SHORT STORIES FOR HIGH SCHOOLS

PLÉE-MILLER

ATLAS SERIES

SHORT STORIES

FOR

HIGH SCHOOLS

EDITED

WITH INTRODUCTION AND BIOGRAPHIES

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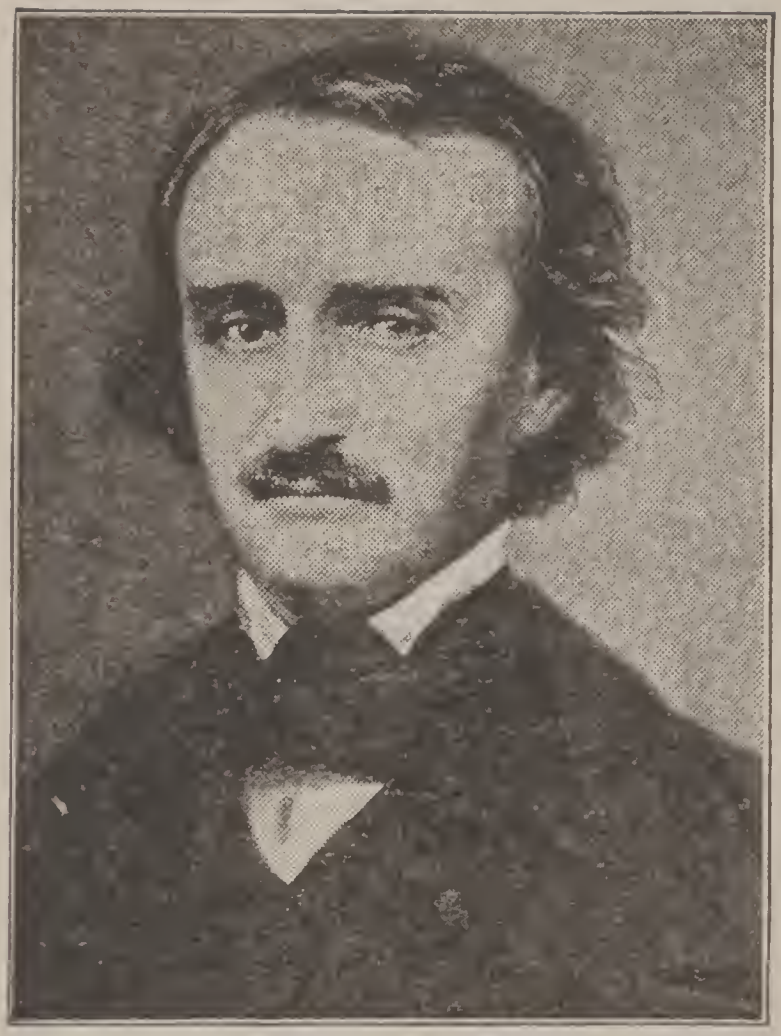

EDGAR ALLAN POE

"The great imaginative writer who has influenced French imaginative writers more deeply than any other foreign writer since Byron." —*Arnold Bennett.*

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INTRODUCTION

I

Purpose of the Book

The purpose in presenting this book is three-fold. Primarily it is to give the student the opportunity to become acquainted with certain writers of interest, and to arouse in him a desire to read other works of these authors. Second, it is to enable the student to appreciate, and thus enjoy, a type of story short in form, logical in development, complete in action, single in motive and impression. Finally, by choosing selections from representative writers of different periods, the editors hope to show the changes in growth of the modern short-story.

II

Development of the Short-Story

Except in technique, the short-story is not a new form of literature. In essentials it may be traced to its origin, the stories of the early savages told around their camp-fires,[1] and thus handed down. Because the stories were more or less true and treated of some of life's unities (lesser ones), they were the germ of the present short-story, which takes some one of the greater unities, some vital phase of life, and presents it with a serious motive and a well worked out technique, though often with no greater dramatic

1. R. L. Stevenson in *Vailima Letters.*

action. To these stories of savage times may be added some of the Old Testament narratives, the tales of the early Greeks and Romans, and, later, the Gesta Romanorum,[1] the Decameron,[2] the Canterbury Tales, and the numerous ballads of mediaeval fiction. In that they aim to tell a story effectively and contain some sort of plot, emotion, setting, situation, etc., these are not unlike the short-story.

The fifteenth and sixteenth centuries were less fertile for this form of expression. There arose the short-story essay introduced by Defoe, practiced by Steele and Addison, culminating in Goldsmith and Lamb. With these two men, its best promoters, this form of the essay ended, the natural result of the growth of technique which caused a divergence of the short-story proper from the essay form.

The short-story in its finished and distinct form is a product of the United States and France. It is not the purpose of this book, however, to trace its development in these countries. Relative to France it is sufficient merely to mention the names of Nodier, Gautier, Daudet, Coppée, Maupassant. In the United States, until the middle of the nineteenth century, the short-story existed in an incomplete form in tales by Irving and Hawthorne. It was brought to perfection and established by Poe (beginning with Berenice, 1835) as a special, self-sufficient, and complete form of literature.

1. A rude collection of various tales and anecdotes from all parts of the world.

2. A collection of 100 Novella written by Boccaccio. Today only forty of these are considered readable.

III

The Short-Story Defined

As we have seen, the short-story is an offspring of the simple narrative or tale. The chief point of difference is that, whereas the former emphasizes mere facts and the interesting sequence of incidents, the latter gives prominence to a situation, and makes facts important only as they are related to the climax.

The short-story as conceived by Poe was a sketch, with or without action, in which the effect as a whole was single. The more modern conception is that of a piece of action having both singleness of impression and unity of action, the one as obvious as the other. In either case, moreover, the action must have an increasing complication as the story progresses. This complication may be one of three types, resulting in a distinct type of story: complication of the struggle of man with the forces of external nature; struggle of man with man; conflict in man himself. In addition to complication, furthermore, the action must have setting (Kipling and Maupassant form), atmosphere (Poe form), background, characterization, narrative. Briefly, the short-story may be defined (if definition be possible) as a piece of composition which has dramatic complication, and which aims to present a phase of life in a brief, direct, compressed manner, with singleness of effect and completeness of impression.

IV

Classification of the Short-Story

The following classification is very simple. It includes only the five fundamental types which grow out of the different forms of complication, and from which all subdivisions arise.

I. Stories of Setting or Local Color.

Hamlin Garland: Up the Coulée.
R. L. Stevenson: Merry Men.
Guy de Maupassant: Moonlight.
Bret Harte: Stories in The Luck of Roaring Camp.
James Lane Allen: A Kentucky Cardinal.
Alphonse Daudet: The Stars.

II. Stories of Emotion.

a. *Love*

G. W. Aldrich: Marjorie Daw.
Alfred Tennyson: Enoch Arden.
Rudyard Kipling: The Courting of Dinah Shadd.
H. C. Bunner: The Love Letters of Smith.
Bible: The Book of Ruth.

b. *Pathos*

Rudyard Kipling: Baa Baa Black Sheep.
Guy de Maupassant: The Necklace.

Nathaniel Hawthorne: The Ambitious Guest.
Alphonse Daudet: The Last Class. Death of the Dauphin.

c. *Tragedy and Terror*

Edgar Allan Poe: The Black Cat; The Tell-Tale Heart.
Nathaniel Hawthorne: Ethan Brand.
Guy de Maupassant: The Coward.
Ouida (De la Ramé): A Leaf in the Storm.
Pedro Antonio de Alarcón: The French Sympathizer.

d. *Humour*

Alphonse Daudet: The Pope's Mule.
Charles Lamb: Dissertation on Roast Pig.
Frank Stockton: Our Fire-Screen.
H. C. Bunner: The Two Churches of Quawket.
O. Henry: Rose of Dixie.

III. Stories of Character.

R. L. Stevenson: A Lodging for the Night.
Ivan Turgenieff: A Lear of the Steppes.
Hamlin Garland: Up the Coulée.
François Coppée: The Captain's Vices; The Substitute.
Mary Wilkins Freeman: A Village Singer.
M. Tchekhov: On Trial.
Guy de Maupassant: A Piece of String.

IV. Psychological Stories.

Frank Stockton: The Lady or the Tiger.
R. L. Stevenson: Will o' the Mill; Markheim.
Guy de Maupassant: The Coward.
E. E. Hale: The Man without a Country.
Leonid Andreyev: The Dilemma.
Paul Bourget: The Disciple.

V. Stories of Adventure and Action.

Rudyard Kipling: The Man Who Would Be King.
Thomas Hardy: The Three Strangers.
R. L. Stevenson: The Sieur de Malétroit's Door.
Jack London: Building a Fire.
The Arabian Nights.

SHORT STORIES

THE KNIGHT'S TALE*

Paraphrased from Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales" by Edwin L. Miller

Theseus, duke of Athens, on his way home after conquering and wedding Ipolita, queen of the Amazons, was met, when almost at the gates of his own city, by a company of ladies, clad all in black, who knelt two by two in the highway and made a great cry and woe. When he enquired why they perturbed so his triumph with crying, the oldest lady of them all informed him that they were the widows of Theban noblemen who had been put to death by the tyrant Creon, who now held sway in that city and refused burial to the bodies of their slain lords. They prayed him therefore to ride forth to Thebes and take suitable vengeance on Creon. Their sorrow so sank into his heart that, without entering Athens or stopping even so much as half a day to take his ease, he set out for Thebes, fought and slew Creon, won and razed the city, and restored to the ladies the bones of their husbands that were slain.

After the battle and discomfiture, there were found, in a pile of dead, two young knights of royal blood, Palamon and Arcite. Both were grievously wounded

* The translations in this collection are original. The other stories have been taken from editions previous to 1891, and arranged by the editors.

and both were carried prisoners to Athens, where for several years they were confined, Theseus refusing all terms of ransom.

> "Thus passeth year by year and day by day
> 'Til it fell once upon a morn in May
> That Emelie, that fairer was to seene
> Than is the lily in her stalkës greene,
> And fresher than the May with flowres newe—
> For with the rose colour strof her hewe,

came before daybreak into the garden which adjoined the tower where the two noble kinsmen were confined. This Emelie was the sister of Queen Ipolita. It so chanced that, while she gathered flowers and "hevenly song," she was seen from his prison window by Palamon, who therewithal blent and cried "a!" as that he "strongen were unto the herte." When Arcite set his eyes upon her he too fell straightway in love; her beauty hurt him so

> "That if that Palamon is wounded sore
> Arcite is hurt as much as he, or more."

The result was a long and none too amiable argument between the two young gentlemen, in which Palamon maintained that he saw her first and that Arcite was therefore in honor bound to banish all thought of her from his mind, while Arcite took the ground that love has nothing to do with law or logic and declared that he would win Emelie if he could in spite of Palamon.

The best friend of Duk Theseus was Duk Perotheus, who "loved wel Arcite." At the prayer of Perotheus, Theseus finally released Arcite on condition

that, if he were ever caught in Attica, he with "a swerd should lese his heed." Far from being pleased with these arrangements, Arcite, because he could no longer see Emelie, declared that he must henceforth dwelle

"Nought in purgatorie, but in helle."

Palamon, on the other hand, was so fearful that his rival would come back with an army and win Emelie that the "grete tour resowneth of his yolling and clamour."

"Now loveyeres axe I this question,
'Who hath the worse, Arcite or Palamon?
That on may se his lady day by day,
But in prisoun he moote dwelle alway;
That other may wher him lust ryde or go,
But seen his lady shal he never mo.'"

Arcite, indeed, after his return to Thebes, sorrowed to such an extent that he waxed lean and dry as any shaft. When he had endured a year or two this cruel torment, one day he caught a great myrour

"And saugh that changed was al his colour."

He therefore ventured to go back under the name of Philostrate to Athens, where he had the good fortune to obtain service as page of the chamber of Emelie the bright. So well did he acquit himself in this capacity that Theseus made him squire, after a year or two, of his own chamber, and "three year in this wise his life he led."

Palamon meantime had languished seven years in prison. In the seventh year in May the third night soon after midnight by help of a friend, however, he

broke prison, and before day had hidden himself in a wood near Athens. When morning came,

> "The busy larke, messager of day,
> Saluteth in her song the morne gray,
> And fyry Phebus ryseth up so brighte
> That al the orient laugheth of the lighte."

Arcite, enchanted by the fairness of the day, rode out to do his observance to May and loud he sang "against the sone-scheene,"

> "May, with al thine floures and thy greene,
> Welcom be thou, wel faire freissche May."

But, as your lover is "now up, now doun, as boket in a welle," his joy was shortly followed by melancholy. He sat him down, as luck would have it, directly in front of the bushes where Palamon had hidden himself and cried:

> "Ye slen me with your eyhen, Emelie!"

This was too much for Palamon, who "quook for ire" and started up as he were mad out of the bushes thick, crying, "Arcite, false traitor wikke!" The upshot of the encounter was that they agreed the next day to fight it out there in the wood; and in the meantime Arcite, like the true knight that he was, brought his foe meat and drink and cloth for his bedding.

When they met to combat the next day, Palamon was in his fighting like a mad lion and like a cruel tiger was Arcite; but, as they contended up to their ankles in blood, their contest was interrupted by Duke Theseus, who, with Ipolita and Emelie, had ridden forth to hunt. On being discovered Palamon

begged him to give neither of them mercy or refuge, crying "Slay me first, for sacred charity, but slay my fellow too as well as me, or slay him first, for this is Arcite." At this Theseus waxed mightily wroth; but the queen, for very womanhood, began to weep, and so did Emelie, whereupon, as pity runneth soon in gentle heart, aslaked was his mood, and he said:

> "The god of love, a! *benedicite!*
> How mighty and how great a lord is he!
> Who may not be a fole, if that he love?

You know yourself that Emelie may not wed two. Therefore this day fifty weeks each of you shall bring a hundred knights to Athens, and the winner of the combat which we shall hold between them shall have Emelie to wife."

Both of the lovers acquiesced joyfully in this decision and set out to enlist knights for the tournament, while Theseus busied himself in building a theatre a mile in circumference, walled of stone, and dyched all about. Eastward above the gate there were an oratory and an altar in worship of Venus, westward such another in mind and memory of Mars, and northward in a turret on the walls a third in honor of Diana.

At the appointed time, for love and for increase of chivalry, there came to Athens with the rivals a great company of noble warriors. Two hours before daybreak, on the morning set for the contest, Palamon repaired to the east gate and prayed to Venus that he might win Emelie; the goddess gave a sign that assured him that his prayer was granted. At the

third hour up rose the sun and up rose Emelie, who at once went to the temple of Diana and begged the goddess that she might remain forever unwed, but was assured that she must marry one of her lovers; which the goddess would not tell. At the fourth hour Arcite betook himself to Mars, who assured him that he should be victorious.

Thereupon up rose in heaven such great strife between Venus, the goddess of love, and Mars, the stern god army-potent, that Jupiter was busy it to stent, until Saturn put an end to it by declaring that he knew a way to give Palamon his lady and yet allow Arcite to win the tournament. To make a long story short, though Palamon performed prodigies of valor in the combat, he was finally captured and adjudged loser; but, while Arcite was riding victorious about the lists, Saturn caused a fire infernal to frighten his horse, he was thrown violently, and so injured that, after lingering some days, he expired. Theseus, who loved him dearly, sought to comfort himself with this reflection:

> "This world nys but a thurghfare ful of woe,
> And we ben pilgrims passyng to and froe;
> Deth is an end of every worldly sore."

However, after he had caused the remains to be burned with great pomp, he called Palamon and Emelie to him, and commanded them to wed, justifying his decision on the ground that it is wisdom to "maken vertu of necessite."

> "And thus with blys and eek with melodye
> Hath Palamon y-wedded Emelie."

GEOFFREY CHAUCER, 1340-1400.

"One of the world's three or four great story tellers," and the father of our modern English language, was the son of a well-to-do London merchant. Though little is known of his schooling, the fact that a large part of his life was spent as page, valet, and squire at the court of Edward III, then the most brilliant prince in Europe, would indicate that he must have had a fair education. Furthermore, from his own lines we learn that he spent the nights at his books. When still but a youth he accompanied Edward in one of the Hundred Years' War expeditions into France, where he was taken prisoner and released only on a ransom paid from the royal treasury. Later, he made a number of important diplomatic visits to other countries, where he became acquainted with the most learned men of his time, and held several commercial posts for the crown. At forty, he was one of the greatest scholars of the day, a soldier, courtier, statesman, poet. At the age of fifty, he retired from public life and devoted himself to his greatest work—the *Canterbury Tales.* He died at Westminster. His body was the first to occupy a place in the Poets' Corner of the Abbey.

Chaucer's writings show the genial nature, the animation, gayety, yet withal sympathy, of the man himself. They are "illuminated" with kindly satire and mellow humor. The *Canterbury Tales* especially reveal dramatic power and skill in delineation. They give so vivid a picture of the people and scenes of five-hundred years ago that in reading them one feels himself in the very atmosphere of mediaeval England.

Besides the *Canterbury Tales,* the last and greatest of his works, Chaucer wrote a number of other poems. The best known are *The House of Fame, Legend of Good Women, Parlement of Fowls, Troilus and Cressida.*

Suggested Readings: *The Pardoner's Tale, The Prioress' Tale, The Clerk's Tale, The Man of Law's Tale, The Nun's Priest's Tale.*

ALI BABA; OR THE FORTY ROBBERS

In a town of Persia once lived two brothers, one named Cassim and the other Ali Baba. Their father had left his small property equally divided between them. Cassim married a rich wife and became a wealthy merchant. Ali Baba married a woman as poor as himself, and lived by cutting and selling wood.

One day in the forest, just as Ali Baba had finished cutting a load of wood, he noticed at a distance a great cloud of dust. On its nearer approach, he saw that it was due to a large number of horses mounted by men whom he suspected to be robbers. He at once hid himself in one of the trees so that he could watch what passed beneath. The troop of forty armed men rode near the tree and dismounted. They unbridled their horses and fed them, and took off their saddle-bags weighted as if filled with gold and silver. They then followed the captain through some shrubs to a rock which stood near Ali Baba's hiding-place. The captain said in a loud voice, "Open, Sesame!"[1] As soon as he had uttered the words, a door opened in the rock; and after he had made all his men enter before him, he followed them, when the door shut again of itself.

Although the robbers stayed for some time within, Ali Baba remained in the tree, not daring to move until they had come out and gone out of sight. Then, desirous of seeing whether the captain's words would

1. A small grain.

be as effective if he spoke them, he descended from the tree, and going up to the door hidden in the shrubs, said: "Open, Sesame!" At once the door flew open.

Instead of a dark, dismal cavern, Ali Baba was surprised to find a large room, well lighted from the top and containing all sorts of provisions, rich bales of silk, brocades, valuable carpeting, gold and silver ingots in great heaps, and money in bags.

Ali Baba went boldly into the cave; loaded his asses with bags of gold coin; and, covering the bags with sticks so that they would not be seen, returned to his home in town.

When he reached home, he secured the door of his house, and emptied out the gold before his wife, who was dazzled by its brightness. Then he told her of his adventure, at the same time warning her to keep it secret.

The wife wanted to count the gold, piece by piece, but Ali Baba said that he would dig a hole and bury it. "But let us know as nearly as possible how much we have," she replied. "I will borrow a small measure, and measure it, while you dig the hole."

Away she ran to the house of Cassim, who lived near by, and asked the loan of a measure. The sister in-law, knowing the property of Ali Baba, was curious to know what sort of grain his wife wanted to measure, and artfully put some suet in the bottom of the measure before giving it over to her. Ali Baba's wife went home and carefully measured the gold; then, to show her exactness and diligence to her sister-in-law, carried the measure back without noticing that a piece of gold had stuck to the bottom.

As soon as her sister-in-law had gone, Cassim's wife looked at the bottom of the measure, and with great surprise and envy found the piece of gold.

"What!" said she, "has Ali Baba gold in such quantities that he measures it!" Hence, when Cassim came home she said to him, "I know you think yourself rich, but Ali Baba is much richer. He does not count his money; he measures it." Cassim then asked her to explain, whereupon she told him how she had found it out, at the same time showing him the piece of money, which was so old they could not tell in what prince's reign it was coined.

Cassim, who had neglected his brother since his marriage, was very angry and envious when he heard this, and after a sleepless night, he rose early and went to his brother. "Ali Baba," said he, "you pretend to be miserably poor, and yet you measure gold. My wife found this at the bottom of the measure you borrowed yesterday."

Ali Baba perceived that through his own wife's folly, Cassim knew what they desired above all else to conceal. But he knew, too, that there was no use trying to conceal his good fortune; hence he confessed all, offering his brother part of the treasure to keep the secret.

"I expected as much," replied Cassim haughtily; "but I must know exactly where this treasure is, and how I may visit it myself when I choose; otherwise I will inform against you and then you will not only get no more, but will lose even all you have now."

Ali Baba told him all he desired to know, even

the words he was to use to gain admission into the cave.

Cassim arose the next morning long before the sun, and set out for the forest with ten mules bearing great chests which he intended to fill. He reached the rock in a short time, with little trouble found the entrance of the cavern, and standing before it pronounced the words, "Open, Sesame". The door at once opened, and, when he was inside, closed upon him. He entered quickly and brought as many bags of gold as he could carry to the door of the cavern; but his thoughts were so full of his new wealth that he could not think of the necessary words to make it open. Instead of "Sesame," he said, "Open, Barley," and was amazed to find the door remain shut. He named several sorts of grain, but still the door would not open.

Cassim had not expected such an incident, and was so frightened that the more he endeavored to remember the word "Sesame" the more confused his mind became. He had as much forgotten the word as if he had never heard it mentioned. He threw down the bags and walked distractedly up and down, regardless of the riches around about him.

About noon the robbers visited their cave. At some distance from it they saw Cassim's mules straggling about the rocks, and alarmed, they galloped at full speed to the cave.

Cassim heard the noise of the horses' feet, and, at once guessing that the robbers had come, resolved to make an effort to escape from them. As soon as he saw the door open, he rushed out and threw the

leader, but could not escape the other robbers, who with their sabres put him to death.

The first care of the robbers after this was to examine the cave. They found all the bags that Cassim had carried to the door, but did not miss what Ali Baba had carried away previously. To warn and terrify all others who might know their secret, and should attempt the same thing, they agreed to cut his body into four quarters, to hang two on one side and two on the other, within the door of the cave. This done, they mounted their horses and set out to attack the caravans they might meet on the road.

At night his wife became very uneasy when Cassim did not return. She ran to Ali Baba in alarm, saying that she feared some harm had come to him. Ali Baba comforted her with the thought that Cassim would not think it proper to enter the town until the night was pretty well advanced. During a wretched night Cassim's wife became more and more frightened and bitterly repented her curiosity. In the early day she went again to Ali Baba, weeping profusely.

Without waiting for her to ask him, Ali Baba set out with his three asses to seek for Cassim. He was seriously alarmed at finding blood spilt near the entrance of the cave, and took it for an ill omen; but when he had pronounced the words, and the door had opened, he was struck with horror at the dismal sight of his brother's quartered body. Laying the body on one of his asses, he covered it over with wood. The other two asses he loaded with bags of gold, covering them also with wood as before. Then bidding

the door shut, he came away, but was cautious enough to stop for a time at the end of the forest, that he might not go into the town until nightfall. When he reached home, he drove the two asses loaded with gold into his little yard for his wife to unload, while he led the other to his sister-in-law's house.

Ali Baba knocked at the door, which was opened by Morgiana, a clever slave, very tactful and able to overcome difficulties. When he came into the court, he unloaded the ass, and taking Morgiana aside, said:

"Mention to no one what I say to you. Your master's body is contained in these two bundles. We must bury him as if he had died a natural death. Go, tell your mistress. I can trust you to manage this for me."

They placed the body in Cassim's house. Ali Baba consoled the widow to the best of his ability and returned home.

At the same time Morgiana went out to a druggist and asked for a certain kind of lozenge used in the most dangerous disorders. The druggist inquired who was ill. She answered with a sigh, "My good master Cassim himself. He can neither eat nor speak." The next morning she went again to the druggist, and, with tears in her eyes, asked for an essence which they used to give sick people only as a last resort. "Alas!" said she, "I am afraid that even this remedy will have no effect, and that I shall lose my good master."

As all that day Ali Baba and his wife were seen going anxiously and sadly between their own house

and Cassim's, no one was surprised later in the day, to hear Cassim's wife shrieking, and Morgiana crying that her master was dead.

Early the next morning the tactful servant went to an old cobbler and, giving him a piece of gold, said: "Baba Mustapha, bring your sewing materials and follow me. I must not tell you where we are going and shall blindfold you when we reach a certain place."

Because of his honor, Baba Mustapha hesitated to go; but, when Morgiana had persuaded him that there was nothing to fear, and had put another gold piece into his hand he went with her. At a certain place she bound his eyes with a cloth and thus led him to her master's room, where she had put the body together.

"Baba Mustapha," she said, "you must quickly sew together the parts of this body, and when you have finished, I will give you more gold."

Morgiana kept her word, and, after blindfolding the old cobbler again, she took him to the place where she had first bound him, at the same time charging him with the utmost secrecy. She watched him until she could see him no longer, then returned home.

At Cassim's house she made all the preparations for the funeral with the assistance of the priest and other Mohammedan ministers. Then she followed in the procession to the burial, weeping and beating her breast. Meanwhile the widow of Cassim remained at home making doleful cries in company with her neighbors, who had come to mourn with her.

Thus no one knew of the manner of Cassim's death except his widow, Ali Baba, and Morgiana. A few days later Ali Baba moved to his sister-in-law's house, carrying under shelter of night the money he had taken from the cave. As for Cassim's warehouse, Ali Baba put it under the charge of his eldest son.

While all this was taking place, the forty robbers again visited their cave in the forest. They were amazed to find the quartered body gone, together with some of their bags of gold.

"We are certainly discovered," said the captain, "and if we do not find and kill the man who knows our secret, we shall gradually lose all our riches, if not our lives."

The robbers all agreed that the captain was right.

"Then," said the captain, "one of you, the most daring and skillful, must spy the town. To avoid any treachery, the man who undertakes the task and fails, shall pay dearly—even with his life."

Immediately one of the robbers said that he would submit to their condition, and consider it an honor thus to expose his life in the service of the troop.

The robber's courage won great praise from the captain and his comrades. He at once disguised himself, went into the town, and, walked up and down, till by chance he came to Baba Mustapha's stall.

The old cobbler was seated on his bench, about to begin his day's work. The robber thus addressed him:

"Honest man, you begin to work very early; how is it possible that one of your age can see so well? I

question whether you could see to stitch even if it were lighter.''

''Though I am old, I have excellent eyes,'' replied the cobbler. ''I sewed a dead body together in a place where I had less light than I have now.''

''A dead body!'' exclaimed the robber, with apparent amazement.

''Yes, indeed,'' answered Baba Mustapha; ''but I will tell you no more.''

''I do not want to learn your secret, but I should like to be shown the house where this extraordinary thing was done.''

The robber put a piece of gold into the cobbler's hand.

''I could not do that, even if I were so disposed, for I was led to the house blindfolded, and later led from it in the same manner.''

''Well,'' replied the robber, ''you may remember a little of the way, even if you were blindfolded. Come, let me blind your eyes at the same place. We will walk together. There is another piece of gold for you.''

This proved too great a temptation to Baba Mustapha, who finally said that he would try to find the way. They soon reached the place where Morgiana had blindfolded him. Here the robber bound his eyes with a handkerchief, and the two walked on till the cobbler said:

''I think I went no farther.''

He had stopped in front of Cassim's house, where Ali Baba now lived. The thief unbound the cob-

bler's eyes, but he was unable to tell whose house it was. Finding that he could learn no more from his guide, he let him go back to his work; then he marked the door with a piece of chalk and returned to the forest.

Shortly after the two had gone, Morgiana came out of the house on some errand. Upon returning she saw the chalk mark on the door and stopped to examine it.

"What can be the meaning of this?" she said to herself. "Somebody intends harm to my master, but I will guard against the worst." Whereupon, she fetched a piece of chalk, and marked two or three doors on each side, in the same manner, saying nothing to her master or mistress.

When the thief reached his comrades in the forest, he reported his good fortune in meeting the cobbler, and the success of his adventure.

The captain at once urged them to set off for the town, well armed and disguised, and watch for an opportunity of slaying their enemy. This they did; but, when they came to the house which the spy had marked, they found the neighboring houses marked in the same way. The guide was much confused and could not explain, though he tried to convince his companions that he had marked but one. As he did not know, either, where the cobbler lived, there was nothing to do but to return to the forest, where the false guide was put to death.

Then another of their gang offered to find their enemy. He, too, found Baba Mustapha and in like

manner was led to the door of Cassim's house. He more cautiously marked the door with red chalk, but in a less conspicuous place.

But Morgiana's quick eyes detected this, and, as before, she marked the other houses near by in the same manner.

Again the robbers entered the town; and again the robbers could not distinguish the house. The captain in a rage led his men back to the forest, where the second offender gave himself up to death.

The captain, feeling that he could not afford to lose any more of his men, decided to undertake the task himself. Like the others, he was led to the house by Baba Mustapha. He studied the house carefully until it was impressed upon his mind. He then returned to the forest and thus spoke to his companions:

"Nothing now can prevent our full revenge. On the way there I thought out a plan."

He then lay his plan before them, and, as they approved of it, he ordered them to go into the village near and buy nineteen mules, with thirty-eight large leather jars, one full of oil, the others empty. The men did as they were ordered, and within two or three days, all preparations having been made, the nineteen mules were loaded with thirty-seven robbers in jars, and the jar of oil. The captain acted as their driver. They reached the town just at nightfall, as they had planned. As they approached Ali Baba's door, they found him sitting there taking the fresh air after his supper. The captain stopped his mules and said:

"I have brought some oil a great way, to sell at to-morrow's market; and it is so late I do not know where to lodge. Will you allow me to pass the night with you?"

Ali Baba did not recognize the captain in his disguise of oil-merchant, and bade him welcome. He gave directions for the care of the mules and called Morgiana to give his guest a good supper. He then retired to rest.

Meanwhile, the captain of the robbers slipped into the yard where his jars had been placed for the night, and passing from one jar to another, he took off the lids, and told each robber that as soon as he threw some stones out of his window, they were not to fail to come out of the jars, and he would immediately join them. He then retired to his chamber, put out his light, and laid himself down in his clothes.

The same night, while Morgiana was getting some food ready for breakfast, the lamp went out. As there was no more oil in the house, nor any candles, she did not know what to do. Abdalla, a slave, told her to go into the yard and take some oil out of the jars. She thanked the slave for the advice, took the oil-pot, and went into the yard. When she came near the first jar, the robber within said softly: "Is it time?"

Naturally Morgiana was much surprised to find a man in the jar instead of the oil, but she at once made up her mind that she must keep silent, and lose no time if Ali Baba and the family were to escape danger. So she went from jar to jar, giving the same answer,

"Not yet, but presently." At last she came to the oil-jar, filled her oil-pot, and returned to the kitchen. She then lighted her lamps, took a great kettle and filled it with oil from the oil-jar, set it on a large wood-fire, and as soon as it boiled poured enough into each jar to stifle and destroy the robber within.

When this deed was done (a deed worthy of the courage of Morgiana), without any noise, as she had planned, she returned to the kitchen, put out the great fire, leaving only enough to make the broth for breakfast. Then, determined not to go to rest until she had seen what would go on, through the window, she sat down in silence to watch.

She had not long to wait before the captain gave the signal by throwing some little stones upon the jars. Receiving no response, he repeated the signal two or three times. Much alarmed, he descended into the yard, and looking into the jars, one by one, he discovered that all his companions were dead. He at once knew that his plot had been found out; hence, enraged with despair because his plans had been frustrated, he forced the lock of a door leading from the yard, and made his escape. Morgiana then went to bed, well pleased with her success.

Ali Baba arose before day and went to the baths, ignorant of what had happened during the night. When he returned later, he was surprised to see the oil-jars and to find the mules still in the stables. Upon asking Morgiana the reason of it, she replied:

"My good master, God preserve you and all your family; you will know better if you will follow me."

Ali Baba followed her to the first jar, where she asked him to see if there was any oil. He looked in, but, upon seeing a man, started back in alarm.

"Do not be afraid," said Morgiana, "that man can do neither you nor anybody else any harm. He is dead. Now look into the other jars."

Ali Baba did as directed; and when he came to the sunken oil-jar at the end, he stood silent, looking alternately at the jars and at Morgiana with an amazed expression on his face. At last he could speak. "And what is become of the merchant?"

"Merchant!" answered the girl; "he is as much one as I am."

She then told him all that had happened from the first chalk mark to the destruction of the robbers and the flight of the captain.

Ali Baba was overwhelmed. "You have saved my life," he said. "I give you your liberty until I can further reward you."

At the end of the garden, Ali Baba and his slave Abdalla dug a trench large enough to hold the bodies of the robbers. Afterwards they hid the jars and weapons, and gradually sold the mules in the market.

The captain of the forty robbers, who had returned to the cave, found life very miserable and lonely and unendurable. So he set himself to bring about the death of Ali Baba. In order to carry out his new plans, he returned to town disguised as a silk merchant and took a shop which happened to be opposite Cassim's, where the son of Ali Baba now lived. He filled his shops with many fine silks and rich stuffs,

and sold them under the assumed name of Cogia Houssain. He was very civil to the merchants near him, and, having by chance discovered who his opposite neighbor was, he endeavored to win his good opinion and friendship.

As Ali Baba's son did not like to be indebted to his neighbor, he requested his father to invite the new merchant to dinner. The request was carried out, though at first the merchant hesitated as if to excuse himself. He gave as his reason that, as he had made a vow to abstain from salt, he hardly liked to sit at their table for that reason.

"That need not trouble you," answered Ali Baba. "I will bid the cook put no salt in anything she is cooking for the dinner."

Morgiana was greatly surprised at these orders and expressed a desire to see this peculiar man. To this end, she helped Abdalla carry up the dishes, and, as soon as she saw Cogia Houssain, recognized him as the captain of the robbers. Upon close observation, she discovered a dagger under his garment. Then Morgiana understood why the merchant would eat no salt with Ali Baba. He intended to kill him. But the faithful servant, resolving to save Ali Baba from fresh danger, made up her mind to a daring expedient. She went to her room, dressed herself as a dancer, put on a handsome mask, and fastened a silver trimmed girdle around her waist, from which hung a dagger. When supper was over she said to Abdalla:

"Fetch your tabor and let us divert our master and his guest."

They presented themselves to their master, and Morgiana was bidden to dance. She commenced to move gracefully about, while Abdalla played on his tabor. Naturally a good dancer, she outdid herself on this occasion in graceful and fantastic motions. Cogia Houssain watched, fascinated, but feared that he would have no opportunity to carry out his fell purpose. After Morgiana had danced for some time, she approached Cogia Houssain, who, when he saw her coming toward him, took from his bosom a purse of money, intending to give her a trifle. As he did so, she swept round and buried her dagger in his heart.

"Unhappy wretch!" exclaimed Ali Baba, shocked at the deed, "what have you done to ruin me and my family?"

"It was to preserve, not to ruin you," answered Morgiana. "See here," she continued, opening Cogia Houssain's garment and showing the dagger, "what an enemy was your guest. He is none other than the pretended oil-merchant and the captain of the forty robbers. When you told me he would eat no salt with you, I grew suspicious, and upon seeing him, I knew. What more would you have to persuade you?"

Ali Baba embraced her, and said: "Twice have you saved my life. The first time I gave you your liberty and promised that I would some day give you further proofs of my gratitude. This I now do by making you my daughter-in-law." Then turning to his son, "I believe you will not refuse Morgiana for your wife, for she has saved both my family and yours."

The son readily consented to his father's wishes, for they coincided with his own. As soon as the body of the captain was secretly buried, Ali Baba celebrated the marriage of his son and Morgiana with great ceremony.

Fearing that the other two robbers were still alive, Ali Baba did not visit the robbers' cave for a year. At the end of that time, finding that they did not seek to disturb him, he made another journey to the forest, went to the cave door and pronounced the words, "Open, Sesame." The door opened, and, from the appearance of the cave, he saw that no one had been there since the captain's last visit, and concluded that he alone knew the secret of the place. From this time he used as much of the gold as he needed. Later he took his son to the cave, and told him the secret, which he in turn handed down in the family. All used their good fortune wisely, and lived in great honor and splendor.

The Arabian Nights.

The Arabian Nights is a collection of nearly 300 oriental tales of unknown authorship, dating from the eighth century to the sixteenth and translated into the French, 1704, thence into the English, 1724. They are now found in all the principal languages of Europe and Asia, and their influence is felt in modern literature. In substance they express Eastern thought and manners; and, though they aim only to please and entertain the fancy, they display both wisdom and a knowledge of human nature.

Suggested Readings: *The Story of Abou Hassan, or the Sleeper Awakened; The Story of the Three Sisters; The Story of Sinbad the Sailor; The Story of Aladdin, or the Wonderful Lamp; The Story of Baba Abdallo.*

THE STORY OF HILPA AND SHALUM

Hilpa was one of the hundred and fifty daughters of Zilpa, of the race of Cohu, by whom some of the learned think is meant Cain. She was exceedingly beautiful; and, when she was but a girl of threescore and ten years of age, received the addresses of several who made love to her. Among these were two brothers, Harpath and Shalum. Harpath being the first-born, was master of that fruitful region which lies at the foot of mount Tirzah, in the southern parts of China. Shalum (which is to say the planter, in the Chinese language) possessed all the neighboring hills, and that great range of mountains which goes under the name of Tirzah. Harpath was of a haughty, contemptuous spirit; Shalum was of a gentle disposition, beloved both by God and man.

It is said that among the antediluvian women, the daughters of Cohu had their minds wholly set upon riches; for which reason the beautiful Hilpa preferred Harpath to Shalum, because of his numerous flocks and herds, that covered all the low country which runs along the foot of mount Tirzah, and is watered by several fountains and streams breaking out of the sides of that mountain.

Harpath made so quick a despatch of his courtship, that he married Hilpa in the hundredth year of her age; and, being of an insolent temper, laughed to scorn his brother Shalum for having pretended to the

beautiful Hilpa, when he was master of nothing but a long chain of rocks and mountains. This so much provoked Shalum, that he is said to have cursed his brother in the bitterness of his heart, and to have prayed that one of his mountains might fall upon his head if ever he came within the shadow of it.

From this time forward Harpath would never venture out of the valleys, but came to an untimely end in the two hundred and fiftieth year of his age, being drowned in a river as he attempted to cross it. This river is called to this day, from his name who perished in it, the river Harpath; and, what is very remarkable, issues out of one of those mountains which Shalum wished might fall upon his brother, when he cursed him in the bitterness of his heart.

Hilpa was in the hundred and sixtieth year of her age at the death of her husband, having brought him but fifty children before he was snatched away, as has been already related. Many of the antediluvians made love to the young widow; though no one was thought so likely to succeed in her affections as her first lover Shalum, who renewed his court to her about ten years after the death of Harpath; for it was not thought decent in those days that a widow should be seen by a man within ten years after the decease of her husband.

Shalum, falling into a deep melancholy, and resolving to take away that objection which had been raised against him when he made his first addresses to Hilpa, began, immediately after her marriage with Harpath, to plant all that mountainous region which

fell to his lot in the division of this country. He knew how to adapt every plant to its proper soil, and is thought to have inherited many traditional secrets of that art from the first man. This employment turned at length to his profit as well as to his amusement: his mountains were in a few years shaded with young trees, that gradually shot up into groves, woods, and forests, intermixed with walks, and lawns, and gardens; insomuch that the whole region, from a naked and desolate prospect, began now to look like a second Paradise. The pleasantness of the place, and the agreeable disposition of Shalum, who was reckoned one of the mildest and wisest of all who lived before the flood, drew into it multitudes of people, who were perpetually employed in the sinking of wells, the digging of trenches, and the hollowing of trees, for the better distribution of water through every part of this spacious plantation.

The habitations of Shalum looked every year more beautiful in the eyes of Hilpa, who, after the space of seventy autumns, was wonderfully pleased with the distant prospect of Shalum's hills, which were then covered with innumerable tufts of trees and gloomy scenes, that gave a magnificence to the place, and converted it into one of the finest landscapes the eye of man could behold.

The Chinese record a letter which Shalum is said to have written to Hilpa in the eleventh year of her widowhood. I shall here translate it, without departing from that noble simplicity of sentiments and plainness of manners which appear in the original.

Shalum was at this time one hundred and eighty years old, and Hilpa one hundred and seventy.

"I, Shalum, Master of Mount Tirzah, to Hilpa, Mistress of the Valleys.

In the 788th year of the creation.

"What have I not suffered, O thou daughter of Zilpa, since thou gavest thyself away in marriage to my rival? I grew weary of the light of the sun, and have been ever since covering myself with woods and forests. These three score and ten years have I bewailed the loss of thee on the top of mount Tirzah, and soothed my melancholy among a thousand gloomy shades of my own raising. My dwellings are at present as the garden of God; every part of them is filled with fruits, and flowers, and fountains. The whole mountain is perfumed for thy reception. Come up into it, O my beloved, and let us people this spot of the new world with a beautiful race of mortals; let us multiply exceedingly among these delightful shades, and fill every quarter of them with sons and daughters. Remember, O thou daughter of Zilpah, that the age of man is but a thousand years; that beauty is the admiration but of a few centuries. It flourishes as a mountain oak, or as a cedar on the top of Tirzah, which in three or four hundred years will fade away, and never be thought of by posterity, unless a young wood springs from its roots. Think well on this, and remember thy neighbor in the mountains."

The Sequel of the Story of Shalum and Hilpa

The letter had so good an effect upon Hilpa, that she answered it in less than twelve months, after the following manner:

"Hilpa, Mistress of the Valleys, to Shalum,
Master of Mount Tirzah.
In the 789th year of the creation.

"What have I to do with thee, O Shalum? Thou praiseth Hilpa's beauty, but art thou not secretly enamoured with the verdure of her meadows? Art thou not more affected with the prospect of her green valleys than thou wouldest be with the sight of her person? The lowings of my herds and the bleatings of my flocks make a pleasant echo in thy mountains, and sound sweetly in thy ears. What though I am delighted with the waving of thy forests, and those breezes of perfumes which flow from the top of Tirzah, are these like the riches of the valley?

"I know thee, O Shalum; thou art more wise and happy than any of the sons of men. Thy dwellings are among the cedars; thou searchest out the diversity of soils, thou understandest the influences of the stars, and markest the change of seasons. Can a woman appear lovely in the eyes of such a one? Disquiet me not, O Shalum; let me alone, that I may enjoy those goodly possessions which are fallen to my lot. Win me not by thy enticing words. May thy trees increase and multiply; mayest thou add wood to wood, and shade to shade; but tempt not Hilpa

to destroy thy solitude, and make thy retirement populous.''

The Chinese say that a little time afterwards she accepted of a treat in one of the neighboring hills to which Shalum had invited her. This treat lasted for two years, and is said to have cost Shalum five hundred antelopes, two thousand ostriches, and a thousand tuns of milk; but what most of all recommended it, was that variety of delicious fruits and pot-herbs, in which no person then living could any way equal Shalum.

He treated her in the bower which he had planted amidst the wood of nightingales. This wood was made up of such fruit-trees and plants as are most agreeable to the several kinds of singing birds; so that it had drawn into it all the music of the country, and was filled from one end of the year to the other with the most agreeable concert in season.

He showed her every day some beautiful and surprising scene in this new region of woodlands; and, as by this means he had all the opportunities he could wish for of opening his mind to her, he succeeded so well that, upon her departure, she made him a kind of promise, and gave him her word to return him a positive answer in less than fifty years.

She had not been long among her own people in the valleys, when she received new overtures, and at the same time a most splendid visit from Mishpach, who was a mighty man of old, and had built a great city, which he called after his own name. Every house was made for at least a thousand years; nay, there

were some that were leased out for three lives; so that the quantity of stone and timber consumed in this building is scarce to be imagined by those who live in the present age of the world. This great man entertained her with the voice of musical instruments which had been lately invented, and danced before her to the sound of the timbrel. He also presented her with several domestic utensils wrought in brass and iron, which had been newly found out for the convenience of life. In the meantime Shalum grew very uneasy with himself, and was sorely displeased at Hilpa for the reception which she had given to Mishpach, insomuch that he never wrote to her or spoke of her during a whole revolution of Saturn; but, finding that this intercourse went no further than a visit, he again renewed his addresses to her; who, during his long silence, is said very often to have cast a wishing eye upon mount Tirzah.

Her mind continued wavering about twenty years longer between Shalum and Mishpach; for, though her inclinations favored the former, her interest pleaded very powerfully for the other. While her heart was in this unsettled condition, the following accident happened, which determined her choice. A high tower of wood that stood in the city of Mishpach having caught fire by a flash of lightning, in a few days reduced the whole town to ashes. Mishpach resolved to rebuild the place whatever it should cost him; and, having already destroyed all the timber of the country, he was forced to have recourse to Shalum, whose forests were now two hundred years old. He pur-

chased these woods with so many herds of cattle and flocks of sheep, and with such a vast extent of fields and pastures, that Shalum was now grown more wealthy than Mishpach; and therefore appeared so charming in the eyes of Zilpah's daughter, that she no longer refused him in marriage. On the day in which he brought her up into the mountains, he raised a most prodigious pile of cedar, and of every sweet-smelling wood, which reached above three hundred cubits in height. He also cast into the pile bundles of myrrh and sheaves of spikenard, enriching it with every spicy shrub, and making it fat with the gums of his plantations. This was the burnt-offering which Shalum offered in the day of his espousals: the smoke of it ascended up to heaven, and filled the whole country with incense and perfume.

JOSEPH ADDISON, 1612-1719.

Joseph Addison, essayist, poet, journalist, scholar, statesman, social reformer, the man whose brightness was conspicuous even in the brilliant age of Queen Anne, was the son of an English clergyman. After graduating from Oxford he made a continental tour in order to prepare himself for State diplomatic service, and to improve his social and literary tastes. During his political career he was twice secretary to the lord-lieutenant of Ireland, a Member of Parliament, and Secretary of State. The last position was the result of his popularity, unquestionable honor, and literary fame. Later, he resigned the position, accepted a pension, and retired to a literary occupation. He died at Kensington.

Though not a great critic, Addison was a "representative" one. Moreover, he did much, probably more than any other man of his time, toward creating a wide and appreciative

public for literature. His most interesting productions were the critical and reflective essays and sketches in the *Tatler* and *Spectator*. His topics were of innumerable variety and of moral tone. A large number were good-humoured satires on social peculiarities and on human character. Like Shakespeare's plays, they were a mirror in which the world might see itself.

Addison's English was pure and elegant; his style light and gay, yet dignified; his philosophy sufficient to attract and interest various types of mind. The most famous criticism of him is that offered by Dr. Johnson: "Whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison".

Suggested Readings: *Sir Roger de Coverly Papers, The Vision of Mirza, The Frozen Words, Constantia and Theodosius.*

A DISSERTATION UPON ROAST PIG

Mankind, says a Chinese manuscript, which my friend M. was obliging enough to read and explain to me, for the first seventy thousand ages ate their meat raw, clawing or biting it from the living animal, just as they do in Abyssinia to this day. This period is not obscurely hinted at by their great Confucius in the second chapter of his Mundane Mutations, where he designates a kind of golden age by the term Cho-fang, literally the Cooks' Holiday. The manuscript goes on to say, that the art of roasting, or rather broiling (which I take to be the elder brother), was accidentally discovered in the manner following: The swine-herd, Ho-ti, having gone out into the woods one morning, as his manner was, to collect mast for his hogs, left his cottage in the care of his eldest son Bo-bo, a great lubberly boy, who, being fond of playing with fire, as younkers of his age commonly are, let some sparks escape into a bundle of straw, which, kindling quickly, spread the conflagration over every part of their poor mansion, till it was reduced to ashes. Together with the cottage (a sorry antediluvian makeshift of a building, you may think it), what was of much more importance, a fine litter of new-farrowed pigs, no less than nine in number, perished. China pigs have been esteemed a luxury all over the East, from the remotest period that we read of. Bo-bo was in the utmost consternation, as you may think, not so much for the sake of the tenement,

which his father and he could easily build up again with a few dry branches, and the labor of an hour or two, at any time, as for the loss of the pigs. While he was thinking what he should say to his father, and wringing his hands over the smoking remnants of one of those untimely sufferers, an odor assailed his nostrils, unlike any scent which he had before experienced. What could it proceed from?—not from the burnt cottage—he had smelt that smell before—indeed, this was by no means the first accident of the kind which had occurred through the negligence of this unlucky young firebrand. Much less did it resemble that of any known herb, weed, or flower. A premonitory moistening at the same time overflowed his nether lip. He knew not what to think. He next stooped down to feel the pig, if there were any signs of life in it. He burnt his fingers, and to cool them he applied them in his booby fashion to his mouth. Some of the crumbs of the scorched skin had come away with his fingers, and for the first time in his life (in the world's life indeed, for before him no man had known it) he tasted—*crackling!* Again he felt and fumbled at the pig. It did not burn him so much now; still he licked his fingers from a sort of habit. The truth at length broke into his slow understanding, that it was the pig that smelt so, and the pig that tasted so delicious; and, surrendering himself up to the new-born pleasure, he fell to tearing up whole handfuls of the scorched skin with the flesh next it, and was cramming it down his throat in his beastly fashion, when his sire entered

amid the smoking rafters, armed with retributory cudgel, and finding how affairs stood, began to rain blows upon the young rogue's shoulders, as thick as hail-stones, which Bo-bo heeded not any more than if they had been flies. The tickling pleasure, which he experienced in his lower regions, had rendered him quite callous to any inconveniences he might feel in those remote quarters. His father might lay on, but he could not beat him from his pig, till he had fairly made an end of it, when, becoming a little more sensible of his situation, something like the following dialogue ensued:

"You graceless whelp, what have you got there devouring? Is it not enough that you have burnt me down three houses with your dog's tricks, and be hanged to you! but you must be eating fire, and I know not what. What have you got there, I say?"

"O father, the pig, the pig! do come and taste how nice the burnt pig eats."

The ears of Ho-ti tingled with horror. He cursed his son, and he cursed himself that ever he should beget a son that should eat burnt pig.

Bo-bo, whose scent was wonderfully sharpened since morning, soon raked out another pig, and fairly rending it asunder, thrust the lesser half by main force into the fists of Ho-ti, still shouting out, "Eat, eat, eat the burnt pig, father, only taste, O Lord!"—with such-like barbarous ejaculations, cramming all the while as if he would choke.

Ho-ti trembled in every joint while he grasped the

abominable thing, wavering whether he should not put his son to death for an unnatural young monster, when the crackling scorching his fingers, as it had done his son's, and applying the same remedy to them, he in his turn tasted some of its flavor, which, make what sour mouths he would for a pretence, proved not altogether displeasing to him. In conclusion (for the manuscript here is a little tedious), both father and son fairly sat down to the mess, and never left off till they had dispatched all that remained of the litter.

Bo-bo was strictly enjoined not to let the secret escape, for the neighbors would certainly have stoned them for a couple of abominable wretches, who could think of improving upon the good meat which God had sent them. Nevertheless, strange stories got about. It was observed that Ho-ti's cottage was burnt down now more frequently than ever. Nothing but fires from this time forward. Some would break out in broad day, others in the night-time. As often as the sow farrowed, so sure was the house of Ho-ti to be in a blaze; and Ho-ti himself, which was the more remarkable, instead of chastising his son, seemed to grow more indulgent to him than ever. At length they were watched, the terrible mystery discovered, and father and son summoned to take their trial at Pekin, then an inconsiderable assize town. Evidence was given, the obnoxious food itself produced in court, and verdict about to be pronounced, when the foreman of the jury begged that some of the burnt pig, of which the culprits stood accused, might be

handed into the box. He handled it, and they all handled it; and burning their fingers, as Bo-bo and his father had done before them, and nature prompting to each of them the same remedy, against the face of all the facts, and the clearest charge which judge had ever given,—to the surprise of the whole court, townsfolk, strangers, reporters, and all present,—without leaving the box, or any manner of consultation whatever, they brought in a simultaneous verdict of Not Guilty.

The judge, who was a shrewd fellow, winked at the manifest iniquity of the decision; and, when the court was dismissed, went privily and bought up all the pigs that could be had for love or money. In a few days his Lordship's town-house was observed to be on fire. The thing took wing, and now there was nothing to be seen but fire in every direction. Fuel and pigs grew enormously dear all over the district. The insurance-offices one and all shut up shop. People built slighter and slighter every day, until it was feared that the very science of architecture would in no long time be lost to the world. Thus the custom of firing houses continued, till in process of time, says my manuscript, a sage arose, like our Locke, who made a discovery, that the flesh of swine, or indeed of any other animal, might be cooked (*burnt*, as they called it) without the necessity of consuming a whole house to dress it. Then first began the rude form of a gridiron. Roasting by the string or spit came in a century or two later; I forget in whose dynasty. By such slow degrees, concludes the manuscript, do the most useful,

and seemingly the most obvious, arts make their way among mankind.

Without placing too implicit faith in the account above given, it must be agreed that, if a worthy pretext for so dangerous an experiment as setting houses on fire (especially in these days) could be assigned in favor of any culinary object, that pretext and excuse might be found in ROAST PIG.

Of all the delicacies in the whole *mundus edibilis,*[1] I will maintain it to be the most delicate—*princeps obsoniorum.*[2]

I speak not of your grown porkers—things between pig and pork—those hobbledehoys—but a young and tender suckling—under a moon old—guiltless as yet of the sty—with no original speck of the *amor immunditiae,*[3] the hereditary failing of the first parent, yet manifest—his voice as yet not broken, but something between a childish treble and a grumble—the mild forerunner or *præludium* of a grunt.

He must be roasted. I am not ignorant that our ancestors ate them seethed, or boiled—but what a sacrifice of the exterior tegument!

There is no flavor comparable, I will contend, to that of the crisp, tawny, well-watched, not overroasted, *crackling,* as it is well called,—the very teeth are invited to their share of the pleasure at this banquet in overcoming the coy, brittle resistance—with the adhesive oleaginous—O call it not fat! but an indefinable sweetness growing up to it—the ten-

1. World of eatables.
2. Foremost of viands.
3. Love of uncleanness.

der blossoming of fat—fat cropped in the bud—taken in the shoot—in the first innocence—the cream and quintessence of the child-pig's yet pure food—the lean, no lean, but a kind of animal manna—or, rather, fat and lean (if it must be so) so blended and running into each other, that both together make but one ambrosian result, or common substance.

Behold him while he is "doing"—it seemeth rather a refreshing warmth, than a scorching heat, that he is so passive to. How equably he twirleth round the string! Now he is just done. To see the extreme sensibility of that tender age! he hath wept out his pretty eyes—radiant jellies—shooting stars.

See him in the dish, his second cradle, how meek he lieth!—wouldst thou have had this innocent grow up to the grossness and imbecility which too often accompany maturer swinehood? Ten to one he would have proved a glutton, a sloven, an obstinate, disagreeable animal—wallowing in all manner of filthy conversation—from these sins he is happily snatched away—

> "Ere sin could blight or sorrow fade,
> Death came with timely care" [1]—

his memory is odoriferous—no clown curseth, while his stomach half rejecteth, the rank bacon—no coal-heaver bolteth him in reeking sausages—he hath a fair sepulchre in the grateful stomach of the judicious epicure—and for such a tomb might be content to die.

He is the best of sapors. Pine-apple is great.

1. From Coleridge's *Epitaph on an Infant.*

She is indeed almost too transcendent—a delight, if not sinful, yet so like to sinning, that really a tender-conscienced person would do well to pause—too ravishing for mortal taste, she woundeth and excoriateth the lips that approach her—like lovers' kisses, she biteth—she is a pleasure bordering on pain from the fierceness and insanity of her relish—but she stoppeth at the palate—she meddleth not with the appetite—and the coarsest hunger might barter her consistently for a mutton-chop.

Pig—let me speak his praise—is no less provocative of the appetite, than he is satisfactory to the criticalness of the censorious palate. The strong man may batten on him, and the weakling refuseth not his mild juices.

Unlike to mankind's mixed characters, a bundle of virtues and vices, inexplicably intertwisted, and not to be unravelled without hazard, he is—good throughout. No part of him is better or worse than another. He helpeth, as far as his little means extend, all around. He is the least envious of banquets. He is all neighbors' fare.

I am one of those who freely and ungrudgingly impart a share of the good things of this life which fall to their lot (few as mine are in this kind) to a friend. I protest I take as great an interest in my friend's pleasures, his relishes, and proper satisfaction, as in mine own. "Presents," I often say, "endear Absents." Hares, pheasants, partridges, snipes, barn-door chickens (those "tame villatic fowl"), capons, plovers, brawn, barrels of oysters, I dispense

as freely as I receive them. I love to taste them, as it were, upon the tongue of my friend. But a stop must be put somewhere. One would not, like Lear, "give everything." I make my stand upon pig. Methinks it is an ingratitude to the Giver of all good flavors, to extra-domiciliate, or send out of the house slightingly (under pretext of friendship, or I know not what), a blessing so particularly adapted, predestined, I may say, to my individual palate—it argues an insensibility.

I remember a touch of conscience in this kind at school. My good old aunt, who never parted from me at the end of a holiday without stuffing a sweetmeat, or some nice thing, into my pocket, had dismissed me one evening with a smoking plum-cake, fresh from the oven. In my way to school (it was over London Bridge) a gray-headed old beggar saluted me (I have no doubt, at this time of day, that he was a counterfeit). I had no pence to console him with, and in the vanity of self-denial, and the very coxcombry of charity, schoolboy-like, I made him a present of—the whole cake! I walked on a little, buoyed up, as one is on such occasions, with a sweet soothing of self-satisfaction; but, before I had got to the end of the bridge, my better feelings returned, and I burst into tears, thinking how ungrateful I had been to my good aunt, to go and give her good gift away to a stranger that I had never seen before, and who might be a bad man for aught I knew; and then I thought of the pleasure my aunt would be taking in thinking that I—I myself, and not another—would

eat her nice cake—and what should I say to her the next time I saw her—how naughty I was to part with her pretty present!—and the odor of that spicy cake came back upon my recollection, and the pleasure and the curiosity I had taken in seeing her make it, and her joy when she sent it to the oven, and how disappointed she would feel that I had never had a bit of it in my mouth at last—and I blamed my impertinent spirit of alms-giving, and out-of-place hypocrisy of goodness; and above all I wished never to see the face again of that insidious, good-for-nothing, old gray imposter.

Our ancestors were nice in their method of sacrificing these tender victims. We read of pigs whipt to death with something of a shock, as we hear of any other obsolete custom. The age of discipline is gone by, or it would be curious to inquire (in a philosophical light merely) what effect this process might have towards intenerating and dulcifying a substance, naturally so mild and dulcet as the flesh of young pigs. It looks like refining a violet. Yet we should be cautious, while we condemn the inhumanity, how we censure the wisdom of the practice. It might impart a gusto.

I remember an hypothesis, argued upon by the young students, when I was at St. Omer's, and maintained with much learning and pleasantry on both sides, "Whether, supposing that the flavor of a pig who obtained his death by whipping (*per flagellationem extremam*[1]) superadded a pleasure upon the palate of a man more intense than any possible suf-

1. By a tremendous beating.

fering we can conceive in the animal, is man justified in using that method of putting the animal to death?'' I forget the decision.

His sauce should be considered. Decidedly, a few bread crumbs, done up with his liver and brains, and a dash of mild sage. But banish, dear Mrs. Cook, I beseech you, the whole onion tribe. Barbecue your whole hogs to your palate, steep them in shalots, stuff them with plantations of the rank and guilty garlic; you cannot poison them, or make them stronger than they are—but consider, he is a weakling—a flower.

CHARLES LAMB, 1775-1834.

The greatest humorist, moral teacher, and æsthetic critic of the early nineteenth century was Charles Lamb. Born in London, reared within the precincts of the Inner Temple, educated at Christ's Hospital, employed for thirty-three years as clerk with the East India Company, retired on a pension at the age of fifty, died at Edmonton,—this is the brief story of his life.

As a writer his style is somewhat quaint, though natural and simple. His writings reveal his own strength of character, sympathy, and childlike simplicity. Mr. Fitzgerald says of him: ''He in truth seems only to be thinking aloud, and we are behind the curtains listening.'' His writings include poems, a romance, literary criticisms, criticisms of life. The best known of these are *Tales from Shakespeare,* written in collaboration with his sister, and *The Essays of Elia.* The *Essays,* which cover a variety of subjects, are mere sketches. the expression of his fancy and meditation; hence gay or serious, brilliant or tender, they are strongly individual, strangely human, belonging to the spiritual awakening of the nineteenth century.

Suggested Reading: *Praise of Chimney Sweepers, Old China, Dream Children, Mrs. Battle's Opinions on Whist, My Relations, Popular Fallacies, Christ's Hospital.*

THE SPECTRE BRIDEGROOM

A TRAVELLER'S TALE

On the summit of one of the heights of the Odenwald, a wild and romantic tract of Upper Germany, that lies not far from the confluence of the Main and the Rhine, there stood, many, many years since, the Castle of the Baron Von Landshort. It is now quite fallen to decay, and almost buried among beech trees and dark firs; above which, however, its old watch-tower may still be seen struggling, like the former possessor I have mentioned, to carry a high head, and look down upon a neighboring country.

The baron was a dry branch of the great family of Katzenellenbogen[1] and inherited the relics of the property, and all the pride, of his ancestors. Though the warlike disposition of his predecessors had much impaired the family possessions, yet the baron still endeavored to keep up some show of former state. The times were peaceable, and the German nobles, in general, had abandoned their inconvenient old castles, perched like eagles' nests among the mountains, and had built more convenient residences in the valleys; still the baron remained proudly drawn up in his little fortress, cherishing with hereditary inveteracy all the old family feuds; so that he was on ill terms with some of his nearest neighbors, on account of disputes that had happened between their great-great-grandfathers.

1. Cat's elbow.

The baron had but one child, a daughter; but Nature, when she grants but one child, always compensates by making it a prodigy; and so it was with the daughter of the baron. All the nurses, gossips, and country cousins assured her father that she had not her equal for beauty in all Germany; and who should know better than they? She had, moreover, been brought up with great care, under the superintendence of two maiden aunts, who had spent some years of their early life at one of the little German courts, and were skilled in all the branches of knowledge necessary to the education of a fine lady. Under their instructions, she became a miracle of accomplishments. By the time she was eighteen she could embroider to admiration, and had worked whole histories of the saints in tapestry, with such strength of expression in their countenances that they looked like so many souls in purgatory. She could read without great difficulty, and had spelled her way through several church legends, and almost all the chivalric wonders of the Heldenbuch.[1] She had even made considerable proficiency in writing; could sign her own name without missing a letter, and so legibly, that her aunts could read it without spectacles. She excelled in making little elegant good-for-nothing lady-like knick-knacks of all kinds; was versed in the most abstruse dancing of the day; played a number of airs on the harp and guitar; and knew all the tender ballads of the Minnielieders[2] by heart.

1. Book of Heroes. A collection of German epic poems.
2. German love singers of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries.

Her aunts, too, having been great flirts and coquettes in their younger days, were admirably calculated to be vigilant guardians and strict censors of the conduct of their niece; for there is no duenna so rigidly prudent, and inexorably decorous, as a superannuated coquette. She was rarely suffered out of their sight; never went beyond the domains of the castle, unless well attended, or rather well watched; had continual lectures read to her about strict decorum and implicit obedience; and, as to the men—pah! she was taught to hold them at such distance and distrust, that, unless properly authorized, she would not have cast a glance upon the handsomest cavalier in the world—no, not if he were even dying at her feet.

The good effects of this system were wonderfully apparent. The young lady was a pattern of docility and correctness. While others were wasting their sweetness in the glare of the world, and liable to be plucked and thrown aside by every hand, she was coyly blooming into fresh and lovely womanhood, under the protection of those immaculate spinsters, like a rose-bud blushing forth among guardian thorns. Her aunts looked upon her with pride and exultation, and vaunted that, though all the other young ladies in the world might go astray, yet, thank Heaven, nothing of the kind could happen to the heiress of Katzenellenbogen.

But, however scantily the Baron Von Landshort might be provided with children, his household was by no means a small one, for Providence had enriched

him with abundance of poor relations. They, one and all, possessed the affectionate disposition common to humble relatives; were wonderfully attached to the baron, and took every possible occasion to come in swarms and enliven the castle. All family festivals were commemorated by these good people at the baron's expense; and, when they were filled with good cheer, they would declare that there was nothing on earth so delightful as these family meetings, these jubilees of the heart.

The baron, though a small man, had a large soul, and it swelled with satisfaction at the consciousness of being the greatest man in the little world about him. He loved to tell long stories about the stark old warriors whose portraits looked grimly down from the walls around, and he found no listeners equal to those who fed at his expense. He was much given to the marvelous, and a firm believer in all those supernatural tales with which every mountain and valley in Germany abounds. The faith of his guests exceeded even his own: they listened to every tale of wonder with open eyes and mouth, and never failed to be astonished, even though repeated for the hundredth time. Thus lived the Baron Von Landshort, the oracle of his table, the absolute monarch of his little territory, and happy, above all things, in the persuasion that he was the wisest man of the age.

At the time of which my story treats, there was a great family gathering at the castle, on an affair of the utmost importance: it was to receive the destined

bridegroom of the baron's daughter. A negotiation had been carried on between the father and an old nobleman of Bavaria, to unite the dignity of their houses by the marriage of their children. The preliminaries had been conducted with proper punctilio. The young people were betrothed without seeing each other, and the time was appointed for the marriage ceremony. The young Count Von Altenburg had been recalled from the army for the purpose, and was actually on his way to the baron's to receive his bride. Missives had even been received from him, from Wurtzburg, where he was accidentally detained, mentioning the day and hour when he might be expected to arrive.

The castle was in a tumult of preparation to give him a suitable welcome. The fair bride had been decked out with uncommon care. The two aunts had superintended her toilet, and quarrelled the whole morning about every article of her dress. The young lady had taken advantage of their contest to follow the bent of her own taste; and fortunately it was a good one. She looked as lovely as youthful bridegroom could desire; and the flutter of expectation heightened the lustre of her charms.

The suffusions that mantled her face and neck, the gentle heaving of the bosom, the eye now and then lost in reverie, all betrayed the soft tumult that was going on in her little heart. The aunts were continually hovering around her; for maiden aunts are apt to take great interest in affairs of this nature: they were giving her a world of staid counsel how to deport

herself, what to say, and in what manner to receive the expected lover.

The baron was no less busied in preparations. He had, in truth, nothing exactly to do; but he was naturally a fuming, bustling little man, and could not remain passive when all the world was in a hurry. He worried from top to bottom of the castle, with an air of infinite anxiety; he continually called the servants from their work to exhort them to be diligent; and buzzed about every hall and chamber, as idly restless and importunate as a blue-bottle fly of a warm summer's day.

In the meantime the fatted calf had been killed; the forests had rung with the clamor of the huntsmen; the kitchen was crowded with good cheer; the cellars had yielded up whole oceans of *Rhein-wein* and *Ferne-wein,* and even the great Heidelburg tun had been laid under contribution. Everything was ready to receive the distinguished guest with *Saus und Braus*[1] in the true spirit of German hospitality—but the guest delayed to make his appearance. Hour rolled after hour. The sun, that had poured his downward rays upon the rich forest of the Odenwald, now just gleamed along the summits of the mountains. The baron mounted the highest tower, and strained his eyes in hopes of catching a distant sight of the count and his attendants. Once he thought he beheld them: the sound of horns came floating from the valley, prolonged by the mountain echoes; a number of horse-

1. Riot and noise, gayety and cheerfulness, indicative of German hospitality.

men were seen far below, slowly advancing along the road; but, when they had nearly reached the foot of the mountain, they suddenly struck off in a different direction. The last ray of sunshine departed—the bats began to flit by in the twilight—the road grew dimmer and dimmer to the view; and nothing appeared stirring in it, but now and then a peasant lagging homeward from his labor.

While the old castle of Landshort was in this state of perplexity, a very interesting scene was transacting in a different part of the Odenwald.

The young Count Von Altenburg was tranquilly pursuing his route in that sober jog-trot way in which a man travels toward matrimony when his friends have taken all the trouble and uncertainty of courtship off his hands, and a bride is waiting for him, as certainly as a dinner, at the end of his journey. He had encountered at Wurtzburg a youthful companion in arms, with whom he had seen some service on the frontiers, Herman Von Starkenfaust, one of the stoutest hands and worthiest hearts of German chivalry, who was now returning from the army. His father's castle was not far distant from the old fortress of Landshort, although a hereditary feud rendered the families hostile, and strangers to each other.

In the warm-hearted moment of recognition, the young friends related all their past adventures and fortunes, and the count gave the whole history of his intended nuptials with a young lady whom he had never seen, but of whose charms he had received the most enrapturing descriptions.

As the route of the friends lay in the same direction, they agreed to perform the rest of their journey together; and, that they might do it the more leisurely, set off from Wurtzburg at an early hour, the count having given directions for his retinue to follow and overtake him.

They beguiled their wayfaring with recollections of their military scenes and adventures; but the count was apt to be a little tedious, now and then, about the reputed charms of his bride, and the felicity that awaited him.

In this way they had entered among the mountains of the Odenwald, and were traversing one of its most lonely and thickly wooded passes. It is well known that the forests of Germany have always been as much infested by robbers as its castles by spectres; and, at this time, the former were particularly numerous, from the hordes of disbanded soldiers wandering about the country. It will not appear extraordinary, therefore, that the cavaliers were attacked by a gang of these stragglers, in the midst of the forest. They defended themselves with bravery, but were nearly overpowered, when the count's retinue arrived to their assistance. At sight of them the robbers fled, but not until the count had received a mortal wound. He was slowly and carefully conveyed back to the city of Wurtzburg, and a friar summoned from a neighboring convent, who was famous for his skill in administering to both soul and body. But half of his skill was superfluous; the moments of the unfortunate count were numbered.

With his dying breath he entreated his friend to repair instantly to the castle of Landshort, and explain the fatal cause of his not keeping his appointment with his bride. Though not the most ardent of lovers, he was one of the most punctilious of men, and appeared earnestly solicitous that his mission should be speedily and courteously executed. "Unless this is done," said he, "I shall not sleep quietly in my grave!" He repeated these last words with peculiar solemnity. A request, at a moment so impressive, admitted no hesitation. Starkenfaust endeavored to soothe him to calmness; promised faithfully to execute his wish, and gave him his hand in solemn pledge. The dying man pressed it in acknowledgment, but soon lapsed into delirium—raved about his bride—his engagements—his plighted word; ordered his horse, that he might ride to the castle of Landshort, and expired in the fancied act of vaulting into the saddle.

Starkenfaust bestowed a sigh and a soldier's tear on the untimely fate of his comrade, and then pondered on the awkward mission he had undertaken. His heart was heavy, and his head perplexed; for he was to present himself an unbidden guest among hostile people, and to damp their festivity with tidings fatal to their hopes. Still there were certain whisperings of curiosity in his bosom to see this far-famed beauty of Katzenellenbogen, so cautiously shut up from the world; for he was a passionate admirer of the sex, and there was a dash of eccentricity and enterprise in his character that made him fond of all singular adventure.

Previous to his departure, he made all due arrangements with the holy fraternity of the convent for the funeral solemnities of his friend, who was to be buried in the cathedral of Wurtzburg, near some of his illustrious relatives; and the mourning retinue of the count took charge of his remains.

It is now high time that we should return to the ancient family of Katzenellenbogen, who were impatient for their guest, and still more for their dinner; and to the worthy little baron, whom we left airing himself on the watch-tower.

Night closed in, but still no guest arrived. The baron descended from the tower in despair. The banquet, which had been delayed from hour to hour, could no longer be postponed. The meats were already overdone, the cook in an agony; and the whole household had the look of a garrison that had been reduced by famine. The baron was obliged reluctantly to give orders for the feast without the presence of the guest. All were seated at table, and just on the point of commencing, when the sound of a horn from without the gate gave notice of the approach of a stranger. Another long blast filled the old courts of the castle with its echoes, and was answered by the warder from the walls. The baron hastened to receive his future son-in-law.

The drawbridge had been let down, and the stranger was before the gate. He was a tall, gallant cavalier, mounted on a black steed. His countenance was pale, but he had a beaming, romantic eye, and an air of stately melancholy. The baron was a little mortified

that he should have come in this simple, solitary style. His dignity for a moment was ruffled, and he felt disposed to consider it a want of proper respect for the important occasion and the important family with which he was to be connected. He pacified himself, however, with the conclusion that it must have been youthful impatience which had induced him thus to spur on sooner than his attendants.

"I am sorry," said the stranger, "to break in upon you thus unseasonably"—

Here the baron interrupted him with a world of compliments and greeting; for, to tell the truth, he prided himself upon his courtesy and eloquence. The stranger attempted, once or twice, to stem the torrent of words, but in vain; so he bowed his head and suffered it to flow on. By the time the baron had come to a pause, they had reached the inner court of the castle; and the stranger was again about to speak, when he was once more interrupted by the appearance of the female part of the family, leading forth the shrinking and blushing bride. He gazed on her for a moment as one entranced; it seemed as if his whole soul beamed forth in the gaze, and rested upon that lovely form. One of the maiden aunts whispered something in her ear; she made an effort to speak; her moist blue eye was timidly raised, gave a shy glance of inquiry on the stranger, and was cast again to the ground. The words died away; but there was a sweet smile playing about her lips, and a soft dimpling of the cheek, that showed her glance had not been unsatisfactory. It was impossible for a girl of

the fond age of eighteen, highly predisposed for love and matrimony, not to be pleased with so gallant a cavalier.

The late hour at which the guest had arrived left no time for parley. The baron was peremptory, and deferred all particular conversation until the morning, and led the way to the untasted banquet.

It was served up in the great hall of the castle. Around the walls hung the hard-favored portraits of the heroes of the house of Katzenellenbogen, and the trophies which they had gained in the field and in the chase. Hacked corselets, splintered jousting spears, and tattered banners were mingled with the spoils of sylvan warfare; the jaws of the wolf and the tusks of the boar grinned horribly among cross-bows and battle-axes, and a huge pair of antlers branched immediately over the head of the youthful bridegroom.

The cavalier took but little notice of the company or the entertainment. He scarcely tasted the banquet, but seemed absorbed in admiration of his bride. He conversed in a low tone, that could not be overheard —for the language of love is never loud; but where is the female ear so dull that it cannot catch the softest whisper of the lover? There was a mingled tenderness and gravity in his manner that appeared to have a powerful effect upon the young lady. Her color came and went, as she listened with deep attention. Now and then she made some blushing reply, and, when his eye was turned away, she would steal a sidelong glance at his romantic countenance, and heave a gentle sigh of tender happiness. It was evi-

dent that the young couple were completely enamoured. The aunts, who were deeply versed in the mysteries of the heart, declared that they had fallen in love with each other at first sight.

The feast went on merrily, or at least noisily, for the guests were all blessed with those keen appetites that attend upon light purses and mountain air. The baron told his best and longest stories, and never had he told them so well, or with such great effect. If there was anything marvelous, his auditors were lost in astonishment; and if anything facetious, they were sure to laugh exactly in the right place. The baron, it is true, like most great men, was too dignified to utter any joke but a dull one; it was always enforced, however, by a bumper of excellent Hochheimer; and even a dull joke, at one's own table, served up with jolly old wine, is irresistible. Many good things were said by poorer and keener wits, that would not bear repeating, except on similar occasions; many sly speeches whispered in ladies' ears, that almost convulsed them with suppressed laughter; and a song or two roared out by a poor, but merry and broad-faced cousin of the baron, that absolutely made the maiden aunts hold up their fans.

Amidst all this revelry, the stranger guest maintained a most singular and unseasonable gravity. His countenance assumed a deeper cast of dejection as the evening advanced; and, strange as it may appear, even the baron's jokes seemed only to render him the more melancholy. At times he was lost in thought, and at times there was a perturbed and restless wandering of

the eye that bespoke a mind but ill at ease. His conversation with the bride became more and more earnest and mysterious. Lowering clouds began to steal over the fair serenity of her brow, and tremors to run through her tender frame.

All this could not escape the notice of the company. Their gayety was chilled by the unaccountable gloom of the bridegroom; their spirits were infected; whispers and glances were interchanged, accompanied by shrugs and dubious shakes of the head. The song and the laugh grew less and less frequent; there were dreary pauses in the conversation, which were at length succeeded by wild tales, and supernatural legends. One dismal story produced another still more dismal, and the baron nearly frightened some of the ladies into hysterics with the history of the goblin horseman that carried away the fair Leonora,[1] a dreadful, but true story, which has since been put into excellent verse, and is read and believed by all the world.

The bridegroom listened to this tale with profound attention. He kept his eyes steadily fixed on the baron, and, as the story drew to a close, began gradually to rise from his seat, growing taller and taller, until, in the baron's entranced eye, he seemed almost to tower into a giant. The moment the tale was finished, he heaved a deep sigh, and took a solemn farewell of the company. They were all amazement. The baron was perfectly thunderstruck.

1. The heroine of a ballad by the German poet Bürger, of the eighteenth century.

"What! going to leave the castle at midnight? why, everything was prepared for his reception; a chamber was ready for him if he wished to retire."

The stranger shook his head mournfully, and mysteriously: "I must lay my head in a different chamber to-night!"

There was something in this reply, and the tone in which it was uttered, that made the baron's heart misgive him; but he rallied his forces, and repeated his hospitable entreaties. The stranger shook his head silently, but positively, at every offer; and, waving his farewell to the company, stalked slowly out of the hall. The maiden aunts were absolutely petrified—the bride hung her head, and a tear stole to her eye.

The baron followed the stranger to the great court of the castle, where the black charger stood pawing the earth, and snorting with impatience. When they had reached the portal, whose deep archway was dimly lighted by a cresset, the stranger paused, and addressed the baron in a hollow tone of voice, which the vaulted roof rendered still more sepulchral. "Now that we are alone," said he, "I will impart to you the reason of my going. I have a solemn, an indispensable engagement"—

"Why," said the baron, "cannot you send some one in your place?"

"It admits of no substitute—I must attend it in person—I must away to Wurtzburg cathedral"—

"Ay," said the baron, plucking up spirit, "but not until to-morrow—to-morrow you shall take your bride there."

"No! no!" replied the stranger, with tenfold solemnity, "my engagement is with no bride—the worms! the worms expect me! I am a dead man—I have been slain by robbers—my body lies at Wurtzburg—at midnight I am to be buried—the grave is waiting for me—I must keep my appointment!"

He sprang on his black charger, dashed over the drawbridge, and the clattering of his horse's hoofs was lost in the whistling of the night blast.

The baron returned to the hall in the utmost consternation, and related what had passed. Two ladies fainted outright; others sickened at the idea of having banqueted with a spectre. It was the opinion of some, that this might be the wild huntsman,[1] famous in German legend. Some talked of mountain sprites, of wood-demons, and of other supernatural beings, with which the good people of Germany have been so grievously harassed since time immemorial. One of the poor relations ventured to suggest that it might be some sportive evasion of the young cavalier, and that the very gloominess of the caprice seemed to accord with so melancholy a personage. This, however, drew on him the indignation of the whole company, and especially of the baron, who looked upon him as little better than an infidel; so that he was fain to abjure his heresy as speedily as possible, and come into the faith of the true believers.

But, whatever may have been the doubts entertained, they were completely put to an end by the arrival, next day, of regular missives, confirming the

1. *Der Wilde Jäger,* by Bürger.

intelligence of the young count's murder, and his interment in Wurtzburg cathedral.

The dismay at the castle may well be imagined. The baron shut himself up in his chamber. The guests, who had come to rejoice with him, could not think of abandoning him in his distress. They wandered about the courts, or collected in groups in the hall, shaking their heads and shrugging their shoulders, at the troubles of so good a man; and sat longer than ever at table, and ate and drank more stoutly than ever, by way of keeping up their spirits. But the situation of the widowed bride was the most pitiable. To have lost a husband before she had even embraced him—and such a husband! if the very spectre could be so gracious and noble, what must have been the living man? She filled the house with lamentations.

On the night of the second day of her widowhood, she had retired to her chamber, accompanied by one of her aunts, who insisted on sleeping with her. The aunt, who was one of the best tellers of ghost stories in all Germany, had just been recounting one of her longest, and had fallen asleep in the very midst of it. The chamber was remote, and overlooked a small garden. The niece lay pensively gazing at the beams of the rising moon, as they trembled on the leaves of an aspen-tree before the lattice. The castle clock had just tolled midnight, when a soft strain of music stole up from the garden. She rose hastily from her bed and stepped lightly to the window. A tall figure stood among the shadows of the trees. As it raised its head, a beam of moonlight fell upon its counte-

nance. Heavens and earth! she beheld the Spectre Bridegroom! A loud shriek at that moment burst upon her ear, and her aunt, who had been awakened by the music, and had followed her silently to the window, fell into her arms. When she looked again, the spectre had disappeared.

Of the two females, the aunt now required the most soothing, for she was perfectly beside herself with terror. As to the young lady, there was something, even in the spectre of her lover that seemed endearing. There was still the semblance of manly beauty; and though the shadow of a man is but little calculated to satisfy the affections of a love-sick girl, yet, where the substance is not to be had, even that is consoling. The aunt declared she would never sleep in that chamber again; the niece, for once, was refractory, and declared as strongly that she would sleep in no other in the castle: the consequence was, that she had to sleep in it alone; but she drew a promise from her aunt not to relate the story of the spectre, lest she should be denied the only melancholy pleasure left her on earth—that of inhabiting the chamber over which the guardian shade of her lover kept its nightly vigils.

How long the good old lady would have observed this promise is uncertain, for she dearly loved to talk of the marvelous, and there is a triumph in being the first to tell a frightful story; it is, however, still quoted in the neighborhood, as a memorable instance of female secrecy, that she kept it to herself for a whole week; when she was suddenly absolved from all

further restraint, by intelligence brought to the breakfast table one morning that the young lady was not to be found. Her room was empty—the bed had not been slept in—the window was open—and the bird had flown!

The astonishment and concern with which the intelligence was received can only be imagined by those who have witnessed the agitation which the mishaps of a great man cause among his friends. Even the poor relations paused for a moment from the indefatigable labors of the trencher; when the aunt, who had at first been struck speechless, wrung her hands, and shrieked out, "The goblin! the goblin! she's carried away by the goblin!"

In a few words she related the fearful scene of the garden, and concluded that the spectre must have carried off his bride. Two of the domestics corroborated the opinion, for they had heard the clattering of a horse's hoofs down the mountain about midnight, and had no doubt that it was the spectre on his black charger, bearing her away to the tomb. All present were struck with the direful probability; for events of the kind are extremely common in Germany, as many well authenticated histories bear witness.

What a lamentable situation was that of the poor baron! What a heart-rending dilemma for a fond father, and a member of the great family of Katzenellenbogen! His only daughter had either been rapt away to the grave, or he was to have some wood-demon for a son-in-law, and, perchance, a troop of goblin grandchildren. As usual, he was completely

bewildered, and all the castle in an uproar. The men were ordered to take horse, and scour every road and path and glen of the Odenwald. The baron himself had just drawn on his jack-boots, girded on his sword, and was about to mount his steed to sally forth on the doubtful quest, when he was brought to a pause by a new apparition. A lady was seen approaching the castle, mounted on a palfrey, attended by a cavalier on horseback. She galloped up to the gate, sprang from her horse, and falling at the baron's feet embraced his knees. It was his lost daughter, and her companion—the Spectre Bridegroom! The baron was astounded. He looked at his daughter, then at the spectre, and almost doubted the evidence of his senses. The latter, too, was wonderfully improved in his appearance, since his visit to the world of spirits. His dress was splendid, and set off a noble figure of manly symmetry. He was no longer pale and melancholy. His fine countenance was flushed with the glow of youth, and joy rioted in his large dark eyes.

The mystery was soon cleared up. The cavalier (for in truth, as you must have known all the while, he was no goblin) announced himself as Sir Herman Von Starkenfaust. He related his adventure with the young count. He told how he had hastened to the castle to deliver the unwelcome tidings, but that the eloquence of the baron had interrupted him in every attempt to tell his tale. How the sight of the bride had completely captivated him, and that, to pass a few hours near her, he had tacitly suffered the mistake to continue. How he had been sorely perplexed in what

way to make a decent retreat, until the baron's goblin stories had suggested his eccentric exit. How, fearing the feudal hostility of the family, he had repeated his visits by stealth—had haunted the garden beneath the young lady's window—had wooed—had won—had borne away in triumph—and, in a word, had wedded the fair one.

Under any other circumstances the baron would have been inflexible, for he was tenacious of paternal authority, and devoutly obstinate in all family feuds; but he loved his daughter; he had lamented her as lost; he rejoiced to find her still alive; and, though her husband was of a hostile house, yet, thank Heaven, he was not a goblin. There was something, it must be acknowledged, that did not exactly accord with his notions of strict veracity, in the joke the knight had passed upon him of his being a dead man; but several old friends present, who had served in the wars, assured him that every stratagem was excusable in love, and that the cavalier was entitled to especial privilege, having lately served as a trooper.

Matters, therefore, were happily arranged. The baron pardoned the young couple on the spot. The revels at the castle were resumed. The poor relations overwhelmed this new member of the family with loving kindness; he was so gallant, so generous,—and so rich. The aunts, it is true, were somewhat scandalized that their system of strict seclusion and passive obedience should be so badly exemplified, but attributed it all to their negligence in not having the windows grated. One of them was particularly mortified

at having her marvellous story marred, and that the only spectre she had ever seen should turn out a counterfeit; but the niece seemed perfectly happy at having found him substantial flesh and blood,—and so the story ends.

Washington Irving, 1783-1859.

The birth of Washington Irving, the first American writer to gain literary distinction abroad, was coincident with the birth of the American Republic. On account of a delicate constitution, and of the few educational opportunities of his time, his early schooling was desultory and limited. With his mind stimulated by such books as *Robinson Crusoe* and the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments,* he was sent to Europe for his health. There for two years his observant and receptive mind absorbed the spirit of European social life, and found many sources of inspiration. Upon his return he studied law, and was admitted to the bar. After a brief attempt at law, he entered, in conjunction with his brother and a friend, upon the editorship of the *Salmagundi,* an imitation of Addison's *Spectator.* Later he made several trips to Europe, at one time remaining seventeen years. During this time he received an honorary degree from Oxford and became widely known both for his splendid diplomatic service as member of the American legation to Madrid, and for his writings. His final trip was made in the capacity of American minister to Spain. He spent the last years of his life at Sunnyside, on the Hudson, where, until his death, he devoted himself assiduously to writing.

Irving's writings were numerous. They include essays, stories, biographies. In his scenes and characters, he is the first writer to give local color. The charm of his writings lies in their simplicity, effective delineation, whimsical humor, romantic and refined sentiment. Their placid style and legendary atmosphere (especially true of the sketches and stories) amuse and interest.

Besides his biographies and lives, his stories of the Northwest and his famous *History of New York,* Irving's principal writings are *The Sketch Book, Bracebridge Hall, Tales of a Traveler,* and the *Alhambra,* all miscellaneous collections of sketches, portraits, and short stories.

Suggested Readings: *The Wife, Rip Van Winkle, Legend of the Arabian Astrologer* (The Alhambra), *Legend of the Three Beautiful Princesses* (The Alhambra), *The Devil and Tom Walker, The Legend of Sleepy Hollow.*

FRAGMENTS OF A ROMAN TALE

It was an hour after noon. Ligarius was returning from the Campus Martius. He strolled through one of the streets which led to the Forum, settling his gown, and calculating the odds on the gladiators who were to fence at the approaching Saturnalia. While thus occupied, he overtook Flaminius, who, with a heavy step and melancholy face, was sauntering in the same direction. The light-hearted young man plucked him by the sleeve.

"Good-day, Flaminius. Are you to be of Catiline's party this evening?"

"Not I."

"Why so? Your little Tarentine girl will break her heart."

"No matter. Catiline has the best cooks and the finest wine in Rome. There are charming women at his parties. But the twelve-line board and the dice-box pay for all. The Gods confound me if I did not lose two millions of sesterces last night. My villa at Tibur, and all the statues that my father the praetor brought from Ephesus, must go to the auctioneer. That is a high price, you will acknowledge, even for Phoenicopters, Chian, and Callinice."

"High indeed, by Pollux."

"And that is not the worst. I saw several of the leading senators this morning. Strange things are whispered in the higher political circles."

"The Gods confound the political circles. I have

hated the name of politician ever since Sylla's proscription, when I was within a moment of having my throat cut by a politician, who took me for another politician. While there is a cask of Falernian in Campania, or a girl in the Suburra, I shall be too well employed to think on the subject."

"You will do well," said Flaminius gravely, "to bestow some little consideration upon it at present. Otherwise, I fear, you will soon renew your acquaintance with politicians, in a manner quite as unpleasant as that to which you allude."

"Averting Gods! What do you mean?"

"I will tell you. There are rumors of conspiracy. The order of things established by Lucius Sylla has excited the disgust of the people, and of a large party of the nobles. Some violent convulsion is expected."

"What is that to me? I suppose that they will hardly proscribe the vintners and gladiators, or pass a law compelling every citizen to take a wife."

"You do not understand. Catiline is supposed to be the author of the revolutionary schemes. You must have heard bold opinions at his table repeatedly."

"I never listen to any opinions upon such subjects, bold or timid."

"Look to it. Your name has been mentioned."

"Mine? Good Gods! I call heaven to witness that I never so much as mentioned Senate, Consul, or Comitia, in Catiline's house."

"Nobody suspects you of any participation in the inmost counsels of the party. But our great men

surmise that you are among those whom he has bribed so high with beauty, or entangled so deeply in distress, that they are no longer their own masters. I shall never set foot within his threshold again. I have been solemnly warned by men who understand public affairs; and I advise you to be cautious.''

The friends had now turned into the Forum, which was thronged with the gay and elegant youth of Rome. ''I can tell you more,'' continued Flaminius; ''somebody was remarking to the Consul yesterday how loosely a certain acquaintance of ours tied his girdle. 'Let him look to himself,' said Cicero, 'or the state may find a tighter girdle for his neck.' ''

''Good Gods! who is it? You cannot surely mean—''

''There he is.''

Flaminius pointed to a man who was pacing up and down the Forum at a distance from them. He was in the prime of manhood. His personal advantages were extremely striking, and were displayed with an extravagant but not ungraceful foppery. His gown waved in loose folds; his long dark curls were dressed with exquisite art, and shone and steamed with odors; his step and gesture exhibited an elegant and commanding figure in every posture of polite languor. But his countenance formed a singular contrast to the general appearance of his person. The high and imperial brow, the keen aquiline features, the compressed mouth, the penetrating eye, indicated the highest degree of ability and decision. He seemed absorbed in intense meditation. With eyes

fixed on the ground, and lips working in thought, he sauntered round the area, apparently unconscious how many of the young gallants of Rome were envying the taste of his dress, and the ease of his fashionable stagger.

"Good Heaven!" said Ligarius, "Caius Caesar is as unlikely to be in a plot as I am."

"Not at all."

"He does nothing but game, feast, intrigue, read Greek, and write verses."

"You know nothing of Caesar. Though he rarely addresses the Senate, he is considered as the finest speaker there, after the Consul. His influence with the multitude is immense. He will serve his rivals in public life as he served me last night at Catiline's. We were playing at the twelve lines[1]—immense stakes. He laughed all the time, chatted with Valeria over his shoulder, kissed her hand between every two moves, and scarcely looked at the board. I thought that I had him. All at once I found my counters driven into the corner. Not a piece to move, by Hercules. It cost me two millions of sesterces. All the Gods and Goddesses confound him for it!"

"As to Valeria," said Ligarius, "I forgot to ask whether you have heard the news."

"Not a word. What?"

"I was told at the baths today that Caesar escorted the lady home. Unfortunately old Quintus Lutatius

1. *Duodecim scripta,* a game of mixed chance and skill, which seems to have been very fashionable in the higher circles of Rome. The famous lawyer Mucius was renowned for his skill in it.—(Cic., *Orat.,* 1, 50.)

had come back from his villa in Campania, in a whim of jealousy. He was not expected for three days. There was a fine tumult. The old fool called for his sword and his slaves, cursed his wife, and swore that he would cut Caesar's throat.''

''And Caesar?''

''He laughed, quoted Anacreon, trussed his gown round his left arm, closed with Quintus, flung him down, twisted his sword out of his hand, burst through the attendants, ran a freed-man through the shoulder, and was in the street in an instant.''

''Well done! Here he comes. Good-day, Caius.''

Caesar lifted his head at the salutation. His air of deep abstraction vanished; and he extended a hand to each of the friends.

''How are you after last night's exploit?''

''As well as possible,'' said Caesar, laughing.

''In truth, we should rather ask how Quintus Lutatius is.''

''He, I understand, is as well as can be expected of a man with a faithless spouse and broken head. His freedman is most seriously hurt. Poor fellow! he shall have half of whatever I win to-night. Flaminius, you shall have your revenge at Catiline's.''

''You are very kind. I do not intend to be at Catiline's till I wish to part with my town-house. My villa is gone already.''

''Not at Catiline's, base spirit! You are not of his mind, my gallant Ligarius. Dice, Chian, and the loveliest Greek singing-girl that was ever seen. Think of that, Ligarius. By Venus, she almost made me

adore her, by telling me that I talked Greek with the most Attic accent that she had heard in Italy.''

''I doubt she will not say the same of me,'' replied Ligarius. ''I am just as able to decipher an obelisk as to read a line of Homer.''

''You barbarous Scythian, who had the care of your education?''

''An old fool—a Greek pedant—a Stoic. He told me that pain was no evil, and flogged me as if he thought so. At last one day, in the middle of a lecture, I set fire to his enormous filthy beard, singed his face, and sent him roaring out of the house. There ended my studies. From that time to this I have had as little to do with Greece as the wine that your poor old friend Lutatius calls his delicious Samian.''

''Well done, Ligarius. I hate a Stoic. I wish Marcus Cato had a beard that you might singe it for him. The fool talked his two hours in the Senate yesterday, without changing a muscle of his face. He looked as savage and as motionless as the mask in which Roscius acted Alecto. I detest everything connected with him.''

''Except his sister, Servilia.''

''True. She is a lovely woman.''

''They say that you have told her so, Caius.''

''So I have.''

''And that she was not angry.''

''What woman is?''

''Ay,—but they say—''

''No matter what they say. Common fame lies like a Greek rhetorician. You might know so much, Liga-

rius, without reading the philosophers. But come, I will introduce you to little dark-eyed Zoe.''

''I tell you I can speak no Greek.''

''More shame for you. It is high time that you should begin. You will never have such a charming instructress. Of what was your father thinking when he sent for an old Stoic with a long beard to teach you? There is no language-mistress like a handsome woman. When I was at Athens, I learnt more Greek from a pretty flower-girl in the Peiraeus than from all the Portico and the Academy. She was no Stoic, Heaven knows. But come along to Zoe. I will be your interpreter. Woo her in honest Latin, and I will turn it into elegant Greek between the throws of dice. I can make love and mind my game at once, as Flaminius can tell you.''

''Well, then, to be plain, Caesar, Flaminius has been talking to me about plots, and suspicions, and politicians. I have never plagued myself with such things since Sylla's and Marius's days; and then I never could see much difference between the parties. All that I am sure of is, that those who meddle with such affairs are generally stabbed or strangled. And, though I like Greek wine and handsome women, I do not wish to risk my neck for them. Now, tell me as a friend, Caius;—is there no danger?''

''Danger!'' repeated Caesar, with a short, fierce, disdainful laugh. ''What danger do you apprehend?''

''That you should best know,'' said Flaminius; ''you are far more intimate with Catiline than I.

But I advise you to be cautious. The leading men entertain strong suspicions.''

Caesar drew up his figure from its ordinary state of graceful relaxation into an attitude of commanding dignity, and replied in a voice of which the deep and impassioned melody formed a strange contrast to the humorous and affected tone of his ordinary conversation. ''Let them suspect. They suspect because they know what they have deserved. What have they done for Rome?—What for mankind?—Ask the citizens. Ask the provinces. Have they had any other object than to perpetuate their own exclusive power, and to keep us under the yoke of an oligarchical tyranny, which unites in itself the worst evils of every other system, and combines more than Athenian turbulence with more than Persian despotism?''

''Good Gods! Caesar. It is not safe for you to speak, or for us to listen to, such things, at such a crisis.''

''Judge for yourselves what you will hear. I will judge for myself what I will speak. I was not twenty years old, when I defied Lucius Sylla, surrounded by the spears of legionaries and the daggers of assassins. Do you suppose that I stand in awe of his paltry successors, who have inherited a power which they never could have acquired; who would imitate his proscriptions, though they have never equalled his conquests?''

''Pompey is almost as little to be trifled with as Sylla. I heard a consular senator say that, in consequence of the present alarming state of affairs, he

would probably be recalled from the command assigned to him by the Manilian law.''

''Let him come—the pupil of Sylla's butcheries—the gleaner of Lucullus's trophies—the thief-taker of the Senate.''

''For heaven's sake, Caius!—if you knew what the Consul said—''

''Something about himself, no doubt. Pity that such talents should be coupled with such cowardice and coxcombry. He is the finest speaker living—infinitely superior to what Hortensius was, in his best days;—a charming companion, except when he tells over for the twentieth time all the jokes that he made at Verres's trial. But he is the despicable tool of a despicable party.''

''Your language, Caius, convinces me that the reports which have been circulated are not without foundation. I will venture to prophesy that within a few months the republic will pass through a whole Odyssey of strange adventures.''

''I believe so; an Odyssey of which Pompey will be the Polyphemus, and Cicero the Siren. I would have the state imitate Ulysses: show no mercy to the former; but contrive, if it can be done, to listen to the enchanting voice of the other, without being seduced by it to destruction.''

''But whom can your party produce as rivals to these two famous leaders?''

''Time will show. I would hope that there may arise a man whose genius to conquer, to conciliate, and to govern, may unite in one cause an oppressed

and divided people;—may do all that Sylla should have done, and exhibit the magnificent spectacle of a great nation directed by a great mind."

"And where is such a man to be found?"

"Perhaps where you would least expect to find him. Perhaps he may be one whose powers have hitherto been concealed in domestic or literary retirement. Perhaps he may be one, who, while waiting for some adequate excitement, for some worthy opportunity, squanders on trifles a genius before which may yet be humbled the sword of Pompey and the gown of Cicero. Perhaps he may now be disputing with a sophist; perhaps prattling with a mistress; perhaps—" and, as he spoke, he turned away, and resumed his lounge, "strolling in the Forum."

* * * * *

It was almost midnight. The party had separated. Catiline and Cethegus were still conferring in the supper-room, which was, as usual, the highest apartment of the house. It formed a cupola, from which windows opened on the flat roof that surrounded it. To this terrace Zoe had retired. With eyes dimmed with fond and melancholy tears, she leaned over the balustrade, to catch the last glimpse of the departing form of Caesar, as it grew more and more indistinct in the moonlight. Had he any thought of her? Any love for her? He, the favorite of the high-born beauties of Rome, the most eloquent of its nobles? It could not be. His voice had, indeed, been touchingly soft whenever he addressed her. There had been a fascinating tenderness even in the vivacity of his look

and conversation. But such were always the manners of Caesar towards women. He had wreathed a sprig of myrtle in her hair as she was singing. She took it from her dark ringlets, and kissed it, and wept over it, and thought of the sweet legends of her own dear Greece—of youths and girls, who, pining away in hopeless love, had been transformed into flowers by the compassion of the gods; and she wished to become a flower, which Caesar might sometimes touch, though he should touch it only to weave a crown for some prouder and happier mistress.

She was roused from her musings by the loud step and voice of Cethegus, who was pacing furiously up and down the supper-room.

"May all the gods confound me, if Caesar be not the deepest traitor, or the most miserable idiot, that ever intermeddled with a plot!"

Zoe shuddered. She drew nearer to the window. She stood concealed from observation by the curtain of fine network which hung over the aperture, to exclude the annoying insects of the climate.

"And you, too!" continued Cethegus, turning fiercely on his accomplice; "you to take his part against me!—you, who proposed the scheme yourself!"

"My dear Caius Cethegus, you will not understand me. I proposed the scheme; and I will join in executing it. But policy is as necessary to our plans as boldness. I did not wish to startle Caesar—to lose his co-operation—perhaps to send him off with an information against us to Cicero and Catulus. He was so indignant at your suggestion, that all my dis-

simulation was scarcely sufficient to prevent a total rupture.''

''Indignant! The gods confound him!—He prated about humanity, and generosity, and moderation. By Hercules, I have not heard such a lecture since I was with Xenochares at Rhodes.''

''Caesar is made up of inconsistencies. He has boundless ambition, unquestioned courage, admirable sagacity. Yet I have frequently observed in him a womanish weakness at the sight of pain. I remember that once one of his slaves was taken ill while carrying his litter. He alighted, put the fellow in his place, and walked home in a fall of snow. I wonder that you could be so ill-advised as to talk to him of massacre, and pillage, and conflagration. You might have foreseen that such propositions would disgust a man of his temper.''

''I do not know. I have not your self-command, Lucius. I hate such conspirators. What is the use of them? We must have blood—blood—hacking and tearing work—bloody work!''

''Do not grind your teeth, my dear Caius; and lay down the carving-knife. By Hercules, you have cut up all the stuffing of the couch.''

''No matter; we shall have couches enough soon—and down to stuff them with, and purple to cover them, and pretty women to loll on them, unless this fool, and such as he, spoil our plans. I had something else to say. The essenced fop wishes to seduce Zoe from me.''

''Impossible! You misconstrue the ordinary gal-

lantries which he is in the habit of paying to every handsome face.''

''Curse on his ordinary gallantries, and his verses, and his compliments, and his sprigs of myrtle! If Caesar should dare—by Hercules, I will tear him to pieces in the middle of the Forum.''

''Trust his destruction to me. We must use his talents and influence—thrust him upon every danger —make him our instrument while we are contending —our peace-offering to the Senate if we fail—our first victim if we succeed.''

''Hark! what noise was that?''

''Somebody in the terrace!—lend me your dagger.''

Catiline rushed to the window. Zoe was standing in the shade. He stepped out. She darted into the room—passed like a flash of lightning by the startled Cethegus—flew down the stairs—through the court—through the vestibule—through the street. Steps, voices, lights, came fast and confusedly behind her;—but with the speed of love and terror she gained upon her pursuers. She fled through the wilderness of unknown and dusky streets, till she found herself, breathless and exhausted, in the midst of a crowd of gallants, who, with chaplets on their heads, and torches in their hands, were reeling from the portico of a stately mansion.

The foremost of the throng was a youth whose slender figure and beautiful countenance seemed hardly consistent with his sex. But the feminine delicacy of his features rendered more frightful the mingled sensuality and ferocity of their expression. The

libertine audacity of his stare, and the grotesque foppery of his apparel, seemed to indicate at least a partial insanity. Flinging one arm around Zoe, and tearing away her veil with the other, he disclosed to the gaze of his thronging companions the regular features and large dark eyes which characterize Athenian beauty.

"Clodius has all the luck to-night," cried Ligarius.

"Not so, by Hercules," said Marcus Coelius; "the girl is fairly our common prize; we will fling dice for her. The Venus[1] throw, as it ought to do, shall decide."

"Let me go—let me go, for Heaven's sake," cried Zoe, struggling with Clodius.

"What a charming Greek accent she has. Come into the house, my little Athenian nightingale."

"Oh! what will become of me? If you have mothers—if you have sisters—"

"Clodius has a sister," muttered Ligarius, "or he is much belied."

"By Heaven, she is weeping," said Clodius.

"If she were not evidently a Greek," said Coelius, "I should take her for a vestal virgin."

"And if she were a vestal virgin," cried Clodius fiercely, "it should not deter me. This way;—no struggling—no screaming."

"Struggling! screaming!" exclaimed a gay and commanding voice; "you are making very ungentle love, Clodius."

1. Venus was the Roman term for the highest throw on the dice.

The whole party started. Caesar had mingled with them unperceived.

The sound of his voice thrilled through the very heart of Zoe. With a convulsive effort she burst from the grasp of her insolent admirer, flung herself at the feet of Caesar, and clasped his knees. The moon shone full on her agitated and imploring face: her lips moved; but she uttered no sound. He gazed at her for an instant—raised her—clasped her to his bosom. "Fear nothing, my sweet Zoe." Then, with folded arms, and a smile of placid defiance, he placed himself between her and Clodius.

Clodius staggered forward, flushed with wine and rage, and uttering alternately a curse and a hiccup.

"By Pollux, this passes a jest. Caesar, how dare you insult me thus?"

"A jest! I am as serious as a Jew on the Sabbath. Insult you! For such a pair of eyes I would insult the whole consular bench, or I should be as insensible as King Psammiss's mummy."

"Good Gods, Caesar!" said Marcus Coelius, interposing; "you cannot think it worth while to get into a brawl for a little Greek girl!"

"Why not? The Greek girls have used me as well as those of Rome. Besides, the whole reputation of my gallantry is at stake. Give up such a lovely woman to that drunken boy! My hereafter would be gone forever. No more perfumed tablets, full of vows and raptures. No more toying with fingers at the Circus. No more evening walks along the Tiber. No more hiding in chests, or jumping from windows. I, the

favored suitor of half the white stoles in Rome, could never again aspire above a freedwoman. You a man of gallantry, and think of such a thing! For shame, my dear Coelius! Do not let Clodia hear of it.''

While Caesar spoke he had been engaged in keeping Clodius at arm's length. The rage of the frantic libertine increased as the struggle continued. ''Stand back, as you value your life,'' he cried; ''I will pass.''

''Not this way, sweet Clodius. I have too much regard for you to suffer you to make love at such disadvantage. You smell too much of Falernian at present. Would you stifle your mistress? By Hercules, you are fit to kiss nobody now, except old Piso, when he is tumbling home in the morning from the vintners.''

Clodius plunged his hand into his bosom, and drew a little dagger, the faithful companion of many desperate adventures.

''Oh, Gods! he will be murdered!'' cried Zoe.

The whole throng of revellers was in agitation. The street fluctuated with torches and lifted hands. It was but for a moment. Caesar watched with a steady eye the descending hand of Clodius, arrested the blow, seized his antagonist by the throat, and flung him against one of the pillars of the portico with such violence that he rolled, stunned and senseless, on the ground.

''He is killed,'' cried several voices.

''Fair self-defence, by Hercules!'' said Marcus Coelius. ''Bear witness, you all saw him draw his dagger.''

"He is not dead—he breathes," said Ligarius. "Carry him into the house; he is dreadfully bruised."

The rest of the party retired with Clodius. Coelius turned to Caesar.

"By all the Gods, Caius! you have won your lady fairly. A splendid victory! You deserve triumph."

"What a madman Clodius has become!"

"Intolerable. But come and sup with me on the Nones. You have no objection to meet the Consul?"

"Cicero? None at all. We need not talk politics. Our old dispute about Plato and Epicurus will furnish us with plenty of conversation. So reckon upon me, my dear Marcus, and farewell."

Caesar and Zoe turned away. As soon as they were beyond hearing, she began in great agitation:

"Caesar, you are in danger. I know all. I overheard Catiline and Cethegus. You are engaged in a project which must lead to certain destruction."

"My beautiful Zoe, I live only for glory and pleasure. For these I have never hesitated to hazard an existence which they alone render valuable to me. In the present case, I can assure you that our scheme presents the fairest hopes of success."

"So much the worse. You do not know—you do not understand me. I speak not of open peril, but of secret treachery. Catiline hates you;—Cethegus hates you;—your destruction is resolved. If you survive the contest, you perish in the first hour of victory. They detest you for your moderation;—they are eager for blood and plunder. I have risked my life to bring

you this warning; but that is of little moment. Farewell!—Be happy.''

Caesar stopped her. ''Do you fly from my thanks, dear Zoe?''

''I wish not for your thanks, but for your safety;—I desire not to defraud Valeria or Servilia of one caress, extorted from gratitude or pity. Be my feelings what they may, I have learnt in a fearful school to endure and to suppress them. I have been taught to abase a proud spirit to the claps and hisses of the vulgar;—to smile on suitors who united the insults of a despicable pride to the endearments of a loathsome fondness;—to affect sprightliness with an aching head, and eyes from which tears were ready to gush;—to feign love with curses on my lips, and madness in my brain. Who feels for me any esteem—any tenderness? Who will shed a tear over the nameless grave which will soon shelter from cruelty and scorn the broken heart of the poor Athenian girl? But you, who alone have addressed her in her degradation with a voice of kindness and respect, farewell. Sometimes think of me—not with sorrow;—no; I could bear your ingratitude, but not your distress. Yet, if it will not pain you too much, in distant days, when your lofty hopes and destinies are accomplished—on the evening of some mighty victory—think on one who loved you with that exceeding love which only the miserable can feel. Think that, wherever her exhausted frame may have sunk beneath the sensibilities of a tortured spirit—in whatever hovel or whatever vault she may have closed her eyes—whatever strange scenes of horror

and pollution may have surrounded her dying bed, your shape was the last that swam before her sight—your voice the last sound that was ringing in her ears. Yet turn your face to me, Caesar. Let me carry away one last look of those features, and then—'' He turned round. He looked at her. He hid his face on her bosom, and burst into tears. With sobs long and loud, and convulsive as those of a terrified child, he poured forth on her bosom the tribute of impetuous and uncontrollable emotion. He raised his head; but he in vain struggled to restore composure to the brow which had confronted the frown of Sylla, and the lips which had rivalled the eloquence of Cicero. He several times attempted to speak, but in vain; and his voice still faltered with tenderness, when, after a pause of several minutes, he thus addressed her:

''My own dear Zoe, your love has been bestowed on one who, if he cannot merit, can at least appreciate and adore you. Beings of similar loveliness, and similar devotedness of affection, mingled in all my boyish dreams of greatness, with visions of curule chairs and ivory cars, marshalled legions and laurelled fasces. Such I have endeavored to find in the world; and, in their stead, I have met with selfishness, with vanity, with frivolity, with falsehood. The life which you have preserved is a boon less valuable than the affection—''

''Oh! Caesar,'' interrupted the blushing Zoe, ''think only on your own security at present. If you feel as you speak—but you are only mocking me—or perhaps your compassion—''

"By Heaven!—by every oath that is binding—"

"Alas! alas! Caesar, were not all the same oaths sworn yesterday to Valeria? But I will trust you, at least so far as to partake your present dangers. Flight may be necessary;—form your plans. Be they what they may, there is one who, in exile, in poverty, in peril, asks only to wander, to beg, to die with you."

"My Zoe, I do not anticipate any such necessity. To renounce the conspiracy without renouncing the principles on which it was originally undertaken—to elude the vengeance of the Senate without losing the confidence of the people—is, indeed, an arduous, but not an impossible, task. I owe it to myself and to my country to make the attempt. There is still ample time for consideration. At present I am too happy in love to think of ambition or danger."

They had reached the door of a stately palace. Caesar struck it. It was instantly opened by a slave. Zoe found herself in a magnificent hall, surrounded by pillars of green marble, between which were ranged the statues of the long line of Julian nobles.

"Call Endymion," said Caesar.

The confidential freedman made his appearance, not without a slight smile, which his patron's good-nature emboldened him to hazard, at perceiving the beautiful Athenian.

"Arm my slaves, Endymion; there are reasons for precaution. Let them relieve each other on guard during the night. Zoe, my love, my preserver, why are your cheeks so pale? Let me kiss some bloom into them. How you tremble! Endymion, a flask of

Samian and some fruit. Bring them to my apartments. This way, my sweet Zoe.''

* * * * *

THOMAS B. MACAULAY, 1800-1859.

This popular historian and essayist, one of the most distinguished figures of the early nineteenth century, was born at Leicestershire, England. Together with the strong intelligence of his Quaker mother, he inherited the stanch character of his Scotch-Presbyterian father, who was an anti-slavery reformer, and, for years, editor of the *Christian Observer*, an abolitionist organ. He was educated at private schools until he entered Cambridge, from which he was graduated with honors. Later, he was admitted to the bar; but, finding law little to his liking, and literature and politics more interesting than courts, he soon yielded to his inclinations and forever abandoned law. Through a friend, he entered Parliament, soon becoming a leading member of the rising Whig party. His career from then on was one of continuous success. At three different times he was elected to Parliament, beside being made Secretary to the Board of Control of Indian Affairs and Member of the Supreme Council of Calcutta. In the latter capacity he spent four years in India, where his chief work consisted in organizing an educational system, and in drawing up a code of criminal procedure, which has been highly praised by subsequent lawyers and judges. Later in his career, he was made Rector of the University of Glasgow, Fellow of the Royal Society, and Foreign Member of the French Academy. In 1857 he was raised to the Peerage. Two years later he died at Kensington.

Macaulay displayed marked precocity. Reading with voracity, assimilating with eagerness, retaining with marvellous accurateness which he had read, he early acquired an astounding range of knowledge, and a command of literature that was imperial.

His writings consist of history, poetry, essays. Of his

thirty-six essays, critical, biographical, historical, the best known are those on Johnson, Addison, Goldsmith, Bacon, Bunyan, Clive, and Hastings. The *Lays of Ancient Rome* are strong and dignified martial poems. His History of England (incomplete) had as much popularity as one of Dickens's novels. By showing his story-telling art, his ability to vitalize the past, and to "chain the reader's interest", it places him first among English historians.

Macaulay's style is original, lucid, vigorous, finished. He draws striking portraits, paints attractive scenes, illustrates and illuminates with his brilliancy and learning. His well-organized, short, clear, balanced sentences, his concreteness and force, make his style admirable; and it has formed, more than any other, our present style of prose writing.

THE GREAT CARBUNCLE

A MYSTERY OF THE WHITE MOUNTAINS

At nightfall, once, in the olden time, on the rugged side of one of the Crystal Hills, a party of adventurers were refreshing themselves, after a toilsome and fruitless quest for the Great Carbuncle. They had come thither, not as friends, nor partners in the enterprise, but each, save one youthful pair, impelled by his own selfish and solitary longing for this wondrous gem. Their feeling of brotherhood, however, was strong enough to induce them to contribute a mutual aid in building a rude hut of branches, and kindling a great fire of shattered pines, that had drifted down the headlong current of the Amonoosuck, on the lower bank of which they were to pass the night. There was but one of their number, perhaps, who had become so estranged from natural sympathies, by the absorbing spell of the pursuit, as to acknowledge no satisfaction at the sight of human faces, in the remote and solitary region whither they had ascended. A vast extent of wilderness lay between them and the nearest settlement, while scant a mile above their heads, was that black verge, where the hills throw off their shaggy mantle of forest trees, and either robe themselves in clouds or tower naked into the sky. The roar of the Amonoosuck would have been too awful for endurance, if only a solitary man had listened, while the mountain stream talked with the wind.

The adventurers, therefore, exchanged hospitable greetings, and welcomed one another to the hut, where each man was the host, and all were the guests of the whole company. They spread their individual supplies of food on the flat surface of a rock, and partook of a general repast; at the close of which, a sentiment of good fellowship was perceptible among the party, though repressed by the idea that the renewed search for the Great Carbuncle must make them strangers again, in the morning. Seven men and one young woman, they warmed themselves together at the fire, which extended its bright wall along the whole front of their wigwam. As they observed the various and contrasted figures that made up the assemblage, each man looking like a caricature of himself, in the unsteady light that flickered over him, they came mutually to the conclusion, that an odder society had never met, in city or wilderness, on mountain or plain.

The eldest of the group, a tall, lean, weather-beaten man, some sixty years of age, was clad in the skins of wild animals, whose fashion of dress he did well to imitate, since the deer, the wolf, and the bear had long been his most intimate companions. He was one of those ill-fated mortals, such as the Indians told of, whom, in their early youth, the Great Carbuncle smote with a peculiar madness, and became the passionate dream of their existence. All who visited that region knew him as the Seeker, and by no other name. As none could remember when he first took up the search, there went a fable in the valley of the Saco that, for his inordinate lust after the Great Carbuncle, he had

been condemned to wander among the mountains till the end of time, still with the same feverish hopes at sunrise—the same despair at eve. Near this miserable Seeker sat a little elderly personage, wearing a high-crowned hat, shaped somewhat like a crucible. He was from beyond the sea, a Doctor Cacaphodel who had wilted and dried himself into a mummy, by continually stooping over charcoal furnaces, and inhaling unwholesome fumes, during his researches in chemistry and alchemy. It was told of him, whether truly or not, that, at the commencement of his studies, he had drained his body of all its richest blood, and wasted it, with other inestimable ingredients, in an unsuccessful experiment—and had never been a well man since. Another of the adventurers was Master Ichabod Pigsnort, a weighty merchant and selectman of Boston, and an elder of the famous Mr. Norton's church. His enemies had a ridiculous story that Master Pigsnort was accustomed to spend a whole hour after prayer time, every morning and evening, in wallowing naked among an immense quantity of pine-tree shillings, which were the earliest silver coinage of Massachusetts. The fourth whom we shall notice had no name that his companions knew of, and was chiefly distinguished by a sneer that always contorted his thin visage, and by a prodigious pair of spectacles, which were supposed to deform and discolor the whole face of nature to this gentleman's perception. The fifth adventurer likewise lacked a name, which was the greater pity, as he appeared to be a poet. He was a bright-eyed man, but wofully pined away, which was

no more than natural, if, as some people affirmed, his ordinary diet was fog, morning mist, and a slice of the densest cloud within his reach, sauced with moonshine, whenever he could get it. Certain it is, that the poetry which flowed from him had a smack of all these dainties. The sixth of the party was a young man of haughty mien, and sat somewhat apart from the rest, wearing his plumed hat loftily among his elders, while the fire glittered on the rich embroidery of his dress, and gleamed intensely on the jewelled pommel of his sword. This was the Lord de Vere, who, when at home, was said to spend much of his time in the burial vault of his dead progenitors, rummaging their mouldy coffins in search of all the earthly pride and vainglory that was hidden among bones and dust; so that, besides his own share, he had the collected haughtiness of his whole line of ancestry.

Lastly, there was a handsome youth in rustic garb, and by his side, a blooming little person, in whom a delicate shade of maiden reserve was just melting into the rich glow of a young wife's affection. Her name was Hannah, and her husband's Matthew; two homely names, yet well enough adapted to the simple pair, who seemed strangely out of place among the whimsical fraternity whose wits had been set agog by the Great Carbuncle.

Beneath the shelter of one hut, in the bright blaze of the same fire, sat this varied group of adventurers, all so intent upon a single object, that, of whatever else they began to speak, their closing words were sure to be illuminated with the Great Carbuncle.

Several related the circumstances that brought them thither. One had listened to a traveler's tale of this marvelous stone in his own distant country, and had immediately been seized with such a thirst for beholding it as could only be quenched in its intensest lustre. Another, so long ago as when the famous Captain Smith visited these coasts, had seen it blazing far at sea, and had felt no rest in all the intervening years, till now that he took up the search. A third, being encamped on a hunting expedition full forty miles south of the White Mountains, awoke at midnight, and beheld the Great Carbuncle gleaming like a meteor, so that the shadows of the trees fell backward from it. They spoke of the innumerable attempts which had been made to reach the spot, and of the singular fatality which had hitherto withheld success from all adventurers, though it might seem so easy to follow to its source a light that overpowered the moon, and almost matched the sun. It was observable that each smiled scornfully at the madness of every other in anticipating better fortune than the past, yet nourished a scarcely hidden conviction that he would himself be the favored one. As if to allay their too sanguine hopes, they recurred to the Indian traditions that a spirit kept watch about the gem, and bewildered those who sought it either by removing it from peak to peak of the higher hills, or by calling up a mist from the enchanted lake over which it hung. But these tales were deemed unworthy of credit, all professing to believe that the search had been baffled by want of sagacity or perseverance in the adventur-

ers, or such other causes as might naturally obstruct the passage to any given point, among the intricacies of forest, valley, and mountain.

In a pause of the conversation, the wearer of the prodigious spectacles looked round upon the party, making each individual, in turn, the object of the sneer which invariably dwelt upon his countenance.

"So, fellow-pilgrims," said he, "here we are, seven wise men, and one fair damsel—who, doubtless, is as wise as any graybeard of the company: here we are, I say, all bound on the same goodly enterprise. Methinks, now, it were not amiss that each of us declare what he proposes to do with the Great Carbuncle, provided he have the good hap to clutch it. What says our friend in the bear skin? How mean you, good sir, to enjoy the prize which you have been seeking, the Lord knows how long, among the Crystal Hills?"

"How enjoy it!" exclaimed the aged Seeker, bitterly. "I hope for no enjoyment from it; that folly has passed long ago. I keep up the search for this accursed stone because the vain ambition of my youth has become a fate upon me in old age. The pursuit alone is my strength, the energy of my soul, the warmth of my blood, and the pith and marrow of my bones! Were I to turn my back upon it, I should fall down dead on the hither side of the Notch, which is the gateway of this mountain region. Yet not to have my wasted lifetime back again would I give up my hopes of the Great Carbuncle! Having found it, I shall bear it to a certain cavern that I wot

of, and there, grasping it in my arms, lie down and die, and keep it buried with me forever.''

''O wretch, regardless of the interests of science!'' cried Doctor Cacaphodel, with philosophic indignation. ''Thou art not worthy to behold, even from afar off, the lustre of this most precious gem that ever was concocted in the laboratory of Nature. Mine is the sole purpose for which a wise man may desire the possession of the Great Carbuncle. Immediately on obtaining it—for I have a presentiment, good people, that the prize is reserved to crown my scientific reputation—I shall return to Europe, and employ my remaining years in reducing it to its first elements. A portion of the stone will I grind to impalpable powder; other parts shall be dissolved in acids, or whatever solvents will act upon so admirable a composition; and the remainder I design to melt in the crucible, or set on fire with the blow-pipe. By these various methods, I shall gain an accurate analysis, and finally bestow the result of my labors upon the world in a folio volume.''

''Excellent!'' quoth the man with the spectacles. ''Nor need you hesitate, learned sir, on account of the necessary destruction of the gem; since the perusal of your folio may teach every mother's son of us to concoct a Great Carbuncle of his own.''

''But, verily,'' said Master Ichabod Pigsnort, ''for mine own part I object to the making of these counterfeits, as being calculated to reduce the marketable value of the true gem. I tell ye frankly, sirs, I have an interest in keeping up the price. Here have I

quitted my regular traffic, leaving my warehouse in the care of my clerks, and putting my credit to great hazard, and, furthermore, have put myself in peril of death or captivity by the accursed heathen savages—and all this without daring to ask the prayers of the congregation, because the quest for the Great Carbuncle is deemed little better than a traffic with the Evil One. Now think ye that I would have done this grievous wrong to my soul, body, reputation, and estate, without a reasonable chance of profit?''

''Not I, pious Master Pigsnort,'' said the man with the spectacles. ''I never laid such a great folly to thy charge.''

''Truly, I hope not,'' said the merchant. ''Now, as touching this Great Carbuncle, I am free to own that I have never had a glimpse of it; but be it only the hundredth part so bright as people tell, it will surely outvalue the Great Mogul's best diamond, which he holds at an incalculable sum. Wherefore, I am minded to put the Great Carbuncle on shipboard, and voyage with it to England, France, Spain, Italy, or into Heathendom, if Providence should send me thither, and, in a word, dispose of the gem to the best bidder among the potentates of the earth, that he may place it among his crown jewels. If any of ye have a wiser plan, let him expound it.''

''That have I, thou sordid man!'' exclaimed the poet. ''Dost thou desire nothing brighter than gold, that thou wouldst transmute all this ethereal lustre into such dross as thou wallowest in already? For myself, hiding the jewel under my cloak, I shall hie

me back to my attic chamber, in one of the darksome alleys of London. There, night and day, will I gaze upon it; my soul shall drink its radiance; it shall be diffused throughout my intellectual powers, and gleam brightly in every line of poesy that I indite. Thus, long ages after I am gone, the splendor of the Great Carbuncle will blaze around my name!''

''Well said, Master Poet!'' cried he of the spectacles. ''Hide it under thy cloak, sayest thou? Why, it will gleam through the holes, and make thee look like a jack-o'-lantern!''

''To think!'' ejaculated the Lord de Vere, rather to himself than his companions, the best of whom he held utterly unworthy of his intercourse—''to think that a fellow in a tattered cloak should talk of conveying the Great Carbuncle to a garret in Grub Street! Have not I resolved within myself that the whole earth contains no fitter ornament for the great hall of my ancestral castle? There shall it flame for ages, making a noonday of midnight, glittering on the suits of armor, the banners, and escutcheons, that hang around the wall, and keeping down the memory of heroes. Wherefore have all other adventurers sought the prize in vain, but that I might win it, and make it a symbol of the glories of our lofty line? And never, on the diadem of the White Mountains, did the Great Carbuncle hold a place half so honored as is reserved for it in the hall of the De Veres!''

''It is a noble thought,'' said the Cynic, with an obsequious sneer. ''Yet, might I presume to say so, the gem would make a rare sepulchral lamp, and would

display the glories of your lordship's progenitors more truly in the ancestral vault than in the castle hall."

"Nay, forsooth," observed Matthew, the young rustic, who sat hand in hand with his bride, "the gentleman has bethought himself of a profitable use for this bright stone. Hannah here and I are seeking it for a like purpose."

"How, fellow!" exclaimed his lordship, in surprise. "What castle hall hast thou to hang it in?"

"No castle," replied Matthew, "but as neat a cottage as any within sight of the Crystal Hills. Ye must know, friends, that Hannah and I, being wedded the last week, have taken up the search of the Great Carbuncle, because we shall need its light in the long winter evenings; and it will be such a pretty thing to show the neighbors when they visit us. It will shine through the house so that we may pick up a pin in any corner, and will set all the windows aglowing as if there were a great fire of pine knots in the chimney. And then how pleasant, when we awake in the night, to be able to see one another's face!"

There was a general smile among the adventurers at the simplicity of the young couple's project in regard to this wondrous and invaluable stone, with which the greatest monarch on earth might have been proud to adorn his palace. Especially the man with spectacles, who had sneered at all the company in turn, now twisted his visage into such an expression of ill-natured mirth, that Matthew asked him, rather peevishly, what he himself meant to do with the Great Carbuncle.

"The Great Carbuncle!" answered the Cynic, with ineffable scorn. "Why, you blockhead, there is no such thing in *rerum natura.* I have come three thousand miles, and am resolved to set my foot on every peak of these mountains, and poke my head into every chasm, for the sole purpose of demonstrating to the satisfaction of any man, one whit less an ass than thyself, that the Great Carbuncle is all a humbug!"

Vain and foolish were the motives that had brought most of the adventurers to the Crystal Hills; but none so vain, so foolish, and so impious too, as that of the scoffer with the prodigious spectacles. He was one of those wretched and evil men whose yearnings are downward to the darkness, instead of heavenward, and who, could they but distinguish the lights which God hath kindled for us, would count the midnight gloom their chiefest glory. As the Cynic spoke, several of the party were startled by a gleam of red splendor, that showed the huge shapes of the surrounding mountains, and the rock-bestrewn bed of the turbulent river, with an illumination unlike that of their fire on the trunks and black boughs of the forest trees. They listened for the roll of thunder, but heard nothing, and were glad that the tempest came not near them. The stars, those dial-points of heaven, now warned the adventurers to close their eyes on the blazing logs, and open them, in dreams, to the glow of the Great Carbuncle.

The young married couple had taken their lodgings in the farthest corner of the wigwam, and were separated from the rest of the party by a curtain of

curiously-woven twigs, such as might have hung, in deep festoons, around the bridal-bower of Eve. The modest little wife had wrought this piece of tapestry while the other guests were talking. She and her husband fell asleep with hands tenderly clasped, and awoke from visions of unearthly radiance to meet the more blessed light of one another's eyes. They awoke at the same instant, and with one happy smile beaming over their two faces, which grew brighter with their consciousness of the reality of life and love. But no sooner did she recollect where they were, than the bride peeped through the interstices of the leafy curtain, and saw that the outer room of the hut was deserted.

"Up, dear Matthew!" cried she, in haste. "The strange folk are all gone! Up, this very minute, or we shall lose the Great Carbuncle!"

In truth, so little did these poor young people deserve the mighty prize which had lured them thither, that they had slept peacefully all night, and till the summits of the hills were glittering with sunshine; while the other adventurers had tossed their limbs in feverish wakefulness, or dreamed of climbing precipices, and set off to realize their dreams with the earliest peep of dawn. But Matthew and Hannah, after their calm rest, were as light as two young deer, and merely stopped to say their prayers, and wash themselves in a cold pool of the Amonoosuck, and then to taste a morsel of food, ere they turned their faces to the mountain-side. It was a sweet emblem of conjugal affection, as they toiled up the difficult as-

cent, gathering strength from the mutual aid which they afforded. After several little accidents, such as a torn robe, a lost shoe, and the entanglement of Hannah's hair in a bough, they reached the upper verge of the forest, and were now to pursue a more adventurous course. The innumerable trunks and heavy foliage of the trees had hitherto shut in their thoughts, which now shrank affrighted from the region of wind and cloud and naked rocks and desolate sunshine, that rose immeasurably above them. They gazed back at the obscure wilderness which they had traversed, and longed to be buried again in its depths rather than trust themselves to so vast and visible a solitude.

"Shall we go on?" said Matthew, throwing his arm round Hannah's waist, both to protect her and to comfort his heart by drawing her close to it.

But the little bride, simple as she was, had a woman's love of jewels, and could not forego the hope of possessing the very brightest in the world, in spite of the perils with which it must be won.

"Let us climb a little higher," whispered she, yet tremulously, as she turned her face upward to the lonely sky.

"Come, then," said Matthew, mustering his manly courage, and drawing her along with him; for she became timid again, the moment that he grew bold.

And upward, accordingly, went the pilgrims of the Great Carbuncle, now treading upon the tops and thickly-interwoven branches of dwarf pines, which, by the growth of centuries, though mossy with age, had barely reached three feet in altitude. Next, they

came to masses and fragments of naked rock, heaped confusedly together, like a cairn reared by giants in memory of a giant chief. In this bleak realm of upper air, nothing breathed, nothing grew; there was no life but what was concentrated in their two hearts; they had climbed so high that Nature herself seemed no longer to keep them company. She lingered beneath them, within the verge of the forest trees, and sent a farewell glance after her children, as they strayed where her own green footprints had never been. But soon they were to be hidden from her eye. Densely and dark, the mists began to gather below, casting black spots of shadow on the vast landscape, and sailing heavily to one centre, as if the loftiest mountain peak had summoned a council of its kindred clouds. Finally, the vapors welded themselves, as it were, into a mass, presenting the appearance of a pavement over which the wanderers might have trodden, but where they would vainly have sought an avenue to the blessed earth which they had lost. And the lovers yearned to behold that green earth again, more intensely, alas! than, beneath a clouded sky, they had ever desired a glimpse of Heaven. They even felt it a relief to their desolation when the mists, creeping gradually up the mountain, concealed its lonely peak, and thus annihilated, at least for them, the whole region of visible space. But they drew closer together, with a fond and melancholy gaze, dreading lest the universal cloud should snatch them from each other's sight.

Still, perhaps, they would have been resolute to

climb as far and as high, between earth and heaven, as they could find foothold, if Hannah's strength had not begun to fail, and with that, her courage also. Her breath grew short. She refused to burden her husband with her weight, but often tottered against his side, and recovered herself each time by a feebler effort. At last, she sank down on one of the rocky steps of the acclivity.

"We are lost, dear Matthew," said she, mournfully. "We shall never find our way to the earth again. And oh, how happy we might have been in our cottage!"

"Dear heart!—we will yet be happy there," answered Matthew. "Look! In this direction, the sunshine penetrates the dismal mist. By its aid, I can direct our course to the passage of the Notch. Let us go back, love, and dream no more of the Great Carbuncle!"

"The sun cannot be yonder," said Hannah, with despondence. "By this time, it must be noon. If there could ever be any sunshine here, it would come from above our heads."

"But look!" repeated Matthew, in a somewhat altered tone. "It is brightening every moment. If not sunshine, what can it be?"

Nor could the young bride any longer deny that a radiance was breaking through the mist, and changing its dim hue to a dusky red, which continually grew more vivid, as if brilliant particles were interfused with the gloom. Now, also, the cloud began to roll away from the mountain, while, as it heavily with-

drew, one object after another started out of its impenetrable obscurity into sight, with precisely the effect of a new creation, before the indistinctness of the old chaos had been completely swallowed up. As the process went on, they saw the gleaming of water close at their feet, and found themselves on the very border of a mountain lake, deep, bright, clear, and calmly beautiful, spreading from brim to brim of a basin that had been scooped out of the solid rock. A ray of glory flashed across its surface. The pilgrims looked whence it should proceed, but closed their eyes with a thrill of awful admiration, to exclude the fervid splendor that glowed from the brow of a cliff impending over the enchanted lake. For the simple pair had reached that lake of mystery, and found the long-sought shrine of the Great Carbuncle!

They threw their arms around each other, and trembled at their own success; for, as the legends of this wondrous gem rushed thick upon their memory, they felt themselves marked out by fate—and the consciousness was fearful. Often, from childhood upward, they had seen it shining like a distant star. And now that star was throwing its intensest lustre on their hearts. They seemed changed to one another's eyes, in the red brilliancy that flamed upon their cheeks, while it lent the same fire to the lake, the rocks, and sky, and to the mists which had rolled back before its power. But, with their next glance, they beheld an object that drew their attention even from the mighty stone. At the base of the cliff, directly beneath the Great Carbuncle, appeared the figure of a man, with

his arms extended in the act of climbing, and his face turned upward, as if to drink the full gush of splendor. But he stirred not, no more than if changed to marble.

"It is the Seeker," whispered Hannah, convulsively grasping her husband's arm. "Matthew, he is dead."

"The joy of success has killed him," replied Matthew, trembling violently. "Or, perhaps the very light of the Great Carbuncle was death!"

"The Great Carbuncle," cried a peevish voice behind them. "The Great Humbug! If you have found it, prithee point it out to me."

They turned their heads, and there was the Cynic, with his prodigious spectacles set carefully on his nose, staring now at the lake, now at the rocks, now at the distant masses of vapor, now right at the Great Carbuncle itself, yet seemingly as unconscious of its light as if all the scattered clouds were condensed about his person. Though its radiance actually threw the shadow of the unbeliever at his own feet, as he turned his back upon the glorious jewel, he would not be convinced that there was the least glimmer there.

"Where is your Great Humbug?" he repeated. "I challenge you to make me see it!"

"There," said Matthew, incensed at such perverse blindness, and turning the Cynic round towards the illuminated cliff. "Take off those abominable spectacles, and you cannot help seeing it!"

Now these colored spectacles probably darkened the Cynic's sight, in at least as great a degree as the smoked glasses through which people gaze at an eclipse. With resolute bravado, however, he snatched

them from his nose, and fixed a bold stare full upon the ruddy blaze of the Great Carbuncle. But, scarcely had he encountered it, when, with a deep, shuddering groan, he dropped his head, and pressed both hands across his miserable eyes. Thenceforth there was, in very truth, no light of the Great Carbuncle, nor any other light on earth, nor light of Heaven itself, for the poor Cynic. So long accustomed to view all objects through a medium that deprived them of every glimpse of brightness, a single flash of so glorious a phenomenon, striking upon his naked vision, had blinded him forever.

"Matthew," said Hannah, clinging to him, "let us go hence!"

Matthew saw that she was faint, and kneeling down, supported her in his arms, while he threw some of the thrillingly cold water of the enchanted lake upon her face and bosom. It revived her, but could not renovate her courage.

"Yes, dearest!" cried Matthew, pressing her tremulous form to his breast,—"we will go hence, and return to our humble cottage. The blessed sunshine and the quiet moonlight shall come through our window. We will kindle the cheerful glow of our hearth, at eventide, and be happy in its light. But never again will we desire more light than all the world may share with us."

"No," said his bride, "for how could we live by day, or sleep by night, in this awful blaze of the Great Carbuncle!"

Out of the hollow of their hands, they drank each a

draught from the lake, which presented them its waters uncontaminated by an earthly lip. Then, lending their guidance to the blinded Cynic, who uttered not a word, and even stifled his groans in his own most wretched heart, they began to descend the mountain. Yet, as they left the shore, till then untrodden, of the spirit's lake, they threw a farewell glance towards the cliff, and beheld the vapors gathering in dense volumes, through which the gem burned duskily.

As touching the other pilgrims of the Great Carbuncle, the legend goes on to tell that the worshipful Master Ichabod Pigsnort soon gave up the quest as a desperate speculation, and wisely resolved to betake himself again to his warehouse, near the town dock, in Boston. But, as he passed through the Notch of the mountains, a war party of Indians captured our unlucky merchant, and carried him to Montreal, there holding him in bondage, till, by the payment of a heavy ransom, he had wofully subtracted from his hoard of pine-tree shillings. By his long absence, moreover, his affairs had become so disordered that, for the rest of his life, instead of wallowing in silver, he had seldom a sixpence worth of copper. Doctor Cacaphodel, the alchemist, returned to his laboratory with a prodigious fragment of granite, which he ground to powder, dissolved in acids, melted in the crucible, and burned with the blow-pipe, and published the result of his experiments in one of the heaviest folios of the day. And, for all these purposes, the gem itself could not have answered better than the granite. The poet, by a somewhat similar mistake,

made prize of a great piece of ice, which he found in a sunless chasm of the mountains, and swore that it corresponded, in all points, with his idea of the Great Carbuncle. The critics say, that, if his poetry lacked the splendor of the gem, it retained all the coldness of the ice. The Lord de Vere went back to his ancestral hall, where he contented himself with a wax-lighted chandelier, and filled, in due course of time, another coffin in the ancestral vault. As the funeral torches gleamed within that dark receptacle, there was no need of the Great Carbuncle to show the vanity of earthly pomp.

The Cynic, having cast aside his spectacles, wandered about the world, a miserable object, and was punished with an agonizing desire of light, for the wilful blindness of his former life. The whole night long, he would lift his splendor-blasted orbs to the moon and stars; he turned his face eastward, at sunrise, as duly as a Persian idolater; he made a pilgrimage to Rome, to witness the magnificent illumination of St. Peter's Church; and finally perished in the great fire of London, into the midst of which he had thrust himself, with the desperate idea of catching one feeble ray from the blaze that was kindling earth and heaven.

Matthew and his bride spent many peaceful years, and were fond of telling the legend of the Great Carbuncle. The tale, however, towards the close of their lengthened lives, did not meet with the full credence that had been accorded to it by those who remembered the ancient lustre of the gem. For it is affirmed that, from the hour when two mortals had shown themselves

so simply wise as to reject a jewel which would have dimmed all earthly things, its splendor waned. When other pilgrims reached the cliff, they found only an opaque stone, with particles of mica glittering on its surface. There is also a tradition that, as the youthful pair departed, the gem was loosened from the forehead of the cliff, and fell into the enchanted lake, and that, at noontide, the Seeker's form may still be seen to bend over its quenchless gleam.

Some few believe that this inestimable stone is blazing as of old, and say that they have caught its radiance, like a flash of summer lightning, far down the valley of the Saco. And be it owned that, many a mile from the Crystal Hills, I saw a wondrous light around their summits, and was lured, by the faith of poesy, to be the latest pilgrim of the GREAT CARBUNCLE.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, 1804-1864.

Nathaniel Hawthorne was born at Salem, Massachusetts. Upon the early death of his father, the family moved to Maine, where, until he entered Bowdoin College, he spent a large part of his time in rambling through the woods, recording his observations, and enjoying an environment not unlike James Fenimore Cooper's. After graduating from college, he obtained a position in the custom house at Boston, though he soon resigned to enter upon a life of literary seclusion in his native town. Until his appointment as consul to Liverpool by his friend, President Pierce, he spent his time in brooding, dreaming, and contributing to the magazines. Except for three years spent in the old Emerson Manse at Concord, and his brief residence with the Brook Farm Colony, he lived in Salem. After discharging his duties for four years in Liver-

pool, he went to the continent to regain his health. After seven years abroad he returned to Concord, where he remained until his death.

His writings are permeated with a certain atmosphere of simplicity, purity, fanciful imagination, contemplation,—the four dominant qualities of his mind. In his quietly humorous, easy-flowing style of expressing these qualities lies his charm. While he is not, perhaps, so widely known as Poe, yet, where he is known, he is considered by many to be preëminently the literary artist of America. Moreover, he ranks among the great modern short-story writers. Henry James calls him "the most eminent representative of a literature, the most valuable example of American genius."

The quantity of Hawthorne's works is not large. It consists of four novels, four volumes of short-stories, a collection of sketches, and two books of stories for children.

Suggested Readings: *Mr. Higginbotham's Catastrophe, The White Old Maid, Legends of the Province House, The Ambitious Guest, Young Goodman Brown, The Birthmark, Rappaccini's Daughter, A Rill from the Town Pump, David Swan, Old Esther Dudley, Dr. Heidegger's Secret.*

THE BLACK CAT

For the most wild, yet most homely narrative which I am about to pen, I neither expect nor solicit belief. Mad indeed would I be to expect it in a case where my very senses reject their own evidence. Yet mad am I not, and very surely do I not dream. But to-morrow I die, and to-day I would unburden my soul. My immediate purpose is to place before the world plainly, succinctly, and without comment, a series of mere household events. In their consequences these events have terrified—have tortured—have destroyed me. Yet I will not attempt to expound them. To me they presented little but horror—to many they will seem less terrible than *baroques*. Hereafter, perhaps, some intellect may be found which will reduce my phantasm to the commonplace—some intellect more calm, more logical, and far less excitable than my own, which will perceive, in the circumstances I detail with awe, nothing more than an ordinary succession of very natural causes and effects.

From my infancy I was noted for the docility and humanity of my disposition. My tenderness of heart was even so conspicuous as to make me the jest of my companions. I was especially fond of animals, and was indulged by my parents with a great variety of pets. With these I spent most of my time, and never was so happy as when feeding and caressing them. This peculiarity of character grew with my growth, and in my manhood I derived from it one of my prin-

cipal sources of pleasure. To those who have cherished an affection for a faithful and sagacious dog, I need hardly be at the trouble of explaining the nature or the intensity of the gratification thus derivable. There is something in the unselfish and self-sacrificing love of a brute which goes directly to the heart of him who has had frequent occasion to test the paltry friendship and gossamer fidelity of mere *Man*.

I married early, and was happy to find in my wife a disposition not uncongenial with my own. Observing my partiality for domestic pets, she lost no opportunity of procuring those of the most agreeable kind. We had birds, gold-fish, a fine dog, rabbits, a small monkey, and *a cat*.

This latter was a remarkably large and beautiful animal, entirely black, and sagacious to an astonishing degree. In speaking of his intelligence, my wife, who at heart was not a little tinctured with superstition, made frequent allusion to the ancient popular notion which regarded all black cats as witches in disguise. Not that she was ever *serious* upon this point, and I mention the matter at all for no better reason than that it happens, just now, to be remembered.

Pluto—this was the cat's name—was my favorite pet and playmate. I alone fed him, and he attended me wherever I went about the house. It was even with difficulty that I could prevent him from following me through the streets.

Our friendship lasted in this manner for several years, during which my general temperament and character—through the instrumentality of the Fiend

Intemperance—had (I blush to confess it) experienced a radical alteration for the worse. I grew, day by day, more moody, more irritable, more regardless of the feelings of others. I suffered myself to use intemperate language to my wife. A length, I even offered her personal violence. My pets, of course, were made to feel the change in my disposition. I not only neglected, but ill-used them. For Pluto, however, I still retained sufficient regard to restrain me from maltreating him, as I made no scruple of maltreating the rabbits, the monkey, or even the dog, when by accident, or through affection, they came in my way. But my disease grew upon me—for what disease is like Alcohol?—and at length even Pluto, who was now becoming old, and consequently somewhat peevish—even Pluto began to experience the effects of my ill-temper.

One night, returning home much intoxicated from one of my haunts about town, I fancied that the cat avoided my presence. I seized him, when, in his fright at my violence, he inflicted a slight wound upon my hand with his teeth. The fury of a demon instantly possessed me. I knew myself no longer. My original soul seemed at once to take its flight from my body, and a more than fiendish malevolence, gin-nurtured, thrilled every fiber of my frame. I took from my waistcoat-pocket a pen-knife, opened it, grasped the poor beast by the throat, and deliberately cut one of its eyes from the socket! I blush, I burn, I shudder, while I pen the damnable atrocity.

When reason returned with the morning—when I

had slept off the fumes of the night's debauch—I experienced a sentiment half of horror, half of remorse, for the crime of which I had been guilty; but it was, at best, a feeble and equivocal feeling, and the soul remained untouched. I again plunged into excess, and soon drowned in wine all memory of the deed.

In the meantime the cat slowly recovered. The socket of the lost eye presented, it is true, a frightful appearance, but he no longer appeared to suffer any pain. He went about the house as usual, but, as might be expected, fled in extreme terror at my approach. I had so much of my old heart left as to be at first grieved by this evident dislike on the part of a creature which had once so loved me. But this feeling soon gave place to irritation. And then came, as if to my final and irrevocable overthrow, the spirit of PERVERSENESS. Of this spirit philosophy takes no account. Yet I am not more sure that my soul lives than I am that perverseness is one of the primitive impulses of the human heart—one of the indivisible primary faculties or sentiments which give direction to the character of Man. Who has not, a hundred times, found himself committing a vile or a silly action for no other reason than because he knows he should *not?* Have we not a perpetual inclination, in the teeth of our best judgment, to violate that which is *Law,* merely because we understand it to be such? This spirit of perverseness, I say, came to my final overthrow. It was this unfathomable longing of the soul *to vex itself*—to offer violence to its own nature—to do wrong for the wrong's sake only—that urged me to continue and

finally to consummate the injury I had inflicted upon the unoffending brute. One morning, in cool blood, I slipped a noose about its neck and hung it to the limb of a tree; hung it with the tears streaming from my eyes, and with the bitterest remorse at my heart; hung it *because* I knew that it had loved me, and *because* I felt it had given me no reason of offense; hung it *because* I knew that in so doing I was committing a sin—a deadly sin that would so jeopardize my immortal soul as to place it, if such a thing were possible, even beyond the reach of the infinite mercy of the Most Merciful and Most Terrible God.

On the night of the day on which this cruel deed was done, I was aroused from sleep by the cry of fire. The curtains of my bed were in flames. The whole house was blazing. It was with great difficulty that my wife, a servant, and myself, made our escape from the conflagration. The destruction was complete. My entire worldly wealth was swallowed up, and I resigned myself thenceforward to despair.

I am above the weakness of seeking to establish a sequence of cause and effect between the disaster and the atrocity. But I am detailing a chain of facts, and wish not to leave even a possible link imperfect. On the day succeeding the fire, I visited the ruins. The walls with one exception had fallen in. This exception was found in a compartment wall, not very thick, which stood about the middle of the house, and against which had rested the head of my bed. The plastering had here in great measure resisted the action of the fire, a fact which I attributed to its having been

recently spread. About this wall a dense crowd were collected, and many persons seemed to be examining a particular portion of it with very minute and eager attention. The words "Strange!" "Singular!" and other similar expressions, excited my curiosity. I approached and saw, as if graven in *bas relief* upon the white surface, the figure of a gigantic *cat*. The impression was given with an accuracy truly marvelous. There was a rope about the animal's neck.

When I first beheld this apparition—for I could scarcely regard it as less—my wonder and my terror were extreme. But at length reflection came to my aid. The cat, I remembered, had been hung in a garden adjacent to the house. Upon the alarm of fire, this garden had been immediately filled by the crowd, by some one of whom the animal must have been cut from the tree and thrown through an open window into my chamber. This had probably been done with the view of arousing me from sleep. The falling of other walls had compressed the victim of my cruelty into the substance of the freshly-spread plaster; the lime of which, with the flames and the *ammonia* from the carcass, had then accomplished the portraiture as I saw it.

Although I thus readily accounted to my reason, if not altogether to my conscience, for the startling fact just detailed, it did not the less fail to make a deep impression upon my fancy. For months I could not rid myself of the phantasm of the cat, and during this period there came back into my spirit a half-sentiment that seemed, but was not, remorse. I went so far as

to regret the loss of the animal, and to look about me among the vile haunts which I now habitually frequented for another pet of the same species, and of somewhat similar appearance, with which to supply its place.

One night, as I sat half-stupefied in a den of more than infamy, my attention was suddenly drawn to some black object, reposing upon the head of one of the immense hogsheads of gin or of rum, which constituted the chief furniture of the apartment. I had been looking steadily at the top of his hogshead for some minutes, and what now caused me surprise was the fact that I had not sooner perceived the object thereupon. I approached it, and touched it with my hand. It was a black cat—a very large one—fully as large as Pluto, and closely resembling him in every respect but one. Pluto had not a white hair upon any portion of his body; but this cat had a large, although indefinite, splotch of white, covering nearly the whole region of the breast.

Upon my touching him, he immediately arose, purred loudly, rubbed against my hand, and appeared delighted with my notice. This, then, was the very creature of which I was in search. I at once offered to purchase it of the landlord; but this person made no claim to it, knew nothing of it, had never seen it before.

I continued my caresses, and when I prepared to go home, the animal evinced a disposition to accompany me. I permitted it to do so, occasionally stooping and patting it as I proceeded. When it reached the

house it domesticated itself at once, and became immediately a great favorite with my wife.

For my own part, I soon found a dislike to it arising within me. This was just the reverse of what I had anticipated, but—I know not how or why it was—its evident fondness for myself rather disgusted and annoyed. By slow degrees these feelings of disgust and annoyance rose into the bitterness of hatred. I avoided the creature; a certain sense of shame, and the remembrance of my former deed of cruelty, preventing me from physically abusing it. I did not, for some weeks, strike or otherwise violently ill-use it, but gradually—very gradually—I came to look upon it with unutterable loathing, and to flee silently from its odious presence as from the breath of a pestilence.

What added, no doubt, to my hatred of the beast, was the discovery, on the morning after I brought it home, that, like Pluto, it also had been deprived of one of its eyes. This circumstance, however, only endeared it to my wife, who, as I have already said, possessed in a high degree that humanity of feeling which had once been my distinguishing trait, and the source of many of my simplest and purest pleasures.

With my aversion to this cat, however, its partiality for myself seemed to increase. It followed my footsteps with a pertinacity which it would be difficult to make the reader comprehend. Whenever I sat, it would crouch beneath my chair or spring upon my knees, covering me with its loathsome caresses. If I arose to walk, it would get between my feet and thus

nearly throw me down, or, fastening its long and sharp claws in my dress, clamber in this manner to my breast. At such times, although I longed to destroy it with a blow, I was yet withheld from so doing, partly by a memory of my former crime, but chiefly —let me confess it at once—by absolute *dread* of the beast.

This dread was not exactly a dread of physical evil —and yet I should be at a loss how otherwise to define it. I am almost ashamed to own—yes, even in this felon's cell, I am almost ashamed to own—that the terror and horror with which the animal inspired me had been heightened by one of the merest chimeras it would be possible to conceive. My wife had called my attention more than once to the character of the mark of white hair, of which I have spoken, and which constituted the sole visible difference between the strange beast and the one I had destroyed. The reader will remember that this mark, although large, had been originally very indefinite, but by slow degrees—degrees nearly imperceptible, and which for a long time my reason struggled to reject as fanciful—it had at length assumed a rigorous distinctness of outline. It was now the representation of an object that I shudder to name—and for this, above all, I loathed and dreaded and would have rid myself of the monster *had I dared*—it was now, I say, the image of a hideous—of a ghastly thing—of the GALLOWS!—Oh! mournful and terrible engine of horror and of crime —of agony and of death!

And now was I indeed wretched beyond the wretch-

edness of mere humanity. And *a brute beast*—whose fellow I had contemptuously destroyed—*a brute beast* to work out for *me*—for me, a man, fashioned in the image of the High God—so much of insufferable woe! Alas! neither by day nor by night knew I the blessing of rest any more! During the former the creature left me no moment alone; and in the latter I started hourly from dreams of unutterable fear, to find the hot breath of *the thing* upon my face, and its vast weight—an incarnate nightmare that I had no power to shake off—incumbent eternally upon my *heart!*

Beneath the pressure of torments such as these, the feeble remnant of the good within me succumbed. Evil thoughts became my sole intimates—the darkest and most evil of thoughts. The moodiness of my usual temper increased to hatred of all things and of all mankind; while from the sudden frequent and ungovernable outbursts of a fury to which I now blindly abandoned myself, my uncomplaining wife, alas! was the most usual and the most patient of sufferers.

One day she accompanied me upon some household errand into the cellar of the old building which our poverty compelled us to inhabit. The cat followed me down the steep stairs, and nearly throwing me headlong, exasperated me to madness. Uplifting an ax, and forgetting in my wrath the childish dread which had hitherto stayed my hand, I aimed a blow at the animal, which of course would have proved instantly fatal had it descended as I wished. But this blow was arrested by the hand of my wife. Goaded by the interference into a rage more than demoniacal,

I withdrew my arm from her grasp and buried the ax in her brain. She fell dead upon the spot, without a groan.

This hideous murder accomplished, I set myself forthwith and with entire deliberation to the task of concealing the body. I knew that I could not remove it from the house, either by day or by night, without the risk of being observed by the neighbors. Many projects entered my mind. At one period I thought of cutting the corpse into minute fragments and destroying them by fire. At another I resolved to dig a grave for it in the floor of the cellar. Again, I deliberated about casting it into the well in the yard—about packing it in a box, as if merchandise, with the usual arrangements, and so getting a porter to take it from the house. Finally I hit upon what I considered a far better expedient than either of these. I determined to wall it up in the cellar—as the monks of the middle ages are recorded to have walled up their victims.

For a purpose such as this the cellar was well adapted. Its walls were loosely constructed and had lately been plastered throughout with a rough plaster, which the dampness of the atmosphere had prevented from hardening. Moreover, in one of the walls was a projection caused by a false chimney or fireplace, that had been filled up and made to resemble the rest of the cellar. I made no doubt that I could readily displace the bricks at this point, insert the corpse, and wall the whole up as before, so that no eye could detect anything suspicious.

And in this calculation I was not deceived. By means of a crowbar I easily dislodged the bricks, and having carefully deposited the body against the inner wall, I propped it in that position, while with little trouble I relaid the whole structure as it originally stood. Having procured mortar, sand, and hair with every possible precaution, I prepared a plaster which could not be distinguished from the old, and with this I very carefully went over the new brick-work. When I had finished I felt satisfied that all was right. The wall did not present the slightest appearance of having been disturbed. The rubbish on the floor was picked up with the minutest care. I looked around triumphantly, and said to myself—"Here at last, then, my labor has not been in vain."

My next step was to look for the beast which had been the cause of so much wretchedness, for I had at length firmly resolved to put it to death. Had I been able to meet with it at the moment, there could have been no doubt of its fate, but it appeared that the crafty animal had been alarmed at the violence of my previous anger, and forbore to present itself in my present mood. It is impossible to describe or to imagine the deep, the blissful sense of relief which the absence of the detested creature occasioned in my bosom. It did not make its appearance during the night—and thus for one night at least since its introduction into the house I soundly and tranquilly slept, aye, *slept* even with the burden of murder upon my soul!

The second and the third day passed, and still my

tormentor came not. Once again I breathed as a freeman. The monster, in terror, had fled the premises forever! I should behold it no more! My happiness was supreme! The guilt of my dark deed disturbed me but little. Some few inquiries had been made, but these had been readily answered. Even a search had been instituted—but of course nothing was to be discovered. I looked upon my future felicity as secured.

Upon the fourth day of the assassination, a party of the police came very unexpectedly into the house, and proceeded again to make rigorous investigation of the premises. Secure, however, in the inscrutability of my place of concealment, I felt no embarrassment whatever. The officers bade me accompany them in their search. They left no nook or corner unexplored. At length, for the third or fourth time, they descended into the cellar. I quivered not in a muscle. My heart beat as calmly as that of one who slumbers in innocence. I walked the cellar from end to end. I folded my arms upon my bosom, and roamed easily to and fro. The police were thoroughly satisfied, and prepared to depart. The glee at my heart was too strong to be restrained. I burned to say if but one word by way of triumph, and to render doubly sure their assurance of my guiltlessness.

"Gentlemen," I said at last, as the party ascended the steps, "I delight to have allayed your suspicions. I wish you all health, and a little more courtesy. By the by, gentlemen, this—this is a very well constructed house." [In the rabid desire to say something easily,

I scarcely knew what I uttered at all.] "I may say an *excellently* well-constructed house. These walls—are you going, gentlemen?—these walls are solidly put together"; and here, through the mere frenzy of bravado, I rapped heavily with a cane which I held in my hand upon that very portion of the brick-work behind which stood the corpse of the wife of my bosom.

But may God shield and deliver me from the fangs of the arch-fiend! No sooner had the reverberation of my blows sunk into silence than I was answered by a voice from within the tomb!—by a cry, at first muffled and broken, like the sobbing of a child, and then quickly swelling into one long, loud, and continuous scream, utterly anomalous and inhuman—a howl—a wailing shriek, half of horror and half of triumph, such as might have arisen only out of hell, conjointly from the throats of the damned in their agony and of the demons that exult in the damnation.

Of my own thoughts it is folly to speak. Swooning, I staggered to the opposite wall. For one instant the party upon the stairs remained motionless, through extremity of terror and of awe. In the next a dozen stout arms were toiling at the wall. It fell bodily. The corpse, already greatly decayed and clotted with gore, stood erect before the eyes of the spectators. Upon its head, with red extended mouth and solitary eye of fire, sat the hideous beast whose craft had seduced me into murder, and whose informing voice had consigned me to the hangman. I had walled the monster up within the tomb!

EDGAR ALLAN POE, 1809-1849.

The erratic and pathetic career of one of the most brilliant figures in American literature is of peculiar interest. Edgar Allan Poe, the only child of a respected southern family, was left an orphan at an early age. He was at once adopted by a wealthy Virginian and, later, taken to England, where for five years he was trained in a classical school in London. Returning to Virginia, he entered the state university. From this institution he was graduated with honors. Later, he joined the insurgent Greek army and won the title of sergeant-major. Again returning to America, he entered West Point, from which he was dismissed. Upon the death of his adopted father, from whom he had become estranged, he found himself disinherited and penniless. As a means of support, he applied himself to literature, a genius for which he had shown even in his early college days. Within ten years he was the editor of five magazines, some of the leading ones of the day, and a contributor to many more. He died at Baltimore while on a lecture trip through the South.

The large amount and the great variety of his writings show the versatility of his vigorous, highly imaginative, and analytic mind. To his seventy tales, some stories of an analytical nature, some stories of conscience, others pure fantasy, and many mere adventure narratives, may be added three volumes of critical writings, and numerous poems. Of the latter, *The Raven, The Bells,* and *Annabel Lee* are perhaps best known.

It is not out of place to add that Poe himself considered the short-story as "affording unquestionably the fairest field for the exercise of the loftiest talent which can be afforded by the wide domain of mere prose." His own short-stories have been translated into several languages. Moreover, they have established the short-story as a distinct form of art, and have been the school to which both American and European writers have gone.

Suggested Readings: *The Gold Bug, The Purloined Letter, The Pit and the Pendulum, The Tell-Tale Heart, Fall of the House of Usher, MS. Found in a Bottle, The Murders in the Rue Morgue, The Cask of Amontillado.*

THE FRENCH SYMPATHIZER

I

In a little village of Galicia, in the year 1808, there lived a certain druggist, Garcia de Peredes, a misanthropic bachelor, and a descendant of that illustrious gentleman who used to kill a bull at one blow.

It was a cold, dark night in autumn. The sky was shrouded by heavy, dark clouds, and the total absence of earthly light allowed the darkness to have full sway in all the streets and squares of the small town.

About ten o'clock of that awful night, there poured into a square, which to-day would be called the Constitution, a silent group of shadows, even blacker than the darkness surrounding them. They advanced toward the drug store of Garcia de Peredes, which had been tightly closed since sunset, half past eight.

"What shall we do?" asked one of the shadows in pure Galician.

"No one has seen us," observed another.

"Let us knock down the door," proposed a third, a woman.

"And kill them," murmured at least a dozen voices.

"I shall take charge of the apothecary," exclaimed a youth.

"We shall all take hold of him."

"For being a Jew?"

1. Translated from the Spanish by J. Richard Hardy, Instructor in Spanish, Detroit Central High School.

"For being a French sympathizer!"

"They say that to-day twenty Frenchmen dine with him."

"I believe it, and, as they know they are secure there, they have come *en masse.*"

"Oh, if it were in my house, I'd have him thrown into the well, to my credit."

"My wife beheaded one yesterday."

"And I," said a monk with a voice like a wind instrument, "have asphyxiated two captains by leaving charcoal burning in their cell."

"And the infamous druggist protects them!"

"How demonstrative he was yesterday, out walking with those excommunicated villains."

"Who would have thought that of Garcia de Paredes? It is not a month since he was the most valiant, the most patriotic man, in the town."

"Why, didn't he sell the photographs of Ferdinand in his drug store?"

"And now he sells those of Napoleon!"

"Before he aroused us against the invaders. . . ."

"And since they came to Padron, he has gone over to them."

"And to-night he dines all the chief men!"

"Just listen! How they are carrying on! They are shouting 'Long live the Emperor!'"

"Patience," murmured the monk, "it is still very early."

"We will let them get drunk," declared an old woman. "Afterwards we will go in, and not one must be left alive."

"I ask that the druggist be quartered."

"We can make him into mince-meat if you wish. A French sympathizer is more hateful than a Frenchman. The Frenchman tramples on a foreign people; the French sympathizer sells and dishonors his own countrymen. The Frenchman is an assassin; the French sympathizer, a parricide!"

II

While the scene just described was taking place in the doorway of the drug store, Garcia de Paredes and his guests were carousing in a most joyful and disorderly manner. Twenty Frenchmen there were at the table, all of them captains and officials.

Garcia de Paredes himself must have been about forty-five years of age. He was tall and dry and yellower than a mummy. His skin seemed to have been dead for years. Thanks to a clean and shining bald spot, somewhat phosphorescent, his forehead reached to the nape of his neck. His eyes, black and dull and buried in their bony sockets, were like those hidden mountain lakes which offer only obscurity and death to him who looks at them; lakes which reflect nothing, and which sometimes roar silently without themselves changing; lakes which engulf everything that falls on their surface, and return nothing; lakes which nobody has ever been able to sound, yet are not fed by any river.

The supper was abundant, the wine good, and the conversation happy and animated. The Frenchmen laughed, blasphemed, sang, smoked, ate, and drank,

all at the same time. This one told of the secret love affairs of Napoleon; that one, of the night of the second of May in Madrid; another, of the execution of Louis XVI.

Garcia de Paredes drank, laughed, and chatted more than anyone. And so eloquent had he been in upholding the imperial cause, the French soldiers had embraced him, called him a hero, and sung hymns of praise to him.

"Gentlemen," the apothecary had said, "the war which we Spaniards make upon you is as foolish as it is lacking in motive. You sons of the Revolution would take Spain out of her traditional dejection, free her from prejudice, dissipate her religious darkness, improve her antiquated customs. You would teach her people those most useful and indisputable truths that there is no God, no other life; that penitence, abstinence, chastity, and the rest of the Catholic virtues are Quixotic madness; and that Napoleon is the true Messiah, the redeemer of the nations, the friend of mankind. Gentlemen, may the Emperor live as long as I wish him to live!"

"Bravo!" exclaimed the man of the Madrid riot. The druggist dropped his head with inexpressible anguish. But he quickly lifted it, his face as firm and serene as before. After drinking a glass of wine, he continued:

"My barbarian grandfather, Garcia de Paredes, a Samson, a Hercules, killed two hundred Frenchmen in one day, in Italy, I believe. Now you see he was not so much of a French sympathizer as I. He took

sides against the Moors of Granada. The Catholic king made him a knight, and more than once he mounted the guard. Eh, eh! you did not think me of such a distinguished old family. Well, this forefather of mine took Cosenza and Manfredonia; entered Carinola by means of assault; and fought like a lion in the battle of Pazia. In this last place he took as his prisoner a French king, whose sword has been in Madrid nearly three centuries. This sword was the one stolen from us three months ago by that inn-keeper's son whom they call Murat."

Here the druggist paused again. A few of the Frenchmen made as if to answer him, but, rising and imposing silence upon them by his attitude, he clutched a glass convulsively, and in thundering tones exclaimed:

"My toast is, gentlemen, that my grandfather, beast that he was, be cursed, and even now be condemned to the infernal regions. And may the Frenchman of Francis I and Napoleon Bonaparte live forever!"

"Vivant . . .!" responded the invaders, as all drained their glasses.

At this moment a noise was heard in the street, or, more accurately speaking, outside the door of the apothecary shop.

"Did you hear?" asked the Frenchmen.

Garcia de Paredes smiled.

"They may have come to kill me!" he exclaimed.

"Who?"

"The townspeople of Padron."

"Why?"

"Because I am a French sympathizer. For many nights have they surrounded my house. But why should we care? Let us continue our *fiesta.*"

"Yes, let us continue!" cried the guests. "We are here to defend you."

Then, striking bottle against bottle, and glass against glass: "Viva Napoleon! Death to Ferdinando! Death to Galicia!" they exclaimed with one voice.

Garcia de Paredes waited until the toast was ended, and then said with a gloomy accent:

"Celedonia!"

The drug clerk showed his pale and changed face through a small doorway, without daring to enter.

"Celedonia, bring paper and ink," said the druggist, tranquilly.

The clerk returned with writing materials.

"Sit down," continued his master. "Now write down the numbers which I am going to give you. Divide them into two columns. At the top of the column, to the right put "Debit"; at the top of the other, "Credit."

"Señor," stammered the clerk, "in the doorway there is a disturbance. The people shout, 'Death to the apothecary!' and they want to enter."

"Hush up, and let them alone. Write what I have told you."

The Frenchmen laughed with admiration upon seeing the apothecary occupied in adjusting accounts when death and ruin surrounded him.

Celedonia lifted his head and poised his pen, awaiting the numbers he was to enter.

"Let us see, gentlemen," Garcia de Paredes then said, addressing himself to his guests. "It is fitting that we resume our *fiesta* with one more toast. Let us begin by order of location. You, Captain, tell me how many Spaniards you must have killed since you crossed the Pyrenees."

"Bravo! magnificent idea!" exclaimed the Frenchmen.

"I . . .," said the man addressed, climbing over his chair and twisting his mustache impertinently, "I . . . might have killed . . . personally . . . with my sword . . . put it some ten or twelve."

"Eleven to the right," shouted the druggist, addressing the clerk.

The clerk repeated, after writing, "Debit, eleven."

"Correct," continued the host. "And you . . . I am talking to you, Don Julio."

"I . . . six."

"And you, my commander?"

"I . . . twenty."

"I . . . eight."

"I . . . fourteen."

"I . . . nine."

"I do not know; I have shot with my eyes closed."

Thus each responded as his turn came, the clerk listing the numbers to the right.

"Let us see now, captain," continued Garcia de Paredes, let us begin again with you. How many Spaniards do you hope to kill during the rest of the

war, supposing that it lasts for . . . three years?''

''Eh,'' replied the captain, ''who can calculate that?''

''Calculate, I beg of you.''

''Put another eleven.''

''Eleven to the left, dictated Garcia de Paredes. Celedonia repeated, ''Credit, eleven.''

''And you?'' asked the druggist in the same order as before.

''I . . . fifteen.''

''I . . . twenty.''

''I . . . a hundred.''

''I . . . a thousand.''

''Put them all at ten, Celedonia,'' the druggist murmured ironically. ''Now add up the two columns separately.''

The poor youth, who had written the numbers in a deathly sweat, was obliged to count on his fingers, such was his terror.

''Debit . . . 285. Credit . . . 200.''

''That is to say,'' added Garcia de Paredes, ''two hundred and eighty-five dead, and two hundred sentenced. Total, four hundred and eighty-five victims.''

And he pronounced the words in such deep and sepulchral tones that the Frenchmen looked at one another, alarmed.

''We are heroes!'' he exclaimed. ''We have drunk seventy bottles or a hundred five and a half pounds of wine, which, divided among you, makes five pounds of liquid for each. We are heroes, I repeat!''

At this moment the panels of the drug store cracked, and the clerk stammered, "They are entering."

"What time is it?" the apothecary asked with the greatest calmness.

"Eleven. But do you not hear that: they are entering?"

"Let them alone. *It is time now.*"

"Time . . . for what?" murmured the guests, trying to rise.

But they were so intoxicated that they could not move from their chairs.

"Let them come in! Let them come in!" they exclaimed with thick voices, at the same time baring their sabres, and unsuccessfully attempting to rise. "Let that rabble enter. We will receive them."

At this moment, from the drug store below came the noise of breaking bottles and vessels. It was the townspeople, who, from the stairway, added to the crashing sounds the terrible cry of "Death to the Francomaniac."

III

Garcia de Paredes, upon hearing such a noise in his house, sprang to his feet and leaned against the table in order not to fall back into his chair. He looked around him with inexpressible joy, the immortal smile of the victor upon his lips. And thus handsomely transfigured, with the double trembling of death and of enthusiasm, he spoke, uninterrupted and solemn, as if a knell for the dying:

"Frenchmen, if any one of you or all of you to-

gether, could have the opportunity to avenge the death of two hundred eighty-five compatriots, and to save the lives of two hundred more; if by sacrificing your own lives you might appease the indignant shadows of your ancestors, punish the murderers of two hundred and eighty-five heroes, and free two hundred companions from death, thus increasing your country's army with two hundred champions of national independence; would you consider for a moment your own miserable lives? Would you hesitate a moment to embrace, like Samson, the columns of the temple, and die killing the enemies of God?''

''What is he saying?'' the Frenchmen asked one another.

''Señor, the assassins are in the anteroom!'' exclaimed Celedonia.

''Let them come in!'' shouted Gracia de Paredes. ''Open the door for them. Let them enter. Let them see how the descendant of a soldier of Pazia can die.''

The guests, frightened, stupid, chained to their chairs by an insupportable lethargy, believed that that death of which their host was speaking was about to enter the room in search of the mutinous victims. They made frantic efforts to lift their sabers from the table on which they lay, but their feeble fingers were unable to grasp the hilts. Their swords seemed to be glued to the table.

Then more than fifty men and women, armed with sticks, knives, and pistols, pushed into the room, with flashing eyes and hideous cries.

"Death to all!" screamed some of the women, darting ahead of the others.

"Stop a moment!" shouted Gracia de Paredes with such command of voice and face that the cry, combined with the calmness and stillness of twenty Frenchmen created a feeling of terror among the crowd, who had not expected so gloomy and tranquil a reception.

"You have no reason for brandishing knives," continued the druggist with a weakening voice. "I have done more for the independence of the country than all of you combined. I have pretended to be a Francomaniac, and, you see, the twenty officials, invaders, those twenty—do not touch them—are poisoned."

A shout of terror and admiration arose simultaneously from the crowd of Spaniards. They took a step nearer to the guests, only to find the majority of them already dead, with heads fallen forward, arms extended on the table, and hands clutching the hilts of their swords.

"Viva Garcia de Paredes!" the crowd exclaimed, surrounding the dying hero.

"Celedonia," whispered the pharmacist, "we are out of opium . . . send for opium . . . to Corunna . . . ." and he fell on his knees.

It was then only that the Spaniards knew the druggist, too, was poisoned. And they presented a picture that was as beautiful as it was awful. Several of the women seated themselves on the floor, and held by turns the dying patriot. They were the first to

heap benedictions and caresses upon him, as they had been the first to ask for his death. The men had taken all the lights and put them on their knees, thus surrounding the group. There remained, finally, in the dark the twenty Frenchmen, some already dead, others silently dying.

And with each sigh of death, or sound of falling body, a glorious light illumined the face of Garcia de Paredes, whose own spirit soon left the earth, blessed by a minister of God, and wept for by his compatriots.

PEDRO ANTONIO DE ALARCÓN, 1833-1891.

Pedro Antonio de Alarcón, a native of Spain, a graduate of the University of Granada, a private student of law and theology, ranks among the literary artists of modern Spain. For more than forty years he led a varied life. A dramatist before he was twenty-one years of age, he was successively newspaper editor, newspaper correspondent to Africa, politician, member of the Council of State, Minister to Norway and Sweden, Ambassador to the Porte, and, as a fitting climax to his literary career, Member of the Spanish Academy.

His works, nineteen volumes in all, consist of essays; journalistic articles, many of which were dramatic criticisms; newspaper sketches; poems both humorous and serious; novels; and three volumes of short-stories and tales. Many of the novels and short-stories have been translated into both French and English. .

Alarcón's style, vivid, picturesque, incisive, often dramatic, shows concentrated feeling, forceful expression, and a mastery of elegant diction. Although his novels were very popular because of their national spirit, their sincerity, their humorous touches, it is perhaps through his short-stories that he will be best represented to future readers.

Suggested Readings: *The Fortune Teller, Long Live the Pope, The Flute, The Two Glories, Moors and Christians.*

THE POPE'S MULE[1]

Of all the clever sayings, proverbs, or adages with which our Provençal peasants adorn their language, I know of nothing so picturesque or so singular as this. Round about my mill for fifteen leagues, when one speaks of a spiteful, vindictive man, he says: "Do not trust that man. He is like the Pope's mule who kept her kick for seven years."

I sought long and carefully to find out where the proverb originated, what was the papal mule and the kick kept in reserve for seven years.

No one here has been able to inform me on the subject, not even Francet Mamai, my fifer, notwithstanding he has all the Provençal legends at the ends of his fingers. Like me, Francet thinks that it comes from some old tradition of the Avignon country. Yet he has never known it to be referred to in any other way except in this proverb.

"You will find that nowhere but in the Library of the Grasshoppers,"[2] said the old fife player laughing.

The idea seemed good, and, as the Library of the Grasshoppers is at my door, I shut myself in there for a week.

It is a wonderful library, admirably supplied, open to all poets day and night, and attended by little pages,[3] who constantly make music for you with

1. Translated from the French by Nellie Octavia Plée.
2. Open country.
3. Locusts.

cymbals. I passed some delightful days there, and after a week's research—on my back—I ended by finding out what I wanted—the history of my mule and the famous kick reserved for seven years. The story, though a little naïve, is pleasing; and I am going to tell it to you as I read it yesterday morning in a blue manuscript, which smelled sweet with dryed lavender, and which had large gossamer threads for book-marks.

Those who never saw Avignon during the papal period, have seen nothing. For gayety, life, animation, a succession of festivals, there never was a city like it. From morning till night there were processions and pilgrimages; streets strewn with flowers and hung with rich tapestries; cardinals arriving by the Rhone, banners floating; galleys decorated with flags; papal soldiers singing in Latin in the public square; the rattles of the mendicant friars. Then, above the noises, confused and deadened, that issued from the houses around the papal palace like bees around their hives, one could hear the clack of the frames, the to and fro motion of the shuttles weaving the gold cloth for chasubles, the little hammers of the vase-carvers, the key-boards being properly adjusted in the houses of the lute-makers, the songs of the warpers, the clang of the bells overhead, and always, below, the hum of the tambourines by the side of the bridge. For with us, when the people are pleased there is always dancing; and, as at that time the streets were too narrow for the dance, fifers and tambourine players stationed themselves on the Avignon Bridge, in the cool air

of the Rhone, and there, day and night they danced and danced. Oh! happy days! happy city! The halberds which never cut down, the state prisons which were used only to cool the wines! No want, no wars! That is how the Popes of the country of Avignon governed their people; that is why their people so greatly regretted them.

There was one especially, a good old Pope, called Boniface.

Ah! the tears that were shed in the county of Avignon when he died! He was a prince, so pleasing, so worthy to be loved; he smiled so pleasantly at you from his mule; and when you passed him, though you were a poor little digger of madder or a grand magistrate of the city, he gave you his benediction with equal politeness. A genuine Pope of Yvetot, of the Provençal Yvetot, with something refined and subtle in his laughter, and a sprig of sweet marjoram in his cardinal's cap. The only passion that the good father had ever been known to have was his vineyard, a little vineyard, which he had planted himself, about three leagues from Avignon, among the myrtles of Château Neuf.

Every Sunday after Vespers, the worthy man went to pay court to it; and when he was there, sitting in the kind sunshine, his mule by his side, and the cardinals stretched out at the foot of the vines all about him, he would open a bottle of his home-made wine, that fine ruby-colored wine which ever since then has been called Château Neuf-des-Papes, and he would sip it slowly, at the same time regarding his vine-

yard with a look of tenderness. Then, the bottle empty and the day gone, he would return happily to the city, followed by all his chapter; and, when he would pass the Avignon Bridge, amid the drums and the dances, his mule excited by the music, would take a little hopping pace, while he himself marked the step of the dance with his cap, an act that very much scandalized his cardinals but which made all the people shout: "Ah, the good prince! ah, the kind Pope!"

Next to his vineyard at Château Neuf, the thing which the Pope loved best in the world was his mule. The good-natured man doted on that animal. Every evening before retiring he went to see if her stable was properly closed or if anything was wanting in her manger; and he never rose from the table without having had prepared, under his supervision, a large basin of wine *à la Francaise,* with a quantity of sugar and flavoring, which he carried to her himself, in spite of the remarks of the cardinals. It must be said, also, that the animal was worth the trouble.

She was a fine looking mule, black and red dappled, sure footed, with glossy coat and large full back, her little head proudly poised and adorned with pompons, knots, bows of ribbons, and little silver bells; moreover, she possessed the gentleness of an angel, a mild eye, and two long ears always moving, qualities which gave her the appearance of a good-natured child. All Avignon respected her, and when she went into the street, no end of attention was paid to her; for everyone knew that this was the best way to be in favor at

court; and that, for all her innocent air, the Pope's mule had led more than one to fortune, as proved by Tistet Védène and his wonderful adventure.

This Tistet Védène was in truth a bold young rogue, whom his father Guy Védène, the gold carver, had been obliged to send away from home because he would do nothing, and led astray the apprentices. For six months he had been seen idling about the streets of Avignon, but principally around the Pope's palace; for this rascal long had had his eye on the Pope's mule, and you will see what malicious thing he had in mind.

One day when his Holiness was riding alone with his mule, under the eaves of the ramparts, there was my Tistet, who came up to him, and clasping his hands with an air of admiration said: "Ah, *mon Dieu!* Holy Father, what a fine mule you have there! The Emperor of Germany has not her equal."

And he caressed her and talked to her as tenderly as to a maiden:

"Come, my jewel, my treasure, my beautiful pearl."

And the good Pope, quite affected, said to himself:

"What a good little lad! How gentle he is with my mule!"

And do you know what happened the following day?

Tistet Védène exchanged his old yellow coat for a beautiful lace vestment, a violet colored silk hood, shoes with buckles; and he entered the Pope's college,[1]

1. A school for the musical education of choir-boys in a cathedral.

where hitherto had been received only the sons of nobles and nephews of cardinals. Behold what intrigue is! But Tistet did not stop there.

Once in the service of the Pope, the rogue continued the game which already had been so successful. Insolent with everybody, he had attention and kindness only for the mule; and one always met him in the court-yard of the palace with a handful of oats or a little bunch of clover, whose rosy clusters he gently shook, at the same time looking toward the balcony of St. Peter's as if to say: "Ha! for whom is this?" Thus time passed on until at last, the good Pope, who felt himself growing old, arrived at the point where he left to him the care of watching the stable, and of carrying to the mule his basin of wine *à la Francaise;* a fact which did not make the cardinals laugh.

Nor did it make the mule laugh. Now at the hour of her wine, she would always see coming to her stable five or six young scholars from the college, in their hoods and their laces, who quickly crept into the straw; then, after a moment, a fragrant odor of caramel and spices would fill the stable, and Tistet Védène appeared carefully carrying the basin of wine *à la Francaise.* Then the martyrdom of the poor animal began.

That fragrant wine which she loved so well, which kept her warm, which gave her wings, they had the cruelty to bring to her manger, and allow her to inhale it; then when she had her nostrils filled with it, presto! the wine disappeared. The delicious rose-colored liquor went down the throats of those scape-

goats. Still if they had stopped after robbing her of her wine; but they were like devils, all those scholars, after they had drunk. One pulled her ears, another her tail; Quiquet climbed on her back, Béluguet tried his cap on her; and not one of those young rogues considered that, with one kick, that kind animal could have sent them all to the polar star, and even farther. But no! to be the mule of a Pope, the mule of benedictions, is not for nothing. The children tried in vain, she did not become angry; and it was only toward Tistet Védène that she bore ill-will. For instance, when she felt him behind her she ached to kick him, and indeed she had very good cause. That scamp of a Tistet played her such wicked tricks! He had such fiendish thoughts after drinking!

One day he took it into his head to make her go up with him into the belfry at the top of the palace. And this is not a bit of fiction which I am telling you—two hundred thousand people saw it. You can imagine the terror of this unhappy mule, when, after having gropingly turned round and round in a winding staircase, and clambered I know not how many steps, she suddenly found herself on a platform dazzling with light, and saw, a thousand feet below, a fantastic Avignon; the stalls of the market place no larger than hazel-nuts, the papal soldiers before their barracks like red ants, and down farther over a silver thread, a microscopic bridge where people danced and danced. Ah, poor beast! What panic! At the cry she uttered, all the windows of the palace trembled.

"What is the matter? What are they doing to her?" cried the good Pope, running out on the balcony.

Tistet was already in the court-yard, pretending to weep and tear his hair.

"Ah! Holy Father, there she is! There is your mule—*mon Dieu!* What will become of us! Your mule has climbed up into the belfry!"

"All alone?"

"Yes, Holy Father, all alone. Hold! Look up there! Do you not see the tips of her ears moving? They are like two swallows."

"Mercy!" cried the poor Pope, raising his eyes. "Why she must have gone mad! She will kill herself! Will you not come down, unhappy creature?"

Pécaïre![1] She would like nothing better than to come down; but how? The stairs could not be thought of; one can manage to go up those things, but to come down would be chance enough to break one's legs a thousand times.

The poor mule was disconsolate; and, as she groped about the platform, her great eyes swimming with dizziness, she thought of Tistet Védène.

"Ah, bandit, if I get out of this, what a kick tomorrow morning!"

That idea of a kick restored a little strength to her legs; but for that she would have been unable to hold out. At last they succeeded in getting her down, but it was no easy undertaking. She had to be lowered in a litter, with ropes and pulleys. You can imagine

1. An exclamation, usually of pity, used in Provence.

what humiliation it must have been for a Pope's mule to see herself suspended at that height, her feet sprawling in the air, like a June bug on the end of a thread. And all Avignon looking on!

The unhappy animal did not sleep that night. It seemed to her that she was constantly turning around on that accursed platform, with the laughter of the city below.

Then she thought of that base Tistet Védène, and of the dainty kick. But, while preparations for the delightful reception were being made for Tistet Védène at the stable, do you know what he was doing? He was going singing down the Rhone on a papal galley, on the way to the Court of Naples, with a company of young nobles whom the city sent every year to Queen Joanna, to be trained in the art of diplomacy and good manners. Tistet was not a noble; but the Pope wished to recompense him for the care he had given to his mule, and especially for what he had done on the day of the rescue.

It was the mule that was disappointed the next day.

"Ah, the bandit! He suspected something," she thought as she shook her little bells angrily. "But never mind, you villain! You will find it waiting for you upon your return—your kick, I'll keep it for you."

And she did keep it for him.

After the departure of Tistet, the mule regained her tranquil course of life and her usual habits. Moreover, neither Quiquet nor Béluguet came to the stable.

The delightful days of wine *à la Francaise* had returned, and with them good nature, long naps, and the little dancing step when she crossed the Avignon Bridge. However, since her adventure there was always a little coldness shown toward her in the city. There were whisperings on the road, head shakings by the old people, and laughter from the children as they pointed to the belfry.

The Pope himself did not have so much confidence in his friend, and when returning from his vineyard on Sundays he allowed himself to take a little nap on her back, he always had this thought: "What if I should awake up there on the platform!" The mule felt this and suffered in silence; only when someone spoke the name of Tistet Védène near her, her long ears quivered, and, with a quick laugh, she sharpened her little iron shoes on the pavement.

Thus seven years passed. Then, at the end of that time, Tistet Védène returned from the Court of Naples. His time there was not yet ended; but he had heard that the chief mustard-bearer[1] to the Pope had died suddenly, and, as the position seemed desirable to him, he had come in great haste to apply for it.

When that intriguer, Védène, entered the hall of the palace, the Holy Father had trouble in recognizing him, he had grown so tall and large. It should be said, too, that the good Pope had grown old and that he could not see well without glasses.

Tistet was not frightened.

1. Used here in its literal sense; that is, a mediocre man who thinks himself of great importance.

"What, Holy Father, do you not recognize me? It is I, Tistet Védène!"

"Védène?"

"Why, yes, you know me well—the one who used to carry the wine *à la Francaise* to your mule."

"Ah! yes, yes, I remember, a good little fellow, that Tistet Védène, and now what is it that he wishes of us?"

"O a very little thing, Holy Father. I came to ask you—now I think of it, do you still have your mule? Is she well? Ah! good! I came to ask you for the position of the chief mustard-bearer, who has died."

"Chief mustard-bearer, you! But you are too young. How old are you, now?"

"Twenty years and two months, illustrious Pontiff, just five years older than your mule. Ah, that fine animal! If you knew how much I loved that mule, and how I pined for her in Italy! Are you not going to let me see her?"

"Certainly you shall see her, my child," answered the good Pope, greatly moved. "And since you love her so much, that excellent beast, I do not wish you to live far from her. From this day I attach you to my person as chief mustard-bearer. My cardinals will complain loudly, but I am used to it. Meet us to-morrow, on our return from Vespers, and we will give you the insignia of your office in the presence of the chapter, and then, I will take you to see the mule, and you will come to the vineyard with us two, ha! ha! Come now, away with you."

If Tistet Védène was pleased upon leaving the great

hall, I need not tell you with what impatience he awaited the ceremony of the next day. However, there was in the palace someone still happier and more impatient than he: it was the mule. From the return of Védène till the Vesper hour of the following day, that dreadful animal did not cease to fill herself with oats and to kick at the wall with her hind feet. She, too, was getting ready for the ceremony.

And so next day when the vespers were over, Tistet Védène made his appearance in the court-yard of the papal palace. All the chief clergy were there. Cardinals in red robes, advocates of the devil [1] in black velvet, convent abbes with their little mitres, the church wardens of Saint Agrico, the violet hoods of the college and the lesser clergy, the papal soldiers in grand uniform, the three brotherhoods of penitents, the hermits of Mount Ventoux with their shy appearance, and the little clerk who walks last carrying the bell, the Flagellant Brothers naked to the waist, the florid sacristans in judge-like robes—all, all, even those who pass the holy water, and those who light and extinguish the candles. Nobody was missing. Ah! That was a beautiful ordination! the bells, the decorations, the sunshine, the music, and always the mad tambourines which led the dance farther down by the Avignon Bridge.

When Védène appeared in the midst of the assemblage, his bearing and his fine figure caused a murmur of admiration. He was a magnificent Provençal, a

1. The doctor who pleads against the candidate for canonization and urges his exclusion.

blond, with hair in large curls, and a little downy beard which resembled the shavings of fine metal that fell from the graving-tool of his father, the goldsmith. On that particular day, in order to do honor to his nation, he had changed his Neapolitan clothes for a pink bordered jacket in the Provençal style, and had adorned his hood with a beautiful waving plume of the Camargue ibis.

As soon as he entered, the chief mustard-bearer bowed with an air of gallantry, and directed his steps toward the high platform where the Pope awaited him, to give him the insignia of his office—the yellow wooden spoon and the saffron-colored coat. The mule was at the foot of the stairs harnessed and ready to start for the vineyard. When he passed near her, Tistet Védène had a pleasant smile, and stopped in order to give her two or three little friendly pats on the back, watching from the corners of his eyes to note whether the Pope saw him. The situation was favorable. The mule took a spring.

"There! Take that, bandit! Seven years have I kept it for you!"

And she gave him a kick so terrible that even at Pamplona one could see the smoke, an eddy of light smoke in which flutteered an ibis-plume, all that remained of the unfortunate Tistet Védène.

The kicks of mules are not ordinarily so dreadful, but this was a papal mule; and besides, think of it! She had saved it for seven years. There is no better example of an ecclesiastical grudge.

ALPHONSE DAUDET, 1840-1897.

The subject of this sketch was a native of Nimes and the son of a wealthy bourgeoisie family. Upon the loss of his father's property, the family was reduced to poverty; the boy, to a depressing childhood. After a general education in the Lyons Lycée and a year of servility as usher in a school at Alais, the young man at the age of seventeen came to Paris to join his brother, a journalist, who was as penniless as he. He soon obtained positions on the *Figaro* and other magazines, to which he contributed his writings, largely poetry and plays. Through the influence of Princess Eugenie, who had become fascinated by one of his poems, he was made secretary to the Minister of State and thus given an excellent opportunity to travel through Corsica and Algeria, where he regained his health, fed the warm, gay, but reflective imagination he had inherited from the Provence, and gathered material for his novels and short-stories. After five years of civil service, he devoted himself entirely to his literary work until his death.

A dramatic author, with a light touch and a purity of style, he reproduced his characters, not as he conceived them, but as he had known them. Moreover, he possessed the humor and pathetic sensibility of Dickens, to whom, though not without protest on his part, he has been compared. In point of imagination, purity of expression, faithful descriptions, and reproductions of the Provençal scenery and customs, his stories are of abiding worth and place him among the masters in that form of literature.

Daudet's writings include dramas, long stories (studies of the imagination of the South), and several volumes of short stories. The last named include "Letters to an Absent Friend". All his works have been translated into English.

Suggested Readings: *The Last Class, The Elixir of Father Gaucher, The Stars, Sub-Prefect in the Fields, The Death of the Dauphin, M. Seguin's Goat.*

THE SUBSTITUTE[1]

He was barely ten years old when he first was arrested for vagabondage.

This is what he said to the judges:

"My name is Jean-François Leturc, and for six months I have lived with a man who sings between two lanterns in the Place de la Bastile, while scraping on the strings of a fiddle. I say the refrain with him, and then I cry: "Get the collection of new songs, ten centimes and two sous." He is always drunk and he beats me. That's the reason the police found me the other night on the heap of rubbish. Before that I was with the man that sells hair brushes. My mother was a laundress; her name, Adèle. At one time a gentleman had set her up in business on the ground floor, at Montmartre. She was a good worker and was very fond of me. She made money because she had for customers waiters at the hotel, and those people there need lots of linen. Sundays, she put me to bed early to go to the ball, but on week days she sent me to the Brothers' school, where I learned to read. At last, this is what happened. The policeman whose beat was on our street always stopped before our window to talk to her. He was a fine looking fellow, with the Crimean Medal. They were married, and everything went wrong. He took a dislike to me and aroused my mother against me. Everybody cuffed

1. Translated from the French by Nellie Octavia Plée.

me, and it was then that, in order to get away from the house, I spent whole days on the Place Clichy, where I got acquainted with the mountebanks.

My stepfather lost his job; mother, her customers. She went to the wash house in order to support her husband. It was there she got consumption, because of the dampness and lye. She died at Lariboisière. She was a good woman. Since that time, I have lived with the hairbrush seller and the fiddler. Are you going to put me in prison?''

Thus he talked as frankly and cynically as a man. He was a ragged little rogue, as tall as a boot, his face hidden under a strange shock of yellow hair.

No one claimed him, so he was sent to the reform school. Not very intelligent, lazy, unusually awkward with his hands, he was able to learn there only a poor trade, that of reseating chairs. Yet he was obedient, naturally passive and quiet, and did not seem to have been greatly corrupted by that school of vice. But at length, arriving at the age of seventeen and again turned into the streets of Paris, unluckily for him, he met again his prison companions, all of them rascals practicing their wretched professions. Some were the breeders of dogs for hunting the sewer rats; some shined shoes on ball nights, in the Passage de l'Opera; some were wrestlers who, as beginners, volunteered to be thrown by the Hercules of the shows; some fished from rafts in the river, in full sunlight. He tried all these, and a few months after his release from the house of correction, he was again arrested for a petty theft, a pair of old shoes picked out

of an open shop window. Result: A year at the prison of Sainte-Pélagie, where, as a sort of valet, he waited on the political prisoners.

He lived, astonished, in this group of prisoners, all very young and carelessly dressed, who spoke in a loud voice and carried the head in such a solemn manner. They would get together in the cell of the oldest one among them, a man about thirty years of age, already imprisoned for a long time and now settled at Sainte-Pélagie. It was a large cell, decorated with colored caricatures, and from the windows of which one could see all Paris, its rafts, its towers, its domes, and, beyond, a distant line of hills, blue and shadowy against the sky. On the walls were some shelves loaded with books and all sorts of old apparatus from a fencing school: broken masques, rusty foils, breast plates, and gloves that were losing their stuffing. It was there that the politicians dined together, supplementing the regulation prison-fare with fruits, cheese, and litres of wine that Jean François went out to buy in a canteen—riotous repasts interrupted by heated disputes or by singing in chorus, at the dessert, the *Carmagnole* and the *Ça Ira*.[1] However, they assumed an air of dignity the days when they made room for a newcomer, at first gravely treating him as a "Citizen," but the next day calling him by his given name. They used large words there: Corporation, Solidarity, and phrases absolutely unintelligible to Jean François; such for example as this, which at one time he heard uttered with an imperious

1. A popular song at the time of the French Revolution.

air by a hideous little hunchback who scribbled on paper all night:

"It is said. The cabinet is composed thus: Raymond in the Department of Education, Martial in the Department of the Interior, and I in the Department of Foreign Affairs."

When his time was up, he again wandered about Paris, watched at a distance by the police, after the manner of beetles which cruel children keep flying at the end of a string. He had become one of those fugitive, timid creatures which the law, with a sort of coquetry, arrests and releases turn and turn about, like those platonic fishermen who, in order not to empty their fish ponds, immediately throw back into the water the fish just drawn up in the net. Without suspecting that so much honor was being paid to his miserable self, he had a special file of papers in the mysterious records of the police headquarters; his name and surnames were written in a bold running hand on the gray paper cover, and the notes and reports so carefully classified gave him the following graded appellations: "one Leture by name," "the accused Leture," and last, "the convicted Leture."

He stayed out of prison two years, eating at cheap soup-houses and lime-kilns, taking part with his fellows in endless games of pitch-penny on the boulevards, near the city gates. He wore a greasy cap at the back of his head, canvas slippers, and a short white blouse. When he had five sous he would have his hair curled. He danced at an inferior dancing-saloon in the Quartier de Montparnasse; bought for two

sous the knave-of-hearts, or the ace-of-clubs used as return checks, to sell again for four sous at the door of Bobino;[1] upon occasion, opened carriage doors; and led worn-out nags to the horse-market. Bad luck was always his. In drawing lots for military service he struck a good number.[2] Who knows whether the atmosphere of honor in the regiment or military training would not have saved him? Caught in the toils of the net together with a lot of young vagrants who used to rob the drunken sleeper of the streets, he energetically denied having taken part in the expeditions. Perhaps it was true. But his previous conduct was taken in lieu of proofs, and he was sent up for three years to Poissy. There he had to make crude toys for children; had himself tatooed on the breast; learned the professional slang and the penal code. A new liberation, a new plunge into the Parisian pit of vice, but this time very short, for, at the end of six weeks at the most, he was again implicated in a night theft, aggravated by violent burglary, a doubtful case in which he played an obscure part, half dupe and half receiver of the goods. Upon the whole, his complicity in the affair appeared evident, and he was condemned to five years of hard labor.

His chief sorrow in this adventure was to be separated from an old dog which he had picked up on a pile of rubbish and cured of the mange. This beast loved him.

1. A theatre near the Luxemburg Gardens.
2. The high numbers gave exemption.

Toulon, the ball at his ankle, work in the harbor, blows from the cudgel, shoes without straw,[1] soup made of beans dating from Trafalgar, no money for tobacco, and the horrible sleep on camp-beds swarming with convicts—that is what he knew for five torrid summers and five winters subjected to the mistral. He came out stunned, made a voyage under surveillance to Vernon, where he worked for some time on the river; then, the incorrigible vagabond that he was, he broke his ban[2] and returned again to Paris.

He had his savings, fifty-six francs, and time to reflect. During his long absence his old horrible companions had been dispersed. He was well hidden and slept in a loft, at an old woman's, to whom he represented himself as a sailor, tired of the sea, having lost his papers in a recent shipwreck, and wanting to try his hand at some other trade. His bronzed face, his calloused hands, and some nautical expressions which he occasionally let fall, made his story seem probable.

One day when he had taken the risk of sauntering in the streets, and when by chance his walk had taken him as far as Monmartre, his birthplace, a sudden memory caused him to stop before the door of the Brothers' school, in which he had learned to read. As it was very warm, the door was open; and with a single look he was able to recognize the peaceful schoolroom. Nothing was changed, neither the light stream-

1. It is usual to line wooden shoes with straw, to make a cushion for the feet.

2. To return to a place where one has not permission to reside.

ing in through the large windows, nor the crucifix over the desk, nor the regular rows of desks furnished with leaden ink stands, nor the tale of weight or measures, nor the map on which pins were still sticking to point out the operations of some ancient war. Absent mindedly and without reflection, Jean François read on the black board those words of the gospel, which a trained hand had written as an example of hand writing:

> "Joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth more than over ninety and nine just persons who need no repentance."

It was doubtless the recreation hour, for the Brother teacher had left his desk, and, sitting on the edge of a table, seemed to be telling a story to all the children who attentively surrounded him, with lifted eyes. What an innocent and merry countenance was that of the beardless young man in long black robe, white turned down collar, coarse, ugly shoes, and brown hair badly cut and cocked up at the back. All those pallid faces of the children of the common people which were looking at him, seemed less childlike than his, especially when, charmed with a candid, priestly pleasantry which he had made, he burst into a frank burst of laughter which showed his sound regular teeth, and which was so contagious that all the scholars laughed noisily in their turn. And it was simple and sweet, this group in the joyous sunshine which made their clear eyes and their light curls shine.

Silently and for some time Jean François gazed at it, and for the first time, in this savage nature, all instinct and appetite, there awoke a mysterious and sweet emotion. His heart, that rough hardened heart, which the cudgel of the convict guard, or the heavy grip of the keeper's whip falling on his shoulders could not affect, beat almost to oppression. Before this picture in which he saw again his own childhood, his eyes closed in sadness; and, restraining a violent gesture, a prey to the torture of regret, he moved away with great strides.

Then the words written on the blackboard came back to him.

"If it was not too late, after all?" he murmured. "If I could once more eat my coarse bread honestly, sleep without nightmare? Shrewd indeed must be the police-spy who could recognize me. My beard, which I shaved down there, has now grown strong and thick. One ought to be able to bury himself in this great ant-nest, and there is work enough to do. Whoever does not die at once in the hell of the prison, comes out agile and hardy; and I have learned to climb the ropes with a load on my back. Building is going on everywhere and the masons have need of help. Three francs a day—I have never earned so much. That I may be forgotten is all I ask."

He followed his brave resolution; he was faithful to it; and three months later he was a different man. The master for whom he worked spoke of him as his best workman. After a long day on the ladder, in

the full sun and dust, constantly bending and straightening his back to take the stones from the hands of the man below him, and to pass them to the man above him, he returned to get his meal at the cheap eating house, tired out, legs heavy, hands burning, and eyelashes stuck together by the plaster; but contented with himself and carrying his well-earned money knotted in his handkerchief.

He went out now fearing nothing, for his white masque made him unrecognizable; moreover, he had observed that the mistrustful eye of the policeman rarely rests on the real worker. He was quiet and sober. He slept the healthy sleep of honest fatigue. He was free.

At last, as a supreme reward, he gained a friend. It was a mason's helper, like himself, named Savinien, a little red-cheeked peasant from Limousin. He had come to Paris carrying on his shoulder a stick with a bundle at the end. He shunned the wine dealer and went to mass every Sunday. Jean François loved him for his healthy body, for his frankness, for his honesty, for all those things which he himself had lost so long ago. It was a deep though restrained passion, betraying itself by the care and kind attention as of a father. Savinien, himself of a selfish and mobile nature, was quite satisfied to have found a companion who shared his horror of the public wine shop. The two friends lived together in a neatly furnished lodging-house, but, their resources being limited, they had to take into their room a third companion, an old man from Auvergne, sombre and rapacious, who,

by economizing, found the means out of his meager wages to buy land in his own province.

Jean François and Savinien were scarcely ever separated. On days of rest they took long walks together in the suburbs of Paris in order to dine under an arbor in one of those little country inns where there are many mushrooms in the sauces and simple rebuses on the bottoms of the plates. Jean François would then have his friend tell him all those things of which one born in the city is ignorant. He learned the names of trees, of flowers, and of plants, the seasons of the various harvests; he listened eagerly to the many details of a farmer's labor, the autumn sowing, the winter work, the splendid harvest festivals, the flails beating the ground, the noise of the mills on the water's edge, the tired horses being led to the watering trough, the morning hunts in the fog, and, above all, the long evenings around the vine-shoot fire, shortened by wonderful tales. He discovered in himself sources of imagination hitherto unknown, finding a strange pleasure in the mere recital of these things so sweet, calm, monotonous.

One fear troubled him, however, the fear that Savinien should come to know his past. Sometimes there escaped him an obscure slang phrase, an ignoble gesture, vestiges of his horrible former life; and he would then feel the pain of a man whose old wounds open afresh, the more especially because he then thought he saw in Savinien the awakening of an unwholesome curiosity. When the young man, already tempted by the pleasures which Paris offers even to the poor,

asked him about the mysteries of the great city, he pretended not to know and changed the conversation; but he had a vague anxiety for his friend's future.

This was not without foundation; and Savinien did not long remain the unsophisticated country fellow he had been on his arrival in Paris. If the coarse and noisy pleasures of the wine shop still were repugnant to him, he was deeply agitated by other desires even more dangerous to the inexperience of his twenty years. When spring came he sought to be alone, and at first loitered before the illuminated entrances to the dancing-saloons, through which he could see girls, without hats, going in couples, and speaking in low voices, with their arms about each other's waists. Then one evening when the lilacs were blooming, and when the appeal of the quadrille was unusually entrancing, he crossed the threshold. From that time Jean François saw him change little by little in his manners and appearance. Savinien became more fastidious, more extravagant; often he borrowed from his friend his meager savings, which he forgot to return. Jean François, though feeling himself forsaken, was at the same time both indulgent and jealous; yet he suffered in silence. He did not consider he had the right to reproach, but his deep friendship had cruel, insurmountable forebodings.

One evening, as he climbed the stairs of his lodging-house, absorbed in thought, he heard in the room he was about to enter, a dialogue of irritated voices, and among them he recognized that of the old man from

Auvergne, who lodged with him and Savinien. An old habit of suspicion made him halt on the landing, and he listened to learn the cause of the trouble.

"Yes," said the man from Auvergne with anger, "I can see that some one has broken into my trunk and stolen the three louis which I had hidden in a little box; and the person who did the deed can be none other than one of the two companions that sleep here, unless it should be Maria, the servant. This thing concerns you as much as it does me, since you are the master of the house; and I will drag you before the law courts if you do not at once let me search the valises of the two masons. My poor savings! They were in their place only yesterday; and I will tell you what they were, so that if we find them nobody can accuse me of having lied. Oh, I know them, my three beautiful gold pieces. I see them as plainly as I see you. One was a little more worn than the other, the gold a little greener, and it had the portrait of the great Emperor upon it; another had that of a large old fellow who had a queue and epaulets; and the third had a Phillip with whiskers, I had marked it with my teeth. Nobody can fool me, not me. Do you know that it was necessary for me to have only two others like those to buy my vineyard? Come on, let us search the things of these comrades, or I will call the police."

"All right," answered the voice of the landlord, "we will search with Maria. So much the worse if you do not find anything and if the masons are angry. It is you that have forced me to do it."

Jean François' mind was filled with fear. He recalled the poverty, the little loans of Savinien, and the downcast air he had noticed for several days. Still he was unwilling to believe in a theft. He heard the hard breathing of the man from Auvergne in the ardor of his search, and he pressed his fists against his breast as if to quell the beatings of his heart.

"There they are!" suddenly and victoriously shrieked the miser. "There they are, my louis, my dear treasure! And in the Sunday waistcoat of that little hypocrite from Limousin. See, landlord! They are just as I told you. There is the Napoleon, and the man with the queue, and the Phillip I had bitten. See the dent. Ah, the little rascal, with his sanctimonious air! I should more likely have suspected the other one. Oh, the scoundrel! He shall go to prison!"

At this moment Jean François heard the well known footsteps of Savinien, who was slowly climbing the stairs.

"He will betray himself," he thought. "Three flights. I have the time."

And, pushing the door, he entered the chamber, pale as death, where he saw the landlord and the stupefied servant in a corner, and the man from Auvergne on his knees among the scattered clothing, affectionately kissing his gold pieces.

"That's enough," said he in a hollow tone. "It is I who have taken the money and put it into my comrade's trunk. But that is too disgusting. I am a

thief and not a Judas. Go get the police; I will not run away. Only, I must say a word in private to Savinien, who is here."

The little fellow from Limousin had in fact just arrived, and, seeing his crime discovered and believing himself lost, he paused there, his eyes fixed, his arms hanging.

Jean François fell on his neck with emotion, as if to embrace him; he pressed his lips to Savinien's ear, and said in a low beseeching voice:

"Keep still!"

Then turning to the others:

"Leave me alone with him. I shall not go away, I tell you. Lock us in if you want to, but leave us alone."

And, with a commanding gesture, he showed them the door. They went out.

Savinien, broken with anguish, had seated himself on a bed and had lowered his eyes without understanding.

"Listen," said Jean François, taking his hand. "I understand you have stolen the three gold pieces to buy some trifle for a girl. That would have cost you six months in prison. But one does not go from that place except to return; and you would have become a pillar of the police tribunals and the assize courts. I know all about them. I have been seven years in the reform school, one at Sainte-Pélagie, three at Poissy, and five at Toulon. Now do not have any fear. All is arranged. I have taken everything on my own shoulders."

"Poor wretch!" cried Savinien; but hope already was returning to his cowardly breast.

"When the elder brother is serving under the flag, the younger does not go. I am your substitute, that is all. You love me a little, do you not? I am paid. This is no child's play. You cannot refuse. I should have been put into prison one of these days, for I have broken my ban, and then you see that life there will be less hard for me than for you; I am well used to it, and I shall not complain if I do not render this service for nothing and if you will swear to me never to do it again. Savinien, I have loved you deeply, and your friendship has made me very happy, for it is thanks to our friendship that I have stayed honest and clean, and what perhaps I should always have been, if, like you, I had had a father to put a tool in my hands, and a mother to teach me my prayers. My only regret has been that I was useless to you and that I was deceiving you about myself. Today I have taken off my mask in saving you. It is all right. Come, now, good-by! Do not weep; and embrace me, for already I hear the big boots[1] on the stairs. They are returning with the police, and it is not best for us to have the appearance of knowing each other too well before these fellows."

He hastily strained Savinien to his breast; then he pushed him away as the door opened wide.

It was the landlord and the man from Auvergne bringing the police. Jean François sprang to the

1. The policemen.

landlord, held out his hands for the handcuffs, and said laughingly:

"Let us be off, worthless set!"

Today he is at Cayenne, condemned for life as an habitual criminal.

François Coppée, 1842-1908.

The simple life of François Coppée is briefly told. The son of a poor clerk in the French War Offices, he was educated at the Lycée St. Louis, appointed as clerk in the French War Department, made assistant-librarian in the Senate and librarian to the Comèdie Française, elected at the age of forty-two to the French Academy, and, four years later, to an office in the Legion of Honor. During a large part of his life he was a member of the very select Parnasse, which included much of the "brilliant literary talent of the Third Empire." His later years were slightly disturbed by his interest in politics and the celebrated Dreyfus case. Nevertheless, he died as he had lived—a simple Parisian.

In Coppée are found the poet, dramatist, and short-story writer, though it is as poet that he is best known. In all three methods of expression he reveals a perfect understanding of the poor and humble. Indeed, he is best remembered for his stories of the working classes, and for his sympathetic and masterly treatment of those lower middle-class men and women who undergo the trials and self-denials which he himself had experienced, and in whose simple lives he saw pathos, beauty, poetry. Thus he is more than a mere writer of the people; he is a poet of the people; for "poetry shines through and illuminates all of his writings."

Suggested Readings: *The Foster Sister, The Sabots of Little Wolff, The Captain's Vices, The Lost Child, Sunset, The Two Clowns, My Friend Mentrier, An Accident, A Dramatic Funeral.*

A LODGING FOR THE NIGHT

It was late in November, 1456. The snow fell over Paris with rigorous, relentless persistence; sometimes the wind made a sally and scattered it in flying vortices; sometimes there was a lull, and flake after flake descended out of the black night air, silent, circuitous, interminable. To poor people, looking up under moist eyebrows, it seemed a wonder where it all came from. Master Francis Villon had propounded an alternative that afternoon, at a tavern window: was it only Pagan Jupiter plucking geese upon Olympus? or were the holy angels moulting? He was only a poor Master of Arts, he went on; and, as the question somewhat touched upon divinity, he durst not venture to conclude. A silly old priest from Montargis, who was among the company, treated the young rascal to a bottle of wine in honour of the jest and the grimaces with which it was accompanied, and swore on his own white beard that he had been just such another irreverent dog when he was Villon's age.

The air was raw and pointed, but not far below freezing; and the flakes were large, damp, and adhesive. The whole city was sheeted up. An army might have marched from end to end and not a footfall given the alarm. If there were any belated birds in heaven, they saw the island like a large white patch, and the bridges like slim white spars, on the black ground of the river. High up overhead the snow settled

among the tracery of the cathedral towers. Many a niche was drifted full; many a statue wore a long white bonnet on its grotesque or sainted head. The gargoyles had been transformed into great false noses, drooping towards the point. The crockets were like upright pillows swollen on one side. In the intervals of the wind, there was a dull sound of dripping about the precincts of the church.

The cemetery of St. John had taken its own share of the snow. All the graves were decently covered; tall white housetops stood around in grave array; benightcapped worthy burghers were long ago in bed, benightcapped like their domiciles; there was no light in all the neighborhood but a little peep from a lamp that hung swinging in the church choir, and tossed the shadows to and fro in time to its oscillations. The clock was hard on ten when the patrol went by with halberds and a lantern, beating their hands; and they saw nothing suspicious about the cemetery of St. John.

Yet there was a small house, backed up against the cemetery wall, which was still awake, and awake to evil purpose, in that snoring district. There was not much to betray it from without; only a stream of warm vapor from the chimney top, a patch where the snow melted on the roof, and a few half-obliterated footprints at the door. But within, behind the shuttered windows, Master Francis Villon, the poet, and some of the thievish crew with whom he consorted, were keeping the night alive and passing round the bottle.

A great pile of living embers diffused a strong and

ruddy glow from the arched chimney. Before this straddled Dom Nicolas, the Picardy monk, with his skirts picked up and his fat legs bared to the comfortable warmth. His dilated shadow cut the room in half; and the firelight only escaped on either side of his broad person, and in a little pool between his outspread feet. His face had the beery, bruised appearance of the continual drinker's; it was covered with a network of congested veins, purple in ordinary circumstances, but now pale violet, for even with his back to the fire the cold pinched him on the other side. His cowl had half fallen back, and made a strange excrescence on either side of his bull neck. So he straddled, grumbling, and cut the room in half with the shadow of his portly frame.

On the right, Villon and Guy Tabary were huddled together over a scrap of parchment; Villon making a ballad which he was to call the *Ballad of Roast Fish,* and Tabary spluttering admiration at his shoulder. The poet was a rag of a man, dark, little, and lean, with hollow cheeks and thin black locks. He carried his four-and-twenty years with feverish animation. Greed had made folds about his eyes; evil smiles had puckered his mouth. The wolf and pig struggled together in his face. It was an eloquent, sharp, ugly, earthly countenance. His hands were small and prehensile, with fingers knotted like a cord; and they were continually flickering in front of him in violent and expressive pantomime. As for Tabary, a broad, complacent, admiring imbecility breathed from his squash nose and slobbering lips: he had become a

thief, just as he might have become the most decent of burgesses, by the imperious chance that rules the lives of human geese and human donkeys.

At the monk's other hand, Montigny and Thevenin Pensete played a game of chance. About the first there clung some flavor of good birth and training, as about a fallen angel; something long, lithe, and courtly in the person; something aquiline and darkling in the face. Thevenin, poor soul, was in great feather: he had done a good stroke of knavery that afternoon in the Faubourg St. Jacques, and all night he had been gaining from Montigny. A flat smile illuminated his face; his bald head shone rosily in a garland of red curls; his little protuberant stomach shook with silent chucklings as he swept in his gains.

"Doubles or quits?" said Thevenin.

Montigny nodded grimly.

"*Some may prefer to dine in state,*" wrote Villon, "*On bread and cheese on silver plate.* Or—or—help me out, Guido!"

Tabary giggled.

"*Or parsley on a golden dish,*" scribbled the poet.

The wind was freshening without; it drove the snow before it, and sometimes raised its voice in a victorious whoop, and made sepulchral grumblings in the chimney. The cold was growing sharper as the night went on. Villon, protruding his lips, imitated the gust with something between a whistle and a groan. It was an eerie, uncomfortable talent of the poet's, much detested by the Picardy monk.

"Can't you hear it rattle in the gibbet?" said

Villon. "They are all dancing the devil's jig on nothing, up there. You may dance, my gallants, you'll be none the warmer! Whew! what a gust! Down went somebody just now! A medlar the fewer on the three-legged medlar-tree!—I say, Dom Nicolas, it'll be cold tonight on the St. Denis Road?" he asked.

Dom Nicolas winked both his big eyes, and seemed to choke upon his Adam's apple. Montfaucon, the great grisly Paris gibbet, stood hard by the St. Denis Road, and the pleasantry touched him on the raw. As for Tabary, he laughed immoderately over the medlars; he had never heard anything more light-hearted; and he held his sides and crowed. Villon fetched him a fillip on the nose, which turned his mirth into an attack of coughing.

"Oh, stop that row," said Villon, "and think of rhymes to 'fish.'"

"Doubles or quits," said Montigny doggedly.

"With all my heart," quoth Thevenin.

"Is there any more in that bottle?" asked the monk.

"Open another," said Villon. "How do you ever hope to fill that big hogshead, your body, with little things like bottles? And how do you expect to get to heaven? How many angels, do you fancy, can be spared to carry up a single monk from Picardy? Or do you think yourself another Elias—and they'll send the coach for you?"

"*Hominibus impossible,*" replied the monk as he filled his glass.

Tabary was in ecstasies.

Villon filliped his nose again.

"Laugh at my jokes, if you like," he said.

"It was very good," objected Tabary.

Villon made a face at him. "Think of rhymes to 'fish,'" he said. "What have you to do with Latin? You'll wish you knew none of it at the great assizes, when the devil calls for Guido Tabary, clericus—the devil with the hump-back and red-hot finger-nails. Talking of the devil," he added in a whisper, "look at Montigny!"

All three peered covertly at the gamester. He did not seem to be enjoying his luck. His mouth was a little to a side; one nostril nearly shut, and the other much inflated. The black dog was on his back, as people say, in terrifying nursery metaphor; and he breathed hard under the gruesome burden.

"He looks as if he could knife him," whispered Tabary, with round eyes.

The monk shuddered, and turned his face and spread his open hands to the red embers. It was the cold that thus affected Dom Nicolas, and not any excess of moral sensibility.

"Come now," said Villon—"about this ballad. How does it run so far?" And beating time with his hand, he read it aloud to Tabary.

They were interrupted at the fourth rhyme by a brief and fatal movement among the gamesters. The round was completed, and Thevenin was just opening his mouth to claim another victory, when Montigny leaped up, swift as an adder, and stabbed him to the

heart. The blow took effect before he had time to utter a cry, before he had time to move. A tremor or two convulsed his frame; his hands opened and shut, his heels rattled on the floor; then his head rolled backward over one shoulder with the eyes wide open, and Thevenin Pensete's spirit had returned to Him who made it.

Everyone sprang to his feet; but the business was over in two twos. The four living fellows looked at each other in rather a ghastly fashion; the dead man contemplating a corner of the roof with a singular and ugly leer.

"My God!" said Tabary; and he began to pray in Latin.

Villon broke out into hysterical laughter. He came a step forward and ducked a ridiculous bow at Thevenin, and laughed still louder. Then he sat down suddenly, all of a heap, upon a stool, and continued laughing bitterly as though he would shake himself to pieces.

Montigny recovered his composure first.

"Let's see what he has about him," he remarked, and he picked the dead man's pockets with a practised hand, and divided the money into four equal portions on the table. "There's for you," he said.

The monk received his share with a deep sigh, and a single stealthy glance at the dead Thevenin, who was beginning to sink into himself and topple sideways off the chair.

"We're all in for it," cried Villon, swallowing his mirth. "It's a hanging job for every man jack of us

that's here—not to speak of those who aren't.'' He made a shocking gesture in the air with his raised right hand, and put out his tongue and threw his head on one side, so as to counterfeit the appearance of one who has been hanged. Then he pocketed his share of the spoil, and executed a shuffle with his feet as if to restore the circulation.

Tabary was the last to help himself; he made a dash at the money, and retired to the other end of the apartment.

Montigny stuck Thevenin upright in the chair, and drew out the dagger, which was followed by a jet of blood.

''You fellows had better be moving,'' he said, as he wiped the blade on his victim's doublet.

''I think we had,'' returned Villon, with a gulp. ''Damn his fat head!'' he broke out. ''It sticks in my throat like a phlegm. What right has a man to have red hair when he is dead?'' And he fell all of a heap again upon the stool, and fairly covered his face with his hands.

Montigny and Dom Nicolas laughed aloud, even Tabary feebly chiming in.

''Cry baby,'' said the monk.

''I always said he was a woman,'' added Montigny, with a sneer. ''Sit up, can't you?'' he went on, giving another shake to the murdered body. ''Tread out that fire, Nick!''

But Nick was better employed; he was quietly taking Villon's purse, as the poet sat, limp and trembling, on the stool where he had been making a ballad

not three minutes before. Montigny and Tabary dumbly demanded a share of the booty, which the monk silently promised as he passed the little bag into the bosom of his gown. In many ways an artistic nature unfits a man for practical existence.

No sooner had the theft been accomplished than Villon shook himself, jumped to his feet, and began helping to scatter and extinguish the embers. Meanwhile Montigny opened the door and cautiously peered into the street. The coast was clear; there was no meddlesome patrol in sight. Still it was judged wiser to slip out severally; and, as Villon was himself in a hurry to escape from the neighborhood of the dead Thevenin, and the rest were in a still greater hurry to get rid of him before he should discover the loss of his money, he was the first by general consent to issue forth into the street.

The wind had triumphed and swept all the clouds from heaven. Only a few vapors, as thin as moonlight, flitted rapidly across the stars. It was bitter cold; and, by a common optical effect, things seemed almost more definite than in the broadest daylight. The sleeping city was absolutely still; a company of white hoods, a field full of little Alps, below the twinkling stars. Villon cursed his fortune. Would it were still snowing! Now, wherever he went, he left an indelible trail behind him on the glittering streets; wherever he went he was still tethered to the house by the cemetery of St. John; wherever he went he must weave, with his own plodding feet, the rope that bound him to the crime and would bind him to the gallows.

The leer of the dead man came back to him with a new significance. He snapped his fingers as if to pluck up his own spirits, and choosing a street at random, stepped boldly forward in the snow.

Two things preoccupied him as he went: the aspect of the gallows at Montfaucon in this bright, windy phase of the night's existence, for one; and for another, the look of the dead man with his bald head and garland of red curls. Both struck cold upon his heart, and he kept quickening his pace as if he could escape from unpleasant thoughts by mere fleetness of foot. Sometimes he looked back over his shoulder with a sudden nervous jerk; but he was the only moving thing in the white streets, except when the wind swooped round a corner and threw up the snow, which was beginning to freeze, in spouts of glittering dust.

Suddenly he saw, a long way before him, a black clump and a couple of lanterns. The clump was in motion, and the lanterns swung as though carried by men walking. It was a patrol. And though it was merely crossing his line of march, he judged it wiser to get out of eyeshot as speedily as he could. He was not in the humor to be challenged, and he was conscious of making a very conspicuous mark upon the snow. Just on his left hand there stood a great hotel, with some turrets and a large porch before the door; it was half-ruinous, he remembered, and had long stood empty; and so he made three steps of it, and jumped into the shelter of the porch. It was pretty dark inside, after the glimmer of the snowy streets,

and he was groping forward with outspread hands, when he stumbled over some substance which offered an indescribable mixture of resistances, hard and soft, firm and loose. His heart gave a leap, and he sprang two steps back and stared dreadfully at the obstacle. Then he gave a little laugh of relief. It was only a woman, and she dead. He knelt beside her to make sure upon this latter point. She was freezing cold, and rigid like a stick. A little ragged finery fluttered in the wind about her hair, and her cheeks had been heavily rouged that same afternoon. Her pockets were quite empty; but in her stocking, underneath the garter, Villon found two of the small coins that went by the name of whites. It was little enough; but it was always something; and the poet was moved with a deep sense of pathos that she should have died before she had spent her money. That seemed to him a dark and pitiable mystery; and he looked from the coins in his hand to the dead woman, and back again to the coins, shaking his head over the riddle of man's life. Henry V. of England, dying at Vincennes just after he had conquered France, and this poor jade cut off by a cold draught in a great man's doorway, before she had time to spend her couple of whites—it seemed a cruel way to carry on the world. Two whites would have taken such a little while to squander; and yet it would have been one more good taste in the mouth, one more smack of the lips, before the devil got the soul, and the body was left to birds and vermin. He would like to use all his tallow before the light was blown out and the lantern broken.

While these thoughts were passing through his mind, he was feeling, half mechanically, for his purse. Suddenly his heart stopped beating; a feeling of cold scales passed up the back of his legs, and a cold blow seemed to fall upon his scalp. He stood petrified for a moment; then he felt again with one feverish movement; and then his loss burst upon him, and he was covered at once with perspiration. To spendthrifts money is so living and actual—it is such a thin veil between them and their pleasures! There is only one limit to their fortune—that of time; and a spendthrift with only a few crowns is the Emperor of Rome until they are spent. For such a person to lose his money is to suffer the most shocking reverse, and fall from heaven to hell, from all to nothing, in a breath. And all the more if he has put his head in the halter for it; if he may be hanged to-morrow for that same purse, so dearly earned, so foolishly departed! Villon stood and cursed; he threw the two whites into the street; he shook his fist at heaven; he stamped, and was not horrified to find himself trampling the poor corpse. Then he began rapidly to retrace his steps towards the house beside the cemetery. He had forgotten all fear of the patrol, which was long gone by at any rate, and had no idea but that of his lost purse. It was in vain that he looked right and left upon the snow: nothing was to be seen. He had not dropped it in the streets. Had it fallen in the house? He would have liked dearly to go in and see; but the idea of the grisly occupant unmanned him. And he saw besides, as he drew near, that their efforts to put out

the fire had been unsuccessful; on the contrary, it had broken into a blaze, and a changeful light played in the chinks of door and window, and revived his terror for the authorities and Paris gibbet.

He returned to the hotel with the porch, and groped about upon the snow for the money he had thrown away in his childish passion. But he could only find one white; the other had probably struck sideways and sunk deeply in. With a single white in his pocket, all his projects for a rousing night in some wild tavern vanished utterly away. And it was not only pleasure that fled laughing from his grasp; positive discomfort, positive pain, attacked him as he stood ruefully before the porch. His perspiration had dried upon him; and, though the wind had now fallen, a binding frost was setting in stronger with every hour, and he felt benumbed and sick at heart. What was to be done? Late as was the hour, improbable as was success, he would try the house of his adopted father, the chaplain of St. Benoît.

He ran there all the way, and knocked timidly. There was no answer. He knocked again and again, taking heart with every stroke; and at last steps were heard approaching from within. A barred wicket fell open in the iron-studded door, and emitted a gush of yellow light.

"Hold up your face to the wicket," said the chaplain from within.

"It's only me," whimpered Villon.

"Oh, it's only you, is it?" returned the chaplain; and he cursed him with foul unpriestly oaths for dis-

turbing him at such an hour, and bade him be off to hell, where he came from.

"My hands are blue to the wrist," pleaded Villon; "my feet are dead and full of twinges; my nose aches with the sharp air; the cold lies at my heart. I may be dead before morning. Only this once, father, and before God I will never ask again!"

"You should have come earlier," said the ecclesiastic coolly. "Young men require a lesson now and then." He shut the wicket and retired deliberately into the interior of the house.

Villon was beside himself; he beat upon the door with his hands and feet, and shouted hoarsely after the chaplain.

"Wormy old fox!" he cried. "If I had my hand under your twist, I would send you flying headlong into the bottomless pit."

A door shut in the interior, faintly audible to the poet down long passages. He passed his hand over his mouth with an oath. And then the humor of the ituation struck him, and he laughed and looked lightly up to heaven, where the stars seemed to be winking over his discomfiture.

What was to be done? It looked very like a night in the frosty streets. The idea of the dead woman popped into his imagination, and gave him a hearty fright; what had happened to her in the early night might very well happen to him before morning. And he so young! and with such immense possibilities of disorderly amusement before him! He felt quite pathetic over the notion of his own fate, as if it had

been some one else's, and made a little imaginative vignette of the scene in the morning when they should find his body.

He passed all his chances under review, turning the white beneath his thumb and forefinger. Unfortunately he was on bad terms with some old friends who would once have taken pity on him in such a plight. He had lampooned them in verses, he had beaten and cheated them; and yet now, when he was in so close a pinch, he thought there was at least one who might perhaps relent. It was a chance. It was worth trying at least, and he would go and see.

On the way, two little accidents happened to him which colored his musings in a very different manner. For, first, he fell in with the track of a patrol, and walked in it for some hundred yards, although it lay out of his direction. And this spirited him up; at least he had confused his trail; for he was still possessed with the idea of people tracking him all about Paris over the snow, and collaring him next morning before he was awake. The other matter affected him very differently. He passed a street corner, where, not so long before, a woman and her child had been devoured by wolves. This was just the kind of weather, he reflected, when wolves might take it into their heads to enter Paris again; and a lone man in these deserted streets would run the chance of something worse than a mere scare. He stopped and looked upon the place with an unpleasant interest—it was a center where several lanes intersected each other; and he looked down them all, one after another,

and held his breath to listen, lest he should detect some galloping black things on the snow or hear the sound of howling between him and the river. He remembered his mother telling him the story and pointing out the spot, while he was yet a child. His mother! If he only knew where she lived, he might make sure at least of shelter. He determined he would inquire upon the morrow; nay, he would go and see her too, poor old girl! So thinking, he arrived at his destination—his last hope for the night.

The house was quite dark, like its neighbors; and yet, after a few taps, he heard a movement overhead, a door opening, and a cautious voice asking who was there. The poet named himself in a loud whisper, and waited, not without some trepidation, the result. Nor had he long to wait. A window was suddenly opened, and a pailful of slops splashed down upon the doorstep. Villon had not been unprepared for something of the sort, and had put himself as much in shelter as the nature of the porch admitted; but for all that, he was deplorably drenched below the waist. His hose began to freeze almost at once. Death from cold and exposure stared him in the face; he remembered he was of phthisical tendency, and began coughing tentatively. But the gravity of the danger steadied his nerves. He stopped a few hundred yards from the door where he had been so rudely used, and reflected with his finger to his nose. He could only see one way of getting a lodging, and that was to take it. He had noticed a house not far away, which looked as if it might be easily broken into, and thither he

betook himself promptly, entertaining himself on the way with the idea of a room still hot, with a table still loaded with the remains of supper, where he might pass the rest of the black hours, and whence he should issue, on the morrow, with an armful of valuable plate. He even considered on what viands and what wines he should prefer; and, as he was calling the roll of his favorite dainties, roast fish presented itself to his mind with an odd mixture of amusement and horror.

"I shall never finish that ballad," he thought to himself; and then, with another shudder at the recollection, "Oh, damn his fat head!" he repeated fervently, and spat upon the snow.

The house in question looked dark at first sight; but as Villon made a preliminary inspection in search of the handiest point of attack, a little twinkle of light caught his eye from behind a curtained window.

"The devil!" he thought. "People awake! Some student or some saint, confound the crew! Can't they get drunk and lie in bed snoring like their neighbors! What's the good of curfew, and poor devils of bell-ringers jumping at a rope's end in bell-towers? What's the use of day, if people sit up all night? The gripes to them!" He grinned as he saw where his logic was leading him. "Every man to his business, after all," added he, "and if they're awake, by the Lord, I may come by a supper honestly for once, and cheat the devil."

He went boldly to the door and knocked with an assured hand. On both previous occasions, he had knocked timidly and with some dread of attracting

notice; but now, when he had just discarded the thought of a burglarious entry, knocking at a door seemed a mighty simple and innocent proceeding. The sound of his blows echoed through the house with thin, phantasmal reverberations, as though it were quite empty; but these had scarcely died away before a measured tread drew near, a couple of bolts were withdrawn, and one wing was opened broadly, as though no guile or fear of guile were known to those within. A tall figure of a man, muscular and spare, but a little bent, confronted Villon. The head was massive in bulk, but finely sculptured; the nose blunt at the bottom, but refining upward to where it joined a pair of strong and honest eyebrows; the mouth and eyes surrounded with delicate markings, and the whole face based upon a thick white beard, boldly and squarely trimmed. Seen as it was by the light of a flickering hand-lamp, it looked perhaps nobler than it had a right to do; but it was a fine face, honorable rather than intelligent, strong, simple, and righteous.

"You knock late, sir," said the old man in resonant, courteous tones.

Villon cringed, and brought up many servile words of apology; at a crisis of this sort, the beggar was uppermost in him, and the man of genius hid his head with confusion.

"You are cold," repeated the old man, "and hungry? Well, step in." And he ordered him into the house with a noble enough gesture.

"Some grand seigneur," thought Villon, as his host,

setting down the lamp on the flagged pavement of the entry, shot the bolts once more into their places.

"You will pardon me if I go in front," he said, when this was done; and he preceded the poet upstairs into a large apartment, warmed with a pan of charcoal and lit by a great lamp hanging from the roof. It was very bare of furniture: only some gold plate on a sideboard; some folios; and a stand of armor between the windows. Some smart tapestry hung upon the walls, representing the crucifixion of our Lord in one piece, and in another a scene of shepherds and shepherdesses by a running stream. Over the chimney was a shield of arms.

"Will you seat yourself," said the old man, "and forgive me if I leave you? I am alone in my house tonight, and if you are to eat I must forage for you myself."

No sooner was his host gone than Villon leaped from the chair on which he had just seated himself, and began examining the room, with the stealth and passion of a cat. He weighed the gold flagons in his hand, opened all the folios, and investigated the arms upon the shield, and the stuff with which the seats were lined. He raised the window curtains, and saw that the windows were set with rich stained glass in figures, so far as he could see, of martial import. Then he stood in the middle of the room, drew a long breath, and retaining it with puffed cheeks, looked round and round him, turning on his heels, as if to impress every feature of the apartment on his memory.

"Seven pieces of plate," he said. "If there had

been ten, I would have risked it. A fine house, and a fine old master, so help me all the saints!''

And just then, hearing the old man's tread returning along the corridor, he stole back to his chair, and began humbly toasting his wet legs before the charcoal pan.

His entertainer had a plate of meat in one hand and a jug of wine in the other. He set down the plate upon the table, motioning Villon to draw in his chair, and going to the sideboard, brought back two goblets, which he filled.

''I drink your better fortune,'' he said, gravely touching Villon's cup with his own.

''To our better acquaintance,'' said the poet, growing bold. A mere man of the people would have been awed by the courtesy of the old seigneur, but Villon was hardened in that matter; he had made mirth for great lords before now, and found them as black rascals as himself. And so he devoted himself to the viands with a ravenous gusto, while the old man, leaning backward, watched him with steady, curious eyes.

''You have blood on your shoulder, my man,'' he said.

Montigny must have laid his wet right hand upon him as he left the house. He cursed Montigny in his heart.

''It was none of my shedding,'' he stammered.

''I had not supposed so,'' returned his host quietly. ''A brawl?''

''Well, something of that sort,'' Villon admitted with a quaver.

"Perhaps a fellow murdered?"

"Oh no, not murdered," said the poet, more and more confused. "It was all fair play—murdered by accident. I had no hand in it, God strike me dead!" he added fervently.

"One rogue the fewer, I dare say," observed the master of the house.

"You may dare to say that," agreed Villon, infinitely relieved. "As big a rogue as there is between here and Jerusalem. He turned up his toes like a lamb. But it was a nasty thing to look at. I dare say you've seen dead men in your time, my lord?" he added, glancing at the armor.

"Many," said the old man. "I have followed the wars, as you imagine."

Villon laid down his knife and fork, which he had just taken up again.

"Were any of them bald?" he asked.

"Oh yes, and with hair as white as mine."

"I don't think I should mind the white so much," said Villon. "His was red." And he had a return of his shuddering and tendency to laughter, which he drowned with a great draught of wine. "I'm a little put out when I think of it," he went on. "I knew him—damn him! And then the cold gives a man fancies—or the fancies give a man cold, I don't know which."

"Have you any money?" asked the old man.

"I have one white," returned the poet, laughing. "I got it out of a dead jade's stocking in a porch. She was as dead as Caesar, poor wench, and as cold as

a church, with bits of ribbon sticking in her hair. This is a hard world in winter for wolves and wenches and poor rogues like me.''

''I,'' said the old man, ''am Enguerrand de la Feuillée, seigneur de Brisetout, bailly du Patatrac. Who and what may you be?''

Villon rose and made a suitable reverence. ''I am called Francis Villon,'' he said, ''a poor Master of Arts of this university. I know some Latin and a deal of vice. I can make chansons, ballads, lais, virelais, and roundels, and I am very fond of wine. I was born in a garret, and I shall not improbably die upon the gallows. I may add, my lord, that from this night forward I am your lordship's very obsequious servant to command.''

''No servant of mine,'' said the knight; ''my guest for this evening, and no more.''

''A very grateful guest,'' said Villon, politely; and he drank in dumb show to his entertainer.

''You are shrewd,'' began the old man, tapping his forehead, ''very shrewd; you have learning; you are a clerk; and yet you take a small piece of money off a dead woman in the street. Is it not a kind of theft?''

''It is a kind of theft much practiced in the wars, my lord.''

''The wars are the field of honor,'' returned the old man proudly. ''There a man plays his life upon the cast; he fights in the name of his lord the king, his Lord God, and all their lordships the holy saints and angels.''

''Put it,'' said Villon, ''that I were really a thief,

should I not play my life also, and against heavier odds?''

''For gain but not for honor.''

''Gain?'' repeated Villon with a shrug. ''Gain! The poor fellow wants supper, and takes it. So does the soldier in a campaign. Why, what are all these requisitions we hear so much about? If they are not gain to those who take them, they are loss enough to the others. The men-at-arms drink by a good fire, while the burgher bites his nails to buy them wine and wood. I have seen a good many ploughmen swinging on trees about the country; ay, I have seen thirty on one elm, and a very poor figure they made; and when I asked someone how all these came to be hanged, I was told it was because they could not scrape together enough crowns to satisfy the men-at-arms.''

''These things are a necessity of war, which the low-born must endure with constancy. It is true that some captains drive overhard; there are spirits in every rank not easily moved by pity; and indeed many follow arms who are no better than brigands.''

''You see,'' said the poet, ''you cannot separate the soldier from the brigand; and what is a thief but an isolated brigand with circumspect manners? I steal a couple of mutton chops, without so much as disturbing people's sleep; the farmer grumbles a bit, but sups none the less wholesomely on what remains. You come up blowing gloriously on a trumpet, take away the whole sheep, and beat the farmer pitifully into the bargain. I have no trumpet; I am only Tom, Dick, or Harry; I am a rogue and a dog, and hanging's

too good for me—with all my heart; but just ask the farmer which of us he prefers, just find out which of us he lies awake to curse on cold nights."

"Look at us two," said his lordship. "I am old, strong, and honored. If I were turned from my house to-morrow, hundreds would be proud to shelter me. Poor people would go out and pass the night in the streets with their children, if I merely hinted that I wished to be alone. And I find you up, wandering homeless, and picking farthings off dead women by the wayside! I fear no man and nothing; I have seen you tremble and lose countenance at a word. I wait God's summons contentedly in my own house, or, if it please the king to call me out again upon the field of battle. You look for the gallows; a rough, swift death, without hope or honor. Is there no difference between these two?"

"As far as to the moon," Villon acquiesced. "But if I had been born lord of Brisetout, and you had been the poor scholar Francis, would the difference have been any the less? Should not I have been warming my knees at this charcoal pan, and would not you have been groping for farthings in the snow? Should not I have been the soldier, and you the thief?"

"A thief?" cried the old man. "I a thief! If you understood your words, you would repent them."

Villon turned out his hands with a gesture of inimitable impudence. "If your lordship had done me the honor to follow my argument!" he said.

"I do you too much honor in submitting to your presence," said the knight. "Learn to curb your

tongue when you speak with old and honorable men, or some one hastier than I may reprove you in a sharper fashion.'' And he rose and paced the lower end of the apartment, struggling with anger and antipathy. Villon surreptitiously refilled his cup, and settled himself more comfortably in the chair, crossing his knees and leaning his head upon one hand and the elbow against the back of the chair. He was now replete and warm; and he was in nowise frightened for his host, having gauged him as justly as was possible between two such different characters. The night was far spent, and in a very comfortable fashion after all; and he felt morally certain of a safe departure on the morrow.

''Tell me one thing,'' said the old man, pausing in his walk. ''Are you really a thief?''

''I claim the sacred rights of hospitality,'' returned the poet. ''My lord, I am.''

''You are very young,'' the knight continued.

''I should never have been so old,'' replied Villon, showing his fingers, ''if I had not helped myself with these ten talents. They have been my nursing mothers and my nursing fathers.''

''You may still repent and change.''

''I repent daily,'' said the poet. ''There are few people more given to repentance than poor Francis. As for change, let somebody change my circumstances. A man must continue to eat, if it were only that he may continue to repent.''

''The change must begin in the heart,'' returned the old man solemnly.

"My dear lord," answered Villon, "do you really fancy that I steal for pleasure? I hate stealing, like any other piece of work of danger. My teeth chatter when I see a gallows. But I must eat, I must drink, I must mix in society of some sort. What the devil! Man is not a solitary animal—*cui Deus feminam tradit.* Make me king's pantler—make me abbot of St. Denis; make me bailly of the Patatrac; and then I shall be changed indeed. But as long as you leave me the poor scholar Francis Villon, without a farthing, why, of course, I remain the same."

"The grace of God is all-powerful."

"I should be a heretic to question it," said Francis. "It has made you lord of Brisetout and bailly of the Patatrac; it has given me nothing but the quick wits under my hat and these ten toes upon my hands. May I help myself to wine? I thank you respectfully. By God's grace, you have a very superior vintage."

The lord of Brisetout walked to and fro with his hands behind his back. Perhaps he was not yet quite settled in his mind about the parallel between thieves and soldiers; perhaps Villon had interested him by some cross-thread of sympathy; perhaps his wits were simply muddled by so much unfamiliar reasoning; but, whatever the cause, he somehow yearned to convert the young man to a better way of thinking, and could not make up his mind to drive him forth again into the street.

"There is something more than I can understand in this," he said at length. "Your mouth is full of subtleties, and the devil has led you very far astray; but

the devil is only a very weak spirit before God's truth, and all his subtleties vanish at a word of true honor, like darkness at morning. Listen to me once more. I learned long ago that a gentleman should live chivalrously and lovingly to God, and the king, and his lady; and, though I have seen many strange things done, I have still striven to command my ways upon that rule. It is not only written in all noble histories, but in every man's heart, if he will take care to read. You speak of food and wine, and I know very well that hunger is a difficult trial to endure; but you do not speak of other wants; you say nothing of honor, of faith to God and other men, of courtesy, of love without reproach. It may be that I am not very wise—and yet I think I am—but you seem to me like one who has lost his way and made a great error in life. You are attending to the little wants, and you have totally forgotten the great and only real ones, like a man who should be doctoring toothache on the Judgment Day. For such things as honor and love and faith are not only nobler than food and drink, but indeed I think we desire them more, and suffer more sharply for their absence. I speak to you as I think you will most easily understand me. Are you not, while careful to fill your belly, disregarding another appetite in your heart, which spoils the pleasure of your life and keeps you continually wretched?"

Villon was sensibly nettled under all this sermonizing. "You think I have no sense of honor!" he cried. "I'm poor enough, God knows! It's hard to see rich people with their gloves, and you blowing in

your hands. An empty belly is a bitter thing, although you speak so lightly of it. If you had had as many as I, perhaps you would change your tune. Anyway I'm a thief—make the most of that—but I'm not a devil from hell, God strike me dead. I would have you to know I've an honor of my own, as good as yours, though I don't prate about it all day long, as if it was a God's miracle to have any. It seems quite natural to me; I keep it in its box till it's wanted. Why now, look you here, how long have I been in this room with you? Did you not tell me you were alone in the house? Look at your gold plate! You're strong, if you like, but you're old and unarmed, and I have my knife. What did I want but a jerk of the elbow and here would have been you with the cold steel in your bowels, and there would have been me, linking in the streets, with an armful of golden cups! Did you suppose I hadn't wit enough to see that? And I scorned the action. There are your damned goblets, as safe as in a church; there are you, with your heart ticking as good as new; and here am I, ready to go out again as poor as I came in, with my one white that you threw in my teeth! And you think I have no sense of honor—God strike me dead!"

The old man stretched out his right arm. "I will tell you what you are," he said. "You are a rogue, my man, an impudent and black-hearted rogue and vagabond. I have passed an hour with you. Oh! believe me, I feel myself disgraced! And you have eaten and drunk at my table. But now I am sick at your presence; the day has come, and the night-bird

should be off to his roost. Will you go before, or after?''

''Which you please,'' returned the poet, rising. ''I believe you to be strictly honorable.'' He thoughtfully emptied his cup. ''I wish I could add you were intelligent,'' he went on, knocking on his head with his knuckles. ''Age, age! the brains stiff and rheumatic.''

The old man preceded him from a point of self-respect; Villon followed, whistling, with his thumbs in his girdle.

''God pity you,'' said the lord of Brisetout at the door.

''Good-bye, papa,'' returned Villon with a yawn. ''Many thanks for the cold mutton.''

The door closed behind him. The dawn was breaking over the white roofs. A chill uncomfortable morning ushered in the day. Villon stood and heartily stretched himself in the middle of the road.

''A very dull old gentleman,'' he thought. ''I wonder what his goblets may be worth.''

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, 1850-1894.

Robert Louis Stevenson, one of the most conspicuous and best loved writers of our late nineteenth century, sprang from an Edinburgh family of civil engineers. A physical sufferer from infancy, he was unable to attend school regularly. However, in company with his father he early took many trips along the coast of Scotland. Learning the lore of the highlanders, or silently rambling in the Pentlands, he was ''always busy on my own private end, which was to learn to write.'' Later, he studied civil engineering and law. The strenuous life of the

former and a disinclination for the latter caused him to devote himself to writing. After making two trips to America, a cruise to Honolulu, several trips to various parts of the continent, Australia, and the Sandwich Islands, in a vain attempt to be well, he finally settled at Samoa, where he spent the last four years of his life. Here he ruled, a sort of "benignant chieftain" to his loving subjects.

During his brief life he had written continually. As a result he left several volumes of critical essays, traveler's sketches, novels, short-stories, poems.

To Stevenson literary composition was a fine art, to be acquired and perfected only by earnest effort. To this effort may be added his natural gifts of imagination and a sympathetic understanding of life, a mind alert in its expression and capable of giving the tone of novelty even to the most commonplace narrative. Thus he became a literary artist and one of the greatest short-story writers, and thus, both in style and in subject matter he influences nearly all writers who have succeeded him.

Suggested Reading: *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, Thrawn Janet, Will o' the Mill, The Sire de Maletroit's Door, Markheim, Tales from New Arabian Nights, The Bottle Imp.*

THE NECKLACE[1]

She was one of those pretty and charming girls, born by a mistake of fate in a family of clerks. She had no dowry, no expectations, no means of being known, understood, loved, married by a rich and distinguished man; and she allowed herself to be married to a little clerk in the Department of Public Instruction.

Not being able to adorn herself, she was simple; but she was as unhappy as one fallen from her proper station. As women have neither caste nor descent, their beauty, their grace, their charms take the place of fortune and family. Their native refinement, their instinctive elegance, their flexible minds are their only hierarchy, and make the daughters of the common people equal to those of the loftiest nobleman.

She suffered constantly, feeling herself born for delicacies and luxuries. She suffered from the poverty of her dwelling, and from the wretchedness of the walls, from the worn-out chairs, from the ugliness of the materials. All these things which another woman of her rank would not have noticed, tortured and angered her. The sight of the little Breton girl who did her humble housework awoke in her sorrowful regrets and distracting dreams. She mused on quiet antechambers, hung with Oriental tapestries, lighted by tall bronze candelabra, and on the two tall footmen in knee breeches who slept in the large

1. Translated from the French by Nellie Octavia Plée.

arm chairs made drowsy by the heat from the hot-air furnace. She mused on drawing-rooms hung with ancient silk, on delicately wrought furniture bearing priceless bric-a-brac, and on coquettish little rooms, perfumed, and made for the five o'clock talks with most intimate friends, men famous and sought after, the attentions of whom women envy and desire.

When she sat down to dine, at the round table covered with a cloth already used three days, opposite her husband who uncovered the soup, declaring with an air of satisfaction, "Ah, the good stew! I know of nothing better than that," she was thinking of dainty dinners, of shining silverware, of tapestries peopling the walls with ancient personages and with strange birds in the midst of a fanciful forest; she was thinking of exquisite dishes served on marvelous platters, of whispered gallantries heard with a sphinx-like smile, while one is eating the pink flesh of a trout or the wings of a bird.

She had no dresses, no jewelry, nothing. And she loved nothing but that; she felt as if she were made for that. She desired so much to please, to be envied, to be bewitching, to be sought after.

She had a rich friend who had been a classmate at the convent, and whom she did not wish to go to see any more because she suffered so upon her return. And she cried every day from chagrin, from regret, from despair, and from distress.

But, one evening, her husband came home with a proud air, holding in his hand a large envelope.

"Look," said he, "here is something for you."

She quickly tore the paper and took out a printed card bearing these words:

"The Minister of Public Instruction and Mme. Georges Rampouneau beg M. and Mme. Loisel to give them the honor of spending the evening at the mansion-house of the Ministry, on Monday, the eighteenth of January."

Instead of being delighted, as her husband hoped, she threw the letter on the table with vexation, murmuring:

"What do you want me to do with that?"

"But, my dear, I thought you would be pleased. You never go out, and here is an opportunity, a fine one. I had no little trouble to get it. Everybody wants one; they are very much sought after; and not many are given to clerks. You will see there the whole official world."

She looked at him with an angry eye, and declared with impatience:

"What do you want me to put on my back to go there?"

He had not thought of that; he hesitated:

"But the dress you wear to the theatre. It looks very good to me. . . ."

He stopped, astonished and distracted, upon seeing that his wife was weeping. Two great tears were slowly rolling from the corners of her eyes towards the corners of her mouth. He faltered:

"What is the matter? What is the matter?"

But with a violent effort she overcame her misery, and, wiping her wet cheeks, she replied in a calm tone:

"Nothing. Only I have no dress and consequently can not go to this party. Give your invitation to some colleague whose wife is better fitted out than I."

He was in great distress. He began again:

"Let us see, Mathilde. How much would a dress cost which would be suitable to use on other occasions; something very simple?"

She reflected a few seconds, calculating and considering how much she could ask for, without bringing upon herself an immediate refusal and an exclamation of fright from the economical clerk.

"I do not know exactly, but I think that with four hundred francs I could do it."

He became slightly pale, for he had saved just that amount to buy a gun and to treat himself to some shooting, the following summer, near the plain of Nanterre, with some friends who went there to shoot larks on Sundays.

However, he said:

"Very well. I will give you four hundred francs. But try to have a pretty gown."

The day of the ball approached, and Mme. Loisel appeared sad, uneasy, anxious. Her gown, however, was ready. One evening her husband said to her:

"What is the matter? Come, now, for the last three days you have been very strange."

And she replied:

"It annoys me to have no jewelry, no gem, nothing to put on me. I shall look poverty-stricken enough. I should almost rather not go to this party."

He answered:

"You might wear natural flowers. They are very stylish at this season of the year. For ten francs you can get two or three beautiful roses."

She was not in the least convinced.

"No, there is nothing more humiliating than to look poor among other women who are rich."

But her husband exclaimed:

"How stupid you are! Go find your friend, Mme. Forestier, and ask her to lend you some jewelry. You are friendly enough with her to do that."

She gave a cry of joy.

"It is true. I had not thought of it."

The next day she proceeded to her friend's house and told her of her trouble.

Mme. Forestier went to a closet with a mirrored door, brought out a large casket, opened it, and said to Mme. Loisel:

"Take your choice, my dear."

First she saw bracelets, then a pearl necklace, then a Venetian cross of gold set with precious stones of wonderful workmanship. She tried on the necklace before the mirror, hesitated, not able to decide to take them off and to return them. She continued to ask:

"You have nothing else?"

"Why, yes. Look. I do not know what would please you."

Suddenly she discovered, in a black satin box, a superb diamond necklace, and her heart beat longingly. Her hands trembled in taking it. She fastened it around her throat, outside her high-necked dress, and remained enraptured before her own reflection.

Then, hesitating and filled with anxiety, she asked:

"Can you let me take this, only this?"

"Why, yes, certainly."

She sprang upon her friend's neck, ardently embraced her, then ran away with her treasure.

The day of the ball arrived. Mme. Loisel was a success. She was the most beautiful of them all, elegant, gracious, smiling, and wildly joyful. All the men looked at her, asked her name, sought to be presented to her. All the attaches of the Cabinet wanted to waltz with her. The Minister himself took notice of her.

She danced madly, transported, intoxicated with pleasure, thinking of nothing, in the triumph of her beauty, in the glory of her success, in a sort of cloud of happiness made of all the homages of all the admirations, of all the awakened desires, of this victory, so complete and so sweet to a woman's heart.

It was about four o'clock in the morning when she left. Her husband, since midnight, had been sleeping in a little deserted anteroom with three other men whose wives were enjoying themselves.

He threw over her shoulders the wraps which he had brought for the purpose of wearing home, modest wraps of ordinary people, the poverty of which contrasted strongly with the elegance of her ball dress. She was conscious of this, and wanted to hurry away so it would not be noticed by the other women, who were enveloping themselves in rich furs.

Loisel held her back.

"Wait a moment. You will catch cold outside. I will call a cab."

But she paid no attention to him, and ran rapidly down the stairs. When they were in the street, they could not find a carriage. They began to look for one, calling to the cabmen whom they saw passing in the distance.

Discouraged and shivering, they went down toward the Seine. Finally they found on the quay one of those old noctambulist cabs which one sees in Paris only after nightfall, as if during the day they were ashamed of their wretchedness.

It brought them to their door in the Rue des Martyrs; and they sadly ascended their own stairs. It was all ended for her, and he was thinking that he should have to be at the Ministry at ten o'clock.

She took off the wraps with which she had enveloped her shoulders, before the mirror, so that she might see herself once more in her glory. But suddenly she cried out. She no longer had the necklace around her neck.

Her husband, already half undressed, asked:

"What's the matter?"

She turned in terror toward him.

"I've—I've—I've lost Mme. Forestier's necklace."

He stood up, aghast.

"What! How! It is impossible!"

And they searched in the folds of her dress, in the folds of her mantle, in the pockets, everywhere. They did not find it.

He asked:

"You are sure that you still had it when you left the ball?"

"Yes, I felt of it in the vestibule of the Ministry."

"But if you had lost it in the street we should have heard it fall. It must be in the cab."

"Yes, probably it is. Did you take the number?"

"No. And you, did you notice it?"

"No."

They gazed at each other dumfounded. Finally, Loisel dressed himself.

"I will go back over the whole distance that we walked," said he, "to see if I can find it."

And he went out. She remained in her ball dress, in a chair, spiritless, without strength to retire, without thought.

Her husband returned about seven o'clock. He had found nothing.

He went to the police headquarters, to the newspapers to offer a reward, to the cab companies; in short, wherever a grain of hope was possible.

She waited all day in the same distracted condition in face of this terrible disaster.

Loisel returned in the evening, with face pale and sunken. He had discovered nothing.

"You had better write to your friend," he said, "that you have broken the clasp of the necklace and that you are having it mended. That will give us time to do something."

She wrote at his dictation.

By the end of a week they had lost all hope. And Loisel, older by five years, declared:

"We must consider how to replace the jewel."

The next day they took the box which had contained it to the jeweler whose name they found inside. He consulted his books.

"It was not I, Madam, who sold this necklace. I simply furnished the case."

Then they went from jewelry store to jewelry store, looking for a necklace like the other, consulting their memory, both sick from grief and distress.

They found, in a shop in the Palais-Royal, a chaplet of diamonds, which looked exactly like the one they were seeking. It was valued at forty thousand francs. They could have it for thirty-six thousand.

They begged the jeweler not to sell it for three days, and they made arrangements by which they could return it for thirty-four thousand francs, if the first one was found before the end of February.

Loisel possessed eighteen thousand francs which his father had left him. He would borrow the rest.

He did borrow, asking a thousand francs from one, five hundred from another, five louis here, three there. He gave promissory notes, made extravagant promises, did business with usurers and all sorts of money lenders. He compromised every means of his existence, risked his signature without knowing whether he should be able to honor it; and, terrified by anxiety for the future, by the black misery which seemed to be settling over him, by the prospect of every physical privation and every moral torture, he went to get the new necklace, depositing upon the counter of the merchant thirty-six thousand francs.

When Mme. Loisel returned the necklace to Mme. Forestier, the latter said, rather coolly:

"You ought to have returned it sooner, for I might have needed it."

She did not open the casket, as her friend feared she would do. If she had noticed the substitution, what would she have thought? What would she have said? Would she not have taken her for a thief?

Mme. Loisel experienced the dreadful life of those in need. She took her part immediately and heroically. This dreadful debt must be paid. She could help. They dismissed the maid; they changed their place of living; they took a garret under the roof.

She learned to know the heavy work of housekeeping, the odious labor of the kitchen. She washed dishes, using her pink nails on the greasy pots and pans. She washed the soiled linen, the shirts and house clothes, which she dried on a line; every morning she took the garbage down to the street, and carried up water, stopping at each flight of stairs to get her breath. And, dressed like a common woman, with a basket on her arm, she went to the fruit seller, the grocer, the butcher, bargaining, insulted, defending, bit by bit, her miserable silver.

Each month they had to pay some notes, and to renew others to obtain time.

Her husband worked evenings to set in order the books of a merchant, and at night he frequently did copying at five sous a page.

And this life lasted ten years.

At the end of ten years, they had paid everything,

everything with a usurer's rate, and the accumulations of interest.

By this time, Mme. Loisel looked like an old woman. She had become the stout, hard, rough woman of a poverty-stricken household. With hair unkempt, skirts askew, and red hands, she spoke in a loud voice and washed the floors, splashing water freely. But, occasionally, when her husband was at the office, she would sit down near the window, and she would think of that former evening, of that ball, where she had been so beautiful, so entertained.

What would have happened if she had not lost that necklace? Who knows? Who knows? How strange and changeable is life! What a little thing it takes to ruin you or to save you!

But one Sunday, as she was taking a walk in the Champ Elysses, to refresh herself after the labors of the week, she suddenly saw a woman who was walking with a child. It was Mme. Forestier, still young, still beautiful, still fascinating.

Mme. Loisel felt moved. Should she speak to her? Yes, certainly. And now that she had paid everything, she would tell her all. Why not?

She approached her.

"Good morning, Jeanne."

The other woman, astonished to be so familiarly addressed by this common woman, did not recognize her at all. She stammered:

"But . . . madam! . . . I do not know. . . . You are mistaken."

"No, I am Mathilde Loisel."

Her friend uttered a cry.

"Oh!—My poor Mathilde, how you are changed!"

"Yes, I have had hard days since I saw you, and much misery—and that on account of you."

"Of me? How is that?"

"You remember that diamond necklace which you let me take to go to the ball at the Ministry?"

"Yes. Well?"

"Well, I lost it."

"How can that be, since you returned it to me?"

"I brought you back another exactly like it. And we have been paying for it these ten years. You understand that was not easy for us, who had nothing. At last it is ended, and I am exceedingly glad."

Mme. Forestier had stood still.

"You say that you bought a diamond necklace to replace mine?"

"Yes. You did not notice it, then? They were exactly alike."

And she smiled with proud, unaffected joy.

Mme. Forestier, greatly moved, took both her hands.

"Oh! My poor Mathilde! But mine were paste. They were worth at most five hundred francs!"

GUY DE MAUPASSANT, 1850-1893.

The "foremost master" of the short-story is Maupassant, a native of Normandy, the child of a titled family, the descendant of a long line of narrative writers. He received his education at the Rouen Lycée, served in the Franco-Prussian War, and held positions in several of the departments of state at Paris. Of a restless nature even during the period of his

writing, he spent much time in traveling through the islands and countries of Corsica, Sicily, Italy, and Algeria, and in cruising along the Mediterranean shores. After seven years of practice under the critical guidance of his uncle and scholarly master, Flaubert, he published in 1880 his first work, a short-story. During the next ten years, a period which virtually covers his literary life, he produced nearly thirty volumes of fiction, drama, travel, and verse. The contents of sixteen of these volumes consisted of short-stories. However, though strenuous, his literary career was short; its end, a tragedy. A mental malady hastened its termination. He died at a retreat in Paris.

Maupassant's style is simple, lucid, accurate. He is a master of compression and of language. A psychologist by nature, he produces a tone of subtle analysis throughout his writings. To these excellent qualities is added the fact that many of his stories deal with his native Normandy; hence his characters are real people, his scenes real places. Thus he stands, the greatest short-story writer the nineteenth century has produced.

Suggested Readings: *En Voyage, The Confession, Fear, The Piece of String, Moonlight, The Coward.*

WEE WILLIE WINKIE

His full name was Percival William Williams, but he picked up the other name in a nursery-book, and that was the end of the christened titles. His mother's *ayah*[1] called him Willie-*Baba,* but, as he never paid the faintest attention to anything that the *ayah* said, her wisdom did not help matters.

His father was colonel of the 195th, and, as soon as Wee Willie Winkie was old enough to understand what military discipline meant, Col. Williams put him under it. There was no other way of managing the child. When he was good for a week, he drew good-conduct pay; and when he was bad, he was deprived of his good-conduct stripe. Generally he was bad, for India offers so many chances to little six-year-olds of going wrong.

Children resent familiarity from strangers, and Wee Willie Winkie was a very particular child. Once he accepted an acquaintance he was graciously pleased to thaw. He accepted Brandis, a subaltern of the 195th, on sight. Brandis was having tea at the Colonel's, and Wee Willie Winkie entered, strong in the possession of a good-conduct badge won for not chasing the hens round the compound. He regarded Brandis with gravity for at least ten minutes, and then delivered himself of his opinion.

"I like you," said he, slowly, getting off his chair

1. Nursery maid.

and coming over to Brandis. "I like you. I shall call you Coppy, because of your hair. Do you *mind* being called Coppy? It is because of ve hair, you know."

Here was one of the most embarrassing of Wee Willie Winkie's peculiarities. He would look at a stranger for some time, and then, without warning or explanation, would give him a name. And the name stuck. No regimental penalties could break Wee Willie Winkie of this habit. He lost his good-conduct badge for christening the commissioner's wife "Pobs"; but nothing that the Colonel could do made the station forego the nickname, and Mrs. Collen remains Mrs. "Pobs" till the end of her stay. So Brandis was christened "Coppy," and rose, therefore, in the estimation of the regiment.

If Wee Willie Winkie took an interest in any one, the fortunate man was envied alike by the mess and the rank and file. And in their envy lay no suspicion of self-interest. "The Colonel's son" was idolized on his own merits entirely. Yet Wee Willie Winkie was not lovely. His face was permanently freckled, as his legs were permanently scratched, and, in spite of his mother's almost tearful remonstrances, he had insisted upon having his long, yellow locks cut short in the military fashion. "I want my hair like Sergeant Tummil's," said Wee Willie Winkie; and, his father abetting, the sacrifice was accomplished.

Three weeks after the bestowal of his youthful affections on Lieutenant Brandis—henceforward to be called "Coppy" for the sake of brevity—Wee Willie

Winkie was destined to behold strange things and far beyond his comprehension.

Coppy returned his liking with interest. Coppy had let him wear for five rapturous minutes his own big sword—just as tall as Wee Willie Winkie. Coppy had promised him a terrier puppy; and Coppy had permitted him to witness the miraculous operation of shaving. Nay, more—Coppy had said that even he, Wee Willie Winkie, would rise in time to the ownership of a box of shiny knives, a silver soap-box, and a silver-handled "sputter-brush," as Wee Willie Winkie called it. Decidedly, there was no one, except his father—who could give or take away good-conduct badges at pleasure—half so wise, strong, and valiant as Coppy with the Afghan and Egyptian medals on his breast. Why, then, should Coppy be guilty of the unmanly weakness of kissing—vehemently kissing—a "big girl," Miss Allardyce to wit? In the course of a morning ride, Wee Willie Winkie had seen Coppy so doing, and, like the gentleman he was, had promptly wheeled round and cantered back to his groom, lest the groom should also see.

Under ordinary circumstances, he would have spoken to his father, but he felt instinctively that this was a matter on which Coppy ought first to be consulted.

"Coppy," shouted Wee Willie Winkie, reining up outside that subaltern's bungalow early in the morning—"I want to see you, Coppy!"

"Come in, young 'un," returned Coppy, who was

at early breakfast in the midst of his dogs. "What mischief have you been getting into now?"

Wee Willie Winkie had done nothing notoriously bad for three days, and so stood on a pinnacle of virtue.

"I've been doing nothing bad," said he, curling himself into a long chair with a studious affectation of the Colonel's languor after a hot parade. He buried his freckled nose in a teacup, and, with eyes staring roundly over the rim, asked: "I say, Coppy, is it pwoper to kiss big girls?"

"By Jove! You're beginning early. Who do you want to kiss?"

"No one. My muvver's always kissing me if I don't stop her. If it isn't pwoper, how was you kissing Major Allardyce's big girl last morning, by ve canal?"

Coppy's brow wrinkled. He and Miss Allardyce had, with great craft, managed to keep their engagement secret for a fortnight. There were urgent and imperative reasons why Major Allardyce should not know how matters stood for at least another month, and this small marplot had discovered a great deal too much.

"I saw you," said Wee Willie Winkie, calmly. "But ve groom didn't see. I said, *'Hut jao.'*"

"Oh, you had that much sense, you young rip," groaned poor Coppy, half-amused and half-angry. "And how many people may you have told about it?"

"Only me myself. You didn't tell when I twied

to wide ve buffalo ven my pony was lame; and I fought you wouldn't like."

"Winkie," said Coppy, enthusiastically, shaking the small hand, "you're the best of good fellows. Look here, you can't understand all these things. One of these days—hang it, how can I make you see it!—I'm going to marry Miss Allardyce, and then she'll be Mrs. Coppy, as you say. If your young mind is so scandalized at the idea of kissing big girls, go and tell your father."

"What will happen?" said Wee Willie Winkie, who firmly believed that his father was omnipotent.

"I shall get into trouble," said Coppy, playing his trump card with an appealing look at the holder of the ace.

"Ven I won't," said Wee Willie Winkie, briefly. "But my faver says it's un-man-ly to be always kissing, and I didn't fink *you'd* do vat, Coppy."

"I'm not always kissing, old chap. It's only now and then, and when you're bigger you'll do it, too. Your father meant it's not good for little boys."

"Ah!" said Wee Willie Winkie, now fully enlightened. "It's like ve sputter-brush?"

"Exactly," said Coppy, gravely.

"But I don't fink I'll ever want to kiss big girls, nor no one, 'cept my muvver. And I *must* do vat, you know."

There was a long pause broken by Wee Willie Winkie.

"Are you fond of vis big girl, Coppy?"

"Awfully!" said Coppy.

"Fonder van you are of Bell or ve Butcha—or me?"

"It's in a different way," said Coppy. "You see, one of these days Miss Allardyce will belong to me, but you'll grow up and command the regiment and—all sorts of things. It's quite different, you see."

"Very well," said Wee Willie Winkie, rising. "If you're fond of ve big girl, I won't tell any one. I must go now."

Coppy rose and escorted his small guest to the door, adding: "You're the best of little fellows, Winkie. I tell you what. In thirty days from now you can tell if you like—tell any one you like."

Thus the secret of the Brandis-Allardyce engagement was dependent on a little child's word. Coppy, who knew Wee Willie Winkie's idea of truth, was at ease, for he felt that he would not break promises. Wee Willie Winkie betrayed a special and unusual interest in Miss Allardyce, and, slowly revolving round that embarrassed young lady, was used to regard her gravely with unwinking eye. He was trying to discover why Coppy should have kissed her. She was not half so nice as his own mother. On the other hand, she was Coppy's property, and would in time belong to him. Therefore it behooved him to treat her with as much respect as Coppy's big sword or shiny pistol.

The idea that he shared a great secret in common with Coppy kept Wee Willie Winkie unusually virtuous for three weeks. Then the Old Adam broke out, and he made what he called a "camp-fire" at the

bottom of the garden. How could he have foreseen that the flying sparks would have lighted the Colonel's little hay-rick and consumed a week's store for the horses? Sudden and swift was the punishment—deprivation of the good-conduct badge, and, most sorrowful of all, two days' confinement to barracks—the house and veranda—coupled with the withdrawal of the light of his father's countenance.

He took the sentence like the man he strove to be, drew himself up with a quivering underlip, saluted, and, once clear of the room, ran to weep bitterly in his nursery—called by him "my quarters." Coppy came in the afternoon and attempted to console the culprit.

"I'm under awwest," said Wee Willie Winkie, mournfully, "and I didn't ought to speak to you."

Very early in the next morning he climbed on to the roof of the house—that was not forbidden—and beheld Miss Allardyce going for a ride.

"Where are you going?" cried Wee Willie Winkie.

"Across the river," she answered, and trotted forward.

Now the cantonment in which the 195th lay was bounded on the north by a river—dry in the winter. From his earliest years, Wee Willie Winkie had been forbidden to go across the river, and had noted that even Coppy—the almost almighty Coppy—had never set foot beyond it. Wee Willie Winkie had once been read to (out of a big, blue book) the history of the princess and the goblins, the most wonderful tale of a land where the goblins were always warring with

the children of men until they were defeated by one Curdie. Ever since that date, it seemed to him that the bare black-and-purple hills across the river were inhabited by goblins; and, in truth, every one had said that there lived the bad men. Even in his own house, the lower halves of the windows were covered with green paper on account of the bad men who might, if allowed clear view, fire into peaceful drawing-rooms and comfortable bedrooms. Certainly, beyond the river, which was the end of all the earth, lived the bad men. And here was Major Allardyce's big girl, Coppy's property, preparing to venture into their borders! What would Coppy say if anything happened to her? If the goblins ran off with her as they did with Curdie's princess? She must at all hazards be turned back.

The house was still. Wee Willie Winkie reflected for a moment on the very terrible wrath of his father; and then—broke his arrest! It was a crime unspeakable. The low sun threw his shadow, very large and very black, on the trim garden-paths, as he went down to the stables and ordered his pony. It seemed to him, in the hush of the dawn, that all the big world had been bidden to stand still and look at Wee Willie Winkie guilty of mutiny. The drowsy groom handed him his mount, and, since the one great sin made all others insignificant, Wee Willie Winkie said that he was going to ride over to Coppy Sahib, and went out at a foot-pace, stepping on the soft mold of the flower-borders.

The devastating track of the pony's feet was the

last misdeed that cut him off from all sympathy of humanity. He turned into the road, leaned forward, and rode as fast as the pony could put foot to the ground, in the direction of the river.

But the liveliest of twelve-two ponies can do little against the long canter of a waler. Miss Allardyce was far ahead, had passed through the crops, beyond the police-post, when all the guards were asleep, and her mount was scattering the pebbles of the river-bed as Wee Willie Winkie left the cantonment and British India behind him. Bowed forward and still flogging, Wee Willie Winkie shot into Afghan territory, and could just see Miss Allardyce, a black speck, flickering across the stony plain. The reason of her wandering was simple enough. Coppy, in a tone of too hastily assumed authority, had told her overnight that she must not ride out by the river. And she had gone to prove her own spirit and teach Coppy a lesson.

Almost at the foot of the inhospitable hills, Wee Willie Winkie saw the waler blunder and come down heavily. Miss Allardyce struggled clear, but her ankle had been severely twisted, and she could not stand. Having thus demonstrated her spirit, she wept copiously, and was surprised by the apparition of a white wide-eyed child in khaki, on a nearly spent pony.

"Are you badly, badly hurted?" shouted Wee Willie Winkie, as soon as he was within range. "You didn't ought to be here."

"I don't know," said Miss Allardyce, ruefully,

ignoring the reproof. "Good gracious, child, what are *you* doing here?"

"You said you was going acwoss ve wiver,' panted Wee Willie Winkie, throwing himself off his pony. "And nobody,—not even Coppy—must go acwoss ve wiver, and I came after you ever so hard; but you wouldn't stop, and now you've hurted yourself, and Coppy will be angwy wiv me, and—I've bwoken my awwest! I've bwoken my awwest!"

The future colonel of the 195th sat down and sobbed. In spite of the pain in her ankle, the girl was moved.

"Have you ridden all the way from cantonments, little man? What for?"

"You belonged to Coppy. Coppy told me so!" wailed Wee Willie Winkie, disconsolately. "I saw him kissing you, and he said he was fonder of you van Bell or ve Butcha or me. And so I came. You must get up and come back. You didn't ought to be here. Vis is a bad place and I've bwoken my awwest."

"I can't move, Winkie," said Miss Allardyce, with a groan. "I've hurt my foot. What shall I do?"

She showed a readiness to weep afresh, which steadied Wee Willie Winkie, who had been brought up to believe that tears were the depth of unmanliness. Still, when one is as great a sinner as Wee Willie Winkie, even a man may be permitted to break down.

"Winkie," said Miss Allardyce, "when you've rested a little, ride back and tell them to send out something to carry me back in. It hurts fearfully."

The child sat still for a little time, and Miss Allardyce closed her eyes; the pain was nearly making her faint. She was roused by Wee Willie Winkie tying up the reins on his pony's neck, and setting it free with a vicious cut of his whip that made it whicker. The little animal headed toward the cantonments.

"Oh, Winkie! What are you doing?"

"Hush!" said Wee Willie Winkie. "Vere's a man coming—one of ve bad men. I must stay wiv you. My faver says a man must *always* look after a girl. Jack will go home, and ven vey'll come and look for us. Vat's why I let him go."

Not one man but two or three had appeared from behind the rocks of the hills, and the heart of Wee Willie Winkie sank within him, for just in this manner were the goblins wont to steal out and vex Curdie's soul. Thus had they played in Curdie's garden (he had seen the picture), and thus had they frightened the princess's nurse. He heard them talking to each other, and recognized with joy the bastard Pushtu that he had picked up from one of his father's grooms lately dismissed. People who spoke that tongue[1] could not be the bad men. They were only natives after all.

They came up to the boulders on which Miss Allardyce's horse had blundered.

Then rose from the rock Wee Willie Winkie, child of the dominant race, aged six and three-quarters, and said, briefly and emphatically, *"Jao!"* The pony had crossed the river-bed.

1. The language of Afghanistan.

The men laughed, and laughter from the natives was the one thing Wee Willie Winkie could not tolerate. He asked them what they wanted and why they did not depart. Other men, with most evil faces and crooked-stocked guns, crept out of the shadows of the hills, till soon Wee Willie Winkie was face to face with an audience some twenty strong. Miss Allardyce screamed.

"Who are you?" said one of the men.

"I am the Colonel Sahib's son, and my order is that you go at once. You black men are frightening the Miss Sahib. One of you must run into cantonments and take the news that the Miss Sahib has hurt herself, and that the Colonel's son is here with her."

"Put our feet into the trap?" was the laughing reply. "Hear this boy's speech!"

"Say that I sent you—I, the Colonel's son. They will give you money."

"What is the use of this talk? Take up the child and the girl, and we can at least ask for the ransom. Ours are the villages on the heights," said a voice in the background.

These *were* the bad men—worse than the goblins—and it needed all Wee Willie Winkie's training to prevent him from bursting into tears. But he felt that to cry before a native, excepting only his mother's *ayah,* would be an infamy greater than any mutiny. Moreover, he, as future colonel of the 195th, had that grim regiment at his back.

"Are you going to carry us away?" said Wee Willie Winkie, very blanched and uncomfortable.

"Yes, my little *Sahib Bahadur,*"[1] said the tallest of the men; "and eat you afterward."

"That is child's talk," said Wee Willie Winkie. "Men do not eat men."

A yell of laughter interrupted him, but he went on, firmly: "And if you do carry us away, I tell you that all my regiment will come up in a day and kill you all without leaving one. Who will take my message to the Colonel Sahib?"

Speech in any vernacular—and Wee Willie Winkie had a colloquial acquaintance with three—was easy to the boy who could not yet manage his "r's" and "th's" aright.

Another man joined the conference, crying: "Oh, foolish men! What this babe says is true. He is the heart's heart of those white troops. For the sake of peace, let them go both; for, if he is taken, the regiment will break loose and gut the valley. *Our* villages are in the valley, and we shall not escape. That regiment are devils. They broke Khoda Yar's breastbone with kicks when he tried to take the rifles; and if we touch this child, they will fire and rape and plunder for a month, till nothing remains. Better to send a man back to take the message and get a reward. I say that this child is their god, and that they will spare none of us, nor our women, if we harm him."

It was Din Mahommed, the dismissed groom of the Colonel, who made the diversion, and an angry and heated discussion followed. Wee Willie Winkie,

1. Sir Champion.

standing over Miss Allardyce, waited the upshot. Surely his "wegiment," his own "wegiment," would not desert him if they knew of his extremity.

* * * * * * *

The riderless pony brought the news to the 195th, though there had been consternation in the Colonel's household for an hour before. The little beast came in through the parade-ground in front of the main barracks, where the men were settling down to play spoil-five till the afternoon. Devlin, the color-sergeant of E Company, glanced at the empty saddle and tumbled through the barrack-rooms, kicking up each room corporal as he passed. "Up, ye beggars! there's something happened to the Colonel's son," he shouted.

"He couldn't fall off! S'elp me, 'e *couldn't* fall off," blubbered a drummer-boy. "Go an' hunt acrost the river. He's over there if he's anywhere, an' may be those Pathans have got 'im. For the love o' Gawd, don't look for 'im in the nullahs! Let's go over the river."

"There's sense in Mott yet," said Devlin. "E Company, double out to the river—sharp!"

So E Company, in its shirt-sleeves mainly, doubled for the dear life, and in the rear toiled the perspiring sergeant, adjuring it to double yet faster. The cantonment was alive with the men of the 195th hunting for Wee Willie Winkie, and the Colonel finally overtook E Company, far too exhausted to swear, struggling in the pebbles of the river-bed.

Up the hill under which Wee Willie Winkie's bad men were discussing the wisdom of carrying off the child and the girl, a lookout fired two shots.

"What have I said?" shouted Din Mahammed. "There is the warning! The *pultun* are out already and are coming across the plain! Get away! Let us not be seen with the boy!"

* * * * * * *

"The wegiment is coming," said Wee Willie Winkie, confidently, to Miss Allardyce, "and it's all wight. Don't cwy!"

He needed the advice himself, for, ten minutes later, when his father came up, he was weeping bitterly with his head in Miss Allardyce's lap.

And the men of the 195th carried him home with shouts and rejoicings; and Coppy, who had ridden a horse into a lather, met him, and, to his intense disgust, kissed him openly in the presence of the men.

But there was balm for his dignity. His father assured him that not only would the breaking of arrest be condoned, but that the good-conduct badge would be restored as soon as his mother could sew it on his blouse-sleeve. Miss Allardyce had told the Colonel a story that made him proud of his son.

"She belonged to you, Coppy," said Wee Willie Winkie, indicating Miss Allardyce with a grimy forefinger. "I *knew* she didn't ought to go acwoss ve wiver, and I knew ve wegiment would come to me if I sent Jack home."

"You're a hero, Winkie," said Coppy, "a *pukka* hero!"

"I don't know what vat means," said Wee Willie Winkie, "but you mustn't call me Winkie any no more. I'm Percival Will'am Will'ams."

And in this manner did Wee Willie Winkie enter into his manhood.

Rudyard Kipling, 1865.

Of unusual interest has been the career of Rudyard Kipling, the poet of "greater England." He was born at Bombay, the son of an English artist, but educated in England at the United Service College, Devonshire. Returning to India at the age of seventeen, he began his literary career as a newspaper reporter. During the extraordinary vicissitudes of his life he has twice visited America, at one time living for several months in Vermont; has made a complete trip around the globe; and has travelled both as correspondent and pleasure seeker through Japan, China, South Africa, Australia, and New Zealand. Even at college he showed himself possessed of unusual gifts and possibilities; and, since graduating, as magazine editor, journalist, war correspondent, poet, and novelist, he has proved and perfected these possessions.

The dominant traits of his mind and character are vigor, truthfulness, virility. These qualities, together with a penetrative appreciation of men and situations, the ability to distinguish essentials, an inborn dramatic power, and a natural mastery of technique, give color, strength, vividness to his writings. Stevenson has sounded the keynote of his success in the brief statement that, even with his "love of journalistic effect, there is a tie of life in it all."

The majority of his stories are Indian tales, either of the English in India or of the native himself. The twenty-five volumes of his work contain not only numerous short-stories,

but also longer ones, journalistic articles, and many poems. Of the last, the best and most widely known are *The Recessional* (composed on the occasion of Queen Victoria's second Jubilee), and *The White Man's Burden.*

Suggested Readings: *Without Benefit of Clergy; Tobrah; The Man Who Was; Beyond the Pale; Baa, Baa, Black Sheep; Namgay Doola; The Drums of the Fore and Aft; Soldiers Three; The Jungle Book; 007; Brother Square Toes; A Centurion of the Thirtieth; The Man Who Would Be King.*

QUESTIONS

1. *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow* is considered a tale. What points of resemblance has it to the short-story proper?

2. What resources of the novel are denied the short-story?

3. One of the aims of the short-story is to give singleness of effect or impression. How is this achieved?

4. Find the single effect or impression of some of the stories in the present volume. What items of character, of description, of setting, in the introductions heighten this effect?

5. Relative to the last two questions, to what end should the action in the short-story be unified?

6. The period of time covered by the action should be as short as possible. In *The Necklace* how does the author manage the lapse of ten years and still preserve unity of time?

7. Observe the unity of place in the various stories.

8. Discuss the relative importance of the three unities previously mentioned.

9. What is their combined value?

10. Only to what extent are description, background or setting, incident, and character valuable?

11. Study the incidents in some of the stories in this collection. What relation have they to plot development and climax?

12. Point out the incidents in three or four of the stories, and note if they be dramatic incidents, plot developing incidents, character incidents, relief incidents, foreshadowing incidents, incidents for setting forth customs, or incidents for revealing superstitions.

13. Point out the dominant trait of character of the main actor in each story. Show the relation between it and the incidents of development.

14. List the developing incidents leading to the climax. List those leading from it.

G. H. Nettleton. "Specimens of the Short Story." Henry Holt and Co.

Alexander Jessup. "Little Classics." 18 Vols. Houghton Mifflin Co.

William Patten. "Short Story Classics" (American). 5 Vols.; "Short Story Classics" (Foreign). 5 Vols. P. F. Collier and Son.

Charles Scribner's Sons. "Stories by American Authors." 10 Vols.; "Stories by English Authors." 10 Vols.; "Stories by Foreign Authors." 10 Vols.

The McClure Co. Stories from McClure's. 5 Vols.

Julian Hawthorne. "The Lock and Key Library." 10 Vols.