COLLIER'S WEEKLY

AN ILLVSTRATED JOVRNAL OF ART LITERATVRE & CVRRENT EVENTS

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MEMORIAL SERVICE AT GRAVES OF "MAINE'S" DEAD, HAVANA, MARCH 4

From a photograph by our Special Artist

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AN ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL OF ART LITERATURE
AND CURRENT EVENTS

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THE EDITOR COLLIER'S WEEKLY NEW YORK CITY

ROBERT J COLLIER EDITOR

NEW YORK MARCH NINETEENTH 1898

THE PROSPECT OF WAR WITH SPAIN

THERE seems to be no doubt that the President has refused an unofficial request for the recall of Consul-general Lee from Havana, and also an official request that the supplies intended for the relief of the *reconcentrados* should be shipped to Cuba in merchantmen instead of government vessels. It is obvious that such an incident must increase the tension of our relations with Spain, and these are likely to be further strained if it prove true that the Madrid government has purchased some of the war vessels which have been supposed to be for sale in England, for such a transaction on the part of a State notoriously bankrupt would be tantamount to an avowal that war was deemed unavoidable. It is also manifest that, if such purchases have been made, it will be to the interest of Spain to place the vessels bought under her flag as soon as possible, and, that accomplished, to begin hostilities before corresponding accessions to our own navy can be brought about. Should Spain have the sagacity to resort to this expedient, the plans of our naval department would be materially deranged, for, even should we be able to close the Straits of Gibraltar and to capture or blockade the vessels now in Havana harbor, Spain would still have in the Atlantic warships available for an attack upon those American seaports which are but partially protected.

Upon whom will rest the responsibility, should it turn out that our navy, already absolutely weakened by the loss of the battleship *Maine*, has also been relatively weakened through Spain's purchase of warships, no corresponding acquisitions having been made upon our side? We do not, for a moment, believe that President McKinley is chargeable with an act of remissness which may have serious results. We do not believe that he overlooked the warning uttered by a newspaper which is one of his strongest supporters in New York immediately after the loss of the *Maine* had been made known. It was pointed out in that newspaper that the introduction of a bill in Congress to authorize the construction of one or more battleships, a construction which would require from one and a half to three years, was by no means an adequate remedy for the reduction of fighting strength which we had suffered. It was urged that the instantaneous purchase of one or more battleships in Europe was the step which, under the circumstances, it behooved our government to take. We have reason to believe that the suggestion was heeded by the President, and that he would have secured options upon such warships as were known to be for sale in Europe, could he have received assurances from the leaders of the two Houses of Congress that the money needed to fulfill bargains, or even to pay for options, would be at once forthcoming. It would have been, however, a tactical blunder to make a formal request that Congress should authorize the purchase of warships, if it were not known beforehand that the request would straightway be complied with. We have reason to believe that the desired assurances were withheld on the part of certain influential members in both chambers, and, especially, in the House of Representatives. Under the circumstances, the hands of the Executive were tied. The American people will be assisted in placing the responsibility for a failure to purchase warships where it belongs, by noting carefully who the men are that have delayed complying with the Executive's request for the two regiments of artillery absolutely requisite to man the guns already mounted in our seacoast defenses, and who have put off, also, the further request for the power to add fourteen hundred or fifteen hundred enlisted men and boys to the navy, without whom the *Columbia* and *Minneapolis* would be unable to go to sea. If Portland, Bath, Rockland, Belfast and Machias should be bombarded by Spanish vessels recently bought in England, the inhabitants of the State of Maine would know precisely whom they have to thank for the devastation.

Two months, or even one month ago, we could have bottled up the greater part of Spain's naval force by dispatching one-half of our available warships to the Straits of Gibraltar, while reserving the other half for a demonstration against Havana. We should thus have compassed two desirable ends; we should have liberated Cuba and we should have safeguarded our own Atlantic coast against attack. It may be that the time has passed for the accomplishment of such naval strategy, but we may be certain that, under any circumstances, however relatively or needlessly untoward, our warships will give a good account of themselves. Nor have we any doubt that, when the obstructionists in the House of Representatives shall have been shamed into quick co-operation with the Executive, no more opportunities will be missed, and no more precautions will be omitted.

Should war occur, what Spanish possession would be most open to attack? We pass over Cuba, which our fleet, acting in conjunction with the revolutionists, would find it easy to wrest from the Spaniards. Another prize within easy reach is Porto Rico, an island producing both sugar and tobacco, possessing one of the best harbors in or near the Caribbean, and containing nearly a million inhabitants, about two-thirds of whom are whites. There, too, is the Canary group, which has a collective area of more than three thousand square miles, and a population of some three hundred thousand, and which occupies an important strategic position on the route to the Cape of Good Hope. In the Pacific are the Philippines, which may be quickly reached by the squadron that we are assembling at Hong Kong, and which would fall into our hands on the capture of Manilla, the capital city. There are islands nearer home which the Spaniards would still more dislike to lose. We refer to the Balearic Isles, one of which, Minorca, a memorable stronghold, was occupied by England during the greater part of the last century. After the capture of Havana, our squadron, which is now at Lisbon, might be so strengthened that, instead of watching the Straits of Gibraltar, it might safely penetrate the Mediterranean, and, after fighting or blockading the Spanish warships in that sea, seize Minorca and its sister islands. We might not care to retain any of these insular conquests with the exception of Cuba and Porto Rico, but we could easily find purchasers for all that we should not wish to keep.

HAWAII

IT SEEMS to be recognized that the treaty providing for the annexation of Hawaii cannot obtain the support of two-thirds of the United States Senate. Unless, therefore, we are to renounce the opportunity of acquiring the islands, recourse must be made to the expedient adopted in the case of Texas under analogous conditions. That is to say, a joint resolution embodying the substance of the treaty will have to be introduced and passed, in which event it will undoubtedly be signed by the President. It is certain that a majority of the Senate would favor such a resolution, and that the only danger to be encountered in that body is indefinite delay. We deem it probable that such obstruction would be, ultimately, overcome; but, even then, a second obstacle might be met with in the House of Representatives, it being alleged that Speaker Reed is opposed to the resolution, and prepared to use the powers at his command to withhold it from the consideration of the Chamber. We do not believe, however, that Mr. Reed will defy public opinion, provided it be earnestly expressed. It behooves, therefore, those Americans who are convinced that the Hawaiian Islands are of great commercial and strategic value to the United States to employ every lawful means of advocacy and influence in order that their wishes may not be thwarted in the House of Representatives.

At present, we are the principal customers and purveyors of Hawaii, but there is no reason to assume that this will continue to be the case should we repel the proffered annexation. We could not, with any show of propriety, play the part of dog-in-the-manger with regard to this valuable insular group; we could not say that, while we ourselves had no desire to own it, we would allow no other power to take it. We have acknowledged the independence of the Republican government established at Honolulu, and we could not deny to it the right of accepting from Great Britain the protection which we should have refused. Even if the government headed by Mr. Dole should strive to maintain its independence of any foreign power, its prestige at home would be seriously weakened by the failure of the annexation project, and it might be overthrown at any hour by a counter-revolution. The reactionary régime, thus created, would almost certainly make overtures for a British protectorate, if not for conversion into a British colony, and we should not be justified in opposing a movement, the aim of which would be to safeguard the surviving natives and the European elements of the population from being submerged by the inflow of Asiatic immigrants. The commercial effect of the transformation of Hawaii into a colony or protégé of Great Britain would be the transfer of its trade from California to British Columbia. San Francisco would thus lose its best customer, and the loss would be irreparable. It is no light thing to deprive American citizens

of a trade which is already valued at twenty million dollars a year, and which is rapidly increasing.

That, from a strategic point of view, the possession of Hawaii is essential to the defense of our Pacific coast is the almost unanimous verdict of naval and military experts. Were that island group under our control, no foreign power, with one exception, could keep supplied with coal a fleet of warships intended to operate against San Francisco. The exception, of course, is Great Britain, which, as the owner of British Columbia, occupies a unique coign of vantage. Neither Russia, nor France, nor Germany, though they all have naval stations in or adjoining China, and, unquestionably, mean to compete for the commerce of the Pacific, would be able to use warships against our Pacific ports, if they were deprived of the chance of recoaling at Honolulu. In view of the inability of steamers to carry coal enough for a long voyage, the vast breadth of the Pacific may be regarded as a wall of waters interposed between us and hostile demonstrations. Hawaii is the bridge that spans an otherwise impassable abyss, and we should evince a grievous lack of foresight, if we neglected to occupy the bridge. There is not a strategist in the world who, if he had before him the problem of defending our Pacific coast, would not put his finger on Hawaii, and say, Here is the key of the position.

The opponents of the treaty say that the acquisition of Hawaii would impose on us expenditures which we are now able to escape. We should need, we are told, a navy to defend the islands, and that is true enough, but we need a navy now for the defense of our Pacific seaports. We should need fewer warships in the Pacific with Hawaii than without it, because, were Honolulu in our hands and strongly fortified, the dispatch of a large hostile fleet against San Francisco would be, as we have said, impracticable. There are, obviously, two ways of fighting, neither of which should be overlooked; one is to strengthen your own force, and the other is to reduce or trammel the force that may be arrayed against you. As Senator Morgan has lately pointed out, and, herein, he relied on the authority of Captain Mahan, we should actually save money by constructing a strong fortress in Hawaii; for, then, we should be able to dispense with costly land defenses at many of our lesser ports on the mainland, defenses which, otherwise, would have to be forthcoming.

These facts have been long familiar to American statesmen, who have recognized a source of possible danger in Hawaii, and have, for that reason, declared that it must never become the property of a foreign power. This declaration meant, if it meant anything, that we, in the course of time, would have to annex it ourselves, for the inhabitants of the group are far too few to defend themselves against any European nation, or against Japan. It may be said that it will be time enough to fight when the independence of Hawaii is menaced; but, under what disabling conditions should we operate, when the island were already in hostile hands? Why expose ourselves to the risk of fighting under unfavorable conditions, when we can, probably, avert the danger of war altogether by accepting the boon which is now offered us?

THE LATEST NEWS FROM THE FAR EAST

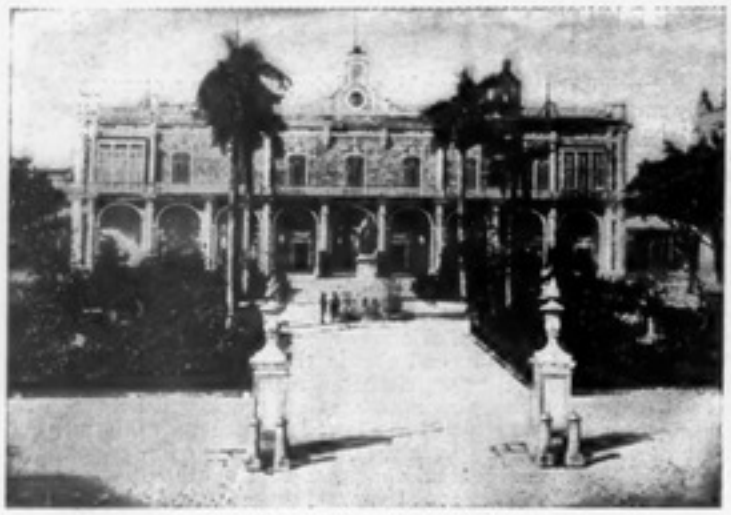
THERE have occurred during the last week two incidents which are likely to have an important effect upon the destiny of China. The Mikado's ministers, having failed to receive satisfactory assurances on the subject from the Pekin government, have requested Russia to make a definite announcement of her intention with regard to Port Arthur. On the other hand, the Chinese Emperor, by offering the *li-kin*, or inland barrier tax, as security for the new Anglo-German loan of 880,000,000, has deprived the mandarins of their principal source of emolument, and the result is an organized revolt in the most fruitful and populous part of his dominions. According to a telegram from Shanghai, the viceroys of Nanking and Hu-Kuang and the Governor of Hu-Nan have agreed to defy the authority of the Manchu dynasty, and to take into their own hands the administration of the whole Yang-tse-Kiang valley and the adjoining territory. Their design is, in other words, to revive the project of the Tai-pings and to erect Central China into an independent empire to which, when firmly established, Kwan-tung and the other southern maritime provinces, together with Yun-nan, would naturally gravitate. Let us glance, for a moment, at the significance of these incidents.

There can be, we presume, but one reply to Japan's inquiry. It is true that at the beginning of the cold season the diplomatic representatives of Russia alleged that her fleet would occupy Port Arthur only temporarily by the favor of a friendly power. Now, however, that Germany has acquired Kiao-Chou Bay, the St. Petersburg government will be constrained to throw off the mask, and to acknowledge that she intends to retain Port Arthur as a naval station. Should such a reply be forthcoming, the Mikado's ministers are almost certain to declare in euphemistic language that their country was made the victim of bad faith in the matter of the revision of the Shimonoseki treaty. It was in the pretended interest of the Manchu dynasty and of China's territorial integrity that Russia, backed by France and Germany, interposed and insisted that Japan should restore all that section of the Chinese mainland which was given to her by the treaty concluded at Shimonoseki, receiving in return a comparatively small extra indemnity. Never would the Tokio government have yielded to the demand and recalled its victorious armies, which were within striking reach of Pekin, had it known that the valuable possessions which it was called upon to relinquish would be made the prey of a European power. A martial and formidable nation cannot be expected to relish the discovery that it has played the part of cat's-paw, and that Russia, which did not expend a dollar in the recent contest, has absorbed the territorial gains which would have converted Japan into a continental power, and have made it the heir presumptive to the Celestial Empire. The Mikado may now reasonably claim that by the acts of Germany and Russia the situation has been changed in vital particulars since the revision of the Shimonoseki treaty, and that the interests of his people will not permit him to rest content with the terms imposed upon him at that time. His position is, in fact, identical with that which the Czar, Alexander II., would have occupied had the Congress of Berlin, instead of professing to uphold the territorial integrity of Turkey, handed over to Austria the very territory which victorious Russia was forbidden to retain. But because Japan may justly feel aggrieved, it does not follow that she will venture to engage in a war with Russia, especially as the latter power would have certainly the assistance of France, and probably that of Germany. What the Mikado will undoubtedly ask for is some compensatory advantages, and these, in all likelihood, he will obtain, as Russia herself must wish to avert the outbreak of a war until the Siberian railway is completed. An obvious solution of the problem would be to let the Japanese occupy Corea, which they covet, and which has lost much of its importance in the eyes of the Czar, now that he has practically become the master of the Liau-tung peninsula.

The provinces adjoining the Yang-tse-Kiang constitute the richest section of the Middle Kingdom, and contain not far from 150,000,000 of inhabitants. For the last two thousand years they have formed the backbone of China, though there is reason to believe that civilization started to the north of them in the valley of the Hoang-ho; it is significant that Confucius was born in Shan-tung. It is certain that the secret societies by which the Manchu authority is undermined are particularly rife in the Yang-tse-Kiang valley, and it was in this region that the great rebellion arose under the native Chinese Christian, Hung Sew-tseuen, about the middle of this century. The first city of importance which fell into his hands was Woo-chang-Foo on the Yang-tse-Kiang, the capital of Hoo-pih. Subsequently he moved down the river, and, after taking Gan-king on his way, proceeded to attack Nanking. Having established himself in this famous city, which at one time was the capital of China, the rebel chief proclaimed the inauguration of the Tai-ping dynasty, of which he nominated himself the first Emperor under the title of Teen Wang or "Heavenly King." His armies penetrated as far north as Teinsin and as far east as Chin-keang and Soochou, while partisans of his cause appeared in the neighborhood of Amoy. Nor was it until the Pekin government obtained the services of an American named Ward, and later of the well-known Englishman, Major Gordon, that the fortunes of the Tai-pings declined. As it was, they held Nanking for twelve years, and, even after the death of the usurping emperor in 1864, the rebellion continued for some ten years longer in the western and southwestern provinces.

The people of the Yang-tse-Kiang valley would probably have seized the occasion offered by the war with Japan to revolt against the Manchu dynasty, had they not lacked leaders at that time. Now, the want of leadership will be supplied, if it be true that widespread dissatisfaction exists among the mandarins, who will draw after them the whole class of the *literati*. It is well known that the nominal salaries paid to the Chinese officials are very small, but these have been long eked out through the innumerable opportunities of plunder afforded by the collection of the *li-kin* or inland barrier tax. To confide the collection of this tax to the appointees of foreign bondholders is to take from the whole body of native officials their principal source of revenue, and to make the interests of taxpayers and tax collectors for the first time identical. The conditions, therefore, are favorable for the organization of rebellion on an immense scale. Yet, unless the insurgents can obtain aid from some European power, they will probably be put down, because the forces of the Pekin government will be trained and led by Russian officers, and no doubt strengthened, if need be, with a detachment of Russian troops. It might not, however, prove to the detriment of England and Japan, if a powerful and independent State were established in the Yang-tse-Kiang valley, leaving to Russia and Germany the exploitation of the Hoang-ho region.

NOTE—The Editor takes pleasure in announcing, as shortly forthcoming, an appreciation by the distinguished critic, Mayo W. Hazeltine, of the novels of Julien Gordon, to be followed by her latest story, entitled "Why I Remained a Bachelor," with illustrations by Alice Barber Stephens. In the Easter number of COLLIER'S WEEKLY will appear Robert Chambers' new short story, "An Ambassador Extraordinary," illustrated by T. de Thulstrup.



CAPTAIN-GENERAL'S PALACE, HAVANA

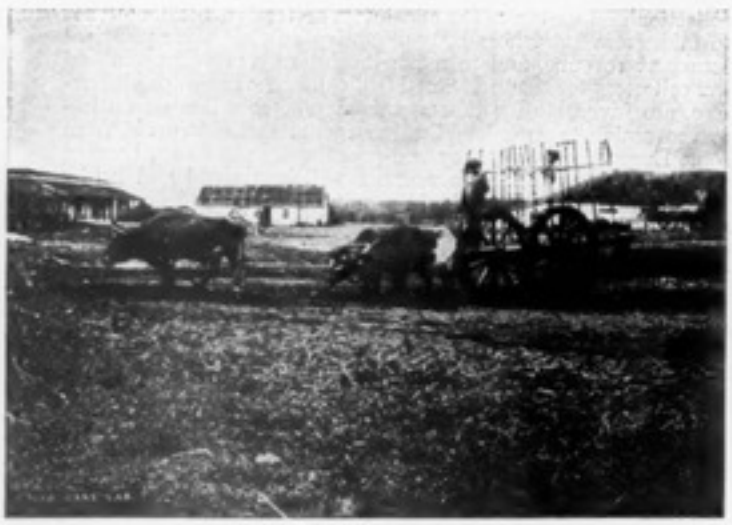
GENERAL WEYLER STREET, LATE MAIN STREET

CRISTOBAL COLON CEMETERY, WHERE THE "MAINE'S" DEAD ARE BURIED

"OLIVETTE" LEAVING HAVANA WITH SOME OF "MAINE'S" WOUNDED SAILORS

CHARCOAL SELLER AND HIS TRAIN

PROVISION WAGON



CANE-CARS OF A SUGAR PLANTATION

TROOPS IN A VILLAGE STREET

VIEWS IN HAVANA AND VICINITY

From photographs by our Special Artist

ON LAND AND WATER AT HAVANA

1—DIVER DESCENDING UNDER "MAINE'S" SMOKESTACK
2—REMOVING PROPERTY RECOVERED FROM THE WRECK
3—AFTER THE MEMORIAL SERVICE AT THE CEMETERY
4—PREPARATIONS FOR INTERMENT OF ONE OF FATHER CHIDWICK'S ALTAR-BOYS
5—DIVER COMING UP TO REST
6—SPANISH CRUISER "ALFONSO XII"
7—DIVER EMERGING FROM CABIN
8—CONSUL-GENERAL LEE PLACING A WREATH ON THE GRAVE OF THE "MAINE'S" DEAD

From photographs by our Special Artist

ENGINEER HOWELL ON DIVERS' BOAT

RIFLES RECOVERED FROM THE WRECK

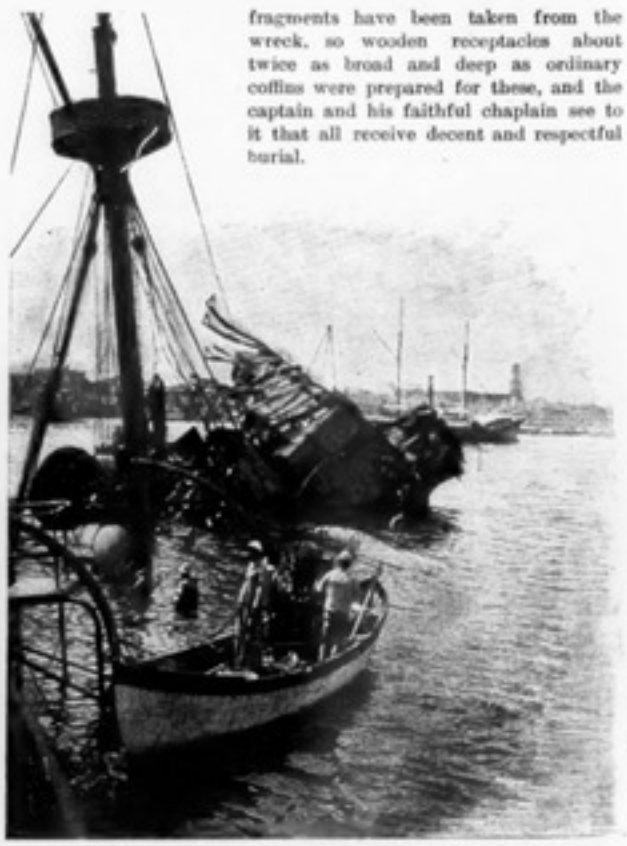
HAVANA WATERMAN

CAPTAIN SIGSBEE WITH BOAT-LOAD OF COFFINS

OUR FLAG IS STILL THERE

One of the most painful of Captain Sigsbee's duties consists in seeing that the lost members of his crew receive proper interment. Each body found soon after the disaster was placed in a coffin. In later days, however, the bodies recovered were indistinguishable; sadder still, many dismembered fragments have been taken from the wreck, so wooden receptacles about twice as broad and deep as ordinary coffins were prepared for these, and the captain and his faithful chaplain see to it that all receive decent and respectful burial.

LOOKING FORWARD, FROM SMOKESTACK OF "MAINE"



GENERAL VIEW FORWARD, FROM ENTRANCE-PLACE OF DIVERS

ON AND ABOUT THE WRECKED "MAINE"

From photographs by our Special Artist

ENGINEER HOWELL ON FLYING BRIDGE OF THE WRECK

SISTER MARY OF ALFONSO XIII. HOSPITAL AND DR. HENEBERGER OF THE "MAINE"

THE title of naval engineer signifies but slightly to the general public the range and magnitude of engineers' duty on a battleship—or, indeed, on any naval vessel. Although the engines are their most immediate charge, the chief engineer and his assistants—all of whom rank with commissioned officers—have a staff of machinists, as well paid as steam engineers ashore, to attend to the details of engine-room work, the engineers proper being charged with general supervision. They are also responsible for the condition of almost everything else of steel and iron that is not in charge of the gunner or armorer. Chief Engineer Howell was therefore well acquainted with every portion of the *Maine's* structure, and his grief at the loss of the vessel could scarcely be less than Captain Sigsbee's.

MISS CLARA BARTON AND SOME OF HER STAFF

HOSPITAL NURSE AND TWO OF THE "MAINE'S" WOUNDED

PERSONS OF SPECIAL INTEREST IN HAVANA

From photographs by our Special Artist

SENATOR J. R. HAWLEY,
Chairman of Senate Military Committee, which originated the Artillery Increase Bill

REPRESENTATIVE J. G. CANNON,
Chairman of Appropriations Committee and Mover of the Fifty-Million-Dollar Appropriation for National Defense

SENATOR EUGENE HALE,
Chairman of Senate Naval Committee

REPRESENTATIVE C. A. BOUTELLE,
Chairman of House Naval Committee

ONE WOMAN'S VOICE AGAINST WAR

I

THE Voice of my sisters I hear (O voice of the summer leaves—
O voice of the murmuring waters— Oh, light—if it laughs, or it grieves)!
They are sending you forth, O men; they are bidding you arm straightway;
But they see not, as I can see, men biting the dust, in the fray,
They see not, as I can see, men pouring the blood of the brave—
And the craven, at home, survives, while the hero sleeps in his grave!
They see not, as I can see—that their daughters' daughters shall wed
With the sons of the craven, born of the blood too pale to be shed!
They see not, the money-changers, unscourged, in the temple remain,
When those that were fearless to strike—the best of a nation—are slain;
For the veins of a race once shrunken, the hearts of the race beat low,
And the valor we worshiped—a flame unfed—no longer shall glow!

II

The Voice of my sisters I hear! "*We offer our dearest, our all,*
Father, and brother, and lover, for country, if need be, to fall!
What more can we pledge than we pledge—as daughters, as sisters, as wives?"
Let the Voice of my sisters be silent! ***they hold their inviolate lives!***
Not a hair of their heads shall be stirred by the wind of the winnowing shot;
They shall not languish in prison, nor in the dull earth be forgot!
One is the life of each mortal—and that is not theirs, which they yield!
Let them be hushed to remember the breast of the man is their shield!
Not till her life she shall peril, on battle's shivering edge,
The soul of a woman shall waken, to know how costly the pledge!

III

The Voice of my sisters forgive! Forgive them, ye men who are theirs;
For they know not the words that they utter, sending ye forth, though with prayers.
I have none of my own to send forth; but, for swordmen doomed to the sword,
Tears were my daily portion, were the blood of the meanest outpoured!
Awake, or asleep, I should see the dark stream, with the life taking flight—
The damp of the death-dew beading—the eye without vision or light!
My sisters—they see not the sight, or their lips would be holden of speech,
And the voice of their hearts, ever sleepless, for "peace," and but "peace!" would beseech.

EDITH M. THOMAS.

DRAWN BY JOHN LA FARGE

THE TURN OF THE SCREW

BY HENRY JAMES

PART FOURTH

XIII

I WAS all very well to join them, but speaking to them proved quite as much as ever an effort beyond my strength—offered, in close quarters, difficulties as insurmountable as before. This situation continued a month. and with new aggravations and particular notes, the note above all, sharper and sharper, of the small ironic consciousness on the part of my pupils. It was not, I am as sure to-day as I was sure then, my mere infernal imagination; it was absolutely traceable that they were aware of my predicament and that this strange relation made, in a manner, for a long time, the air in which we moved. I don't mean that they had their tongue in their cheeks or did anything vulgar, for that was not one of their resources: I do mean, on the other hand, that the element of the unnamed and untouched became, between us, greater than any other, and that so much avoidance could not have been so successfully effected without a great deal of tacit arrangement. It was as if, at moments, we were perpetually coming into sight of subjects before which we must stop short, turning suddenly out of alleys that we perceived to be blind, closing with a little bang that made us look at each other—for, like all bangs, it was something louder than we had intended—the doors we had indiscreetly opened. All roads lead to Rome, and there were times when it might have struck us that almost every branch of study or subject of conversation skirted forbidden ground. Forbidden ground was the question of the return of the dead in general and of whatever, in especial, might survive, in memory, of the friends little children had lost. There were days when I could have sworn that one of mine had, with a small invisible nudge, said to the other: "She thinks she'll do it this time, but she *won't!*" To "do it" would have been to indulge, for instance, and for once in a way, in some direct reference to the lady—never once named—who had prepared them for my discipline. They had a delightful endless appetite for passages in my own history, to which I had again and again treated them; they were in possession of everything that had ever happened to me, had had, with every circumstance, the story of my smallest adventures and of those of my brothers and sisters and of the cat and the dog at home, as well as many particulars of the eccentric habits of my father, of the furniture and arrangement of our house and of the conversation of the old women of our village. There were things enough, taking one with another, to chat about, if one went very fast and knew by instinct when to go round. They pulled with an art of their own the strings of my invention and my memory, and nothing else, perhaps, when I thought of such occasions afterward, gave me so the suspicion of being watched from under cover. It was at any rate over *my* life, *my* past, and *my* friends alone that we could take anything like our ease; a state of the case that led them sometimes without the least pertinence to break out into sociable reminders. I was invited—with no visible connection—to repeat afresh Goody Gosling's celebrated *mot* or to confirm the details already supplied upon the conduct of the vicarage jackdaw.

It was partly on such occasions as these and partly on quite different ones that, with the turn my affair had now taken, my predicament, as I have called it, grew most sensible. The fact that the days passed for me without another encounter ought, it would have appeared, to have done something toward soothing my nerves. Since the light brush, that second night on the upper landing, of the presence of a woman at the foot of the stair, I had seen nothing, whether in or out of the house, that one had better not have seen. There was many a corner round which I had expected to come upon Quint, and many a situation that, in a merely sinister way, would have favored the appearance of Miss Jessel. The summer had turned, the summer had gone; the autumn had dropped upon Bly and had blown out half our lights. The place, with its gray sky and withered garlands, its bared spaces and scattered dead leaves, was like a theatre after the performance—all strewn with crumpled playbills. There were exactly states of the air, conditions of sound and of stillness, unspeakable impressions of the *kind* of ministering moment, that brought back to me, long enough to catch it, the feeling of the medium in which, that June evening out-of-doors, I had had my first sight of Quint, and in which, too, at those other instants, I had, after seeing him through the window, looked for him in vain in the circle of shrubbery. I recognized the signs, the portents—I recognized the moment, the spot. But they remained unaccompanied and empty, and I continued unmolested: if unmolested one could call a young woman whose sensibility had, in the most extraordinary fashion, not declined but deepened. I had said in my talk with Mrs. Grose on that horrid scene of Flora's by the lake—and had perplexed her by so saying—that it would from that moment distress me much more to lose my faculty than to keep it. I had then expressed what was vividly in my mind: the truth that, whether the children really saw or not—since, that is, it was not yet definitely proved—I greatly preferred, as a safeguard, the fullness of my own exposure. I was ready to know the very worst that was to be known. What I had then had an ugly glimpse of was that my eyes might be sealed just while theirs were most opened. Well, my eyes *were* sealed, it appeared, at present—a consummation for which it seemed blasphemous not to thank God. There was, alas, a difficulty about that: I would have thanked him with all my soul had I not had in a proportionate measure this conviction of the secret of my pupils.

How can I retrace to-day the strange steps of my obsession? There were times of our being together when I would have been ready to swear that, literally, in my presence, but with my direct sense of it closed, they had visitors who were known and were welcome. Then it was that, had I not been deterred by the very chance that such an injury might prove greater than the injury to be averted, my exaltation would have broken out. "They're here, they're here, you little wretches," I would have cried, "and you can't deny it now!" The little wretches denied it with all the added volume of their sociability and their tenderness, in just the crystal depths of which—like the flash of a fish in a stream—the mockery of their advantage peeped up. The shock, in truth, had sunk into me still deeper than I knew-on the night when, looking out to see either Quint or Miss Jessel under the stars, I had beheld the boy over whose rest I watched

and who had immediately brought in with him—had straightway, there, turned it on me—the lovely upward look with which, from the battlements above me, the hideous apparition of Quint had played. If it was a question of a scare, my discovery on this occasion had scared me more than any other, and it was in the condition of nerves produced by it that I made my actual inductions. They harassed me so that sometimes, at odd moments, I shut myself up audibly to rehearse—it was at once a fantastic relief and a renewed despair—the manner in which I would come to the point. I approached it from one side and the other while, in my room, I flung myself about, but I always broke down in the monstrous utterance of names. As they died away on my lips I said to myself that I should indeed help them to represent something infamous if, by pronouncing them, I should violate as rare a little case of instinctive delicacy as any schoolroom, probably, had ever known. When I said to myself: "*They* have the manners to be silent, and you, trusted as you are, the baseness to speak!" I felt myself crimson and I covered my face with my hands. After these secret scenes I chattered more than ever, going on volubly enough till one of our prodigious, palpable hushes occurred—I can call them nothing else—the strange, dizzy lift or swim (I try for terms!) into a stillness, a pause of all life, that had nothing to do with the more or less noise that, at the moment, we might be engaged in making and that I could hear through any deepened exhilaration or quickened recitation or louder strum of the piano. Then it was that the others, the outsiders were there. Though they were not angels, they *passed*, as the French say, making me, while they stayed, tremble with the fear of their addressing to their younger victims some yet more infernal message or more vivid image than they had thought good enough for myself.

What it was most impossible to get rid of was the cruel idea that, whatever I had seen, Miles and Flora saw *more*—things terrible and unguessable and that sprang from dreadful passages of intercourse in the past. Such things naturally left on the surface, for the time, a chill which we vociferously denied that we felt, and we had, all three, with repetition, got into such splendid training that we went, each time, almost automatically, to mark the close of the incident, through the very same movements. It was striking of the children, at all events, to kiss me, inveterately, with a kind of wild irrelevance and never to fail—one or the other—of the precious question that had helped us through many a peril. "When do you think he *will* come? Don't you think we *ought* to write?"—there was nothing like that inquiry, we found by experience, for carrying off an awkwardness. "He" of course was their uncle in Harley Street; and we lived in much profusion of theory that he might at any moment arrive to mingle in our circle. It was impossible to have given less encouragement than he had done to such a doctrine; but if we had not had the doctrine to fall back upon we should have deprived each other of some of our finest exhibitions. He never wrote to them—that may have been selfish, but it was a part of the flattery of his trust of me; for the way in which a man pays his highest tribute to a woman is apt to be but the more festal celebration of one of the sacred laws of his comfort; and I held that I carried out the spirit of the pledge given not to appeal to him when I let my charges understand that their own letters were but charming literary exercises. They were too beautiful to be posted; I kept them myself; I have them all to this hour. This was a rule indeed which only added to the satiric effect of my being plied with the supposition that he might at any moment be among us. It was exactly as if my charges knew how almost more awkward than anything else that might be for me. There appears to me, moreover, as I look back, no note in all this more extraordinary than the mere fact that, in spite of my tension and of their triumph, I never lost patience with them. Adorable they must in truth have been, I now reflect, if I didn't in these days hate them! Would exasperation, however, if relief had longer been postponed, finally have betrayed me? It little matters, for relief arrived. I call it relief though it was only the relief that a snap brings to a strain or the burst of a thunderstorm to a day of suffocation. It was at least change, and it came with a rush.

XIV

WALKING to church a certain Sunday morning, I had little Miles at my side and his sister, in advance of us and at Mrs. Grose's, well in sight. It was a crisp, clear day, the first after an interval; the night had brought a touch of frost, and the autumn air, bright and sharp, made the church-bells almost gay. It was an odd accident of thought that I should have happened, at such a moment, to be particularly, and very gratefully, struck with the obedience of my little charges. Why did they never resent my inexorable, my perpetual society? Something or other had brought nearer home to me that I had all but pinned the boy to my shawl and that, in the way our companions were marshaled before me, I might have appeared to provide against some danger of rebellion. I was like a jailer with an eye to possible surprises and escapes. But all this belonged—I mean their generous surrender—just to the special array of facts that was most abysmal. Turned out for Sunday by his uncle's tailor, who had had a free hand and a notion of pretty waistcoats and of his grand little air, Miles's whole title to independence, the rights of his sex and situation, were so stamped upon him that if he had suddenly struck for freedom I should have had nothing to say. I was, by the strangest of chances, wondering how I should meet him when the revolution unmistakably occurred. I call it a revolution because I now see how, with the word he spoke, the curtain rose on the last act of my dreadful drama and the catastrophe was precipitated. "Look here, my dear, you know," he charmingly said: "when in the world, please, am I going back to school?"

Transcribed here the speech sounds harmless enough, particularly as uttered in the sweet, high, casual pipe with which, at all interlocutors, but above all at his eternal governess, he threw off intonations as if he were tossing roses. There was something in them that always made one "catch," and I caught, at any rate, now so effectually that I stopped as short as if one of the trees of the park had fallen across the road. There was something new, on the spot, between us, and he was perfectly aware that I recognized it, though, to enable me to do so, he had no need to look a whit less candid and charming than usual. I could feel in him how he already, from my at first finding nothing to reply, perceived the advantage he had gained. I was so slow to find anything that he had plenty of time, after a minute, to continue, with his suggestive but inconclusive smile: "You know, my dear, that for a fellow to be with a lady *always*—!" His "my dear" was constantly on his lips for me, and nothing could have expressed more the exact shade of the sentiment with which I desired to inspire my pupils than its fond familiarity. It was so respectfully easy.

But, oh, how I felt that at present I must pick my own phrases! I remember that, to gain time, I tried to laugh, and I seemed to see in the beautiful face with which he watched me how ugly and queer I looked. "And always with the same lady?" I brought out.

He neither blenched nor winked. The whole thing was virtually out between us. "Ah, of course she's a jolly, *perfect* lady, but, after all, I'm a fellow, don't you see? that's—well, getting on."

I lingered there with him, an instant, ever so kindly. "Yes, you're getting on." Oh, but I felt helpless!

I have kept to this day the heartbreaking little sense of how he seemed to know that and to play with it. "And you can't say I've not been awfully good, can you?"

I laid my hand on his shoulder, for, though I felt how much better it would have been to walk on, I was not yet quite able.

"No, I can't say that, Miles."

"Except just that one night, you know—!"

"That one night?" I couldn't look as straight as he.

"Why, when I went down—went out of the house."

"Oh yes. But I forget what you did it for."

"You *forget*?"—he spoke with the sweet extravagance of childish reproach. "Why it was to show you I *could*!"

"Oh yes, you could."

"And I can again."

I felt that I might, perhaps, after all, succeed in keeping my wits about me. "Certainly. But you won't."

"No, not *that* again. It was nothing."

"It was nothing," I said. "But we must go on."

He resumed our walk with me, passing his hand into my arm. "Then when *am* I going back?"

I wore, in turning it over, my most responsible air. "Were you very happy at school?"

He just considered. "Oh, I'm happy enough anywhere!"

"Well then," I quavered, "if you're just as happy here—!"

"Ah, but that isn't everything! Of course *you* know a lot—"

"But you hint that you know almost as much?" I risked as he paused.

"Not half I want to!" Miles honestly professed. "But it isn't so much that."

"What is it then?"

"Well—I want to have more life."

"I see; I see." We had arrived within sight of the church and of various persons, including several of the household of Bly, on their way to it and clustered about the door to see us go in. I quickened our step; I wanted to get there before the question between us opened up much further; I reflected hungrily that, for more than an hour, he would have to be silent; and I thought with envy of the comparative dusk of the pew and of the almost spiritual help of the hassock on which I might bend my knees. I seemed literally to be running a race with some confusion to which he was about to reduce me, but I felt that he had got in first when, before we had even entered the churchyard, he threw out—

"I want my own sort!"

It literally made me bound forward. "There are not many of your own sort, Miles!" I laughed. "Unless perhaps dear little Flora!"

"You really compare me to a baby girl?"

This found me singularly weak. "Don't you, then, *love* our sweet Flora?"

"If I didn't—and you too; if I didn't—!" he repeated as if retreating for a jump, yet leaving his thought so unfinished that,

after we had come into the gate, another stop, which he imposed on me by the pressure of his arm, had become inevitable. Mrs. Grose and Flora had passed into the church, the other worshipers had followed, and we were, for the minute, alone among the old, thick graves. We had paused, on the path from the gate, by a low, oblong table-like tomb.

"Yes, if you didn't—?"

He looked, while I waited, about at the graves. "Well, you know what!" But he didn't move, and he presently produced something that made me drop straight down on the stone slab, as if suddenly to rest. "Does my uncle think what *you* think?"

I markedly rested. "How do you know what I think?"

"Ah well, of course I don't; for it strikes me you never tell me. But I mean does *he* know?"

"Know what, Miles?"

"Why, the way I'm going on."

I perceived quickly enough that I could make, to this inquiry, no answer that would not involve something of a sacrifice of my employer. Yet it appeared to me that we were all, at Bly, sufficiently sacrificed to make that venial. "I don't think your uncle much cares."

Miles, on this, stood looking at me. "Then don't you think he can be made to?"

"In what way?"

"Why, by his coming down."

"But who'll get him to come down?"

"*I* will!" the boy said with extraordinary brightness and emphasis. He gave me another look charged with that expression, and then marched off alone into church.

XV

THE business was practically settled from the moment I never followed him. It was a pitiful surrender to agitation, but my being aware of this had somehow no power to restore me. I only sat there on my tomb and read into what my little friend had said to me the fullness of its meaning; by the time I had grasped the whole of which I had also embraced, for absence, the pretext that I was ashamed to offer my pupils and the rest of the congregation such an example of delay. What I said to myself above all was that Miles had got something out of me and that the proof of it, for him, would be just this awkward collapse. He had got out of me that there was something I was afraid of, and that he should probably be able to make use of my fear to gain, for his own purpose, more freedom. My fear was of having to deal with the intolerable question of the grounds of his dismissal from school, for that was really but the question of the horrors gathered behind. That his uncle should arrive to treat with me of these things was a solution that, strictly speaking, I ought now to have desired to bring on; but I could so little face the ugliness and the pain of it that I simply procrastinated and lived from hand to mouth. The boy, to my deep discomposure, was immensely in the right, was in a position to say to me: "Either you clear up with my guardian the mystery of this interruption of my studies, or you cease to expect me to lead with you a life that's so unnatural for a boy." What was so unnatural for the particular boy I was concerned with was this sudden revelation of a consciousness and a plan.

That was what truly overcame me, what prevented my going in. I walked round the church, hesitating, hovering; I reflected that I had already, with him, hurt myself beyond repair. Therefore I could patch up nothing, and it was too extreme an effort to squeeze beside him into the pew: he would be so much more sure than ever to pass his arm into mine and to make me sit there for an hour in close, silent contact with his commentary on our talk. For the first minute since his arrival I wanted to get away from him. As I paused beneath the high east window and listened to the sounds of worship I was taken with an impulse that might master me, I felt, completely, should I give it the least encouragement. I might easily put an end to my predicament by getting away altogether. Here was my chance; there was no one to stop me; I could give the whole thing up—turn my back and retreat. It was only a question of hurrying again, for a few preparations, to the house which the attendance at church of so many of the servants would practically have left unoccupied. No one, in short, could blame me if I should just drive desperately off. What was it to get away if I got away only till dinner? That would be in a couple of hours, at the end of which—I had the acute prevision—my little pupils would play at innocent wonder about my non-appearance in their train. "What *did* you do, you naughty, bad thing? Why in the world, to worry us so—and take our thoughts off too, don't you know?—did you desert us at the very door?" I couldn't meet such questions nor, as they asked them, their false little lovely eyes; yet it was all so exactly what I should have to meet that, as the prospect grew sharp to me, I at last let myself go.

I got, so far as the immediate moment was concerned, away; I came straight out of the churchyard and, thinking hard, retraced my steps through the park. It seemed to me that by the time I reached the house I had made up my mind to fly. The Sunday stillness both of the approaches and of the interior, in which I met no one, fairly excited me with a sense of opportunity. Were I to get off quickly, this way, I should get off without a scene, without a word. My quickness would have to be remarkable, however, and the question of a conveyance was the great one to settle. Tormented, in the hall, with difficulties and obstacles, I remember sinking down at the foot of the staircase—suddenly collapsing there on the lowest step and then, with a revulsion, recalling that it was exactly where, more than a month before, in the darkness of night and just so bowed with evil things, I had seen the specter of the most horrible of women. At this I was able to straighten myself; I went the rest of the way up; I made, in my bewilderment, for the schoolroom, where there were objects belonging to me that I should have to take. But I opened the door to find again, in a flash, my eyes unsealed. In the presence of what I saw I reeled straight back upon my resistance.

Seated at my own table in the clear noonday light, I saw a person whom, without my previous experience, I should have taken at the first blush for some housemaid who might have stayed at home to look after the place and who, availing herself of rare relief from observation and of the schoolroom table and my pens, ink and paper, had applied herself to the considerable effort of a letter to her sweetheart. There was an effort in the way that, while her arms rested on the table, her hands, with evident weariness, supported her head; but at the moment I took this in I had already become aware that, in spite of my entrance, her attitude strangely persisted. Then it was—with the very act of its announcing itself—that her identity flared up in a change of posture. She rose, not as if she had heard me, but with an indescribable grand melancholy of indifference and detachment, and, within a dozen feet of me, stood there as my vile predecessor. Dishonored and tragic, she was all before me, but even as I fixed and, for memory, secured it, the awful image passed away. Dark as midnight in her black dress, her haggard beauty and her unutterable woe, she had looked at me long enough to appear to say that her right to sit at my table was as good as mine to sit at hers. While the tension lasted, indeed, I had the extraordinary chill of a feeling that it was *I* who was the intruder. It was as a wild protest against it that, actually addressing her—"You terrible, *miserable* woman!"—I heard myself break into a sound that, by the open door, rang through the long passage and the empty house. She looked at me as if she heard me, but I had recovered myself and cleared the air. There was nothing in the room the next minute but the sunshine and my sense that I must stay.

(*To be continued.*)

SHADOWS

TO-DAY the Shadow Queen passed by;
Bend lowly:
Across the churchyard quaint and holy
She trailed her ribbons white and green,
She wound a spell the stones between;
Bend lowly:
To-day she passèd by.

To-day there passed the Shadow Queen;
Bend lowly:
She passed *thy* doorway sad and slowly;
The summer sun was in the sky,
The sunlight in the daisy's eye;
Bend lowly:
She passed *thy* doorway by.

To-day there passed the Shadow Queen;
Bend lowly:
To-morrow *thou* shalt pass more slowly,
For in the cool calm churchyard she
Has marked a little place for thee;
Bend lowly:
To-day she passèd by.

AGNES GROZIER HERBERTSON.

HE PRESENTLY PRODUCED SOMETHING THAT MADE ME DROP STRAIGHT DOWN ON THE STONE SLAB

From "The Turn of the Screw," Part Fourth, Chapter XIV

OUR NOTE-BOOK

BY EDGAR SALTUS

THE Director-general of the Egyptian Excavations has announced the discovery at Abydos of the tomb of Osiris. A tomb presupposes a corpse, a corpse presupposes death, and death presupposes life. It does not presuppose an abstraction. There are plenty of tombs at Abydos. The director-general is entirely free to discover any and all of them. If it amuses him he is equally free to select one in particular and call it the tomb of Osiris. But that the jest should be accepted is delightful. A recent cablegram from London states that scientists are excited over it. In that case it does not take much to excite them. The cablegram adds that the tomb of Horus has also been found. So much the better. The more the merrier. The cablegram winds up with these words: "There is no doubt that this is a great discovery." I should say so. In every land that displays the quarterings of mythology a certain demi-god personifies the labors and conquests of the race. That demi-god is in the Vedas and in the Niebelungen. In them he is one and the same. In Canaan he was called Melkarth; in Greece, Heracles; in Rome, Hercules, and in Egypt, Horus. Sanchoniaton, who boasted that in Memphian crypts he had deciphered the sacred books of Thot, had much to say about him, among other things he was the son of Isis and Osiris, further that the latter were the children of Time and Space. Precisely as Horus represented labor, they represented civilization. To discover their tombs is the triumph of invention. But it is the triumph of humor to have the discovery accepted. Waggery of that kind may go down in Fleet Street, but it won't work in Newspaper Row.

THE PACTOLUS OF MAINE

The Electrolytic Marine Salts Company of Passamaquoddy Bay suggests not in its prospectus, but in its perspective another archaic figure less volatile than Osiris perhaps, but to the many quite as opaque. It suggests Crœsus. The latter, however, was not a myth. He was a Lydian satrap, at whose court Æsop lived. Through his kingdom ran the Pactolus, a river in which Midas had bathed, and which, according to ancient, but not standard, authorities, ever after rolled in its stream sands of gold. Pliny stated that its waters possessed great medicinal virtues. Varro said that from it Crœsus got his wealth. Posterity has not believed them, yet it may be that both were correct. Gold cures many an ill, and not metaphorically either. In therapeutics the value of gold salts has been fully if recently recognized. And now it appears that not alone there are rivers of gold, but that the sea is full of it. In a series of experiments conducted eighteen months ago by Leverside, an Australian chemist, it was shown that gold exists in sea water to the extent of a grain per ton. That may seem insignificant, but in reality it is the reverse. The amount of sea water on the globe represents four hundred million cubic miles. In the proportion of one grain per ton, there would be two hundred and sixty tons per cubic mile. In four hundred million cubic miles there would be over one hundred billion tons of gold. It is that which the company with the long name is after, or rather so much as may be drawn from Passamaquoddy Bay.

DON FINANCIERO SAGASTA

Spain, though a pauper, appears to be buying warships, and appears, too, to be ready and able to pay cash. Where did she get it? Sagasta remarked that a bankrupt nation might be a fighting nation. Don Bombastes was the name he got. Mas vale callar que hablar mal. Don Financiero would have been better. It may not be Castilian, but it is exact. Sagasta made no reply. It is a great thing to have your ability undervalued. Then, too, not to every Jingo is it given to look behind the scenes. Sagasta was in a position where he could see. Tra los montes es la Francia. Where he looked he saw France. The two countries are neighbors. They are first cousins. They are both Latin. They are natural allies, except when they happen to be intimate enemies. In the difficulties of the one are the opportunities of the other. Between them are three hundred miles of frontier. Frontiers mean soldiery. Did Spain turn ugly France would have to put an army there. Should France at the time be otherwise occupied that army would be needed elsewhere. Its absence might mean defeat. Hence Sagasta's remark. Hence, too, the gunboats. Hence also the sinews. Don Bombastes is not such a fool as he looks. Habla V. Español?

THE EVOLUTION OF DUELING

Prince Philip of Saxe-Coburg's recent duel with Lieutenant Geza de Matachich is the first that has occurred between a royal and a commoner. As such it is suggestively end of the century. The case, however, is quite old-fashioned. The lieutenant eloped with the prince's wife. Instead of thanking him the prince had him out and got pinked for his pains. It served him right. He might better have exercised the prerogative of his rank and shot the gentleman when the latter was not looking. Failing that he should have held his peace. As a matter of fact he did for nearly a year. How he occupied himself in the interval is immaterial. The point is that the lieutenant could have honorably refused to fight. In the delay would have been his excuse. The term honorably is used in its modern sense. An officer who without just cause shirks a duel leaves the army and caste behind. In days gone by matters were different. Cæsar, challenged by Mark Antony, refused with great simplicity. "I am not yet tired of living" was his reply. Duels then were different from what they have since become. People got killed in them. Now they get their names in the papers. That is fame. It is not so long ago that a Frenchman, fearing the rain more than his opponent, fought under an umbrella. He not only got his name in the papers, he got his picture too. That is glory. The history of the evolution of dueling is interesting and brief. It may be told in three chapters. First, single combat. Second, vendetta. Third, war.

THE SPANISH ORCHARD

Spain's bankruptcy is due to bad government. There was an epoch when on her dominions the sun never set. It has gone. There was an epoch when the East yielded to her its spices and the West its gold. It has gone. There was an epoch when her might equaled if it did not exceed that which Rome once displayed. It has gone. There was an hour when her galleys ruled the sea. It has gone. There was an hour when the gleam of her sword, the glory of her brush and the glitter of her pen dazzled the world. It has gone. There was an hour when her possessions in the New World extended, on Macaulay's chart, far to the north of Cancer, far to the south of Capricorn. That, too, has gone. Every colony that was hers she treated as she has treated Cuba. Corrupt and cruel, she has alienated and repelled. Without pity for others, there need be none for her. An outlawed nation, maladministered and melodramatic, her splendor has been squandered, her might dispersed. Her pride alone endures. Behind it there are indeed traditions, but tyranny has descended on one side of them, treachery on the other, with the crassest ignorance between. Montesquieu noted that despotic governments resemble the savages that cut down a tree in order to get the fruit. Spain had an entire orchard. She has hewn it. Not satisfied with that, she has pulled up the roots. From former magnificence she has diminished into a blur on the map. Bad government did it, and something worse—bad faith.

THE IDEAL PRISON

Dry Tortugas, which is to be used as a base of supplies in the event of war, is a group of ten small keys that lie about a hundred miles south of Florida. On one of them, Garden Island, so called because there is not enough earth on it to grow a potato, is Fort Jefferson, a three story brick structure which is about as formidable as a house of cards, and which to those in it would be more dangerous than the open. To put it in shape to resist long-range rifles would take months and cost millions. As it stands only battleships could protect it, and we have so many of the latter that such a plan would be excellent in every way. One advantage is its harbor. In that it is superior to Key West. Big boats can't get in there except at high water. Whereas at Garden Island they may, not only enter at any time, but the circumjacent coral reefs serve as breakwater to those at anchor. Another advantage is its vicinity. It is seventy miles nearer the Gulf ports than Key West. The transport of supplies could in consequence be more safely and expeditiously effected than if destined for Fort Taylor. Otherwise it is suitable only for the purposes for which it was used during the Rebellion. With perhaps the sole exception of Asbury Park there is no spot in this neighborhood on which a captive would be more miserable and less unwilling to give up the ghost. It is the ideal prison.

THE BLACK FLAG

Garden Island would be a very good place for pirates. Unless it is preferred that those we might catch should walk the plank, they could be preserved there in hot storage. Given war, the species, foreign and native, is bound to develop. Privateering, a sublimated form of the industry, is the same thing under another name. At one time very general and entirely legal, forty years ago throughout the length and breadth of civilized Europe, it was, by international agreement, abolished. Spain is not a part of civilized Europe. Neither is this country. The result is obvious. Unhampered by comity and contract, the good old days would return, the black flag too. Letters of marque would be issued, and after a sleep of two centuries buccaneer and filibuster would awake. In connection with which it is at once circumstantial and curious to note that when these varieties of corsairdom were not chasing or being chased their rendezvous was the island of Tortuga. The chronicles of their crimes are splendid. From them Captain Brand of the Centipede claimed descent. Anteriorly the profession was regarded as highly honorable. It has been useful in more ways than one. To it we owe the science of navigation, commercial enterprise as well, the first seeds of culture. The Argonauts

were pirates. From them infant Greece learned to spell. The Carthaginians were pirates. They educated Andalucia. From Tyr to the Columns of Hercules it was through piracy that civilization spread. To the poets of antiquity corsairs were gods. It was from them that blessings came. On the first page of the histories of long ago is the same idea. Men then, that were men, were bandits on land and pirates at sea. The legends of their deeds constitute the best traditions of the infancy of the world. Later they became the complement of the Athenian flotilla. Said one of them to Alexander: "You and I own the earth." To the Phocæans of early Marseilles piracy was a form of chivalry. It was recognized as having created shipping, perfected navigation, and started commerce. Yet presently it was recognized, also, that its utility had ceased. From a blessing it retrograded into a curse. Through the efforts of Scott, Byron, and Cooper the romance of it revived. Privateering is its modern and legalized form. There are rich men in this city whose wealth is derived from it. Given war and there will be others.

THE DUCHESS OF KINGSTON

The death of Edmund Tattersall, which occurred ten days ago, revives many a memory. It was in the middle of the last century that his grandfather, Richard Tattersall, a jockey without a shilling to his name, came up from Yorkshire to London and, through a stable acquaintance with the Duke of Kingston, founded at Albert's Gate the celebrated horse exchange colloquially known as The Corner. At that time, one of the most famous beauties was Miss Chudleigh, a maid of honor to the Princess of Wales, who had created a fine stir by marrying Lord Bristol—then Mr. Hervey—and, for a reason known only to themselves, leaving him the day after. She vowed she never would see him again, and proceeded to divorce herself through the simple expedient of cutting from the parish register the entry of her marriage. It was at this juncture that Tattersalls was opened. There she met the Duke of Kingston, married him, buried him and inherited his wealth. Tried for bigamy, she claimed the privilege of the peerage, and, though found guilty, and despite the efforts of the Attorney-general, who labored to have her burned in the hand, she secured a discharge at the cost of her title. The latter she replaced with a higher one—or, rather, she thought she did—by becoming the wife of a fascinating scoundrel who called himself the Prince of Albany. Thereupon she went about from court to court charming kings and queens. The recital of her adventures, which read like fiction and happen to be fact, was published in London in 1789. In it the origin of Tattersalls is told.

THE DEAD CITY

D'Annunzio's "Ville Morte," in which Sarah Bernhardt recently appeared and of which the book has just reached here, is not a pretty play. In Paris it failed, yet not, presumably, because of that. The plot, or, more exactly, the central situation, was exploited in English by Ford. It is also in Ovid and in Euripides. Sperone Speroni, whose characters Lydgate in "The Temple of Glass" praises as foremost among the lovers of the world, handled it as well. In French fiction, while not precisely common, it is by no means rare. To Daudet *fils* and Catulle Mendes it has been supremely attractive. It is safe to assume, therefore, that the failure of the play was occasioned not by the central situation but by the treatment. That, however, is natural. Good novelists are notoriously bad dramatists. The "Ville Morte" is a case in point. The action occurs in the Argolis of to-day before the ruins of Mycenæ. Through the dexterity of the author you can see the light, feel the heat. Through that same dexterity, too, the language is harmonious as the hum of harps. There are passages of real beauty. They befit the scene. There are *longueurs* though which a reader may skip but at which a defenseless spectator must yawn. For instance, a heroine—there are two, by the way—tells a nursery tale. At the conclusion with much sympathy she asks her listener, "Are you asleep?" Yet in a scene which precedes it there is compensation in full. Leonard, one of the heroes—there are two of them, also—enters. He has just come from Mycenæ.

IN THE SEPULCHER OF AGAMEMNON

"Why were you not there?" he asks the other hero. "Why were you not? The vision you would have seen! The strangest and grandest ever offered to mortal eyes—a blinding apparition, a splendor unimaginable revealed suddenly, as in a dream . . . a succession of sepulchers, fifteen bodies intact, one beside the other, on a bed of gold! Their faces were masked with gold, their foreheads were crowned with gold, their breasts were bound with gold, and everywhere, at their side, at their feet, everywhere a profusion of golden things, everywhere an indescribable magnificence, the richest treasure that death ever amassed! For a second I crossed the centuries and the ages and beheld the massacre of long ago. The fifteen bodies were there as though they had just been put down—Agamemnon, Cassandra and the royal escort. They were buried in the garments that they wore, buried with their weapons, their diadems, their jewels, and their masks. Do you remember that passage in Homer? 'And they lay among the vases and the set tables. And the whole hall was soiled with blood. Beside me I heard the lamentable voice of Cassandra, Priam's daughter, whom Clytemnestra was stabbing—' For a second I relived that grandiose and terrific scene. For a second before my eyes the slaughtered were there, the King of Kings, the captive princess, the coachman, and the rest. Then at once as dust is dispersed they fainted back into silence. It seemed to me as though they were engulfed by it. Everything vanished—save a handful of ashes and a pile of red gold." Were the "Ville Morte" all on that plane, there would be no fault to find, even the plot might be condoned. Unfortunately it sags. Intended to be intense, the intention failing leaves it ridiculous when it does not make it dull. Yet shuttling it there is a line which is evangelic:

"Nothing should be hid from him who is worthy to hear the truth."

LEISURELY LECTURING

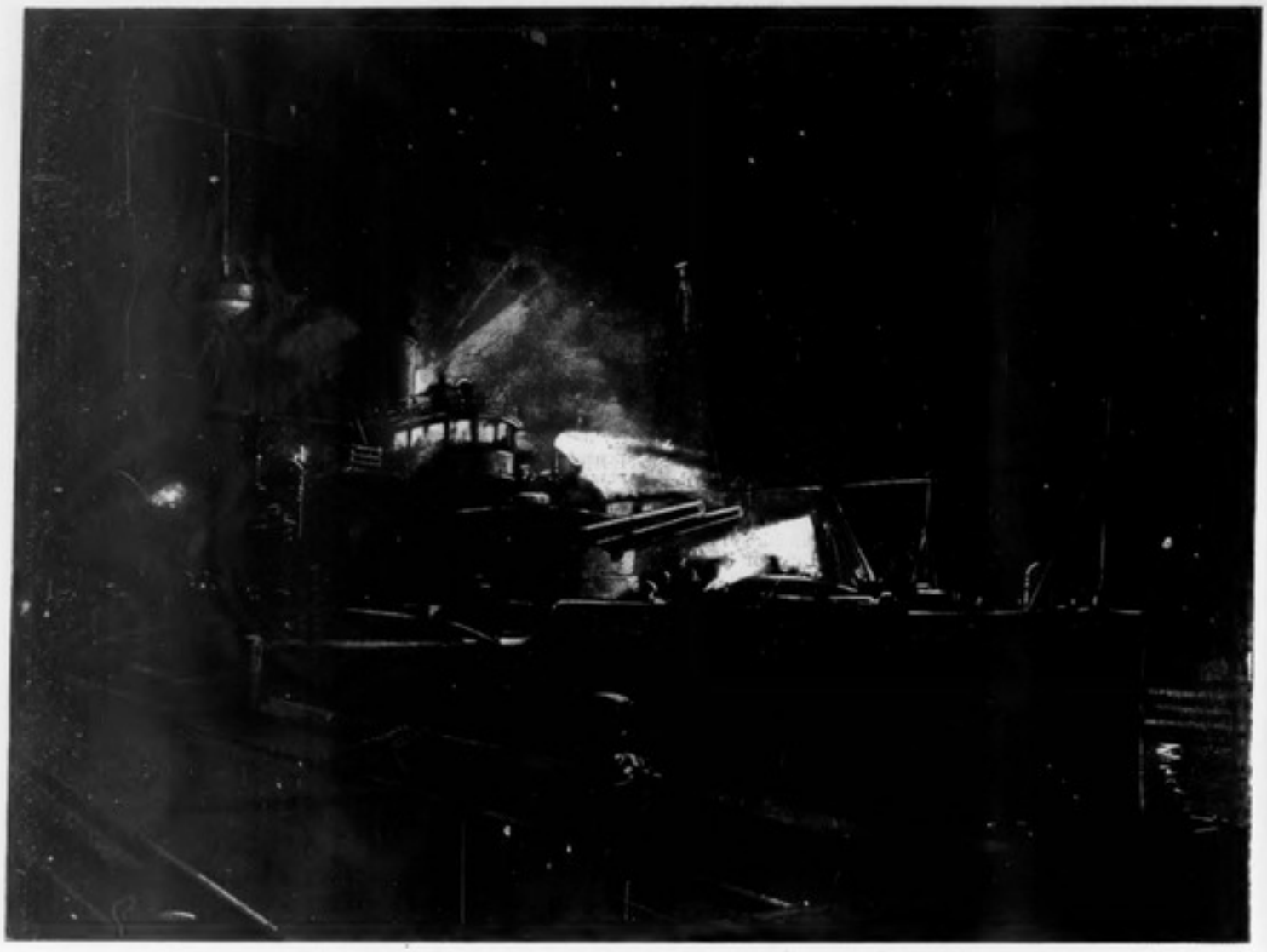
M. René Doumic, who inaugurates at the Cercle Français of Harvard University the professorship of French Literature recently established there by Mr. J. H. Hyde, is a gentleman whom it is a pleasure to salute. Comparatively unknown in this country but recognized as a specialist abroad, M. Doumic is an exponent of letters, a critic and historian of themes old and new, who in a series of essays has extinguished Brunetière and eclipsed Le Maitre. At Harvard, and subsequently at Yale and at Columbia as well, M. Doumic is to lecture on Lamartine, Alfred de Vigny, Alfred de Musset, and Victor Hugo—*toute la lyre*. Or, more exactly, *toute la lyre romantique*. This is palatable, of course; but, while I may be in error, I frequently am, it seems to me that had I this gentleman's opportunity, and particularly had I his ability, I should prefer to handle subjects a little more appetizing and a trifle less stale. Since the romantic movement subsided—a movement and a subsidence, parenthetically, with which every one is more or less familiar and of which the majority are sick to death—two distinct schools have come and gone and a new one is now in process of development. Concerning it local information is infrequent, imperfect, and largely hearsay. It is the recent evolution of the drama. Were M. Doumic to expound some such novelty as that instead of subjects which, with every deference to him, I can't regard otherwise than as back number, he would merit the attention to which his writings have entitled him.

THE CONSUMPTIVE BEAUTY

The Journal of the French Statistical Society states in its current issue that in this country a steady diminution of the birth-rate is observable. It states, too, the reason. The numerical increase of any given race being in inverse proportion to the development of individuals, the principle at fault is democracy. The Journal adds that unless there be discovered and established a scientific form capable of indefinite reproduction we will have to give up democracy altogether or die of it. The premises are not very lucid and the deduction is not entirely clear. Otherwise, as a specimen of logic this summary of local conditions and prospects ought to be framed. The "Pall Mall Gazette," however, disagrees with it in toto. It declares that the decrease observable is not due to the causes alleged, but to the type of consumptive beauty which prevails here. To an allegation so grave a reply is in order. In the first place, it may be useful to note that no diminution of the birth-rate has been observed or is even observable. The Bureau of Vital Statistics has been recently enlarged. So, too, has the census. So, for that matter, has New York. It was not big enough. Evidence more cogent it were difficult to advance. The point, therefore, may be safely dismissed. Now for the consumptive beauty.

WHAT THE '98 MODEL WILL DO

The "Pall Mall" has not seen our '98 model. I commend her to its attention. If it will look her over it will see that she differs from her predecessors. The type has changed. There is a cause for all things and there is one for this. Were a magazine writer distributing it, he would lead the reader a chase through tortuous paragraphs and ladle it out at the end. A journalist abhors such practices. He scorns to run a secret through his copy. As a consequence here it is, the fons et origo of the whole matter is fresh air. Anteriorly the young person may have been pretty, but she was certainly bilious. Surroundings, influences, and particularly social restraints, made her so. She looked well by gas light. She sat in the parlor—innocence in her eyes, a love letter in her corsage, cogitating in what manner she might pass a few moments hand to hand and lips to lips with the best beloved. Conventional in public, in private she was sentimental as a ballad. All that fresh air has changed. It blew them away. Anteriorly tennis aided, subsequently golf helped, but the most general, and, by the same token, the most potent factor, has been the bike. The first revolution of the wheel sent conventionality and sentimentality spinning. Young women who went careering over the country, impeded by nothing except a bad road, found no use for either. In their place came health. Biliousness departed, the consumptive type vanished, the '98 model appeared. It would be indecent to describe it as chainless, but radiant it certainly is. In it the future resides. Citizens don't mean civilization, nor do inhabitants predicate intelligence. Prosperity is the product of brains and of brawn, never of population. And it is just these things which are the result not of numbers, but of heredity, which the present model will supply.



HURRY-WORK AT NIGHT ON DOUBLE-TURRET MONITOR "PURITAN" AT LEAGUE ISLAND NAVY YARD

MEN MANNERS AND MOODS

LXXXIII

PARLIAMENT has opened, and very stupidly, as everybody seems to concede, after a holiday of six months. In the House of Lords the Marquis of Salisbury wore a jovial air while announcing that the Lord Chancellor would be raised to the Peerage. This information, and the ceremonial which followed it, may have given a spice of interest to the session, which ignored what hundreds were waiting for—a decisive debate on the subject of England's intended policy with those truculent Afridis in the Far East. Nothing in its way could be droller than the Lord Chancellor's "elevation." It revealed, however, the intense stringency of England's regard for precedent and tradition. Occupying, himself, the Woolsack, by official right, he was obliged to leave it. After a brief retirement he returned, having changed his black robe for one of gorgeous hue. Before him came the King-at-Arms, then the Earl Marshal (Duke of Norfolk), then the Great Chamberlain (Lord Ancaster), and at last the newly created peer, with his sponsors, the Earl of Jersey and the young Earl of Coventry, son-in-law of Mr. and Mrs. Bradley Martin. Had the Lord Chancellor been lifted to a dukedom instead of to the Earldom of Halsbury and the Viscountship of Tiverton, his sponsors would have been dukes. But in any case the affair could not have proved more pompously comic. For if any one save the Lord Chancellor had received a like honor he must have presented his patent of nobility to the occupant of the Woolsack. But that place was vacant, he himself having quitted it; and as *he could not march up to himself*, he was obliged to approach the Throne, kneel before it, and there deposit his scroll of parchment. If his lofty position had not been what it is, he could not have gone any further. But as this position gives him precedence over all other peers except the Archbishop of Canterbury and members of the Royal Family, he was privileged to approach and bow before the dukes' bench, that one which is nearest the Throne, on the opposite side of it. Finally, still clad in his splendid apparel, he reseated himself on the Woolsack, and enacted his customary rôle in the introduction of three new peers—Baron Esher, Baron Farquhar and Viscount Downe. Afterward he resumed his black gear, and the debate began. To ears and eyes republican all this was a queer sound, a queer sight. But even the British themselves nowadays laugh and shrug their shoulders at such observances. "Let them continue," is the almost universal comment; "they are perfectly harmless; they break no bones." We Americans are prone to laugh also, but in a more ironic and disrespectful spirit. We are apt—far too apt—to sneer at memorials which breathe of a great nation's historic toil toward the accomplishment of her greatness. After all, we are not mindful enough, in our sneering, that the Commons rule England, notwithstanding these forms and parades which we denounce as so empty. Might we not bear in mind, with a very different significance, just how and to what disastrous degree *our* "commons" often rule *us?*

I hear that the New York "Times" has been calling that masterpiece, "Quo Vadis?" "a conscienceless pot-boiler." In all literary opinion this is indeed an age of anarchy. The French critical method may be called almost a scientific one. We of the English-speaking race quite ignore such a method. In France the reviewer gives logical reasons why a writer is good, bad or indifferent. We, both here and in America, use far too much the *ipse dixi*. "Smith," we say, "is a writer of that delicate and elusive charm which defies all analysis," and so on, arbitrary phrase after phrase. Do we not forget that anything which "defies analysis" (a form of oracular announcement which I fear that I myself have too often employed) must *per se* become vulnerable to all random shafts of prejudice or whim? But prejudice, either for or against any work, is not criticism. Why does not some keen man of letters write a primer of critical judgment? The Greeks unquestionably had one, even if they only carried it about with them in their wise æsthetic minds. Their sculpture and architecture prove this fact beyond the dream of a doubt. Especially here in London, I should say, is real criticism ignored. The mode is clarity itself; nothing could be more patent. Some one with journalistic power behind him asserts that Jones is great. "Could anybody," he asks, "be finer, subtler, richer, loftier, than Jones?" This is printed. Then, in an altered way, it is printed again. Then, in another altered way, it is reiterated. The encomium soon becomes a shibboleth; for other journals (with slight time to examine Jones carefully and with still slighter ability, perhaps, either to detect his merits or his flaws) catch up the cry.

This was the species of treatment which R. L. Stevenson always received. I do not recall ever having read an article concerning his work which was not colored by passionate eulogy rather than patient survey. With Mr. Kipling the same process has been employed. Certain effects please a clique, and they prepare, sword in hand, to defend their idol. The big public accepts their tumultuous verdict, or it does not. If it does, the writer in question, whoever he may be, is commercially "made"—for the time. If it does not, the writer is still buoyed up by ardent supporters, who declare that his "powers" are caviare to the general. This inevitably enlists a throng of new admirers, who are never so happy as when they can wreak their superlatives upon a "misunderstood" genius. Mr. George Meredith has been made the subject of just such vicious and hypocritic "cult." Posterity will toss him into its dust-bins, as obscure, tedious, involved, and often sadly vulgar. Meanwhile, never having been criticised in any true sense, he is enjoying his little day of intemperate glorification, with all his faults that get on one's nerves most fiercely, all his shallowness that saucily masquerades as "depth," regarded in the light of "distinction." And now a congratulatory "round robin" is sent him, signed by a score of famed authors, many of whom, I cannot help feeling certain, have been impelled, through courtesy, into joining their names to its list.

The "Browning craze" was bad enough, about ten years ago; for every one who sincerely admired Browning's good work deplored the indiscriminate homage poured upon this writer. But the "Meredith craze" now and then tempts me to believe that it may soon assume equally fatuous proportions. For example, the last number of "Literature" has a leading editorial called "The Imitative Herd." In this it somberly complains that English letters are full of people who imitate Mr. Meredith. The sense of humor in Great Britain never struck me as abundant; but here it reveals an aridness quite unforeseen. Pray who are the people whom "Literature" accuses of being intimately convinced that "the Meredithian manner of narration and description, the Meredithian mold of thought, the Meredithian structure of the sentence(!) are the models to which they should strive, in all these various particulars, to conform"? It is noticeable, despite these rather trumpet-sounding remarks, that the journal from which I have quoted does not mention the names of more than two persons on whom so tremendous a force of contagion has seized. One of these is "John Oliver Hobbes", a lady whose stories are clearly clever, but marked by far too obvious a strain after epigram, and even paradox as well. Still, who can say that he has ever known her to adopt the "Meredithian" manner? Heaven help her as a novelist if she had presumed so to do! It took Mr. Meredith forty years to palm himself off on certain English critics as an important person. His present panegyrist in "Literature" is sometimes better at enthusiasm, it must be conceded, than at the writing of correct English. For example, he adopts a style of praising Mr. Meredith which is not at all original, which has fatigued this author's sensible observers for a good while. He declares the creator of "Evan Harrington," etc., to be, in Horatian phrase, *exemplar vitiis imitabile*, full of verbal eccentricities and freaks. "It is so easy," proceeds our reviewer, with reference to the "Meredithian" style, "to parody its sententiousness of form without a trace of the wit and weight of its matter." But "sententiousness" almost has for its definition "wit and weight." It certainly has "pithiness," "the giving of true expression to thought," "laconicism and terseness of language." One speaks, or might speak, of the "sententious wisdom of the Proverbs." Evidently the "Literature" scribe intended to write "pomposity," or "grandiloquence," or even "fustian." In that case I should heartily agree with him. As it stands, his mistake is only a little less unfortunate than that of the brilliant and able Mrs. Humphry Ward, who used the verb "to demean" in the sense of "to degrade." It is too bad that Mr. Meredith cannot select his own worshipers and defenders. If this were possible he might find those whose passion for himself did not too imprudently transcend their respect for the dictionary. As to this alleged "imitative herd," if it exists at all, what makes the literary misfortune of its existence possible? The reckless praise which for a decade past has deluged a mere attitudinizer in letters. *Young scribblers, always pierced by ambition, turn their gaze upon any author who has achieved a vogue.* They try to mimic him because they want some of his notability to puff their own little sails. Here, as I have before pointed out in these same columns, is where so much mischief is done by critics who will not think for themselves. "Sham philosophers and pinchbeck aphorists," declares "Literature," are every day threatening more and more to destroy us. Oh, indeed! And is this the most penetrant kind of illumination that the "Meredithian" mind can diffuse? One question, I think, might somewhat searchingly be asked these persons who would have us genuflect before an altar whose deity we deny. The question is this: Can anybody point to a single writer of enduring fame who has played ducks and drakes with his syntax, who has avoided translucence of expression, who has cloaked his meaning in zigzagged chintzes, in hurly-burly motley? Reputations may be plunged after *à tête perdu*, but the waters have a trick of closing over the diver's head; there are plenty of ephemeral ripples, and all that; but he doesn't come up, somehow, with his pearl. I hear the question, "What of Carlyle?" Relatively (is the due answer) Carlyle died but yesterday. How far will stretch the vista of his to-morrows?

Mr. William Archer, a critic of some celebrity here, has been doing a very amiable and heartfelt thing. He has delivered a lecture in which he has endeavored to call attention to the younger modern English makers of verse. I only wish we had a William Archer in America. He might not achieve much apparent or immediate good. The gentleman in question is most probably not at all by way of achieving much, either. But his impulse, nevertheless, cannot be commended with sufficient warmth. The English public are less disdainful of new poetic comers than are we, but still, a young poet, whatever be his merits, rarely finds ardent welcome. Lucre he does not find, either; and though he is sometimes made the god of a small devotional group, obscurity keeps obstinately blurring his image for the general eye. Mr. Archer's address was delivered to the Society of Women Journalists, and one may therefore believe that it encountered an audience of sensitive recipiency. Some of its utterances rang definite, at least:

> "I would ask you to turn a deaf ear to timorous and carping criticism, and have courage to enjoy, love, praise—and, let me add, to buy—the work of living men and women born within, and well within, the Victorian era—men and women whom your love can hearten, your praise rejoice, and whom your solider tribute, perhaps, may place in a position to develop their genius more fully than is possible while poetry, as the saying goes, is 'a drug in the market.'"

Mr. Archer then affirmed that England now lacked only two of the great poetic virtues: narrative and drama. Then he asked himself, with splendid British pride—"What *have* we?" His own reply to his own question may be summed up in a single word "Everything." This is certainly an optimistic survey. Mr. Archer raves over eight or ten poets, including Mr. W. E. Henley, the gentleman who poured upon America so much trivial abuse while editor of the "Scotsman," who has never seen America, and who writes as if he had lived his entire life between Folkestone and Edinburgh. Mistakes Mr. Archer has undoubtedly made. He has braided coronals for brows that did not deserve them, and he has withheld them from others to which they would have proved no overflattering boon. Mr. Edmund Gosse has written him to this effect, and in a somewhat scolding vein. Mr. Archer's answer has a meek turn. "What can I say," he asks, "to appease Mr. Gosse, except that there are only sixty minutes in an hour, and that I never dreamed of attempting to trace in sixty minutes the 'magnificent and unbroken evolution of English poetry'?" For my own part, I am sympathetic with both Mr. Archer and Mr. Gosse. Through "battles of the bards," like these, poor neglected Poesy may stand some chance of being repopularized once again; and I can't help reiterating my devout wish for an American Mr. Archer.

For some unsolved reason blackmailing seems to be excessively prevalent in England. Of course, the explanation is possibly of the simplest. A small island is packed with about forty millions of people. Imagine putting such a number into the area of Massachusetts, Connecticut and Rhode Island, and then think of how "crammed" this region would become. And among its habitants what monsters of depravity would thrive! So, I should imagine, with the "tight little isle." We now hear of a gang of blackmailers numbering about five-and-twenty, in the most flourishing parts of London. One of their haunts, it is alleged, may be lighted on at only a brief distance from the British Museum. Another is claimed to exist in a quiet quarter not far from Baker Street; still another is a villa at Brixton. St. John's Wood and King's Cross are also indicated as places of their abode, while the upper portion of a house in Regent Street is affirmed to be used by them as a rendezvous and photographic studio of the whole virulent gang. . . These wretches, it is said, are in some instances gentlefolk whom disgraceful conduct has led to a species of lawless yet covert plunder absolutely unknown until now. The iniquities of male members of this hideous band are not dwelt upon. The female portion, however, usually prey upon clergymen and wealthy City men. Fashionable West-End churches, exhibitions, bazaars, variety theatres and night clubs, are prowled through with patient if revolting zeal.

One lady who has trapped many victims, we learn, possesses violet eyes and a saintly look. She wins the heed of her "game" by the most pathetic tale of poverty and distress. She is a widow; her little home in Brompton or elsewhere will soon be sold by merciless creditors. If the gentleman would only come with her to make quite sure that she is telling him thorough truth! Sometimes the gentleman consents. Everything is apparently just as she has tearfully described it. A small dwelling presents itself, clean and neat, though marked by certain sad signs of penury. The gentleman, deeply touched, offers money. It is accepted, and the convulsed young widow throws herself into his arms with impassioned gratitude. At this moment a panel opens noiselessly in one of the walls. *The gentleman and his companion are swiftly and vividly "kodaked."* . . Several

days later, while at home, in the bosom of his family, he receives a note like this:

"DEAR SIR—A friend of mine has in his possession the negative of a photograph of you, which you foolishly had taken while in a somewhat interesting position, print inclosed, which he is prepared to dispose of to you on receipt of one hundred pounds. I should strongly recommend you to avail yourself of this offer, as there is no telling the injury it would do you should this photograph be circulated.—I am, etc., BLANK."

Often the horrified gentleman loosens his pursestrings. In doing so he of course behaves like a fool, for this vile system of "blood-letting," once begun, continues with heartless persistence. On paying the sum demanded he receives a trumped-up picture formed by a reprint from two negatives, and fancies himself safe. Soon afterward the same loathsome process begins again. Sums, it is stated, from one thousand to two thousand five hundred pounds have been extorted by this engaging fraternity, and certain people have sold out their business in London and fled to the Continent for the sole purpose of avoiding these satanic creatures. In America we have all heard of the "kodak fiend," but evidently it has been reserved for our British brethren to teach us the real limits at which his photographic deviltries may pause.

✦

I sometimes think that literary London is hurt by "preciousness" tainting the creeds of its most talented minds. How can one truly define "preciousness"? We all use the word, but do half of us give the least heed to what it actually means? I should say, for my own part, that its meaning was triple—one-third fatigue, one-third satiation, and one-third self-deceit. Three-thirds, in those antediluvian times when I studied arithmetic, used to make a whole; and the whole I should venture to term uncompromising "pose." Still, it astonishes one to see so many thoughtful men here dabbling in "preciousness." "How," said a man of fine intelligence to me, the other day, "can you think 'Gray's Elegy' a work of genius?" I at once replied that I did think it so, and that I also thought I could explain to him "how." At the same time I was reminded of a story which reached me concerning the Brownings, years ago. They were living in "Casa Guidi," at Florence—that big, ugly, yellow house, which stares at the feudal gravity of the Pitti Palace through rows of high, square, green-shuttered windows, and which has been lugged into so many Browning biographies with an idealizing indulgence quite disproportionate to its architectural deserts. A guest, at one of their "evenings," chanced to find in some bookshelf, or on some table, a volume of Gray. Dipping into the Elegy, he became absorbed (half-memorially, perhaps) by its mesmeric beauties. Presently Robert Browning tapped him on the shoulder. "Oh, are you reading that thing?" he asked. "We've quite outgrown it here." . . Yes, indeed; he was wholly right; "they" *had* quite outgrown it. If "they" hadn't, all that sickly affectation which marks so much of Mrs. Browning's verse would have ceased to appear there, and from her husband such horrors of tedium as "Red Cotton Night-Cap Country" and "Ferishtah's Fancies" would never have sprung. My friend would not have it that this magnificent thing was of the rarer quality. He quoted Dr. Johnson as having said that it contained everything except genius. Yet I had my "innings" with him on that score, for I reminded him of the very slighting things which Johnson had written of Shakespeare.

✦

But the preciousness of my interlocutor remained unshaken. Who does not know that exquisitely beautiful stanza, hackneyed now, of course, and yet replete with deathless witcheries?—

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

Commonplace, it was insisted, commonplace and nothing more, could the nicer taste pronounce these lines! I spoke to him of that grand, sonorous stanza beginning "The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power," and he responded with a shrug—Preciousness is always rather partial to shrugs. I recited the radiant passage:

"Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire—
Hands which the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre!"

But in vain. My auditor continued unpropitiable. Finally I rained mute inglorious Miltons on his offending head, and also Cromwells guiltless of their country's blood. But he brushed away these renowned missiles as though they had been gnats. Whereupon a new combative impulse prompted me to exclaim: "If your beloved Rossetti had written that line about having 'waked to ecstasy the living lyre,' I believe you would have shouted over it with joy." . . Still, as an afterthought assured me, it would not have been a line half "gothic" enough for Preciousness. What Preciousness chiefly desires is the *bizarre*, with a slender thread of meaning and common-sense to streak it, though almost imperceptibly. In fact, the more imperceptibly the better.

LONDON, FEBRUARY 25, 1898. EDGAR FAWCETT.

HAWTHORNE'S VITASCOPE

POLITICAL diplomacy is conservative; it could not help being so, I suppose. A book entitled The Moral and Ethical History of Diplomacy ought to have a large sale; it would be a most edifying and improving volume. Diplomacy had several fine traits; it observed a finely graduated system of lying, from the gentle equivocation to the copper-fastened falsehood; it was a master of sesquipedalian rhetoric, a fond student of tum-tum formulas, and of the promulgation of that optimism which has for its principle of life the thing which is not. Its basic idea was to becloud, to illude, to misrepresent, to slip into side-issues, to postpone, to delay, to "smiling, put the question by"; to remember "surtout, pas de zèle." To paralyze action was its crowning aim; the worst that is, is preferable to the best that is not, was its motto. A changeless hell is a wiser choice than a progressive heaven, was its creed. Had diplomacy been in control of the laws of nature, it would long since have so augmented the power of gravitation that no one would have been able to stir, all his life long, from the place to which accident first assigned him; he would have been able only to talk and discuss, in musical and dispassionate tones; and this terraqueous globe would have been arrested, ages ago, in its rash orbit, and Joshua's feat of making the sun and moon to stand still would have been referred to by diplomatists as the beginning of wisdom. Diplomacy sits and dreams of the Primum Non-Mobile. Passion, impulse, enthusiasm, patriotism—these are anathema to the diplomat. He lavishes his powers and concentrates his abilities upon the inculcation of self-interest, and upon emphasizing the distinction between the moral obligations of nations, and all other moral obligations. Cowardice, treachery, deception, selfishness, are national virtues, whatever may be virtuous in the individual. But they must not be called by these names; they must be called calmness, coolness, foresight, humanity, prudence, enlightenment, civilization, patience, rectitude, responsibility. Hairs and bank-notes can be split; crows are white, because, if you divide each of the fibers of a crow's feathers, you will find them white inside. But these are but coarse and material illustrations of diplomatic skill.

In an age before printing; in an age before newspapers; in an age when people believed in ogres, in roc's eggs, in gnomes, in Ultima Thule, in the earth's flatness, in Eldorado; in an age when Excommunication and the Inquisition meant something; in the age of the alchemists, in the age which accepted the Divine Right of Kings, and the dogma that God was an aristocrat, and safeguarded his fellow lords and ladies:—that was the Golden Age of Diplomacy. And it still lives and talks under the apparent impression that the environment above indicated continues to persist. One does not like to affirm that it is living in a fool's paradise, for that would be undiplomatic; it would be vulgar fact. We may more politely put it, that diplomacy, from impenetrable has become transparent; whereas, before, men having eyes saw not and having ears heard not neither did they understand:—now they see and hear and understand and take not unto themselves falsehood as a helpmeet. Therefore diplomacy now stands in the pathetic if not tragic predicament of the liar who has been found out, whose fabrications are no longer believed, and who, although he may still for a while impede and obscure freedom of action and the vindication of truth, has had its attention pointedly directed to the handwriting on the wall, which informs it that its day is past, that democracy has arrived, and that men will henceforth call a spade a spade, and dig with it in the very gardens of the anointed.

The first blow struck against diplomacy may be credited to Bismarck, who introduced the perplexing heresy of speaking the truth, or talking out loud in Meeting. But it was not a fatal blow, partly because Bismarck was a man of genius, and had no immediate followers; and partly because he told the truth, knowing it would not be believed, which was only a shrewder way of lying:—it had the advantage that when the lie was found out, the liar could still declare unimpeachably that he had told the truth nevertheless. But it suggested, at least, the appalling innovation of speaking the truth in good faith, and intending action instead of inertia. Diplomacy is an elegant, well-dressed, refined, polished institution; it is patrician in its associations and traditions; but with all these, and other recommendations, one does not see how it can survive the attack of those two malevolent giants, Fact and Act. And one would feel less sad about its demise, were it not for the certainty that diplomacy itself, like the betrayed husband, will be the last one to hear of it. It is afflicted in its decay with the same malady wherewith it for so many ages paralyzed mankind—blindness and deafness. It will go on pottering and planning, though none will heed it. It will become a curiosity and a ten-cent show, and will never suspect it. This mighty magician, who once ruled the earth with his wand of paralysis, is now himself paralyzed, and goes doddering about in the sight of all the

world, like the king in Andersen's fairy-tale, who thought he was displaying his fine clothes, when in reality, as the little child among the spectators finally remarked, he had on nothing at all.

It was Mr. Pulitzer, I think, who first raised the battle-cry, "Publicity, Publicity, Publicity." It has since been taken up with even more relentless lungs by Mr. Hearst. I need not point out to the well-born and highly cultivated readers of this Paper that the principle here involved is often inconvenient and annoying in its operation. Fancy being told, for example, that to give a fancy ball at a moment of mourning for a national disaster was bad taste, if not worse! I have heard really very, very strong opinions expressed on this outrage (on the rebuke, I mean—not on the fancy ball); you don't expect us to cancel all our invitations at the last moment, do you?—and wouldn't it be showing an overweening estimate of our social or national importance, if we did? And what is this sort of thing leading to? Are we to be turned inside out in public, and all our finer feelings flouted, and our innocent little joys and diversions held up to scorn and contumely? Is there to be *no* privacy—*nothing* sacred in the life of the higher orders here in America? Is the ribald pen of the penny-a-liner to pursue us into our most recondite penetralia, to pollute our inmost shrine, to publish our most shrinking secrets—and nothing "be done" about it?—Well, actually, it does begin to look a little that way, doesn't it? Of course, there is a way to prevent it; but it seems hardly worth while to mention it. You remember the nursery rhyme—

"To make your candles last for aye,
Ye wives and maids give ear—O:
To put them out's the only way,
Says honest John Boldero."

Of course; but, unless we were Esquimaux, of what use would candles be to us then? And so, when you are told that the sure way to "keep out of the papers" is to do nothing that can afford the papers material for a paragraph, you naturally reply, "That is as good as asking us to live a righteous, sober and godly life, with no fun at all." That is a clincher; and no person with fine feelings would think of pushing the argument further.

But diplomacy is surely moribund, and journalism is its visible antagonist, though of course journalism merely represents that new impulse in the human race which demands to know itself, no matter how embarrassing that knowledge may be. Tales told out of school are no longer out of order; the Many-Headed Beast, all ears, eyes and tongues, shall be fed; the era of clothes is passing away, and nakedness is at hand. If all our figures were of Greek symmetry and grace, we should not so much mind that; but alas! these comely garments to which we have grown accustomed veil many deformities.—It is painful prospect; but verily it is inevitable, and we may as well resign ourselves to it first as last. Photography, phonography, the kinetescope, the X-ray—what are all these but symbols, indicating the direction in which we are drifting? All things shall be seen and known by all; and perhaps shame and fear may accomplish those reforms which conscience and self-respect have proved themselves impotent to achieve.

In spite of the frantic reticence of certain persons at Washington and elsewhere, it seems likely that America may lead the way in relegating political diplomacy to the shades. For every diplomatic liar of ours, we have ten indiscreet detectives blurting out the facts. The faster the frightened Cabinet locks up its secrets, the more unfailingly do skeleton keys open them again. There is no mystery that can withstand the assault of money and brains, and journalism commands both in unlimited quantities. Few politicians—none, perhaps—object to misrepresenting facts; but fewer still are not annoyed by being convicted of so doing; not because it wounds their honor (which cannot be wounded for the same reason that Rosalind's beard could not be sworn by), but simply because it diminishes their ability to make a living. The futility of the diplomatist's campaign has been well illustrated in the contemporary Spanish imbroglio; the press has beaten the government at every point. The final result of such contests cannot be in doubt; diplomacy must adjust itself to the inevitable, and take the public into its confidence. Diplomacy was originally a very simple and useful thing; it was designed to cultivate acquaintance between nations, to foster good feeling, to correct errors, to explain misunderstandings, and in general to make the truth appear. The history of early Rome furnishes instances of diplomacy of this stamp. But later it began to arrogate to itself functions which cannot rightfully belong to any organization; and Machiavelli and Bacon formulated the principles on which diplomacy has ever since worked. This dispensation is now reaching its close, and in future diplomacy will do no more than communicate the will of nations to one another. The nations will tell them what to communicate, and see that they do it. The American people, certainly, are already competent to be trusted with a knowledge of their own affairs; and they will be justified in dealing summarily with any official who presumes to withhold from them any information as to affairs with which he is conversant. The official is appointed to do certain work, not to protect his creators against themselves. He is not commissioned to lie. And when he does lie, it is always safe to conclude that he does it, not for the people's sake, but for his own private interest, and for that of his secret owners. He lies, not like the physician who conceals from his patient the gravity of his condition, less the fear thus aroused should lessen his chances of recovery; but he lies like the charletan who extorts huge fees by mysterious hints of perils which do not exist. The country is injured far more by distrust of its own servants and agents than it could be by any revelation of dangers from foes outside, or of deficient preparation at home.

"AUTHORITATIVE REPORTS"

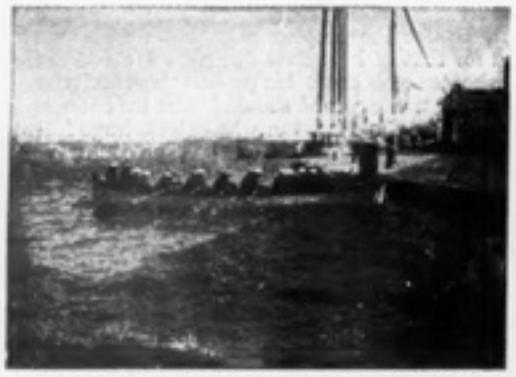
This a singular anomaly. We have had abundant reason to distrust the common-sense and even the integrity of Congress, both as a body and individually; and when they speak, we are on the lookout for buncombe, if nothing worse. Their honesty is subjected to acuter tests than that of other men, and there is nothing to show that their moral scruples are higher than the average. A Senator or Congressman must prove himself pure before he is relieved from the presumption that he is corrupt.

In the face of this fact, we behold Senators or Congressmen going to Cuba to determine whether the reports of things there, published in the papers, are correct. It is assumed that if they corroborate the papers, the latter are vindicated; if not, why then the papers lied. Now, as between the word of a newspaper reporter and a member of Congress, no man in his senses would hesitate to take the reporter's. It is always the latter's interest to find out and tell the truth; thus he acquires the habit of seeing and declaring it; whereas the opposite is the case with the statesman. Moreover, the reporter is a trained observer, which the other decidedly is not. Again, the reporter, in order to be efficient, must bring to any given task an open and unbiased mind; the politician, on the other hand, has uniformly made up his mind in advance, or goes with the purpose of confirming, for business reasons, a previous "impression." The chances of his reporting the facts as they are, are remote. And yet, not only will Mr. So-and-So, of Congress, often set forth, of his own or others' motion, to "find out the real facts" as to this or that event or situation of importance; but the newspaper reporters whom he assumes to supersede faithfully report in their journals his progress and opinions, just as if his eyes, understanding and honor were better than theirs. But it has turned out that whenever the reports of the gentleman from Washington differed from those of the newspaper men before him, the truth was with the latter and not with the former.

Occasionally, however, a statesman sets out in good faith to satisfy himself that what he has read in the papers corresponds with what he himself can observe on the spot; he may also feel the need of a rest from the labors of state; and he may possibly have the grace to give his "authoritative" confirmation to what was published in the paper long before. Such a man is Senator Proctor, who lately went to Cuba to investigate the Reconcentrados. To be sure, Senator Proctor, remembering the traditions of diplomacy, could not resist the temptation to lie as to his object in making the trip; he declared that he was going simply on private affairs of his own. And when he was interviewed at Key West by a journalist, he was careful to say that he did not believe a word of the reports which the papers had contained; they must be gross exaggerations. When he reached Havana, he put himself under the protection of the authorities there, and began his investigations; though he could not help knowing that this was the way to be put off the track, since the authorities would not be likely to furnish him voluntarily with information which could be used against themselves. It so happened, nevertheless, that in this instance the authorities were too busy in other directions to take proper pains to restrict the field of the Senator's researches; or perhaps they trusted to him to see only what they wanted him to see. Be that as it may, the only result of their protection was, that he came near being blown up by the Cubans, eight miles out of Havana; and what he saw, in Matanzas and elsewhere, wrought in him a complete change of heart. He not only confirmed what the newspapers had told, but he added touches and colors of his own; being betrayed, indeed, into such expressions of emotional horror as would have caused his copy to be blue-penciled by the editor, had his story been contributed to any of the journals whose word he had previously gone out of his way to question. For the trained newspaper man is not emotional; after seeing the facts, he takes off a percentage in what he writes to the home office, so as to leave no room for revision of his dispatch on the ground of overstatement.

Time can only have the effect of strengthening public confidence in the accuracy and trustworthiness of newspapers; and statesmen, or other amateurs, will either have to submit to journalistic drill in order to secure belief, or they will be discredited altogether.

JULIAN HAWTHORNE.



BOAT'S CREW OF SPANISH CRUISER "VIZCAYA" LEAVING MACHINA DOCK

PUMPING AIR TO A DIVER

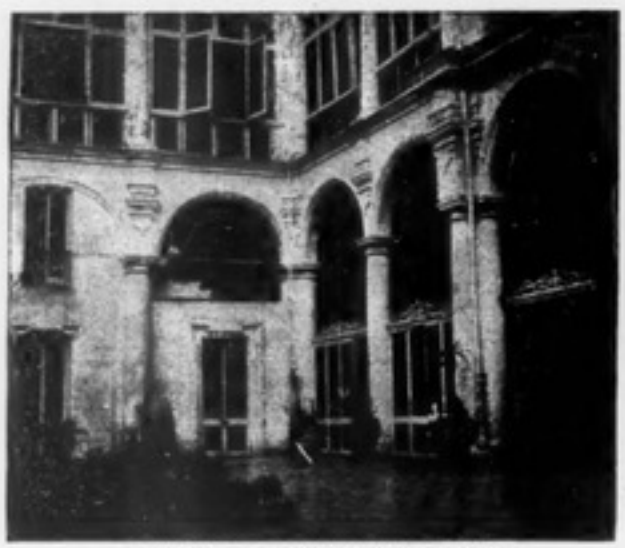
NEW SPANISH TROOPS BEING DISEMBARKED BY LIGHTERS, FROM TRANSPORTS

RETURNING FROM THE SEAT OF WAR

HAVANA PEOPLE WELCOMING THE "VIZCAYA"

A COMMON SPECTACLE IN HAVANA

RETURNING FROM GUARD DUTY

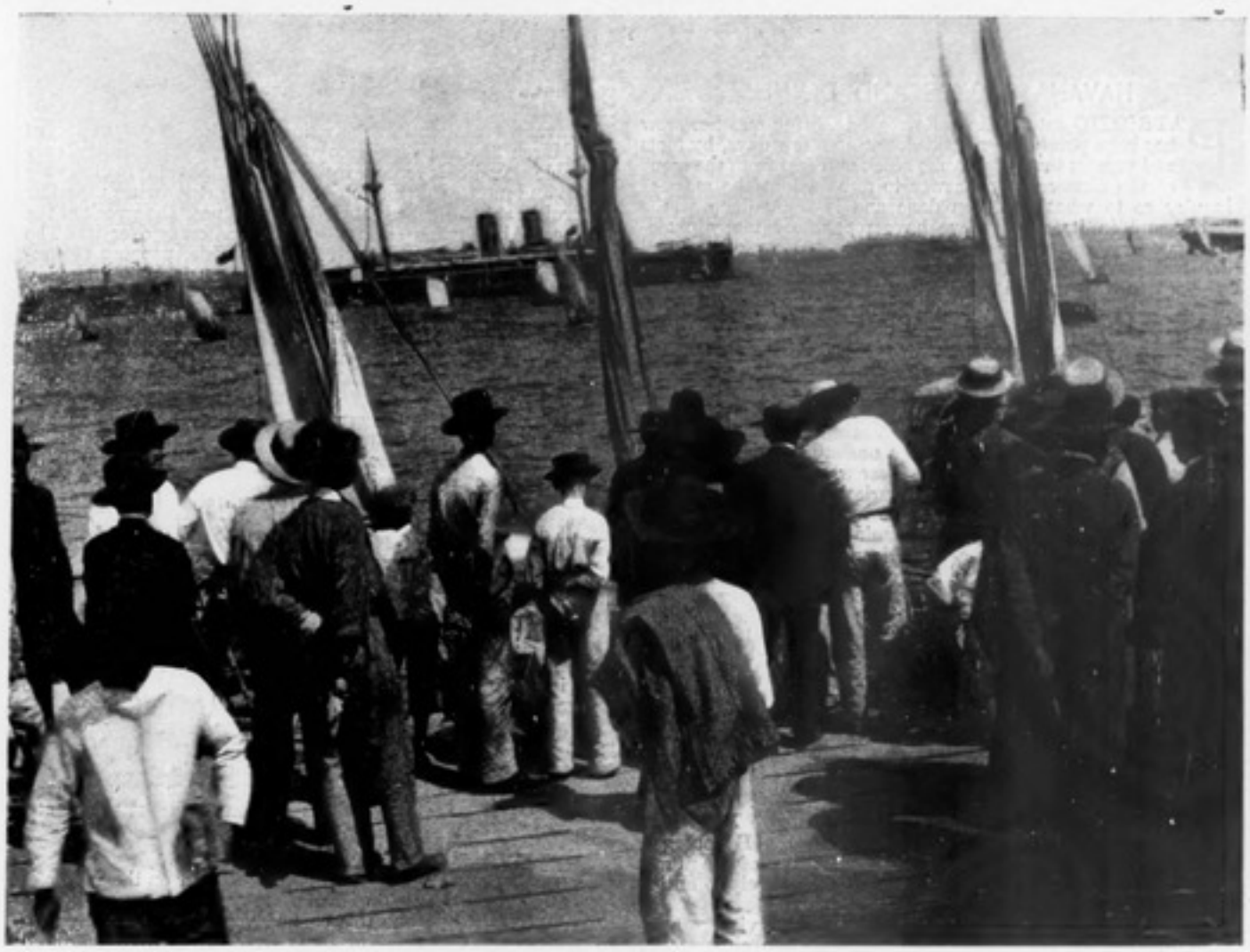


COURTYARD OF CAPTAIN-GENERAL'S PALACE

THE PALACE GUARD

MILITARY AND NAVAL SCENES AT HAVANA

From photographs by our Special Artist



ADMIRING THE "VIZCAYA," JUST ARRIVED AT HAVANA
From a photograph by our Special Artist

CONSUL-GENERAL LEE, CAPTAIN SIGSBEE, CHAPLAIN CHIDWICK AND MANY OTHER AMERICANS AT GRAVES OF THE "MAINE'S" DEAD, CRISTOBAL COLON CEMETERY, HAVANA, MARCH 4
From a photograph by our Special Artist

HAVANA SCENES AND DOINGS

PATRIOTIC interest in the wrecked *Maine* and her crew has been painfully intensified, within a few days, by facts and rumors that have come thick and fast from the scene of the disaster. To answer to some extent the mass of inquiry as to what has been done and is being done at the wreck and in its vicinity, we have reproduced many photographs from among the hundreds forwarded by our special artist at Havana.

That the divers and wreckers have not made more rapid progress seems strange to many readers of the news reports. Experts, however, are agreed that progress has been as rapid as could have been expected. Any large modern vessel of the merchant service is almost a labyrinth, with its many compartment bulkheads and modern appliances; a modern war vessel —even a small one—is several times fuller of complications than any ocean liner. Divers' work in a sunken ship, which lies on a hard bottom and with its contents undisturbed, is slow work at best; the portion of the *Maine* over which most curiosity is expressed is imbedded in three centuries' accumulation of the waste and ooze of a large city, while the interior of such portions of the wreck as most need examination is the most bewildering maze and tangle that American divers ever strove to penetrate. The diver's own life is continually at risk; he dare not venture where the air-conduit may be punctured or the life-line cut by abrasion of a fragment of steel. He has scarcely any means of moving obstacles that are not entirely detached, so that they may be hauled up to the surface; for he can carry only small tools, and so inky are the waters of Havana, that he fears to disturb anything that is not wholly within his reach. Some of our plates show the divers with their full equipment, and the wreckers at their work; there are quite as many of both as can be used to advantage.

The personal element of the illustrations will be unspeakably welcome to all who knew the ship and her company. All of the *Maine's* wounded who were treated at the Alfonso XIII. Hospital were, like the *Maine's* own surgeon, Dr. Heneberger, profuse and reverent in praise of Sister Mary, one of the nurses who could speak English, and who seemed intuitively to anticipate every need and desire of her charges.

In Havana's most prosperous days American visitors have been amazed at the number of beggars in the city streets. Beggary is a recognized profession in Spain, and some who practice it die rich, but the Cuban beggars have always seemed of a different class; certainly those who now throng the streets and waylay the stranger at every point of vantage can have no money in reserve. Besides, there are the *reconcentrados*—country people who have been forced to come into the towns. Their ordinary avocations are impossible; they cannot find employment in Havana; most of them are penniless, so most of them have been reduced to beggary and slow starvation. How the Havanese can see so many sufferers day by day and not be shocked or depressed into madness is incomprehensible to the visiting American who had just arrived; within a week the visitor, albeit humane and tender of heart, finds himself almost apathetic, for the continuous contemplation of misery in great masses, and apparently irremediable, has a benumbing influence upon human sensibilities.

Much has been said of the dangers to which Americans are exposed in Havana, yet almost every one from the United States has gone about his affairs almost as freely and quite as safely as if he were at home. It cannot be said that this is due to Spanish liking for Americans; it would be equally foolish to imagine that fear of what revenge the United States might take has been saving Americans from violence. The real truth is the number of visitors from this country has never been large, most of those whose presence was objectionable to the authorities have been got rid of, and the remainder are ignored—practically unknown—by the mass of the people. Neither the Spaniard nor the Spanish-American is at all curious about the affairs of strangers so long as they do not affect his own; collectively, Americans are intensely hated by the Havanese; individually, they are as well liked as any other foreigners in the city, they are welcome to whatever they like (so long as they are able to pay for it), and almost any one of them has a personal friend or two, among the natives, who would warn him in time of danger or help him to escape.

Havana streets are delightful to Americans who have an eye for the picturesque and time for lounging. There is no hurrying throng, as in a Northern city; persons who must hasten prefer to ride, although the horses move at funereal pace. Street venders' stands are seen at the most unexpected places, and their owners are in no fear of the police. No one can imagine with how small capital or stock-in-trade a street stand can be started until he has been to Havana; neither can he imagine how much of something edible—say fried fish, or cocoanut, or pineapple—can be bought for the smallest coin in circulation.

Havana's most exciting day since the *Maine* was destroyed was March 2, when the *Vizcaya* arrived. As a rule, the only excitable class in Havana (except on bull-fight day) is the very lowest and most dangerous class, but our artist writes us, while the cruiser steamed slowly up to moorings near the wreck of the *Maine*, "All Havana seems to have gone crazy over it. The vessel is being welcomed by bands of music, popping of fire-crackers, every one seems choke-full of enthusiasm, and already the mob is jeering at Los Americanos." Havana's mob is the worst gang of its kind in the Western Hemisphere; despite much shooting, garroting, and other official intimidations, the dregs and offspring of the slaves and pirates of the last generation still form an element the police and military do not contemplate with any degree of comfort.

Americans at Havana seem never to cease wondering at the number of soldiers. Although civil government has not been suppressed, the city is practically under military rule and the soldier is seen everywhere, especially in the public offices. Even the insurgent army is said not to be entirely unrepresented in Havana. Of the troops most commonly seen the volunteers (natives or residents of Havana) appear to be the better dressed and armed, and also to be physically the superiors of the regiments from Spain. They free their minds, too, about the island and home government as well as about everything else. It is whispered in loyal Spanish circles that the volunteers are not as useful as they seem, for they are of the stock that occasionally has sent royal governors back to Spain and reminded the throne that it is not enough that a captain-general shall please the Cortes—he must please Havana also.

The most impressive, and at the same time most painful, scene since the disaster was the special services, on March 4, at the graves of the *Maine's* dead in Cristobal Colon Cemetery. It came about through the following suggestion, being made in writing by a Chicago tourist and laid on the desk at the Hotel Inglaterra:

"AMERICAN CITIZENS:—

"Havana placed the first wreath of flowers on the graves of the heroes of the battleship *Maine*. May Americans in Havana in future years continue this custom year by year. May they keep sacred the memory of those whose lives were sacrificed upon the altar of their country."

It was quickly signed by all the Americans at the hotel and in the city, and on the afternoon of the 4th fifty carriages, containing about two hundred Americans and great masses of flowers, proceeded to the cemetery. Almost the only Spaniard present was a priest courteously sent by Captain-general Blanco and who accompanied Father Chidwick, chaplain of the *Maine*. Wreaths and other floral memorials were heaped upon the graves, and then Captain Sigsbee endeavored to make some remarks in keeping with the occasion, but the stout heart and fine self-command that were brought to the world's notice on the night of the disaster were unequal to their task beside the grave; Consul-general Lee, self-possessed leader in many a desperate battle, was similarly unmanned, and almost the only words spoken was the prayer of the *Maine's* chaplain.

AN OPEN LETTER

My Dear Julian Hawthorne:

Yes, I clearly recollect first meeting you about twenty-seven years ago, as you say, at Wood's Gymnasium, in New York; my dear dead friend, Martin Van Buren, was with me at the time. "Who's that Hercules over there?" whispered Martin to me—and a Hercules you certainly looked. As far as I have been able to discover, you have remained one ever since, while I cannot say that certain Apollonian touches have even faintly faded from you in either a physical or mental way. Of course on hygiene and all that you are an admitted authority. But authorities (in my ignorance I must still maintain) are sometimes a little too authoritative. First, however, I must meekly ask you why you call me a "fugitive to Europe." I suppose my voyages across the Atlantic, all told, number about ten. One might multiply that by two, in your case, no doubt, and still leave a good margin. How about your education in a German university, your long residence in Dresden, to which we are indebted for those brilliant "Saxon Studies"? It seems only yesterday that I was praying both privately and in print for your safety while you roamed the plague-smitten regions of India. Alas! I am afraid I shouldn't have been alive to make the prayer if I had "slept with my bedroom window open all night." I am not affirming that either your own or Sir James Sawyer's opinions are wrong; I am simply defending my belief that the result of them, generally applied, would be disastrous. You have inherited a magnificent constitution; hundreds of thousands have not. The leopard cannot change his spots. Hygienic treatment may do something in countless cases; in countless others it can do a little; there are multitudes, however, whom a "system" like Sir James Sawyer's would kill. You say: "It is notorious that right-side sleeping aids digestion and eases the heart. If a man can't sleep so, his liver is wrong." Very well, suppose it is wrong, and his heart too. "But," you may answer me, "I am speaking of people who are sound." There is just the point. How many really sound people *are* there in this vale of tears? I know a lady who has been in apparently good health for many a year, who is the mother of healthy children, and yet who can never get to sleep except by lying on her left side. And then as to securing eight hours of sleep! You say that most men of fifty have lost two years' sleep at least. I am with you there, my friend, as I should want to be with you in all things. That you succeed in getting "eight or nine hours' sleep a day" is just what makes your wakeful hours so valuable. But ah, the host of folk tortured by insomnia, whom no code of sanitary rules can cure! They would try Sir James's and anybody else's if from these they could win relief. I don't pose as an "insomniac," but I feel certain that one of the Sawyer remedies would act upon me very successfully indeed. I allude to that aforementioned open bedroom window. Its effect would be somnolent, I grant, but after a manner somewhat too permanent. I imagine your answer—"Live rightly." Admit that I don't. Nevertheless, I had a friend who lived quite wrongly for years, yet through a score of winters took, each morning, a freezingly cold bath. He exulted in it; he insisted that it did him worlds of good, and I never had the faintest evidence that it did not. But to how many (living either ill or well) would it have brought just those calamities of "pneumonia, pleurisy, rheumatism," etc., which you rather flatteringly hint that I "despise"! I'm hardly such a hero, as I suspect you of being but too well aware. The other day, when London streets were beslimed with deep, thick, cold, black mud, and everybody whom I passed wore boots quite unprotected, I marveled to myself why, if the microbes of influenza were really in the air, so many persons chose to enrage them by the mad imprudence of damp feet. And then it passed through my mind, oddly enough (since I hadn't yet received from America your gentle scolding), that a man like Julian Hawthorne might stand that sort of thing, but that numberless other poor mortals were here succumbing to it every day. In such weather I unhesitatingly go about clad to the ankles in a cumbrous pair of India rubber overshoes. I am stared at as though I were a suspected dynamiter, but this ordeal only feeds my pity for the suicidal Londoners. It is far pleasanter to endure than a sore throat or a lame back, which for me would as certainly follow wet feet as forlorn nervous exhaustion would follow a bitingly cold bath. . . . You speak of having waked one winter morning and found your face covered with a snow-drift which had blown in during the night from your open window. Through this drift, you tell us, you had breathed a hole. That hole, I fear, would have been, with a good many people, the omen of another, considerably larger, and about six feet deep. You concede that in these circumstances "one must wrap warm to the chin." But suppose one were a restless sleeper, and during the night, as so often happens, tossed the bed-clothes from throat and chest? And how about the chill of your snow for the brow, eyelids and nose of some one predisposed to neuralgia or catarrh? Under the conditions you have named, "forty degrees below zero," you state, "will be an unalloyed benefit." But forty degrees below zero have often frozen a man's ears off even while in active exercise. Witness the fate of poor Joaquin Miller, only a few weeks ago. What such a temperature might do with a sleeping man, only the Neronian caprices of Jack Frost could clearly testify. . . I can't see how I am mistaken in my interpretation of Sir James's *dictum*, "Eat little meat, and see that it is well-cooked." I said that eating little meat should mean (of course, for any one with a normal appetite) eating largely of vegetables; and I still think that I must be right. I freely admit, however, that my meat might have been another man's poison; this plea was indeed the keynote of all my comments on Sir James's remarks. A cannot read with my glasses; I can't read with A's; but B can read fairly well with mine, and either plainly, dimly, or not at all with A's. It all comes to this, I should venture to affirm. . . "Eat plenty of fat" would be like the tolling of a death-knell to certain physiques. Fat is fattening; and how many people are there in the world at this very moment, for whom an increase of avoirdupois would mean cardiac degeneration, atrophy or collapse? Why is Marienbad filled every year and Neuheim as well? . . You say that I pass over "Avoid intoxicants" and "Daily exercise in the open air," and that I do so because "disdaining to notice them." May not silence infer approbation as much as disdain? But in this case, I allow, there was the indifference one is apt to bestow on the commonplace. Every fool (including myself) knows that intoxicants are bad for one, and that daily exercise in the open air is good. I may add that there have been few days during the past fifteen years when I have not walked four miles, carefully measured; and that number of miles has usually been my minimum *per* day. This is nothing, perhaps; but at least it goes to prove that I am far from "disdaining" daily exercise in the open air.

EDGAR FAWCETT.

"What's your dog crying about, little fellow, is he an orphan?"
"No, sir, he's a Gordon setter, but his mama's dead."