundred then.’

A great gate swung open and a crowd of citizens poured in. They flocked around the two women and hid them from the king’s view. A clergyman entered and passed through the crowd, and he also was hidden. The king now heard talking, back and forth, as if questions were being asked and answered, but he could not make out what was said. Next, there was a deal of bustle and preparation, and much passing and repassing of officials through that part of the crowd that stood on the further side of the women ; and whilst this proceeded a deep hush finally fell upon the people.

Now, by command, the masses parted and fell aside, and the king saw a spectacle that froze the marrow in his bones. Faggots had been piled about the two women, and a kneeling man was lighting them!

The women bowed their heads, and covered their faces with their hands ; the yellow flames began to climb upward among the snapping and crackling faggots, and wreaths of blue smoke to stream away on the wind ; the clergyman lifted his hands and began a prayer—just then two young girls came flying through the great gate, uttering piercing screams, and threw themselves upon the women at the stake. Instantly they were torn away by the officers, and one of them was kept in a tight grip, but the other broke loose, saying she would die with her mother : and before she could

be stopped she had flung her arms about her mother's neck again. She was torn away once more, and with her gown on fire. Two or three men held her, and the burning portion of her gown was snatched off and thrown flaming aside, she struggling all the while to free herself, and saying she would be alone in the world now, and begging to be allowed to die with her mother. Both the girls screamed continually, and fought for freedom; but suddenly this tumult was drowned under a volley of heart-piercing shrieks of mortal agony. The king glanced from the frantic girls to the stake, then turned away and leaned his ashen face against the wall, and looked no more. He said, "That which I have seen, in that one little moment, will never go out from my memory, but will abide there; and I shall see it all the days, and dream of it all the nights, till I die. Would God I had been blind!"

Hendon was watching the king. He said to himself, with satisfaction, "His disorder mendeth; he hath changed, and groweth gentler. If he had followed his wont, he would have stormed at these varlets, and said he was king, and commanded that the women be turned loose unscathed. Soon his delusion will pass away and be forgotten, and his poor mind will be whole again. God speed the day!"

That same day several prisoners were brought in to remain over night, who were being conveyed, under guard, to various places in the kingdom, to undergo punishment for crimes committed. The king conversed with these,—he had made it a point, from the beginning, to instruct himself for the kingly office by questioning prisoners whenever the opportunity offered—and the tale of their woes wrung his heart. One of them was a poor half-witted woman who had stolen a yard or two of cloth from a weaver—she was to be hanged for it. Another was a man who had been accused of stealing a horse; he said the proof had failed, and he had imagined that he was safe from the halter; but no—he was hardly free before he was arraigned for killing deer in the king's park; this was proved against him, and now he was on his way to the gallows. There was a tradesman's apprentice whose case particularly distressed the king; this youth said he found a hawk, one evening, that had escaped from its owner, and he took it home with him, imagining himself entitled to it: but the court convicted him of stealing it, and sentenced him to death.

The king was furious over these inhumanities, and wanted Hendon to break jail and fly with him to Westminster, so that he

could mount his throne and hold out his sceptre in mercy over these unfortunate people and save their lives. "Poor child," sighed Hendon, "these woeful tales have brought his malady upon him again—alack, but for this evil hap, he would have been well in a little time."

Among these prisoners was an old lawyer—a man with a strong face and a dauntless mien. Three years past, he had written a pamphlet against the Lord Chancellor, accusing him of injustice, and had been punished for it by the loss of his ears in the pillory, and degradation from the bar, and in addition had been fined £3,000 and sentenced to imprisonment for life. Lately he had repeated his offence; and in consequence was now under sentence to lose *what remained of his ears*, pay a fine of £5,000, be branded on both cheeks, and remain in prison for life.

"These be honourable scars," he said, and turned back his grey hair and showed the mutilated stubs of what had once been his ears.

The king's eye burned with passion. He said—

"None believe in me—neither wilt thou. But no matter—within the compass of a month thou shalt be free; and more, the laws that have dishonoured thee and shamed the English name, shall be swept from the statute books. The world is made wrong; kings should go to school to their own laws, at times, and so learn mercy." (See Notes to Chapter XXVII., at the end of volume.)

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE SACRIFICE.

Meanwhile Miles was growing sufficiently tired of confinement and inaction. But now his trial came on, to his great gratification, and he thought he could welcome any sentence provided a further imprisonment should not be a part of it. But he was mistaken about that. He was in a fine fury when he found himself described as a "sturdy vagabond," and sentenced to sit two hours in the pillory for bearing that character and for assaulting the master of Hendon Hall. His pretensions as to brothership with his prosecutor, and rightful heirship to the Hendon honours and estates, were left contemptuously unnoticed, as being not even worth examination.

He raged and threatened, on his way to punishment, but it did no good; he was snatched roughly along by the officers and got an occasional cuff, besides, for his un-reverent conduct.

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The king could not pierce through the rabble that swarmed behind; so he was obliged to follow in the rear, remote from his good friend and servant. The king had been nearly condemned to the stocks himself for being in such bad company, but had been let off with a lecture and a warning, in consideration of his youth. When the crowd at last halted, he flitted feverishly from point to point around its outer rim, hunting a place to get through; and at last, after a deal of difficulty and delay, succeeded. There sat his poor henchman in the degrading stocks, the sport and butt of a dirty mob—he, the body servant of the king of England! Edward had heard the sentence pronounced, but he had not realized the half that it meant. His anger began to rise as the sense of this new indignity which had been put upon him sank home; it jumped to summer heat, the next moment, when he saw an egg sail through the air and crush itself against Hendon's cheek, and heard the crowd roar its enjoyment of the episode, he sprang across the open circle and confronted the officer in charge, crying—

'For shame! This is my servant—set him free! I am the!'

'O, peace!' exclaimed Hendon in a panic, 'thou'lt destroy thyself. Mind him not, officer, he is mad.'

'Give thyself no trouble as to the matter of minding him, good man, I have small mind to mind him; but as to teaching him somewhat, to that I am well inclined.' He turned to a subordinate and said, 'Give the little fool a taste or two of the lash to mend his manners.'

'Half a dozen will better serve his turn,' suggested Sir Hugh, who had ridden up a moment before to take a passing glance at the proceedings.

The king was seized. He did not even struggle, so paralyzed was he with the mere thought of the monstrous outrage that was proposed to be inflicted upon his sacred person. History was already defiled with the record of the scourging of an English king with whips—it was an intolerable reflection that he must furnish a duplicate of that shameful page. He was in the toils, there was no help for him; he must either take this punishment or beg for its remission. Hard conditions; he would take the stripes—a king might do that, but a king could not beg.

But meantime, Miles Hendon was resolving the difficulty. 'Let the child go,' said he; 'ye heartless dogs, do ye not see how young and frail he is? Let him go—I will take his lashes.'

'Marry, a good thought.—and thanks for

it,' said Sir Hugh, his face lighting with a sardonic satisfaction. 'Let the little beggar go, and give this fellow a dozen in his place—an honest dozen, well laid on.' The king was in the act of entering a fierce protest, but Sir Hugh silenced him with the potent remark, 'Yes, speak up, do, and free thy mind—only mark ye, that for each word you utter he shall get six strokes the more.'

Hendon was removed from the stocks, and his back laid bare; and whilst the lash was applied the poor little king turned away his face and allowed unroyal tears to channel his cheeks unchecked, 'Ah, brave good heart,' he said to himself, 'this loyal deed shall never perish out of my memory. I will not forget it—and neither shall they!' he added, with passion. Whilst he mused, his appreciation of Hendon's magnanimous conduct grew to greater and still greater dimensions in his mind, and so also did his gratefulness for it. Presently he said to himself, 'Who saves his prince from wounds and possible death—and this he did for me—performs high service; but it is little—it is nothing!—O, less than nothing!—when 'tis weighed against the act of him who saves his prince from shame!'

Hendon made no outcry, under the scourge, but bore the heavy blows with soldierly fortitude. This, together with his redeeming the boy by taking his stripes for him, compelled the respect of even that forlorn and degraded mob that was gathered there; and its gibes and hootings died away, and no sound remained but the sound of the falling blows. The stillness that pervaded the place, when Hendon found, himself once more in the stocks, was in strong contrast with the insulting clamour which had prevailed there so little a while before. The king came softly to Hendon's side, and whispered in his ear—

'Kings cannot enoble thee, thou good, great soul, for One who is higher than kings hath done that for thee; but a king can confirm thy nobility to men.' He picked up the scourge from the ground, touched Hendon's bleeding shoulders lightly with it, and whispered, 'Edward of England dubs thee earl!'

Hendon was touched. The water welled to his eyes, yet at the same time the grisly humour of the situation and circumstances so undermined his gravity that it was all he could do to keep some sign of his inward mirth from showing outside. To be suddenly hoisted, naked and gory, from the common stocks to the Alpine altitude and splendour of an earldom, seemed to him the last possibility in the line of the grotesque. He said

to himself, 'Now am I finely tinselled, indeed! The spectre-knight of the Kingdom of Dreams and Shadows is become a spectre-earl!—a dizzy flight for a callow wig! An' this go on, I shall presently be hung like a very may-pole with fantastic gauds and make-believe honours. But I shall value them, all valueless as they are, for the love that doth bestow them. Better these mock dignities of mine, that come unasked, from a clean hand and a right spirit, than real ones bought by servility from grudging and interested power.'

The dreaded Sir Hugh wheeled his horse about, and as he spurred away, the living wall divided silently to let him pass, and as silently closed together again. And so remained; nobody went so far as to venture a remark in favour of the prisoner, or in compliment to him; but no matter, the absence of abuse was a sufficient homage in itself. A late comer who was not posted as to the present circumstances, and who delivered a sneer at the 'imposter,' and was in the act of following it with a dead cat, was promptly knocked down and kicked out, without any words, and then the deep quiet resumed sway once more.

CHAPTER XXIX.

TO LONDON.

When Hendon's term of service in the stocks was finished, he was released and ordered to quit the region and come back no more. His sword was restored to him, and also his mule and his donkey. He mounted and rode off, followed by the king, the crowd opening with quiet respectfulness to let them pass, and then dispersing when they were gone.

Hendon was soon absorbed in thought. There were questions of high import to be answered. What should he do? Whither should he go? Powerful help must be found, somewhere, or he must relinquish his inheritance and remain under the imputation of being an imposter besides. Where could he hope to find this powerful help? Where, indeed! It was a knotty question. By and by a thought occurred to him which pointed to a possibility—the slenderest of slender possibilities, certainly, but still worth considering, for lack of any other that promised any thing at all. He remembered what old Andrews had said about the young king's goodness and his generous championship of the wronged and unfortunate. Why not go and try to get speech of him and beg for justice? Ah, yes, but could so fantastic a pauper get admission to the august presence of a

monarch? Never mind—let that matter take care of itself; it was a bridge that would not need to be crossed till he should come to it. He was an old campaigner, and used to inventing shifts and expedients; no doubt he would be able to find a way. Yes, he would strike for the capital. Maybe his father's old friend Sir Humphrey Marlow would help him—'good old Sir Humphrey, head lieutenant of the late king's kitchen, or stables, or something'—Miles could not remember which. Now that he had something to turn his energies to, a distinctly defined object to accomplish, the fog of humiliation and depression which had settled down upon his spirits lifted and blew away, and he raised his head and looked about him. He was surprised to see how far he had come; the village was away behind him. The king was jogging along in his wake, with his head bowed; for he, too, was deep in plans and thinkings. A sorrowful misgiving clouded Hendon's new-born cheerfulness—would the boy be willing to go again to a city where, during all his brief life, he had never known anything but ill-usage and pinching want? But the question must be asked; it could not be avoided; so Hendon reined up, and called out—

'I had forgotten to enquire whither we are bound. Thy commands, my liege!'

'To London!'

Hendon moved on again, mightily contented with the answer—but astonished at it too.

The whole journey was made without an adventure of importance. But it ended with one. About ten o'clock on the night of the 19th of February, they stepped upon London Bridge, in the midst of a writhing, struggling jam of howling and hurraing people, whose beer-jolly faces stood out strongly in the glare from manifold torches—and at that instant the decaying head of some former duke or other grandee tumbled down between them, striking Hendon on the elbow, and then bounding off among the hurrying confusion of feet. So evanescent and unstable are men's works in this world!—the late good king is but three weeks dead, and three days in his grave, and already the adornments which he took such pains to select from prominent people for his noble bridge are falling. A citizen stumbled over that head, and drove his own head into the back of somebody in front of him, who turned and knocked down the first person that came handy, and was promptly laid out himself by that person's friend. It was the right ripe time for a free fight, for the festivities of the morrow—Coronation Day—were already beginning; everybody was

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fall of strong drink and patriotism ; within five minutes the free fight was occupying a good deal of ground ; within ten or twelve it covered an acre or so, and was become a riot. By this time Hendon and the king were hopelessly separated from each other and lost in the rush and turmoil of the roaring masses of humanity. And so we leave them.

CHAPTER XXX.

TOM'S PROGRESS.

Whilst the true king wandered about the land poorly clad, poorly fed, cuffed and derided by tramps one while, herding with thieves and murderers in a jail another, and called idiot and imposter by all impartially, the mock King Tom Canty enjoyed quite a different experience.

When we saw him last, royalty was just beginning to have a bright side for him. This bright side went on brightening more and more every day ; in a very little while it was become almost all sunshine and delightfulness. He lost his fears ; his misgivings faded out and died ; his embarrassments departed, and gave place to an easy and confident bearing. He worked the whipping-boy mine to ever-increasing profit.

He ordered my lady Elizabeth and my lady Jane Grey into his presence when he wanted to play or talk, and dismissed them when he was done with them, with the air of one familiarly accustomed to such performances. It no longer confused him to have the lofty personages kiss his hand at parting.

He came to enjoy being conducted to bed in state at night, and dressed with intricate and solemn ceremony in the morning. It came to be a proud pleasure to march to dinner attended by a glittering procession of officers of state and gentlemen-at-arms ; in-somuch, indeed, that he doubled his guard of gentlemen-at-arms, and made them a hundred. He liked to hear the bugles sounding down the long corridors, and the distant voices responding, 'Way for the King'.

He even learned to enjoy sitting in throned state in council, and to be something more than the Lord Protector's mouth-piece.

He liked to receive great ambassadors and their gorgeous trains, and listen to the affectionate messages they brought from illustrious monarchs, who called him 'brother.' O, happy Tom Canty, late of Offal Court !

He enjoyed his splendid clothes, and ordered more ; he found his four hundred ser-

vants too few for his proper grandeur, and trebled them. The adulation of salaaming courtiers came to be sweet music in his ears. He remained kind and gentle, and a sturdy and determined champion of all that were oppressed, and he made tireless war upon unjust laws ; yet upon occasion, being offended, he could turn upon an earl, or even a duke, and give him a look that would make him tremble. Once, when his royal 'sister,' the grimly, holy lady Mary, set herself to reason with him against the wisdom of his course in pardoning so many people who would otherwise be jailed, or hanged, or burned, and reminded him that their late august father's prisons had sometimes contained as high as sixty thousand convicts at one time, and that during his admirable reign he had delivered seventy-two thousand thieves and robbers over to death by the executioner,* the boy was filled with generous indignation, and commanded her to go to her closet, and beseech God to take away the stone that was in her breast, and give her a human heart.

Did Tom Canty never feel troubled about the poor little rightful prince who had treated him so kindly, and flown out with such hot zeal to avenge him upon the insadent sentinel at the palace gate ? Yes ; his first royal days and nights were pretty well sprinkled with painful thoughts about the lost prince, and with sincere longings for his return, and happy restoration to his native rights and splendours. But as time wore on, and the prince did not come, Tom's mind became more and more occupied with his new and enchanting experiences, and by little and little the vanished monarch faded almost out of his thoughts ; and finally, when he did intrude upon them at intervals, he was become an unwelcome spectre, for he made Tom feel guilty and ashamed.

Tom's poor mother and sisters travelled the same road out of his mind. At first he pined for them, longed to see them ; but later the thought of their coming some day in their rags and dirt, and betraying him with their kisses, and pulling him down from his lofty place, and dragging him back to penury and degradation and the slums, made him shudder. At last they ceased to trouble his thoughts almost wholly. And he was content, even glad : for, whenever their mournful and accusing faces did rise before him now, they made him feel more despicable than the worms that crawl.

At midnight of the 19th of February, Tom Canty was sinking to sleep in his rich bed in the palace, guarded by his royal vassals and

*Hume's England.

surrounded by the pomp of royalty, a happy boy; for to-morrow was the day appointed for his solemn crowning as King of England. At that same hour, Edward, the true king, hungry and thirsty, soiled and dragged, worn with travel, and clothed in rags and shreds—his share of the results of the riot—was wedged in among a crowd of people who were watching with deep interest certain hurrying gangs of workmen who streamed in and out of Westminster Abbey, busy as ants; they were making the last preparation for the royal coronation.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE RECOGNITION PROCESSION.

When Tom Canty awoke the next morning, the air was heavy with a thunderous murmur: all the distances were charged with it. It was music to him; for it meant that the English world was out in its strength to give loyal welcome to the great day.

Presently Tom found himself once more the chief figure in a wonderful floating pageant on the Thames; for by ancient custom the 'recognition procession' through London must start from the Tower, and he was bound thither.

When he arrived there, the sides of the venerable fortress seemed suddenly rent in a thousand places, and from every rent leaped a red tongue of flame and a white gush of smoke; a deafening explosion followed, which drowned the shoutings of the multitude, and made the ground tremble; the flame-jets, the smoke, and the explosions, were repeated over and over again with marvellous celerity, so that in a few moments the old Tower disappeared in the vast fog of its own smoke, all but the very top of the tall pile called the White Tower: this, with its banners, stood out above the dense bank of vapour as a mountain-peak projects above a cloud rack.

Tom Canty, splendidly arrayed, mounted a prancing war-steed, whose rich trappings almost reached to the ground; his 'uncle,' the Lord Protector Somerset, similarly mounted, took place in his rear; the King's Guard formed in single ranks on either side, clad in burnished armour; after the Protector followed a seemingly interminable procession of resplendent nobles attended by their vassals; after these came the lord mayor and the aldermanic body, in crimson velvet robes, and with their gold chains across their breasts; and after these the officers and members of all the guilds of London, in rich raiment, and bearing the

showy banners of several corporations. Also in the procession, as a special guard of honour through the city, was the Ancient and Honourable Artillery Company—an organization already three hundred years old at that time, and the only military body in England possessing the privilege (which it still possesses in our day) of holding itself independent of the commands of Parliament. It was a brilliant spectacle, and was hailed with acclamations all along the line, as it took its stately way through the packed multitudes of citizens. The chronicler says, 'The king, as he entered the city, was received by the people with prayers, welcomings, cries and tender words, and all signs which argue an earnest love of subjects toward their sovereign; and the King, by holding up his glad countenance to such as stood afar off, and most tender language to those that stood nigh, his Grace showed himself no less thankful to receive the people's good-will than they to offer it. To all that wished him well, he gave thanks. To such as bade 'God save his Grace,' he said in return, 'God save you all!' and added that 'he thanked them with all his heart.' Wonderfully transported were the people with loving answers and gestures of their king.'

In Fenchurch-street a 'fair child, in costly apparel,' stood on a stage to welcome his Majesty to the city. The last verse of his greeting was in these words:—

'Welcome, O King! as much as hearts can think;

Welcome again, as much as tongue can tell—
Welcome to joyous tongues, and hearts that will not shrink;

God thee preserve, we pray, and wish thee ever well.'

The people burst forth in a glad shout, repeating with one voice what the child had said. Tom Canty gazed abroad over the surging sea of eager faces, and his heart swelled with exultation; and he felt that the one thing worth living for in this world was to be a king, and a nation's idol. Presently he caught sight, at a distance, of a couple of his ragged Offal Court comrades—one of them the lord high admiral in his late mimic court, the other the first lord of the bedchamber in the same pretentious fiction; and his pride swelled higher than ever. Oh, if they could only recognize him now! What unspeakable glory it would be, if they could recognize him, and realize that the derided mock king of the slums and back alleys was become a real king, with illustrious dukes and princes for his humble menials, and the English world at his feet! But he had to deny himself, and choke down his desire, for such a recognition might cost more than

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it would come to ; so he turned away his head, and left the two soiled lads to go on with their shoutings and glad adulations, unsuspicious of whom it was they were lavishing them upon.

Every now and then rose the cry, 'A largess ! a largess !' and Tom responded by scattering a handful of bright new coins abroad for the multitude to scramble for.

The chronicler says : 'At the upper end of Gracechurch-street, before the sign of the Eagle, the city had erected a gorgeous arch, beneath which was a stage, which stretched from one side of the street to the other. This was a historical pageant, representing the king's immediate progenitors. There sat Elizabeth of York in the midst of an immense white rose, whose petals formed elaborate furbelows around her ; by her side was Henry VII. issuing out of a vast red rose, disposed in the same manner ; the hands of the royal pair were locked together and the wedding-ring ostentatiously displayed. From the red and white roses proceeded a stem, which reached up to a second stage, occupied by Henry VIII. issuing from a red-and-white rose, with the effigy of the new king's mother, Jane Seymour, represented by his side. One branch sprang from this pair, which mounted to a third stage where sat the effigy of Edward VI. himself, enthroned in royal majesty ; and the whole pageant was framed with wreaths of roses, red and white.

This quaint and gaudy spectacle so wrought upon the rejoicing people that their acclamations utterly smothered the small voice of the child whose business it was to explain the thing in eulogistic rhyme. But Tom Canty was not sorry ; for this loyal uproar was sweeter music to him than any poetry, no matter what its quality might be. Whithersoever Tom turned his happy young face, he recognized the exactness of his effigy's likeness to himself, the flesh and blood counterpart ; and new whirlwinds of applause burst forth.

The great pageant moved on, and still on, under one triumphal arch after another, and past a bewildering succession of spectacular and symbolical tableaux, each of which typified and exalted some virtue, or talent, or merit, of the little king's. 'Throughout the whole of Cheapside, from every pent-house and window, hung banners and streamers ; and the richest carpets, stuffs, and cloth-of-gold tapestried the streets,—specimens of the great wealth of the stores within ; and the splendour of this thoroughfare was equalled in the other streets, and in some even surpassed.'

'And all these wonders and these marvels

are to welcome me—me !' murmured Tom Canty.

The mock king's cheeks were flushed with excitement, his eyes were flashing, his senses swarmed in a delirium of pleasure. At this point, just as he was raising his hand to fling another rich largess, he caught sight of a pale, astounded face which was strained forward out of the second rank of the crowd, its intense eyes riveted upon him. A sickening consternation struck through him ; he recognized his mother ! and up flew his hand, palm outward, before his eyes,—that old involuntary gesture, born of a forgotten episode, and perpetuated by habit. In an instant more she had torn her way out of the press, and past the guards, and was at his side. She embraced his leg, she covered it with kisses, she cried, 'O my child, my darling !' lifting toward him a face that was transfigured with joy and love. The same instant an officer of the King's Guard snatched her away with a curse, and sent her reeling back whence she came with a vigorous impulse from his strong arm. The words 'I do not know you, woman !' were falling from Tom Canty's lips when this piteous thing occurred ; but it smote him to the heart to see her treated so ; and as she turned for a last glimpse of him, whilst the crowd was swallowing her from his sight, she seemed so wounded, so broken-hearted, that a shame fell upon him which consumed his pride to ashes, and withered his stolen royalty. His grandeurs were stricken valueless ; they seemed to fall away from him like rotten rags.

The procession moved on, and still on, through ever augmenting splendours and ever augmenting tempests of welcome ; but to Tom Canty they were as if they had not been. He neither saw nor heard. Royalty had lost its grace and sweetness ; its pomps were become a reproach. Remorse was eating his heart out. He said, 'Would God I were free of my captivity !'

He had unconsciously dropped back into the phraseology of the first days of his compulsory greatness.

The shining pageant still went winding like a radiant and interminable serpent down the crooked lanes of the quaint old city, and through the huzzaing hosts ; but still the King rode with bowed head and vacant eyes, seeing only his mother's face and that wounded look in it.

'Largess, largess !' The cry fell upon an unheeding ear.

'Long live Edward of England !' It seemed as if the earth shook with the explosion ; but there was no response from the King. He heard it only as one hears the

thunder of the surf when it is blown to the ear out of a great distance, for it was smothered under another sound which was still nearer, in his own breast, in his accusing conscience,—a voice which kept repeating those shameful words, 'I do not know you, woman!'

The words smote upon the king's soul as the strokes of a funeral bell smite upon the soul of a surviving friend when they remind him of secret treacheries suffered at his hands by him that is gone.

New glories were unfolded at their turning; new wonders, new marvels, sprung into view; the pent clamours of waiting batteries were released; new raptures poured from the throats of the waiting multitudes; but the King gave no sign, and the accusing voice that went moaning through his comfortless breast was all the sound that he heard.

By and by the gladness in the faces of the populace changed a little, and became touched with a something like solicitude or anxiety; an abatement in the volume of applause was observable too. The lord protector was quick to notice these things; he was as quick to detect the cause. He spurred to the king's side, bent low in his saddle, uncovered, and said,—

'My ioge, it is an ill time for dreaming. The people observe thy downcast head, thy clouded mien, and they take it for an omen. Be advised; unveil the sun of royalty, and let it shine upon these boding vapors, and disperse them. Lift up thy face, and smile upon the people.'

So saying, the duke scattered a handful of coins to right and left, then retired to his place. The mock king did mechanically as he had been bidden. His smile had no heart in it, but few eyes were near enough or sharp enough to detect that. The noddings of his plumed head as he saluted his subjects were full of grace and graciousness; the largess which he delivered from his hand was royally liberal; so the people's anxiety vanished, and the acclamations burst forth again in as mighty a volume as before.

Still once more, a little before the progress was ended, the duke was obliged to ride forward, and make remonstrance. He whispered,—

'O dread sovereign I shake off these fatal humours; the eyes of the world are upon thee.' Then he added with sharp annoyance. 'Perdition catch that crazy pauper! 'twas she that hath disturbed your Highness.'

The gorgeous figure turned a lustreless eye upon the duke, and said in a dead voice,—

'She was my mother!'

'My God!' groaned the protector as he reined his horse backward to his post, 'the omen was pregnant with prophecy. He is gone mad again!'

CHAPTER XXXII.

CORONATION DAY.

Let us go backward a few hours, and place ourselves in Westminster Abbey, at four o'clock on the morning of this memorable Coronation Day. We are not without company; for although it is still night, we find the torch-lighted galleries already filling up with people who are well content to sit still and wait seven or eight hours till the time shall come for them to see what they may not hope to see twice in their lives—the coronation of a king. Yes, London and Westminster have been astir ever since the warning guns boomed at three o'clock, and already crowds of untitled rich folk who have bought the privilege of trying to find sitting-room in the galleries are flocking in at the entrances reserved for their sort.

The hours drag along, tediously enough. All stir has ceased for some time, for every gallery has long ago being packed. We may sit, now, and look and think at our leisure. We have glimpses, here and there and yonder, through the dim cathedra' twilight, of portions of many galleries and balconies, wedged full with people, the other portions of these galleries and balconies being cut off from sight by intervening pillars and architectural projections. We have in view the whole of the great north transept—empty, and waiting for England's privileged ones. We see also the ample area or platform, and is raised above it upon an elevation of four steps. Within the seat of the throne is enclosed a rough flat rock—the stone of Scone—which many generations of Scottish kings sat on to be crowned, and so it in time became holy enough to answer a like purpose for English monarchs. Both the throne and its footstool are covered with cloth of gold.

Stillness reigns, the torches blink dully, the time drags heavily. But at last the lagging daylight asserts itself, the torches are extinguished, and a mellow radiance suffuses the great spaces. All features of the noble building are distinct, now, but soft and dreamy, for the sun is lightly veiled with clouds.

At seven o'clock the first break in the drowsy monotony occurs; for on the stroke of this hour the first peeress enters the transept, clothed like Solomon for splendour, and

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is conducted to her appointed place by an official clad in satins and velvets, whilst a duplicate of him gathers up the lady's long train follows after, and, when the lady is seated, arranges the train across her lap for her. He then places her footstool according to her desire, after which he puts her coronet where it will be convenient to her hand when the time for the simultaneous coronetting of the nobles shall arrive.

By this time the peeresses are flowing in in a glittering stream, and the satin-clad officials are flitting and glinting everywhere, seating them and making them comfortable. The scene is animated enough, now. There is stir and life, and shifting colour everywhere. After a time, quiet reigns again; for the peeresses are all come, and are all in their places—a solid acre, or such a matter, of human flowers, resplendent in variegated colours, and frosted like a Milky Way with diamonds. There are all ages, here; brown wrinkled, white-haired dowagers who are able to go back, and still back, down the stream of time, and recall the crowning of Richard III. and the troublous days of that old forgotten age; and there are handomer middle-aged dames and lovely and gracious young matrons; and gentle and beautiful young girls, and beaming eyes and fresh complexions, who may possibly put on their jewelled coronets awkwardly when the great time comes; for the matter will be new to them, and their excitement will be a sore hindrance. Still, this may not happen, for the hair of all these ladies has been arranged with a special view to the swift and successful lodging of the crown in its place when the signal comes.

We have seen that this massed array of peeresses is sown thick with diamonds, and we also see that it is a marvellous spectacle—but now we are about to be astonished in earnest. About nine, the clouds suddenly break away and a shaft of sunshine cleaves the mellow atmosphere, and drifts slowly along the ranks of ladies; and every rank it touches flames into a dazzling splendour of many-coloured fires, and we tingle to our finger-tips with the electric thrill that is shot through us by the surprise and beauty of the spectacle! Presently a special envoy from some distant corner of the Orient, marching with the general body of foreign ambassadors, crosses this bar of sunshine, and we catch our breath, the glory that streams and flashes and palpitates about him is so overpowering; for he is crusted from head to heel with gems, and his slightest movement showers a dancing radiance all around him.

Let us change the tense for convenience.

The time drifted along—one hour—two hours two hours and a half; then the deep booming of artillery told that the king and his grand procession had arrived at last; so the waiting multitude rejoiced. All knew that a further delay must follow, for the king must be prepared and robed for the solemn ceremony; but this delay would be pleasantly occupied by the assembling of the peers of the realm in their stately robes. These were conducted ceremoniously to their seats, and their coronets placed conveniently at hand; and meanwhile the multitude in the galleries were alive with interest, for most of them were beholding for the first time, dukes, earls and barons, whose names had been historical for five hundred years. When all were finally seated, the spectacle from the galleries and all coigns of vantage was complete; a gorgeous one to look upon and to remember.

Now the robed and mitred great heads of the church, and their attendants, filed in upon the platform and took their appointed places; these were followed by the Lord Protector and other great officials, and these again by a steel-clad detachment of the Guard.

There was a waiting pause; then, at a signal, a triumphant peal of music burst forth, and Tom Canty, clothed in a long robe of cloth of gold, appeared at a door, and stepped upon the platform. The entire multitude rose, and the ceremony of the recognition ensued.

Then a noble anthem swept the Abbey with its rich waves of sound; and thus heralded and welcomed, Tom Canty was conducted to the throne. The ancient ceremonies went on, with impressive solemnity, whilst the audience gazed; and as they drew nearer and nearer to completion, Tom Canty grew pale, and still paler, and a deep and steadily deepening woe and despondency settled down upon his spirits and upon his remorseful heart.

At last the final act was at hand. The Archbishop of Canterbury lifted up the crown of England from its cushion and held it over the trembling mock-king's head. In the same instant a rainbow-radiance flashed along the spacious transept; for with one impulse every individual in the great concourse of nobles lifted a coronet and poised it over his or her head,—and paused in that attitude.

A deep hush pervaded the Abbey. At this impressive moment a startling apparition intruded upon the scene—an apparition observed by none in the absorbed multitude, until it suddenly appeared, moving up the great central aisle. It was a boy, barehead-

ed, ill shod, and clothed in coarse plebeian garments that were falling to rags. He raised his hand with a solemnity which ill comported with his soiled and sorry aspect, and delivered this note of warning—

‘I forbid you to set the crown of England upon that forfeited head. I am the king!’

In an instant several indignant hands were laid upon the boy; but in the same instant Tom Canty, in his regal vestments, made a swift step forward and cried out in a ringing voice—

‘Loose him and forbear! He is the king!’

A sort of panic of astonishment swept the assemblage, and they partly rose in their places and stared in a bewildered way at one another and at the chief figures in this scene, like persons who wondered whether they were awake and in their senses, or asleep and dreaming. The Lord Protector was as amazed as the rest, but quickly recovered himself and exclaimed in a voice of authority—

‘Mind not his Majesty, his malady is upon him again—seize the vagabond!’

He would have been obeyed, but the mock-king stamped his foot and cried out—

‘On your peril! Touch him not, he is the king!’

The hands were withheld; a paralysis fell upon the house; no one moved, no one spoke; indeed no one knew how to act or what to say, in so strange and surprising an emergency. While all minds were struggling to right themselves, the boy still moved steadily forward, with high port and confident mien; he had never halted from the beginning; and while the tangled minds still floundered helplessly, he stepped upon the platform, and the mock-king ran with a glad face to meet him; and fell on his knees before him and said—

‘O, my lord the king, let poor Tom Canty be first to swear fealty to thee, and say, “Put on thy crown and enter into thine own again!”’

The Lord Protector’s eye fell sternly upon the new-comer’s face; but straightway the sternness vanished away, and gave place to an expression of wondering surprise. This thing happened also to the other great officers. They glanced at each other, and retreated a step by a common and unconscious impulse. The thought in each mind was the same: ‘What a strange resemblance!’

The Lord Protector reflected a moment or two, in perplexity, then he said, with grave respectfulness—

‘By your favour, sir, I desire to ask certain questions’—

‘I will answer them, my lord.’

The duke asked him many questions about the court, the late king, the prince, the princesses,—the boy answered them correctly and without hesitating. He described the rooms of state in the palace, the late king’s apartments, and those of the Prince of Wales.

It was strange; it was wonderful; yes it was unaccountable—so all said that heard it. The tide was beginning to turn, and Tom Canty’s hopes to run high, when the Lord Protector shook his head and said—

‘It is true it is most wonderful—but it is no more than our lord the king likewise can do.’ This remark, and this reference to himself as still the king, saddened Tom Canty, and he felt his hopes crumbling from under him. ‘These are not proofs,’ added the Protector.

The tide was turning very fast, now, very fast indeed—but in the wrong direction; it was leaving poor Tom Canty stranded on the throne, and sweeping the other out to sea. The Lord Protector communed with himself—shook his head—the thought forced itself upon him, ‘It is perilous to the State and to us all, to entertain so fateful a riddle as this; it could divide the nation and undermine the throne.’ He turned and said—

‘Sir Thomas, arrest this—No, hold!’ His face lighted, and he confronted the ragged candidate with this question—

‘Where lieth the Great Seal? Answer me this truly, and the riddle is unriddled; for only he that was Prince of Wales can so answer! On so trivial a thing hang a throne and a dynasty!’

It was a lucky thought, a happy thought. That it was so considered by the great officials was manifested by the silent applause that shot from eye to eye around their circle in the form of bright approving glances. Yes, none but the true prince could dissolve the stubborn mystery of the vanished Great Seal—this forlorn little impostor had been taught his lesson well, but here his teachings must fail, for his teacher himself could not answer that question—ah, very good, very good indeed; now we shall be rid of this troublesome and perilous business in short order! And so they nodded invisibly and smiled inwardly with satisfaction, and looked to see this foolish lad stricken with a palsy of guilty confusion. How surprised they were, then, to see nothing of the sort happen—how they marvelled to hear him answer up promptly, in a confident and untroubled voice, and say—

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difficult.' Then, without so much as by-your-leave to anybody, he turned and gave this command, 'with the easy manner of one accustomed to doing such things: 'My lord St. John, go you to my private cabinet in the palace—for none knoweth the place better than you—and, close down to the floor, in the left corner remotest from the door that opens from the ante-chamber, you shall find in the wall a brazen nail-head; press upon it and a little jewel-closet will fly open which not even you do know of—no, nor any soul else, in all the world but me and the trusty artisan that did contrive it for me. The first thing that falleth under your eye will be the Great Seal—fetch it hither.'

All the company wondered at this speech, and wondered still more to see the little mendicant pick out this peer without hesitancy or apparent fear of mistake, and call him by name with such a placidly convincing air of having known him all his life. The peer was almost surprised into obeying. He even made a movement as if to go, but quickly recovered his tranquil attitude and confessed his blunder with a blush. Tom Canty turned upon him and said, sharply—'Why dost thou hesitate? Hast not hear the king's command? Go?'

The lord St. John made a deep obeisance—and it was observed that it was a significantly cautious and non-committal one, it not being delivered at either of the kings, but at the neutral ground about half way between the two—and took his leave.

Now began a movement of the gorgeous particles of that official group which was slow, scarcely perceptible, and yet steady and persistent—a movement such as is observed in a kalidoscope that is turned slowly, whereby the components of one splendid cluster fall away and join themselves to another—a movement which little by little, in the present case, dissolved the glittering crowd that stood about Tom Canty and clustered it together again in the neighbourhood of the new comer. Tom Canty stood almost alone. Now ensued a brief season of deep suspense and waiting—during which even the few faint-hearts still remaining near Tom Canty gradually scraped together courage enough to glide, one by one, over to the majority. So at last Tom Canty, in his royal robes and jewels, stood wholly alone and isolated from the world, a conspicuous figure, occupying an eloquent vacancy.

Now the lord St. John was seen returning. As he advanced up the mid-aisle the interest was so intense that the low murmur of conversation in the great assemblage died out

and was succeeded by a profound hush, a breathless stillness, through which his foot falls pulsed with a dull, and distant sound. Every eye was fastened upon him as he moved along. He reached the platform, paused a moment, then moved toward Tom Canty with a deep obeisance, and said—

'Sire, the Seal is not there!'

A mob does not melt away from the presence of a plague-patient with more haste than the band of pallid and terrified courtiers melted away from the presence of the shabby little claimant of the Crown. In a moment he stood all alone, without friend or supporter, a target upon which was concentrated a bitter fire of scornful and angry looks. The Lord Protector called out fiercely—

'Cast the beggar into the street, and scourge him through the town—the paltry knave is worth no more consideration?'

Officers of the guard sprang forward to obey, but Tom Canty waved them off and said—

'Back! Whoso touches him perils his life!'

The Lord Protector was perplexed, in the last degree. He said to the lord St. John—

'Searched you well?—but it boots not to ask that. It doth seem passing strange. Little things, trifles, slip out of one's ken, and one does not think it matter for surprise; but how so bulky a thing as the Seal of England can vanish away and no man be able to get track of it again—a massy golden disk?'

Tom Canty, with beaming eyes, sprang forward and shouted—

'Hold, that is enough! Was it round?—and thick?—and has it letters and devices graved upon it?—Yes? O, now I know what this Great Seal is that there's been such worry and pother about! An' ye had described it to me, ye could have had it three weeks ago. Right well I know where it lies; but it was not I that put it there—first.'

Who, then, my liege? asked the Lord Protector.

'He that stands there—the rightful King of England. And he shall tell you himself where it lies—then you will believe he knew it of his own knowledge. Bethink thee, my king—spur thy memory—it was the last, the very last thing thou didst that day before thou didst rush forth from the palace, clothed in my rags, to punish the soldier that insulted me.'

A silence ensued, undisturbed by a movement or a whisper, and all eyes were fixed upon the new-comer, who stood, with bent head and corrugated brow, groping in his memory among the thronging multitude of valueless recollections for one single little

elusive fact, which found, would seat him upon a throne—unfounded, would leave him as he was, for good and all—a pauper and an outcast. Moment after moment passed—the moments built themselves into minutes—still the boy struggled silently on, and gave no sign. But at last he heaved a sigh, shook his head slowly, and said, with a trembling lip and in a despondent voice—

'I call the scene back—all of it—but the Seal hath no place in it.' He paused then, looked up, and said with gentle dignity, 'My lords and gentlemen, if ye will rob your rightful sovereign of his own for lack of this evidence which he is not able to furnish, I may not stay ye, being powerless. But—'

'O, folly, O, madness, my king!' cried Tom Canty, in a panic, 'wait!—think! Do not give up!—the cause is not lost! Nor shall be neither! List to what I say—follow every word—I am going to bring that morning back again, every hap just as it happened. We talked—I told you of my sisters, Nan and Bet—ah, yes, you remember that; and about mine old grandam—and the rough games of the lairs of Offal Court—yes, you remember these things also; very well, follow me still, you shall recall every thing. You gave me food and drink, and did with princely courtesy send away thy servants, so that my low breeding might not shame me before them—ah, yes, this also you remember.'

As Tom checked off his details, and the other boy nodded his head in recognition of them, the great audience and the officials stared in puzzled wonderment; the tale sounded like true history, yet how could this impossible conjunction between a prince and a beggar boy have come about? Never was a company of people so perplexed, so interested, and so stupefied, before.

'For a jest, my prince, we did exchange garments. Then we stood before a mirror; and so alike were we that both said it seemed as if there had been no change made—yes, you remember that. Then you noticed that the soldier had hurt my hand—look! here it is, I cannot yet even write with it, the fingers are so stiff. At this your Highness sprang up, vowing vengeance upon that soidier, and ran toward the door—you passed a table—that thing you call the Seal lay on that table—you snatched it up and looked eagerly about, as if for a place to hide it—your eye caught sight of—'

'There; 'tis sufficient?—and the dear God be thanked!' exclaimed the ragged claimant, in a mighty excitement. 'Go, my good St. John, in an arm-piece of the

Milanese armor that hangs on the wall, thou'lt find the Seal!'

'Right, my king! right!' cried Tom Canty; 'now the sceptre of England is thine own; and it were better for him that would dispute it that he had been born dumb! Go, my lord St. John, give thy feet wings!'

The whole assemblage was on its feet, now, and well nigh out of its mind with uneasiness, apprehension, and consuming excitement. On the floor and on the platform a deafening buzz of frantic conversation burst forth, and for some time nobody knew anything or heard anything or was interested in anything but what his neighbour was shouting into his ear, or he was shouting into his neighbour's ear. Time—nobody knew how much of it—swept by unheeded and unnoted.—At last a sudden hush fell upon the house, and in the same moment St. John appeared upon the platform and held the Great Seal aloft in his hand. Then such a shout went up!

'Long live the true King!'

For five minutes the air quaked with shouts and the crash of musical instruments, and was white with a storm of waving handkerchiefs; and through it all a ragged lad, the most conspicuous figure in England, stood, flushed and happy and proud, in the centre of the spacious platform, with the great vassals of the kingdom kneeling around him.

Then all rose, and Tom Canty cried out—

'Now, O, my king, take these regal garments back, and give poor Tom, thy servant, his shreds and remnants again.'

The Lord Protector spoke up—

'Let the small varlet be stripped and flung into the tower.'

But the new king, the true king, said—

'I will not have it so. But for him I had not got my crown again—none shall lay a hand upon him to harm him. And as for thee, my good uncle, my Lord Protector, this conduct of thine is not grateful toward this poor lad, for I hear he hath made thee a duke—the Protector blushed—yet he was not a king; wherefore, what is thy fine title worth, now? To-morrow you shall sue to me, *through him*, for its confirmation, else no duke, but a simple earl, shalt thou remain.'

Under this rebuke, his grace the duke of Somerset retired a little from the front for a moment. The king turned to Tom, and said, kindly—

'My poor boy, how was it that you could remember where I hid the Seal when I could not remember it myself?'

'Ah my king, that was easy, since I used it divers days.'

'Used it,—yet could not explain where it was?'

'I did not know it was *that* they wanted. They did not describe it, your majesty.'

'Then how used you it?'

The red blood began to steal up into Tom's cheeks and he dropped his eyes and was silent.

'Speak up, good lad, and fear nothing,' said the king. 'How used you the Great Seal of England?'

Tom stammered a moment, in a pathetic confusion, then got it out—

'To crack nuts with!'

Poor child, the avalanche of laughter that greeted this nearly swept him off his feet. But if a doubt remained in any mind that Tom Canty was not the king of England and familiar with the august appurtenances of royalty, this reply disposed of it utterly.

Meantime the sumptuous robe of state had been removed from Tom's shoulders to the king's, whose rags were effectually hidden from sight under it. Then the coronation ceremonies were resumed; the true king was anointed and the crown set upon his head, whilst cannon thundered the news to the city, and all London seemed to rock with applause.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

EDWARD AS KING.

Miles Hendon was picturesque enough before he got into the riot on London Bridge—he was more so when he got out of it. He had but little money when he got in, none at all when he got out. The pickpockets had strapped him of his last farthing.

But no matter, so he found his boy. Being a soldier, he did not go at his task in a random way, but set to work, first of all, to arrange his campaign.

What would the boy naturally do? Where would he naturally go? Well—argued Miles—he would naturally go to his former haunts, for that is the instinct of unsound minds, when homeless and forsaken, as well as of sound ones. Whereabouts were his former haunts? His rags, taken together with the low villain who seemed to know him and who even claimed to be his father, indicated that his home was in one or another of the poorest and meanest districts of London. Would the search for him be difficult, or long? No, it was likely to be easy and brief. He would not hunt for the boy, he would hunt for a crowd; in the centre of a big crowd or a little one, sooner or later, he should find his poor little friend, sure; and the mangy mob would be

entertaining itself with pestering and aggravating the boy, who would be proclaiming himself king, as usual. Then Miles Hendon would cripple some of these people, and carry off his little ward, and comfort and cheer him with loving words, and the two would never be separated any more.

So Miles started on his quest. Hour after hour he tramped through back alleys and squalid streets, seeking groups and crowds, and finding no end of them, but never any sign of the boy. This greatly surprised him, but did not discourage him. To his notion, there was nothing the matter with his plan of campaign; the only miscalculation about it was that the campaign was becoming a lengthy one, whereas he had expected it to be short.

When daylight arrived, at last he had made many a mile, and canvassed many a crowd, but the only result was that he was tolerably tired, rather hungry, and very sleepy. He wanted some breakfast, but there was no way to get it. To beg for it did not occur to him, as to pawning his sword, he would as soon have thought of parting with his honour; he could spare some of his clothes—yes, but one could as easily find a customer for a disease as for such clothes.

At noon he was still tramping—among the rabble which followed after the procession, now; for he argued that this regal display would attract his little lunatic powerfully. He followed the pageant through all its devious windings to Westminster Abbey. He drifted here and there amongst the multitudes that were massed in the vicinity for a weary long time, baffled and perplexed, and finally wandered off, thinking, and trying to contrive some way to better his plan of campaign. By-and-by, when he came to himself out of his musings, he discovered that the town was far behind him and that the day was growing old. He was near the river, and in the country; it was a region of fine rural seats—not the sort of district to welcome clothes like his.

It was not at all cold; so he stretched himself on the ground in the lee of a hedge to rest and think. Drowsiness presently began to settle upon his senses; the faint and far-off boom of cannon was wafted to his ear, and he said to himself 'The new king is crowned,' and straightway fell asleep. He had not slept or rested before for more than thirty hours. He did not wake again until near the middle of the next morning.

He got up, limp and stiff, and half famished, washed himself in the river, stayed his stomach with a pint or two of water, and trudged

off toward Westminster, grumbling at himself for having wasted so much time. Hunger helped him to a plan now; he would try to get speech with old Sir Humphrey Marlow and borrow a few marks, and—but that was enough of a plan for the present; it would be time enough to enlarge it when this first stage should be accomplished.

Toward eleven o'clock he approached the palace, and although a host of showy people were about him, moving in the same direction, he was inconspicuous—his costume took care of that. He watched these people's faces narrowly, hoping to find a charitable one whose possessor might be willing to carry his name to the old lieutenant—as to trying to get into the palace himself, that was simply out of the question.

Presently our whipping-boy passed him, then wheeled about and scanned his figure well, saying to himself, 'An' that is not the very vagabond his majesty is in such a worry about, then I am an ass—though belike I was that before. He answereth the description to a rag—that God should make two such, would be to cheapen miracles, by wasteful repetition. I would I could contrive an excuse to speak with him.'

Miles Hendon saved him the trouble; for he turned about, then, as a man generally will when somebody mesmerizes him by gazing hard at him from behind; and observing a strong interest in the boy's eyes, he stepped toward him and said—

'You have just come out from the palace; do you belong there?'

'Yes, your worship.'

'Know you Sir Humphrey Marlow?'

The boy started, and said to himself, 'Lord! mine old departed father!' Then he answered, aloud, 'Right well, your worship.'

'Good—is he within?'

'Yes,' said the boy; and added, to himself, 'within his grave.'

'Might I crave your favour to carry my name to him, and say I beg to say a word in his ear?'

'I will despatch the business right willingly, fair sir.'

'Then say Miles Hendon, son of Sir Richard, is here without—I shall be greatly bounded to you, my good lad.'

The boy looked disappointed—'the king did not name him so,' he said to himself—but it mattereth not, this is his twin brother, and can give his majesty news of 'tother Sir-Odds-and-Ends, I warrant.' So he said to Miles, 'Step in there a moment, good sir, and wait till I bring you word.'

Hendon retired to the place indicated—it

was a recess sunk in the palace wall, with a stone bench in it—a shelter for sentinels in bad weather. He had hardly seated himself when some halberdiers, in charge of an officer, passed by. The officers saw him, halted his men, and commanded Hendon to come forth. He obeyed, and was promptly arrested as a suspicious character prowling within the precincts of the palace. Things began to look ugly. Poor Miles was going to explain, but the officer roughly silenced him, and ordered his men to disarm him and search him.

'God of his mercy grant that they find somewhat,' said poor Miles; 'I have searched enow, and failed, yet is my need greater than theirs.'

Nothing was found but a document. The officer tore it open, and Hendon smiled when he recognized the 'p't-hooks' made by his lost little friend that black day at Hendon Hall. The officer's face grew dark as he read the English paragraph, and Miles blanched to the opposite colour as he listened.

'Another new claimant of the crown!' cried the officer. 'Verily they breed like rabbits, to-day. Seize the rascal, men, and see ye keep him fast whilst I convey this precious paper within and send it to the king.'

He hurried away, leaving the prisoner in the grip of the halberdiers.

'Now is my evil luck ended at last,' muttered Hendon, 'for I shall dangle at a rope's end for a certainty, by reason of that bit of writing. And what will become of my poor lad!—ah, only the good God knoweth.'

By and by he saw the officers coming again, in a great hurry; so he plucked his courage together, purposing to meet his trouble as became a man. The officer ordered the men to loose the prisoner and return his sword to him; then bowed respectfully, and said—

'Please you sir, to follow me.'

Hendon followed, saying to himself, 'An' I werenot travelling to death and judgment, and so must needs economize in sin, I would throttle this knave for his mock courtesy.'

The two traversed a populous court, and arrived at the grand entrance of the palace, where the officer, with another bow, delivered Hendon into the hands of a gorgeous official, who received him with profound respect and led him forward through a great hall, lined on both sides with rows of splendid flunkies (who made reverential obeisance as the two passed along, but fell into death-throes of silent laughter at our stately scare-crow the moment his back was turned,) and up a broad staircase, among flocks of fine folk, and finally conducted him

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into a vast room, clove a passage for him through the assembled nobility of England, then made a bow, reminded him to take his hat off, and left him standing in the middle of the room, a mark for all eyes, for plenty of indignant frowns, and for a sufficiency of amused and derisive smiles.

Miles Hendon was entirely bewildered. There sat the young king, under a canopy of state, five steps away, with his head bent down and aside, speaking with a sort of human bird of paradise—a duke, maybe; Hendon observed to himself that it was hard enough to be sentenced to death in the full vigour of life, without having this peculiarly public humiliation added. He wished the king would hurry about it—some of the gaudy people near by were becoming pretty offensive. At this moment the king raised his head slightly and Hendon caught a good view of his face. The sight nearly took his breath away!—He stood gazing at the fair young face like one transfixed; then presently ejaculated—

‘Lo, the lord of the Kingdom of Dreams and Shadows on his throne!’

He muttered some broken sentences, still gazing and marvelling; then turned his eyes around and about, scanning the gorgeous throng and the splendid saloon, murmuring, ‘But these are *real*—verily these are *real*—surely it is not a dream.’

He stared at the king again—and thought, ‘Is it a dream? . . . or is he the veritable sovereign of England, and not the friendless poor Tom o’ Bedlam I took him for—who shall solve me this riddle?’

A sudden idea flashed in his eye, and he strode to the wall, gathered up a chair, brought it back, planted it on the floor, and sat down in it!

A buzz of indignation broke out, a rough hand was laid upon him, and a voice exclaimed,—

‘Up, thou mannerless clown!—wouldst sit in the presence of the king?’

The disturbance attracted his majesty’s attention, who stretched forth his hand and cried out—

‘Touch him not, it is his right!’

The throng fell back, stupefied. The king went on—

‘Learn ye all, ladies, lords and gentlemen, that this is my trusty and well beloved servant, Miles Hendon, who interposed his good sword and saved his prince from bodily harm and possible death—and for this he is knight, by the king’s voice. Also learn, that for a higher service, in that he saved his sovereign stripes and shame, taking these upon himself, he is a peer of England, Earl of Kent, and shall have gold

and lands meet for the dignity. More—the privilege which he has just exercised is his by royal grant; for we have ordained that the chiefs of his line shall have and hold the right to sit in the presence of the majesty of England henceforth, age after age, so long as the crown shall endure. Molest him not.’

Two persons, who, through delay, had only arrived from the country during this morning, and had now been in this room only five minutes, stood listening to these words and looking at the king, then at the scare-crow, then at the king again, in a sort of torpid bewilderment. These were Sir Hugh and the Lady Edith. But the new Earl did not see them. He was still staring at the monarch, in a dazed way, and muttering—

‘O, body o’ me! This my pauper! This my lunatic! This is he whom I would show what grandeur was, in my house of seventy rooms and seven and twenty servants! This is he who had never known aught but rags for raiment, kicks for comfort, and offal for diet! This is he whom I adopted and would make respectable! Would God I had a bag to hide my head in!’

Then his manners suddenly came back to him, and he dropped upon his knees, with his hands between the king’s, and swore allegiance and did homage for his lands and titles. Then he rose and stood respectfully aside, a mark still for all eyes—and much envy, too.

Now the king discovered Sir Hugh, and spoke out, with wrathful voice and kindling eye—

‘Strip this robber of his false show and stolen estates, and put him under lock and key till I have need of him.’

The late Sir Hugh was led away.

There was a stir at the other end of the room, now; the assemblage fell apart, and Tom Canty, quaintly but richly clothed, marched down, between these living walls, preceded by an usher. He knelt before the king, who said—

‘I have learned the story of these past few weeks, and am well pleased with thee. Thou hast governed the realm with right regal gentleness and mercy. Thou hast found thy mother and thy sisters again? Good; they shall be cared for—and thy father shall hang, if thou desire it and the law consent. Know, all ye that hear my voice, that from this day, they that abide in the shelter of Christ’s Hospital and share the king’s bounty, shall have their minds and hearts fed, as well as their baser parts; and this boy shall dwell there, and hold the chief place in its honourable body of gov-

errors, during life. And for that he hath been a king, it is not meet that other than common observance shall be his due; wherefore, note this his dress of state, for by it he shall be known, and none shall copy it; and wheresoever he shall come, it shall remind the people that he hath been royal, in his time, and none shall deny him his due of reverence or fail to give him salutation. He hath the throne's protection, he hath the crown's support, he shall be known and called by the honourable title of the King's Ward.'

The proud and happy Tom Canty rose and kissed the king's hand, and was conducted from the presence. He did not waste any time, but flew to his mother, to tell her and Nan and Bet all about it and get them to help him enjoy the great news. (See Notes to Chapter xxiii at end of the volume.)

CONCLUSION.

JUSTICE AND RETRIBUTION.

When the mysteries were all cleared up, it came out, by confession of Hugh Hendon, that his wife had repudiated Miles by his command, that day at Hendon Hall—a command assisted and supported by the perfectly trustworthy promise that if she did not deny that he was Miles Herdon, and stand firmly to it, he would have her life; whereupon she said take it, she did not value it—and she would not repudiate Miles; then the husband said he would spare her life but have Miles assassinated! This was a different matter; so she gave her word and kept it.

Hugh was not prosecuted for his threats or for stealing his brother's estates and title, because the wife and brother would not testify against him—and the former would not have been allowed to do it, even if she had wanted to. Hugh deserted his wife and went over to the continent, where he presently died; and by and by the earl of Kent married his relict. There were grand times and rejoicings at Hendon village when the couple paid their first visit to the Hall.

Tom Canty's father was never heard of again.

The king sought out the farmer who had been branded and sold as a slave, and reclaimed him from his evil life with the Ruffler's gang, and put him in the way of a comfortable livelihood.

He also took that old lawyer out of prison and remitted his fine. He provided good homes for the daughters of the two Baptist women whom he saw burned at the stake,

and roundly punished the official who laid the undeserved stripes upon Miles Hendon's back.

He saved from the gallows the boy who had captured the stray falcon, and also, the woman who had stolen a remnant of cloth from a weaver; but he was too late to save the man who had been convicted of killing a deer in the royal forest.

He showed favour to the justice who had pitied him when he was supposed to have stolen a pig, and he had the gratification of seeing him grow in the public esteem and become a great and honoured man.

As long as the king lived he was fond of telling the story of his adventures, all through, from the hour that the sentinel cursed him away from the palace gate till the final midnight when he deftly mixed himself into a gang of hurrying workmen and so slipped into the Abbey and climbed up and hid himself in the Confessor's Tomb, and then slept so long, next day, that he came within one of missing the Coronation altogether. He said that the frequent rehearsals of the precious lesson kept him strong in his purpose to make its teachings yield benefits to his people; and so, whilst his life was spared he should continue to tell the story, and thus keep its sorrowful spectacles fresh in his memory and the springs of pity replenished in his heart.

Miles Hendon and Tom Canty were favourites of the king, all through his brief reign, and his sincere mourners when he died. The good earl of Kent had too much sense to abuse his peculiar privilege; but he exercised it twice after the instance we have seen of it before he was called from the world; once at the accession of Queen Mary, and once at the accession of Queen Elizabeth. A descendant of his exercised it at the accession of James I. Before this one's son chose to use the privilege, near a quarter of a century had elapsed, and the 'privilege of the Kents' had faded out of most people's memories; so, when the Kent of that day appeared before Charles I. and his court and sat down in the sovereign's presence to assert and perpetuate the right of his house, there was a fine stir, indeed! But the matter was soon explained, and the right confirmed. The last earl of the line fell in the wars of the Commonwealth fighting for the king, and the odd privilege ended with him.

Tom Canty lived to be a very old man, a handsome, white-haired old fellow, of grave and benignant aspect. As long as he lasted he was honoured; and he was also revered, for his striking and peculiar costume kept the people reminded that 'in his time

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he had been royal; so, wherever he appeared the crowd fell apart, making way for him, and whispering, one to another, 'Doff thy hat, it is the King's Ward!'—and so they saluted, and got his kindly smile in return—and they valued it, too, for his was an honourable history.

Yes, King Edward VI. lived only a few years, poor boy, but he lived them worthily. More than once, when some great dignitary, some gilded vassal of the crown, made argument against his leniency, and urged that some law which he was bent upon amend-

ing was gentle enough for its purpose, and wrought no suffering or oppression which any one need mightily mind, the young king turned the mournful eloquence of his great compassionate eyes upon him and answered—

'What dost thou know of suffering and oppression? I and my people know, but not thou.'

The reign of Edward VI. was a singularly merciful one for those harsh times. Now that we are taking leave of him let us try to keep this in our minds, to his credit.

NOTES.

NOTE 1.—CHRIST'S HOSPITAL COSTUME.

It is most reasonable to regard the dress as copied from the costume of the citizens of London of that period, when long blue coats were the common habit of apprentices and serving men, and yellow stockings were generally worn; the coat fits closely to the body, but has loose sleeves, and beneath is worn a sleeveless yellow under-coat; around the waist is a red leathern girdle; a clerical band around the neck, and a small flat black cap, about the size of a saucer, completes the costume.—*Timbs' 'Curiosities of London.'*

NOTE 2.

It appears that Christ's Hospital was not originally founded as a school; its object was to rescue children from the streets, to shelter, feed, clothe them, etc.—*Timbs' 'Curiosities of London.'*

NOTE 3.—THE DUKE OF NORFOLK'S CONDEMNATION COMMANDED.

The King was now approaching fast towards his end; and fearing lest Norfolk should escape him, he sent a message to the Commons, by which he desired them to hasten the bill, on pretence that Norfolk enjoyed the dignity of earl marshal, and it was necessary to appoint another, who might officiate at the ceremony of installing his son Prince of Wales.—*Hume's History of England*, vol. iii. p. 307.

NOTE 4.

It was not till the end of this reign [Henry VIII.] that any salads, carrots, turnips, or other edible roots were produced in England. The little of these vegetables that was used, was formerly imported from Holland and Flanders. Queen Catherine, when she wanted a salad, was obliged to despatch a messenger thither on purpose.—*Hume's History of England*, vol. iii. p. 314.

NOTE 5.—ATTAINDER OF NORFOLK.

The house of peers, without examining the prisoner, without trial or evidence, passed a bill of attainder against him and sent it down to the commons. The obsequious commons obeyed his [the King's]

directions; and the King, having affixed the royal assent to the bill by commissioners, issued orders for the execution of Norfolk on the morning of the twenty-ninth of January, [the next day].—*Hume's England*, vol. iii. p. 306.

NOTE 6.—THE LOVING-CUP.

The loving-cup, and the peculiar ceremonies observed in drinking from it, are older than English history. It is thought that both are Danish importations. As far back as knowledge goes, the loving-cup has always been drank at English banquets. Tradition explains the ceremonies in this way: in the rude ancient times it was deemed a wise precaution to have both hands of both drinkers employed, lest while the pledger pledged his love and fidelity to the pledgee, the pledgee take that opportunity to slip a dirk into him!

NOTE 7.—THE DUKE OF NORFOLK'S NARROW ESCAPE.

Had Henry VIII. survived a few hours longer, his order for the duke's execution would have been carried into effect. 'But news being carried to the Tower that the King himself had expired that night, the lieutenant deferred obeying the warrant; and it was not thought advisable by the death of the greatest nobleman in the Kingdom, who had been condemned by a sentence so unjust and tyrannical.'—*Hume's England*, vol. iii. p. 307.

NOTE 8.—THE WHIPPING-BOY.

James I. and Charles II. had whipping-boys, when they were little fellows, to take their punishment for them when they fell short in their lessons; so I have ventured to furnish my small prince with one, for my own purposes.

NOTES TO CHAPTER XV.—CHARACTER OF HERTFORD.

The young king discovered an extreme attachment to his uncle, who was, in the main, a man of moderation and probity.—*Hume's England*, vol. ii. p. 324.

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assuming too much state, he deserves great praise on account of the laws passed this session, by which the rigor of former statutes was much mitigated, and some security given to the freedom of the constitution. All laws were repealed which extended the crime of treason beyond the statute of the twenty-fifth of Edward III. all laws enacted during the late reign extending the crime of felony; all the former laws against Lollardy or heresy, together with the statute of the Six Articles. None were to be accused for words, but within a month after they were spoken. By these repeals several of the most rigorous laws that ever had passed in England were annulled; and some dawn, both of civil and religious liberty, began to appear to the people. A repeal also passed of that law, the destruction of all laws, by which the king's proclamation was made of equal force with a statute—*Ibid.*, vol. iii. p. 339.

BOILING TO DEATH.

In the reign of Henry VIII., prisoners were, by act of parliament, condemned to be boiled to death. This act was repealed in the following reign.

In Germany, even in the 17th century, this horrible punishment was inflicted on coiners and counterfeiters. Taylor, the Water Poet, describes an execution he witnessed in Hamburg, in 1817. The judgment pronounced against a coiner of false money was that he should 'be boiled to death in oil: not thrown into the vessel at once, but with a pulley or rope to be hanged under the armpits, and then let down into the oil by degrees; first the feet, and next the legs, and so to boil his flesh from his bones alive.'—*Dr. J. Hammond Trumbull's 'Blue Laws, True and False.'* p. 13.

THE FAMOUS STOCKING CASE.

A woman and her daughter nine years old, were hanged in Huntingdon for selling their souls to the devil, and raising a storm by pulling off their stockings!—*Ibid.*, p. 20.

NOTE 10.—ENSLAVING.

So young a king, and so ignorant a peasant were likely to make mistakes—and this is an instance in point. This peasant was suffering from this law by anticipation: the king was venting his indignation against a law which was not yet in existence: for his hideous statute was to have birth in this little king's own reign. However, we know, from the humanity of his character, that it could never have been suggested by him.

NOTES TO CHAPTER XXIII.—DEATH FOR TRIFLING LARCENIES.

When Connecticut and New Haven were framing their first codes, larceny above the value of twelve pence was a capital crime in England—as it had been since the time of Henry I.—*Dr. J. Hammond Trumbull's 'Blue Laws, True and False.'* p. 17.

The curious old book called 'The English Rogue' makes the limit thirteen pence ha'penny; death being the portion of any who steal a thing 'above the value of thirteen pence ha'penny.'

NOTES TO CHAPTER XXVII.

From many descriptions of larceny, the law expressly took away the benefit of clergy; to steal a horse or a hawk, or woollen cloth from the weaver, was a hanging matter. So it was, to kill a deer from the king's forest, or to export sheep from the kingdom.—*Dr. J. Hammond Trumbull's 'Blue Laws, True and False.'* p. 13.

William Prynne, a learned barrister, was sentenced—[long after Edward the Sixth's time]—to lose both his ears in the pillory; to degradation from the bar; a fine of £3,000 and imprisonment for life. Three years afterwards, he gave new offence to Law, by publishing a pamphlet against the hierarchy. He was again prosecuted, and was sentenced to lose what remained of his ears, to pay a fine of £5,000; to be branded on both his cheeks with the letters S. L. (for Seditious Libeller,) and to remain in prison for life. The severity of this sentence was equalled by the savage rigour of its execution.—*Ibid.*, p. 12.

NOTES TO CHAPTER XXXIII.

Christ's Hospital, or Blue Coat School, 'the Noblest Institution in the World.'

The ground on which the Priory of the Grey Friars stood was conferred by Henry the Eighth on the Corporation of London, [who caused the institution there of a home for poor boys and girls.] Subsequently, Edward the Sixth caused the old Priory to be properly repaired, and founded within it that noble establishment called the Blue Coat School, or Christ's Hospital, for the education and maintenance of orphans and the children of indigent persons. . . . Edward would not let him [Bishop Ridley] depart till the letter was written, [to the Lord Mayor,] and then charged him to deliver it himself, and signify his special request and commendment that no time might be lost in preparing

what was convenient, and apprising him of the proceedings. The work was zealously undertaken, Ridley himself engaging in it; and the result was the founding of Christ's Hospital for the Education of Poor Children. [The king endowed several other charities at the same time.] 'Lord God,' said he, "I yield Thee most hearty thanks that Thou hast given me life thus long, to finish the work to the glory of Thy name!" That innocent and most exemplary life was drawing rapidly to its close, and in a few days he rendered up his spirit to his Creator, praying God to defend the realm from papistry.—*J. Heneage Jesse's London, its Celebrated Characters and Places.*

In the Great Hall hangs a large picture of King Edward VI. seated on his throne, in a scarlet and ermined robe, holding the sceptre in his left hand, and presenting with the other the Charter to the kneeling Lord Mayor. By his side stands the Chancellor, holding the seals, and next to him are other officers of state. Bishop Ridley kneels before him with uplifted hands, as if supplicating a blessing on the events; whilst the Aldermen, etc., with the Lord Mayor, kneel on both sides, occupying the middle ground of the picture; and lastly, in front, are a double row of boys on one side, and girls on the other, from the master and matron down to the boy and girl who have stepped forward from their respective rows, and kneel with raised hands before the King.—*Timbs' 'Curiosities of London,' p. 98.*

Christ's Hospital, by ancient custom, possesses the privilege of addressing the Sovereign on the occasion of his or her coming into the City to partake of the hospitality of the Corporation of London.—*Ibid.*

The Dining-Hall, with its lobby and organ-gallery, occupies the entire story, which is 187 feet long, 51 feet wide, and 47 feet high; it is lit by nine large windows, filled with stained glass on the south side; and is, next to Westminster Hall, the noblest room in the metropolis. Here the boys, now about 800 in number, dine; and here are held the 'Suppings in Public,' to which visitors are admitted by tickets, issued by the Treasurer and by the Governors of Christ's Hospital. The tables are laid with cheese in wooden bowls; beer in wooden piggins, poured from the leathern jacks; and bread brought in large baskets. The official company enter; the Lord Mayor, or President, takes his seat in a state chair, made of oak from St. Catherine's Church by the Tower;

a hymn is sung, accompanied by the organ; a 'Grecian,' or head boy, reads the prayers from the pulpit, silence being enforced by three drops of a wooden hammer. After prayer the supper commences, and the visitors walk between the tables. At its close, the 'trade-boys' take up the baskets, bowls, jacks, piggins, and candlesticks, and pass in procession, the bowing to the Governors being curiously formal. This spectacle was witnessed by Queen Victoria and Prince Albert in 1745.

Among the more eminent Blue Coat Boys are Joshua Barnes, editor of Anacreon and Euripides; Jeremiah Markland, the eminent critic, particularly in Greek literature; Camden, the antiquary; Bishop Stillingfleet; Samuel Richardson, the novelist; Thomas Mitchell, the translator of Aristophanes; Thomas Barnes, many years editor of the *London Times*; Coleridge, Charles Lamb, and Leigh Hunt.

No boy is admitted before he is seven years old, or after he is nine; and no boy can remain in the school after he is fifteen, King's boys and 'Grecians' alone excepted. There are about 500 Governors, at the head of whom are the Sovereign and the Prince of Wales. The qualification for a Governor is payment of £500.—*Ibid.*

GENERAL NOTE.

One hears much about the 'hideous Blue-Laws of Connecticut,' and is accustomed to shudder piously when they are mentioned. There are people in America—and even in England!—who imagine that they were a very monument of malignity, pitilessness, and inhumanity; whereas, in reality they were about the first sweeping departure from judicial atrocity which the 'civilized' world had seen. This humane and kindly Blue-Law code, of two hundred and forty years ago, stands all by itself, with ages of bloody law on the further side of it, and a century of bloody English law on this side of it.

There has never been a time—under the Blue-Laws or any other—when above fourteen crimes were punishable by death in Connecticut. But in England, within the memory of men who are still hale in body and mind, two hundred and twenty-three crimes were punishable by death!—(See Dr. J. Hammond Trumbull's 'Blue Laws, True and False.')—These facts are worth knowing—and worth thinking about, too.

A CURIOUS EXPERIENCE.

This is the Story which the Major told me, as nearly as I can recall it:

In the winter of 1862-3, I was commandant of Fort Trumbull, at New London, Conn. May be the front there was not so brisk as life at "the front;" still it was brisk enough, in its way—one's brains didn't cake together there for want of something to keep them stirring. For one thing, all the Northern atmosphere at that time was thick with mysterious rumors—rumors to the effect that rebel spies were sitting everywhere, and getting ready to blow up our Northern forts, burn our hotels, send infected clothing into our towns, and all that sort of thing. You remember it. All that had a tendency to keep us awake, and knock the traditional dullness out of our garrison life. Besides, ours was a recruiting station—which is the same as saying we hadn't any time to waste in doking, or dreaming, or fooling around. Why, with all our watchfulness, fifty per cent of a day's recruits would leak out of our hands and give us the slip the same night. The bounties were so prodigious that a recruit could pay a sentinel three or four hundred dollars to let him escape, and still have enough of his bounty-money left to constitute a fortune for a poor man. Yes, as I said before, our life was not dewy.

Well, one day I was in my quarters alone, doing some writing, when a pale, ragged lad of fourteen or fifteen entered, made a neat bow, and said:

"I believe recruits are received here?"

"Yes."

"Will you please enlist me, sir?"

"Dear me, no! You are too young, my boy, and too small."

A disappointed look came into his face, and quickly deepened into an expression of despondency. He turned slowly away, as if to go; hesitated; then faced me again, and said, in a tone which went to my heart:

"I have no home, not a friend in the world. If you could only enlist me!"

But of course the thing was out of the question, and I said so as gently as I could.

Then I told him to sit down by the stove and warm himself, and added:

"You shall have something to eat presently. You are hungry?"

He did not answer; he did not need to; the gratitude in his big soft eyes was more eloquent than any words could have been. He sat down by the stove, and I went on writing. Occasionally I took a furtive glance at him. I noticed that his clothes and shoes, although soiled and damaged, were of good style and material. This fact was suggestive. To this I added the facts that his voice was low and musical; his eyes deep and melancholy; his carriage and address gentlemanly; evidently the poor chap was in trouble. As a result, I was interested.

However, I became absorbed in my work, by and by, and forgot all about the boy. I don't know how long this lasted; but at length, I happened to look up. The boy's back was toward me, but his face was turned in such a way that I could see one of his cheeks—and down that cheek a still of noiseless tears was flowing. I said to myself: "God bless my soul!" I said to myself: "I forget the poor rat was starving." Then I made amends for my brutality by saying to him: "Come along, my lad; you shall dine with me; I am alone to-day."

He gave me another of those grateful looks, and a happy light broke in his face. At the table he stood with his hands on his chair-back until I was seated, then seated himself. I took up my knife and fork, and—well, I simply held them, and kept still; for the boy had inclined his head and was saying a silent grace. A thousand hallowed memories of home and my childhood poured in upon me, and I sighed to think how far I had drifted from religion and its balm for hurt minds, its comfort and solace and support.

As our meal progressed, I observed that young Wicklow—Robert Wicklow was his full name—knew what to do with his napkin; and—well, in a word, I observed he was a boy of good breeding; never mind

the details. He had a simple frankness, too, which won upon me. He talked mainly about himself, and I had no difficulty in getting his history out of him. When he spoke of his having been born and reared in Louisiana, I warmed to him decidedly, for I had spent some time down there. I knew all the 'coast' region of the Mississippi, and loved it, and had not been long enough away from it for my interest in it to begin to pale. The very names that fell from his lips sounded good to me—so good that I steered the talk in directions that would bring them out. Baton Rouge, Plaquemine, Donaldsonville, Sixty-mile Point, Bonnet-Carre, the Stock-Landing, Carrollton, the Steam-ship Landing, the Steam-boat Landing, New Orleans, Tchoupitoulas street, the Esplanade, Rue des Bons Enfants, the St. Charles Hotel, the Trivoli Circle, the Shell Road, Lake Pontchartrain; and it was particularly delightful to me to hear once more of the 'R. E. Lee,' the 'Natchez,' the 'Eclipse,' the 'General Quitman,' the 'Duncan F. Kenner,' and other old familiar steam-boats. It was almost as good as being back there, these names so vividly reproduced in my mind the look of things they stood for. Briefly, this was little Wicklow's history: When the war broke out, he and his invalid aunt and his father were living near Baton Rouge, on a great rich plantation which had been in the family for fifty years. The father was a Union man. He was persecuted in all sorts of ways, but clung to his principles. At last, one night, masked men burned his mansion down, and the family had to fly for their lives. They were hunted from place to place, and learned all there was to know about poverty, hunger and distress. The invalid aunt found relief at last; misery and exposure killed her; she died in an open field, like a tramp, the rain beating upon her and the thunder booming overhead. Not long afterwards, the father was captured by an armed band; and while the son begged and pleaded, the victim was strung up before his face. [At this point a baleful light shone in the youth's eyes, and he said, with the manner of one who talks to himself: 'If I cannot be enlisted, no matter—I shall find a way.'] As soon as the father was pronounced dead, the son was told that if he was not out of that region within twenty-four hours, it would go hard with him. That night he crept to the river-side, and hid himself near a plantation landing. By and by the 'Duncan F. Kenner' stopped there, and he swam out and concealed himself in the yawl that was dragging at her stern. Before daylight the boat reached the Stock Landing, and he slipped

ashore. He walked the three miles that lay between that point and the house of an uncle of his in Good-Children street, in New Orleans, and then his troubles were over for the time being. But his uncle was a Union man, too, and before very long he concluded that he had better leave the South. So he and young Wicklow slipped out of the country on board a sailing vessel, and in due time reached New York. They put up at the Astor House. Young Wicklow had a good time of it for a while, strolling up and down Broadway, and observing the strange Northern sights; but in the end a change came—and not for the better. The uncle had been cheerful at first, but now he began to look troubled and despondent; moreover, he became moody and irritable; talked of money giving out, and no way to get more—not enough left for one, let alone two. Then, one morning, he was missing—did not come to breakfast. The boy inquired at the office, and was told that the uncle had paid his bill the night before and gone away—to Boston, the clerk believed, but was not certain.

The lad was alone and friendless. He did not know what to do, but concluded he had better try to follow and find his uncle. He went down to the steam-boat landing; learned that the trifle of money in his pocket would not carry him to Boston; however, it would carry him to New London; so he took passage for that port, resolving to trust to Providence to furnish him means to travel the rest of the way. He had now been wandering about the streets of New London three days and nights, getting a bite and a nap here and there for charity's sake. But he had given up at last; courage and hope were both gone. If he could enlist, nobody could be more thankful; if he could not get in as a soldier, couldn't he be a drummer-boy? Ah, he would work so hard to please, and would be so grateful!

Well, there's the history of young Wicklow; just as he told it to me, barring details. I said:

'My boy, you're among friends now—don't you be troubled any more.' How his eyes glistened! I called in Sergeant John Rayburn—he was from Hartford; lives in Hartford yet; maybe you know him—and said: 'Rayburn, quarter this boy with the musicians. I am going to enrol him as a drummer boy, and I want you to look after him and see that he is well treated.'

Well, of course, intercourse between the commandant of the post and the drummer-boy came to an end, now; but the poor, little friendless chap lay heavy on my heart, just the same. I kept on the lookout, hap-

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ing to see him brighten up and begin to be cheery and gay; but no, the days went by, and there was no change. He associated with nobody; he was always absent-minded, always thinking; his face was always sad. One morning Rayburn asked leave to speak to me privately. Said he:

'I hope I don't offend, sir, but the truth is, the musicians are in such a sweat it seems as if somebody's got to speak.'

'Why, what is the trouble?'

'It's the Wicklow boy, sir. The musicians are down on him to an extent you can't imagine.'

'Well, go on, go on. What has he been doing?'

'Prayin', sir.'

'Praying!'

'Yes, sir; the musicians haven't any peace of their life for the boy's prayin'. First thing in the morning he's at it; noons he's at it; and nights—well, nights, he just lays on to 'em like all possessed! Sleep? bless you, they can't sleep; he's got the floor, as the sayin' is, and then when he once gets his supplication-mill ago'in' there just simply ain't any let-up to him. He starts in with the band-master, and he prays for him; next, he takes the head bugler, and he prays for him; next, the bass drum, and he scoops him in; and so on, right straight through the band, givin' them all a show, and takin' that amount of interest in it which would make you think he thought he weren't but a little while for this world, and believed he couldn't be happy in heaven without he had a brass band along, and wanted to pick 'em out for himself, so he could depend on 'em to do up the national tunes in a style suitin' to the place. Well, sir, heavin' boots at him don't have no effect; it's dark in there; and, besides, he don't pray fair; anyway, but kneels down behind the big drum; so it don't make no difference if they rain boots at him, he don't give a dern—warbles right along, same as if it was applause. They sing out, "O, dry up!" "Give us a rest!" "Shoot him!" "Oh, take a walk!" and all sorts of such things. But what of it! It don't phase him. He don't mind it.' After a pause: 'Kind of a good little fool, too; gits up in the mornin' and carts all the stock of boots back, and sorts 'em out and sets each man's pair where they belong. And they've been throwed at him so much now that he knows every boot in the band—can sort 'em out with his eyes shut.'

After another pause—which I forbore to interrupt:

'But the roughest thing about it is, that when he's done prayin',—when he ever

does get done,—he pipes up and begins to sing. Well, you know what a honey kind of voice he's got when he talks; you know how it would persuade a cast-iron dog to come down off a door-step and lick his hand. Now, if you'll take my word for it, sir, it ain't a circumstance to his singin'! Flute music is harsh to that boy's singin'. Oh, he just gurgles it out so soft and sweet and low, there in the dark, that it makes you think you are in heaven.'

'What is there rough about that?'

'Ah, that's just it, sir. You hear him sing

"Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind"

—just you hear him sing that, once, and see if you don't melt all up and the water come into your eyes! I don't care what he sings, it goes plum straight home to you—it goes deep down to where you live—and it fetches you every time? Just you hear him sing:

'Child of sin and sorrow, filled with dismay,
Wait not till to-morrow, yield thee to-day;
Grieve not that love
Which from above—'

and so on. It makes a body feel like the wickedest, ungratefulest brute that walks. And when he sings them songs of his about home, and mother, and childhood and old memories, and things that's vanished, and old friends dead and gone, it fetches everything before your face that you've ever lost in your life—and it's just beautiful, it's just divine to listen to, sir—but Lord, Lord, the heart-break of it! The band—well, they all cry—even rascal of them blubbers, and don't try to quit it, either; and first you know, that very gang that's been slammin' boots at that boy will skip out of their bunks all of a sudden, and rush over in the dark and hug him! Yes, they do—and slobber all over him, and call him petnames, and beg him to forgive them. And just at that time, if a regiment was to offer to hurt a hair of that cub's head, they'd go for that regiment, if it was a whole army corps!

Another pause.

'Is that all?' said I.

'Yes, sir.'

'Well, dear me, what is the complaint? What do they want done?'

'Done? Why, bless you, sir, they want you to stop him from singin'.'

'What an idea! You said his music was divine.'

'That's just it. 'It's too divine. Mortal man can't stand it. It stirs a body up so; it turns a body inside out; it racks his feelin's all to rage; it makes him feel bad and wicked, and not fit for any place but perdition.'

tion. It keeps a body in such an everlasting state of repentin' that nothin' don't taste good and there ain't no comfort in life. And then, the cryin', you see—every mornin' they're ashamed to look one another in the eye.

Well, this is an odd case and a singular complaint. So they really want the singing stopped?

Yes, sir, that is the idea. They don't wish to ask too much; they would like powerful well to have the prayin' shut down on, or leastways trimmed off around the edges; but the main thing's the singin'. If they can only get the singin' choked off, they think they can stand the prayin', rough as it is to be bullyragged so much that way.

I told the sergeant I would take the matter under consideration. That night I crept into the musicians' quarters and listened. The sergeant had not overstated the case. I heard the praying voice pleading in the dark. I heard the execrations of the harassed men; I heard the rain of boots whiz through the air, and bang and thump around the big drum. The thing touched me, but it amused me, too. By and by, after an impressive silence, came the singing. Lord, the pathos of it, the enchantment of it! Nothing in the world was ever so sweet, so gracious, so tender, so holy, so moving. I made my stay very brief; I was beginning to experience emotions of a sort not proper to the commandant of a fortress.

Next day I issued orders which stopped the praying and singing. Then followed three or four days which were so full of bounty-jumping excitements and irritations that I never once thought of my drummer-boy. But now comes Sergeant Rayburn, one morning, and says:

'That new boy acts mighty strange, sir.'

'How?'

'Well, sir, he's all the time writing.'

'Writing? What does he write—letters?'

'I don't know, sir; but whenever he's off duty he is poking and noising around the fort, all by himself—blest if I think there's a hole or corner in it he hasn't been into—and every little while he puts with pencil and paper and scribbles something down.'

This gave me a most unpleasant sensation. I wanted to scoff at it, but it was not a time to scoff at anything that had the least suspicious tinge about it. Things were happening all around us, in the North, then, that warned us to be always on the alert, and always suspecting. I recalled to mind the suggestive fact that this boy was from the South,—the extreme South, Louisiana,—and the thought was not of a reassuring nature, under the circumstances. Never-

theless, it cost me a pang to give the orders which I now gave to Rayburn. I felt like a father who plots to expose his own child to shame and injury. I told Rayburn to keep quiet, bide his time, and get me some of those writings whenever he could manage it without the boy's finding it out. And I charged him not to do anything which might let the boy discover that he was being watched. I also ordered that he allow the lad his usual liberties, but that he be followed at a distance when he went out into the town.

During the next two days Rayburn reported to me several times. No success. The boy was still writing, but he always pocketed his paper with a careless air whenever Rayburn appeared in his vicinity. He had gone twice to an old deserted stable in the town, remained a minute or two, and come out again. One could not pooh-pooh these things—they had an evil look. I was obliged to confess to myself that I was getting uneasy. I went into my private quarters and sent for my second in command—an officer of intelligence and judgment, son of General James Watson Webb. He was surprised and troubled. We had a long talk over the matter, and came to the conclusion that it would be worth while to institute a secret search. I determined to take charge of that myself. So I had myself called at two in the morning; and pretty soon after, I was in the musicians' quarters, crawling along the floor on my stomach among the snorers. I reached my slumbering waif's bunk at last, without disturbing anybody, captured his clothes and kit, and crawled stealthily back again. When I got to my own quarters, I found Webb there, waiting and eager to know the result. We made search immediately. The clothes were a disappointment. In the pockets we found blank paper and a pencil; nothing else, except a jackknife and such queer odds and ends and useless trifles as boys hoard and value. We turned to the kit hopefully. Nothing there but a rebuke for us! A little Bible with this written on the fly-leaf: 'Stranger, be kind to my boy for his mother's sake.'

I looked at Webb—he dropped his eyes; he looked at me—I dropped mine. Neither spoke. I put the book reverently back in its place. Presently Webb got up and went away, without remark. After a little I nerved myself up to my unpalatable job, and took the plunder back to where it belonged, crawling on my stomach as before. It seemed the peculiarly appropriate attitude for the business I was in. I was most honestly glad when it was over and done with.

About noon next day, Rayburn came, as usual, to report. I cut him short. I said: 'Let this nonsense be dropped. We are making a bugaboo out of a poor little cub who has got no more harm in him than a hymn-book.'

The sergeant looked surprised, and said: 'Well, you know it was your orders, sir, and I've got some of the writing.'

'And what does it amount to? How did you get it?'

'I peeped through the key-hole, and seen him writing. So when I judged he was about done, I made a sort of a little cough, and I see him crumble it up and throw it in the fire, and look all around to see if anybody was coming. Then he settled back as comfortable and careless as anything. Then I comes in, and passes the time of day pleasantly, and sends him of an errand. He never looked uneasy, but went right along. It was a coal fire and new-built; the writing had gone over behind a chunk, out of sight; but I got it out; there it is; it ain't hardly scorched, you see.'

I glanced at the paper and took in a sentence or two. Then I dismissed the sergeant and told him to send Webb to me. Here is the paper in full:

'FORT TRUMBULL, the 8th.

'COLONEL: I was mistaken as to the calibre of the three guns I ended my list with. They are 18-pounders; all the rest of the armament is as I stated. The garrison remains as before reported, except that the two light infantry companies that were to be detached for service at the front are to stay here for the present—can't find out for how long, just now, but will soon. We are satisfied that, all things considered, matters had better be postponed un—'

There it broke off—there is where Rayburn coughed and interrupted the writer. All my affections for the boy, all my respect for him and charity for his forlorn condition, withered in a moment under the blight of this revelation of cold-blooded baseness.

But never mind about that. Here was business—business that required profound and immediate attention, too. Webb and I turned the subject over and over, and examined it all around. Webb said:

'What a pity he was interrupted! Something is going to be postponed until—when? And what is the something? Possibly he would have mentioned it, the pious little reptile!'

'Yes,' I said, 'we have missed a trick. And who is "we," in the letter? Is it conspirators inside the fort or outside?'

That 'we' was uncomfortably suggestive. However, it was not worth while to be guessing around that, so we proceeded to matters more practical. In the first place, we decided to double the sentries and keep the strictest possible watch. Next, we thought of calling Wicklow in and making him divulge everything; but that did not seem wisest until other methods should fail. We must have some more of the writings; so we began to plan to that end. And now we had an idea; Wicklow never went to the post-office—perhaps the deserted stable was his post-office. We sent for my confidential clerk—a young German named Sterne, who was a sort of natural detective—and told him all about the case, and ordered him to go to work on it. Within the hour we got word that Wicklow was writing again. Shortly afterward, word came that he had asked leave to go out into the town. He was detained awhile, and meantime, Sterne hurried off and concealed himself in the stable. By and by he saw Wicklow saunter in, look about him, then hide something under some rubbish in a corner, and take leisurely leave again. Sterne pounced upon the hidden article—a letter—and brought it to us. It had no superscription and no signature. It repeated what we had already read, and then went on to say:

'We think it best to postpone till the two companies are gone, I mean the four inside think so; have not communicated with the others—afraid of attracting attention. I say four because we have lost two; they had hardly enlisted and got inside when they were shipped off to the front. It will be absolutely necessary to have two in their places. The two that went were the brothers from Thirty-mile Point. I have something of the greatest importance to reveal, but must not trust it to this method of communication; will try the other.'

'The little scoundrel!' said Webb; 'who could have supposed he was a spy? However, never mind about that—let us add up our particulars, such as they are, and see how the case stands to date. First, we've got a rebel spy in our midst, whom we know; secondly, we've got three more in our midst whom we don't know; thirdly, these spies have been introduced among us through the simple and easy process of enlisting as soldiers in the Union army—and evidently two of them have got sold at it, and been shipped off to the front; fourthly, there are assistant spies 'outside'—number indefinite; fifthly, Wicklow has very important matter which he is afraid to com-

municate by the 'present method'—will 'try the other.' That is the case, as it now stands. Shall we collar Wicklow and make him confess? Or shall we catch the person who removes the letters from the stable and make him tell? Or shall we keep still and find out more?

We decided upon the last course. We judged that we did not need to proceed to summary measures now, since it was evident that the conspirators were likely to wait till those two light infantry companies were out of the way. We fortified Sterne with pretty ample powers, and told him to use his best endeavours to find out Wicklow's 'other method' of communication. We meant to play a bold game; and to this end we proposed to keep the spies in an unsuspecting state as long as possible. So we ordered Sterne to return to the stable immediately, and, if he found the coast clear, to conceal Wicklow's letter where it was before, and leave it there for the conspirators to get.

The night closed down without further event. It was cold and dark and sleety, with a raw wind blowing; still I turned out of my warm bed several times during the night, and went the rounds in person, to see that all was right and that every sentry was on the alert. I always found them wide awake and watchful; evidently whispers of mysterious dangers had been floating about, and the doubling of the guards had been a kind of indorsement to those rumours. Once toward morning, I encountered Webb, breasting his way against the bitter wind, and learned then that he, also, had been the rounds several times to see that all was going right.

Next day's events hurried things up somewhat. Wicklow wrote another letter; Sterne preceded him to the stable and saw him deposit it; captured it as soon as Wicklow was out of the way, then slipped out and followed the little spy at a distance, with a detective in plain clothes at his own heels, for we thought it judicious to have the law's assistance handy in case of need. Wicklow went to the railway station, and waited around till the train from New York came in, then stood scanning the faces of the crowd as they poured out of the cars. Presently an aged gentleman, with green goggles and a cane, came limping along, stopped in Wicklow's neighbourhood, and began to look about him expectantly. In an instant Wicklow darted forward, thrust an envelope into his hand, then glided away and disappeared in the throng. The next instant Sterne had snatched the letter; and as he hurried past the detective, he said:

'Follow the old gentleman—don't lose sight of him.' Then Sterne hurried out with the crowd, and came straight to the fort.

We sat with closed doors, and instructed the guard outside to allow no interruption.

First we opened the letter captured at the stable. It read as follows:

'**HOLY ALLIANCE:** Found, in the usual gun, commands from the Master, left there last night, which set aside the instructions heretofore received from the subordinate quarter. Have left in the gun the usual indication that the commands reached the proper hand——'

Webb, interrupting: 'Isn't the boy under constant surveillance now?'

I said yes; he had been under strict surveillance ever since the capturing of his former letter.

'Then how could he put anything into a gun, or take anything out of it, and not get caught?'

'Well,' I said, 'I don't like the look of that very well.'

'I don't either, said Webb. 'It simply means that there are conspirators among the very sentinels. Without their connivance in some way or other, the thing couldn't have been done.'

I sent for Rayburn, and ordered him to examine the batteries and see what he could find. The reading of the letter was then resumed:

'The new commands are peremptory, and require that the MMMM shall be FFFFF at 3 o'clock to-morrow morning. Two hundred will arrive, in small parties, by train and otherwise, from various directions, and will be at appointed place at right time. I will distribute the sign to-day. Success is apparently sure, though something must have got out, for the sentries have been doubled, and the chiefs went the rounds last night several times. W. W. comes from southerly to-day and will receive secret orders—by the other method. All six of you must be in 166 at sharp 2 A. M. You will find B. B. there, who will give you detailed instructions. Password same as last time, only reversed—put first syllable last and last syllable first. **REMEMBER XXXX.** Do not forget. Be of good heart; before the next sun rise you will be heroes; your fame will be permanent; you will have added a deathless page to history. Amen.'

'Thunder and Mars,' said Webb, 'but we are getting into mighty hot quarters, as I look at it!'

I said there was no question but that things were beginning to wear a most serious aspect. Said I:

'A desperate enterprise is on foot, that is plain enough. To-night is the time set for it—that, also, is plain. The exact nature of the enterprise—I mean the manner of it—is hidden away under those blind bunches of Ms and Fs—but the end and aim, I judge, is the surprise and capture of the post. We must move quick and sharp now. I think nothing can be gained by continuing our clandestine policy as regards Wicklow. We must know, and as soon as possible, too, where '166' is located, so that we can make a descent upon the gang there at 2 A. M.; and, doubtless, the quickest way to get that information will be to force it out of that boy. But first of all, and before we make any important move, I must lay the facts before the War Department, and ask for plenary powers.'

The despatch was prepared in cipher to go over the wires; I read it, approved it, and sent it along.

We presently finished discussing the letter which was under consideration, and then opened the one which had been snatched from the lame gentleman. It contained nothing but a couple of perfectly blank sheets of note-paper! It was a chilly check to our hot eagerness and expectancy. We felt as blank as the paper, for a moment, and twice as foolish. But it was for a moment only; for, of course, we immediately afterward thought of 'sympathetic ink.' We held the paper close to the fire, and watched for the characters to come out, under the influence of the heat; but nothing appeared but some faint tracings, which we could make nothing of. We then called in the surgeon, and sent him off with orders to apply every test he was acquainted with till he got the right one, and report the contents of the letter to me the instant he brought them to the surface. This check was a confounded annoyance, and we naturally chafed under the delay; for we had fully expected to get out of that letter some of the most important secrets of the plot.

Now appeared Sergeant Rayburn, and drew from his pocket a piece of twine string about a foot long, with three knots tied in it, and held it up.

'I got it out of a gun on the water-front,' said he. 'I took the tompons out of all the guns and examined close; this string was the only thing that was in any gun.'

So this bit of string was Wicklow's 'sign'

to signify that the Master's commands had not miscarried. I ordered that every sentinel who had served near that gun during the past twenty-four hours be put in confinement at once and separately, and not allowed to communicate with anyone without my privacy and consent.

A telegram now came from the Secretary of War. It read as follows:

'Suspend *habeas corpus*. Put town under martial law. Make necessary arrests. Act with vigour and promptness. Keep the Department informed.'

We were now in a shape to go to work. I sent out and had the lame gentleman quietly arrested and as quickly brought into the fort; I placed him under guard and forbade speech to him or from him. He was inclined to bluster at first, but he soon dropped that.

Next came word that Wicklow had been seen to give something to a couple of our new recruits; and that, as soon as his back was turned, these had been seized and confined. Upon each was found a small bit of paper, bearing these words and signs in pencil:

EAGLE'S THIRD FLIGHT.

REMEMBER XXXL

166

In accordance with instructions, I telegraphed to the Department, in cipher, the progress made, and also described the above ticket. We seemed to be in a strong enough position now to venture to throw off the mask as regarded Wicklow; so I sent for him. I also sent for and received back the letter written in sympathetic ink, the surgeon accompanying it with the information that thus far, had resisted his tests, but that there were others he could apply when I should be ready for him to do so.

Presently Wicklow entered. He had a somewhat worn and anxious look, but he was composed and easy, and if he suspected anything it did not appear in his face or manner. I allowed him to stand there a moment or two, then I said, pleasantly:

'My boy, why do you go to that old stable so much?'

He answered, with simple demeanour and without embarrassment:

'Well, I hardly know, sir: there isn't any particular reason, except that I like to be alone, and I amuse myself there.'

'You amuse yourself there, do you?'

'Yes, sir,' he replied, as innocently and simply as before.

'Is that all you do there?'

'Yes, sir,' he said, looking up with child-like wonderment in his big soft eyes.

'You are sure?'

'Yes, sir, sure.'

After a pause, I said, 'Well, and how long?'

'Wicklow, why do you write so much?'

'I? I do not write much, sir.'

'You don't?'

'No, sir. Oh, if you mean scribbling, I do scribble some, for amusement.'

'What do you do with your scribbles?'

'Nothing, sir—throw them away.'

'Never send them to anybody?'

'No, sir.'

I suddenly thrust before him the letter to the Colonel. He started slightly, but immediately composed himself. A slight tinge spread itself over his cheek.

'How came you to send this piece of scribbling then?'

'I never meant any harm, sir.'

'Never meant any harm! You betray the armament and condition of the post, and mean no harm by it?'

He hung his head, and was silent.

'Come, speak up, and stop lying. Whom was this letter intended for?'

He showed signs of distress, now; but quickly collected himself, and replied, in a tone of deep earnestness:

'I will tell you the truth, sir—the whole truth. The letter was never intended for anybody at all. I wrote it only to amuse myself. I see the error and foolishness of it, now—but it is the only offence, sir, upon my honour.'

'Ah, I am glad of that. It is dangerous to be writing such letters. I hope you are sure this is the only one you wrote?'

'Yes, sir, perfectly sure.'

His hardihood was stupefying. He told that lie with as sincere a countenance as any creature ever wore. I waited a moment to smooth down my rising temper, and then said:

'Wicklow, jog your memory, now, and see if you can help me with two or three little matters which I wish to enquire about.'

'I will do my very best, sir.'

'Then, to begin with—who is "the Master"?'

It betrayed him into darting a startled glance at our faces—but that was all. He

was serene again in a moment, and tranquilly answered:

'I do not know, sir.'

'You do not know?'

'I do not know.'

'You are sure you do not know?'

He tried hard to keep his eyes on mine, but the strain was too great; his chin sank slowly toward his breast and he was silent: he stood there nervously fumbling with a button, an object to command one's pity, in spite of his base acts. Presently I broke the stillness with the question:

'Who are the "Holy Alliance"?'

His body shook visibly, and he made a slight random gesture with his hands, which to me was like the appeal of a despairing creature for compassion. But he made no sound. He continued to stand with his face bent toward the ground. As we sat gazing at him, waiting for him to speak, we saw the big tears begin to roll down his cheeks. But he remained silent. After a little, I said:

'You must answer me, my boy—and you must tell me the truth. Who are the Holy Alliance?'

He wept on in silence. Presently I said, somewhat sharply:

'Answer that question!'

He struggled to get command of his voice; and then, looking up appealingly, forced the words out between his sobs:

'Oh, have pity on me, sir. I cannot answer it, for I do not know.'

'What!'

'Indeed, sir, I am telling the truth. I never have heard of the Holy Alliance till this moment. On my honour, sir, this is so.'

'Good heavens! Look at this second letter of yours; there, do you see those words, "Holy Alliance!," What do you say now?'

He gazed up into my face with the hurt look of one upon whom a great wrong has been wrought, then said, feelingly:

'This is some cruel joke, sir, and how could they play it upon me, who have tried all I could to do right, and have never done harm to anybody! Some one has counterfeited my hand: I never wrote a line of this; I have never seen this letter before! Oh, you unspeakable liar! Here, what do you say to this?—and I snatched the sympathetic-ink letter from my pocket and thrust it before his eyes.'

His face turned white!—as white as a dead person's. He wavered slightly in his tracks, and put his hand against the wall to steady himself. After a moment he asked,

in so faint a voice that it was hardly audible:

'Have you—read it?'

Our faces must have answered the truth before my lips could get out the false 'yes,' for I distinctly saw the courage come back into that boy's eyes. I waited for him to say something, but he kept silent. So at last I said:

'Well, what have you to say as to the revelations in this letter?'

He answered with perfect composure:

'Nothing, except that they are entirely harmless and innocent; they can hurt nobody.'

I was in something of a corner now, as I couldn't disprove his assertion. I did not exactly know how to proceed. However, an idea came to my relief, and I said:

'You are sure you know nothing about the Master and the Holy Alliance, and did not write the letter, which you say is a forgery?'

'Yes, sir—sure.'

I slowly drew out the knotted twine string and held it up without speaking. He gazed at it indifferently, then looked at me inquiringly. My patience was sorely taxed. However, I kept my temper down, and said, in my usual voice:

'Wicklow, do you see this?'

'Yes, sir.'

'What is it?'

'It seems to be a piece of string.'

'Seems? It is a piece of string. Do you recognize it?'

'No, sir,' he replied, as calmly as the words could be uttered.

His coolness was perfectly wonderful! I paused now for several seconds, in order that the silence might add impressiveness to what I was about to say; then I rose and laid my hand on his shoulder, and said gravely:

'It will do you no good, poor boy, none in the world. This sign to the "Master," this knotted string, found in one of the guns on the water-front—'

'Found in the gun! Oh, no, no, no, do not say in the gun, but in a crack in the tompon!—it must have been in the crack!' and down he went on his knees and clasped his hands and lifted up a face that was pitiful to see, so ashy it was, and so wild with terror.

'No, it was in the gun.'

Oh, something has gone wrong! My God, I am lost! and he sprang up and darted this way and that, dodging the hands that were put out to catch him, and doing his best to escape from the place. But of course escape was impossible. Then he

flung himself on his knees again, crying with all his might, and clasped me around the legs: and so he clung to me and begged and pleaded, saying, 'Oh, have pity on me! Oh, be merciful to me! Do not betray me; they would not spare my life a moment! Protect me, save me. I will confess everything!'

It took us some time to quiet him down and modify his fright and get him into something like a rational frame of mind. Then I began to question him, he answering humbly, with downcast eyes, and from time to time swabbing away his constantly flowing tears.

'So you are at heart a rebel?'

'Yes, sir.'

'And a spy?'

'Yes, sir.'

'And have been acting under distinct orders from outside?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Willingly?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Gladly, perhaps?'

'Yes, sir; it would do no good to deny it. The South is my country; my heart is Southern, and it is all in her cause.'

'Then the tale you told me of your wrongs and the persecution of your family was made up for the occasion?'

'They—they told me to say it, sir.'

'And you would betray and destroy those who pitied and sheltered you. Do you comprehend how base you are, you poor misguided thing?'

He replied with sobs only.

'Well, let that pass. To business. Who is the "Colonel," and where is he?'

He began to cry hard, and tried to beg off from answering. He said he would be killed if he told. I threatened to put him in the dark cell and lock him up if he did not come out with the information. At the same time I promised to protect him from all harm if he made a clean breast. For all answer, he closed his mouth firmly and put on a stubborn air which I could not bring him out of. At last I started with him; but a single glance into the dark cell converted him. He broke into a passion of weeping and supplicating, and declared he would tell everything.

So I brought him back, and he named the 'Colonel,' and described him particularly. Said he would be found at the principal hotel in the town, in citizen's dress. I had to threaten him again before he would describe and name the 'Master.' Said the Master would be found at No. 15 Bond-street, New York, passing under the name of B. F. Gaylord. I telegraphed name and

description to the chief of police of the metropolis, and asked that Gaylord be arrested and held till I could send for him.

'Now,' said I, 'it seems that there are several of the conspirators "outside"—presumably in New London. Name and describe them.'

He named and described three men and two women—all stopping at the principal hotel. I sent out quietly, and had them and the 'Colonel' arrested and confined in the fort.

'Next, I want to know all about your three fellow-conspirators who are here in the fort.'

He was about to dodge me with a falsehood, I thought; but I produced the mysterious bits of paper which had been found on two of them, and this had a salutary effect upon him. I said we had possession of two of the men, but he must point out the third. This frightened him badly, and he cried out:

'Oh, please don't make me—he would kill me on the spot!'

I said that that was all nonsense; I would have somebody near by to protect him, and, besides, the men should be assembled without arms. I ordered all the raw recruits to be mustered, and then the poor trembling little wretch went out and stepped along down the line, trying to look as indifferent as possible. Finally he spoke a single word to one of the men, and before he had gone five steps the man was under arrest.

As soon as Wicklow was with us again, I had those three men brought in. I made one of them stand forward, and said:

'Now, Wicklow, mind, not a shade's divergence from the exact truth. Who is this man, and what do you know about him?'

Being 'in for it,' he cast consequences aside, fastened his eyes on the man's face, and spoke straight along without hesitation—to the following effect.

'His real name is George Bristow. He is from New Orleans; was second mate of the coast-packet Capitol, two years ago; is a desperate character, and has served two terms for manslaughter—one for killing a deck-hand named Hyde with a capstan-bar, and one for killing a roustabout for refusing to heave the lead—which is no part of a roustabout's business. He is a spy, and was sent here by the Colonel, to act in that capacity. He was third mate of the St. Nicholas, when she blew up in the neighbourhood of Memphis, in '58, and came near being lynched for robbing the dead and wounded while they were being taken ashore in an empty wood-boat.'

And so forth and so on—he gave the

man's biography in full. When he had finished, I said to the man:

'What have you to say to this?'

'Barring your presence, sir, it is the infernal lie that ever was spoke!'

I sent him back into confinement, and called the other forward in turn. Same result. The boy gave a detailed history of each, without hesitating for a word or a fact; but all I could get out of either rascal was the indignant assertion that it was all a lie. They would confess nothing. I returned them to captivity, and brought out the rest of my prisoners, one by one. Wicklow told all about them—what towns in the South they came from, and every detail of their connection with the conspiracy.

But they all denied his facts, and not one of them confessed a thing. The men raged, the women cried. According to their stories, they were all innocent people from out West, and loved the Union above all things in this world. I locked the gang up, in disgust, and fell to catechising Wicklow once more.

'Where is No. 166, and who is B. B. ?'

But there he was determined to draw the line. Neither coaxing nor threats had any effect upon him. Time was flying—it was necessary to institute sharp measures. So I tied him up a-tiptoe by the thumb. As the pain increased, it wrung screams from him which were almost more than I could bear. But I held my ground, and pretty soon he shrieked out:

'Oh, please let me down, I will tell!'

'No,—you'll tell before I let you down.'

Every instant was agony to him, now, as out it came:

'No. 166, Eagle Hotel!—naming a wretched tavern down by the water, a resort of common labourers, 'long-shoremens and less reputable folk.

So I released him, and then demanded to know the object of the conspiracy.

'To take the fort to-night,' said he, doggedly, and sobbing.

'Have I got all the chiefs of the conspiracy?'

'No. You've got all except those that are to meet in 166.'

'What does "Remember XXXX" mean?'

No reply.

'What is the pass-word to No. 166?'

No reply.

'What do those bunches of letters mean—"FFFFF" and "MMMMM"? Answer! or you will catch it again.'

'I never will answer! I will die first. Now do what you please.'

'Think what you are saying, Wicklow. Is it final?'

He answered steadily, and without a quiver in his voice :

'It is final. And as sure as I love my wronged country and hate everything this Northern sun shines on, I will die before I will reveal those things.'

I tried him up by the thumbs again. When the agony was full upon him, it was heart-breaking to hear the poor thing's shrieks—but we got nothing else out of him. To every question he screamed the same reply : 'I can die, and I will die ; but I will never talk.'

Well, we had to give it up. We were convinced that he certainly would die rather than confess. So we took him down and imprisoned him, under strict guard.

Then, for some hours, we busied ourselves with sending telegrams to the War Department and with making preparations for a march upon No. 166.

It was during times, that black and bitter nights.

Things had leaked out, and the whole garrison was on the alert. The sentinels were trebled, and nobody could move outside or in, without being brought to a stand with a musket levelled at his head. However, Webb and I were less concerned now than we had previously been, because of the fact that the conspiracy must necessarily be in a pretty crippled condition, since so many of its principals were in our clutches.

I determined to be at No. 166 in good season, capture and gag B. B., and be on hand for the rest when they arrived. At about a quarter past one in the morning, I crept out of the fortress with half a dozen stalwart and gamy U. S. regulars at my heels—and the boy Wicklow, with his hands tied behind him. I told him we were going to 166, and that if I found he had lied again and was misleading us, he would have to show us the right place or suffer the consequences.

We approached the tavern stealthily and reconnoitred. A light was burning in the small bar-room, the rest of the house was dark. I tried the front door ; it yielded, and we softly entered, closing the door behind us. Then we removed our shoes, and I led the way to the bar-room. The German landlord sat there, asleep in his chair. I woke him gently, and told him to take off his boots and precede us ; warning him at the same time to utter no sound. He obeyed without a murmur, but evidently he was badly frightened. I ordered him to lead the way to 166. We ascended two or three flights of stairs as softly as a file of cats ; and then having arrived near the farther end of a long hall, we came to a door through the

glazed transom of which we could discern the glow of a dim light from within. The landlord felt for me in the dark and whispered me that that was 166. I tried the door—it was locked on the inside. I whispered an order to one of my boldest soldiers ; we set our ample shoulders to the door and with one heave we burst it from its hinges. I caught a half glimpse of a figure in a bed—saw its head dart toward the candle ; out went the light, and we were in pitch darkness. With one big bound I lit on that bed and pinned its occupant down with my knees. My prisoner struggled fiercely, but I got a grip on his throat with my left hand, and that was a good assistance to my knees in holding him down. Then I snatched out my revolver, cocked it, and laid the cold barrel warningly against his cheek.

'Now, somebody strike a light!' said I. 'I've got him safe.'

It was done. The flame of the match burst up. I looked at my captive, and, by George, it was a young woman!

I let go and got off the bed, feeling pretty sheepish. Everybody stared stupidly at his neighbour. Nobody had any wit or sense left, so sudden and overwhelming had been the surprise. The young woman began to cry, and covered her face with the sheet. The landlord said, meekly :

'My daughter, she has been doing something that is not right, "nicht wahr?"'

'Your daughter? Is she your daughter?'

'Oh, yes, she is my daughter. She is just to-night come home from Cincinnati a little bit sick.'

'Confound it, that boy has lied again. This is not the right 166 ; this is not B. B. Now, Wicklow, you will find the correct 166 for us, or—hello ! where is that boy?'

Gone, as sure as guns ! and what is more, we failed to find a trace of him. Here was an awkward predicament. I cursed my stupidity in not tying him to one of the men ; but it was no use to bother about that now. What should I do under the present circumstances?—that was the question. That girl might be B. B. after all. I did not believe it, but still it would not answer to take unbelief for proof. So I finally put my men in a vacant room across the hall from 166, and told them to capture anybody and everybody that approached the girl's room, and to keep the landlord with them, and under strict watch, until further orders. Then I hurried back to the fort to see if all was right there yet.

Yes, all was right. And all remained right. I staid up all night to make sure of that. Nothing happened. I was unspeakably glad to see the dawn come again, and

be able to telegraph the Department that the Stars and Stripes still floated over Fort Trumbull.

An immense pressure was lifted from my breast. Still I did not relax vigilance, of course, nor effort either; the case was too grave for that. I had up my prisoners, one by one, and harried them by the hour, trying to get them to confess, but it was a failure. They only gnashed their teeth and tore their hair, and revealed nothing.

About noon came tidings of my missing boy. He had been seen on the road tramping westward, some eight miles out, at six in the morning. I started a cavalry lieutenant and a private on his track at once. They came in sight of him twenty miles out. He had climbed a fence and was wearily dragging himself across a slushy field toward a large old-fashioned mansion in the edge of a village. They rode through a bit of woods, made a detour, and closed up on the house from the opposite side; then dismounted and skurried into the kitchen. Nobody there. They slipped into the next room, which was also unoccupied; the door from that room into the front or sitting room was open. They were about to step through it when they heard a low voice; it was somebody praying. So they halted reverently, and the lieutenant put his head in and saw an old man and an old woman kneeling in a corner of that sitting-room. It was the old man that was praying, and just as he was finishing his prayer, the Wicklow boy opened the front door and stepped in. Both of those people sprang to him, smothering him with embraces, shouting:

"Our boy! our darling! God be praised. The lost is found! He that was dead is alive again!"

Well, sir, what do you think! That young imp was born and reared on that homestead, and had never been five miles away from it in all his life, till the fortnight before he loafed into my quarters and gulled me with that mandarin yarn of his! It's as true as gospel. That old man was his father—a leaped old retired clergyman; and that old lady was his mother.

Let me throw in a word or two of explanation concerning that boy and his performances. It turned out that he was a ravenous devourer of Dime Novels and Sensational Story Papers—therefore, dark mysterious and gaudy heroisms were just in his line. Then he had read newspaper reports of the stealthy goings and comings of rebel spies in our midst, and of their lurid purposes and their two or three startling achievements, till his imagination was all

afire on that subject. His constant comrade for some months had been a Yankee youth of much tongue and lively fancy, who had served for a couple of years as "mud clerk" (that is, subordinate purser) on certain of the packet-boats plying between New Orleans and points two or three hundred miles up the Mississippi—hence his easy faculty in handling the names and other details pertaining to that region. Now I had spent two or three months in that part of the country before the war; and I knew just enough about it to be easily taken in by that boy, whereas a born Louisianian would probably have caught him tripping before he had talked fifteen minutes.

Do you know the reason he said he would rather die than explain certain of his reasonable enigmas? Simply because he couldn't explain them!—they had no meaning; he had fired them out of his imagination without forethought or after-thought; and so, upon sudden call, he wasn't able to invent an explanation of them. For instance, he couldn't reveal what was hidden in the "sympathetic ink" letter, for the ample reason that there wasn't anything hidden in it; it was blank paper only. He hadn't put anything into a gun, and had never intended to—for his letters were all written to imaginary persons, when he hid one in the stable, he always removed the one he had put there the day before; so he was not acquainted with that knotted string, since he was seeing it for the first time when I showed it to him; but as soon as I had let him find out where it came from, he straightway adopted it, in his romantic fashion, and got some fine effects out of it. He invented Mr. "Gaylord;" there wasn't any 15 Bond-street just then—it had been pulled down three months before. He invented the "Colonel," he invented the glib histories of those unfortunates whom I captured and confronted with him, he invented "R. R.," he invented No. 108, one may say, for he didn't know there was such a number in the Eagle Hotel until he went there. He stood there ready to invent anybody or anything whenever it was wanted. If I called for 'outside' spies, he promptly described strangers whom he had seen at the hotel, and whose names he had happened to hear. Ah, he lived in a gorgeous, mysterious, romantic world during those few stirring days, and I think it was real to him, and that he enjoyed it clear down to the bottom of his heart.

But he made trouble enough for us—and just no end of humiliation. You see, on account of him we had fifteen or twenty peo-

ple under arrest and confinement in the fort, with sentinels before their doors. A lot of the captives were soldiers and such, and to them I didn't have to apologize; but the rest were first-class citizens, from all over the country, and no amount of apologies were sufficient to satisfy them. They just fumed and raged and made no end of trouble! And those two ladies—one was an Ohio Congressman's wife, the other a western bishop's sister—well, the scorn, and ridicule, and angry tears they poured out on me made up a keepee that was likely to make me remember them for a considerable time—and I shall. That old lame gentleman with the goggles was a college president from Philadelphia, who had come up to attend his nephew's funeral. He had never seen young Wicklow before, of course. Well, he not only missed the funeral, and

got jailed as a rebel spy, but Wicklow had stood up there in my quarters and coldly described him as a counterfeiter, nigger-trader, horse-thief, and fire-bug from the most notorious rascal-nest in Galveston; and this was a thing which that poor old gentleman couldn't seem to get over at all.

And the War Department! But, O my soul, let's draw the curtain over that part!

Nora.—I showed my manuscript to the Major, and he said: 'Your unfamiliarity with military matters has betrayed you into some little mistakes. Still, they are picturesque ones—let them go on; military men will smile at them, the rest won't detect them. You have got the main facts of the history right, and have set them down just about as they occurred.'

M. T.

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