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СОСТАВИТЕЛЬ СБОРНИКА И АВТОР ПРЕДИСЛОВИЯ

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АВТОРЫ КРИТИКО-БИБЛИОГРАФИЧЕСКИХ СПРАВОК И КОММЕНТАРИЯ

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Новеллы, включенные в книгу, представляют большой интерес для изучения американской литературы и английского языка в его американском варианте. Сборник снабжен предисловием и комментариями на русском языке. Книга рассчитана на студентов университетов и институтов иностранных языков, на всех, изучающих английский язык и интересующихся американской литературой.

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Предисловие

Первые английские поселенцы на территории теперешних Соединенных Штатов не были склонны к увлечениям литературного и художественного юрьядка. Это были пуритане, для которых театр представлялся дьявольским релищем, небогоугодным соблазном, а верхом мудрости и эталоном литературного мастерства служили тексты Священного писания. Религиозные трактаты и были первыми образцами их литературного творчества. Большое влияние на ветскую литературу оказало движение за отделение английских колоний в Северной Америке от власти английской короны. Выразителями зарождавшегося национального самосознания стали просветители Бенджамин Франклин и Гомас Пейн, Филипп Френо и Томас Джефферсон. С созданием Соединенных Штатов постепенно обретала свои особые национальные качества и американская литература, развивавшаяся в сложном взаимодействии с литературой Англии. Общность языка и богатство английских литературных традиций обогащали американскую литературу, различие исторических условий и стремление избавиться не только политически, но и идеологически от английского зладычества разделяло литературы Англии и США.

Особенности исторического развития США, таким образом, определили и относительную молодость литературы этой страны по сравнению с литературами крупнейших западноевропейских стран.

Первые завоевания американских писателей на литературном поприще, получившие всемирное признание, были в области новеллы. Новелла в США сложилась как своеобразный национальный жанр, опередив по времени развития другие виды и роды художественной прозы.

Развитие американской новеллистики зависело от особых условий национальной жизни страны, ее темпов, когда молодая, энергичная, только еще

складывающаяся нация осваивала широкие просторы континента. Малая форма диктовалась запросами слушателей (в первую очередь) и читателей. Это определило тесные контакты американской литературы с газетами и журналами. Они выступали в роли заказчиков, предпочитая публиковать короткие рассказы, требовавшие меньше места и легче воспринимавшиеся читателями.

Новелла в Соединенных Штатах связана и с особенностями всей культуры американского народа и прежде всего с характером американского фольклора. В Америке не было своей «Эдды». Американский Илья Муромец — это не богатырь с палицей, защитник родной земли от врагов, а лесоруб, охотник, лоцман, фермер, покоритель девственных лесов и бескрайних прерий. О нем сочинялись рассказы-небылицы, скорее напоминающие анекдот, чем былинку, и в этих рассказах торжествовалась победа над силами природы, в них находила выход вера в энергию, силы, могущество человека.

Время, когда писали первые американские романтики — Ирвинг, По, Готорн, Мелвилл, — некоторые американские литературоведы называют «золотым веком» американской литературы. С этим положением можно, конечно, и спорить, но надо признать, что наибольших успехов эти писатели, за исключением, пожалуй, Мелвилла, достигли в новеллистике.

Их творчество как бы несет на себе печать двух очень различных и противоречивых тенденций в жанре американской новеллы. Одни из них — Ирвинг, Готорн, Мелвилл — создавали новеллу характеров, склонную к раздумьям, иронии, юмору, углублению в психологию героев. Другие — Эдгар По — новеллу действия, где фабула часто служит самоцелью. Но главный водораздел проходит не столько по линии структуры, композиции, жанровых особенностей, сколько по линии идейно-художественной.

Американская новеллистика раскрыла губительность для человеческой личности духа стяжательства. В ней особенно явственно сказалась враждебность буржуазной Америки искусству, которое буржуазные издатели пытались не без успеха сделать средством массовой пропаганды буржуазных добродетелей. Лучшие представители литературы помешали превращению ее в жанр апологетики американского образа жизни.

Романтическая новелла удержалась в Америке чуть позже середины XIX века, когда в стране началась гражданская война. В это время в России, Франции и Англии уже наступил расцвет реалистической школы. Такое позднее развитие романтической новеллы в США способствовало выявлению в творчестве некоторых ее представителей — даже Ирвинга, не говоря уже о Мелвиле, — и черт реалистических. Одновременно в США получает широкое распространение традиция устного рассказа.

Американская новелла в XIX веке была тесным образом связана с народным творчеством — Вашингтон Ирвинг, Эдгар По, Натаниэл Готорн, Герман Мелвилл — все они в той или иной степени обращались к сокровищнице народной мудрости, черпая из нее не только сюжеты, но и образы и изобразительные средства. Народное творчество повлияло и на новеллистику Марка Твена, стоящего у истоков американского реализма.

Важной особенностью реалистической новеллы в США в конце XIX века было не только обогащение ее фольклорными мотивами, но и отражение в ней глубоких перемен, происходивших в американском обществе. Нация рабов и рабовладельцев, фермеров и землевладельцев, наемных рабочих и предпринимателей превращалась в нацию могущественных корпораций, подчинивших своему господству многомиллионные массы американских тружеников и разрушивших иллюзии о фермерской демократии. Реалистическая новелла конца XIX — начала XX века запечатлела крушение буржуазно-демократических иллюзий и обнажила трагедию простого американца, задавленного гигантским прессом монополий.

Родоначальником американской новеллистики по праву считают Вашингтона Ирвинга. Он был, пожалуй, первым американским писателем, который снискал популярность в России, да и не только в России. Имя его прославило американскую литературу во многих странах Европы.

Для творчества Ирвинга характерна романтическая приподнятость, обращение к народным легендам — американским, европейским, восточным, — увлечение фантастикой, что, однако, не мешает ему иронически относиться к собственным фантастическим выдумкам. Новеллистике замечательного мастера американского романтизма присущ своеобразный реалистический колорит, связанный прежде всего с определенным рационализмом, свойственным его творческой манере. От Вашингтона Ирвинга — основателя романтической школы новеллистики — идут и определенные реалистические тенденции.

Первый сборник рассказов Вашингтона Ирвинга «Книга эскизов» был опубликован в 1819 году под псевдонимом Джеффри Крейна, затем последовали «Поместье Брейсбридж», «Рассказы путешественника», «Альгамбра». На этих книгах новелла и зиждется, в основном, литературная слава Вашингтона Ирвинга.

С большой любовью Вашингтон Ирвинг рисует картины американской природы. Негодование писателя вызывает стремление к наживе, царящее в среде американских дельцов. Манеру Ирвинга-новеллиста наглядно характеризуют рассказы «Рип Ван Винкль», «Дьявол и Том Уокер», «Филипп из Поканокета».

Рассказ «Рип Ван Винкль», вошедший в «Книгу эскизов», наполнен поэтическими зарисовками американской природы и быта американских колонистов. Обаятелен образ Рипа Ван Винкля, сельского чудака, любимца деревенских мальчишек и бесребренника, пренебрегающего даже своими домашними делами. Но не только в этом смысл рассказа. В нем выражено и определенное разочарование простых людей Америки в итогах войны за независимость. Рип Ван Винкль, очнувшись от продолжительного сна, поначалу не узнал свою родную деревню. Но, приглядевшись, увидел, что она, по существу, мало отличается от прежней, несмотря на то, что за это время произошло очень важное событие в жизни страны — война за независимость. Мало того, Рип Ван Винкль сразу же познакомился с новыми, благоприобретенными пороками буржуазной демократии. Колоритно выписана проникнутая тонким юмором сцена появления Рипа Ван Винкля в деревне во время предвыборной кампании. Необходимо обратить внимание на элемент фантастики, присущий этому рассказу и характерный для всей «Книги эскизов», хотя фантастика и не является обязательным качеством новеллистики Вашингтона Ирвинга.

Фантастическим колоритом, обращением к народным легендам проникнута и новелла «Дьявол и Том Уокер» из «Рассказов путешественника», где Ирвинг высмеивает погоню за золотом, стяжательство. Ирвингу присущ резкий перебив фантастики реалистическими деталями, — своеобразное проявление романтической иронии, которое сближает Ирвинга с реализмом.

Вашингтон Ирвинг был прекрасным знатоком европейских литератур, много путешествовал по Европе и подолгу жил в Испании и Англии. Его новеллистике свойственны особенно тесные связи с английской литературой, в его творчестве сказываются и восточные мотивы и интерес к немецкой и испанской литературе. Вашингтон Ирвинг способствовал расширению кругозора американской литературы, обогащению ее новеллистики опытом европейских литератур.

Дальнейшее развитие американская новелла получила в творчестве Эдгара По, Натаниэла Готорна, Германа Мелвилла. В их произведениях усиливаются

мрачные настроения, отражающие растущее разочарование в буржуазной действительности. Им свойствен определенный иррационализм, переходящий подчас у Эдгара По и особенно у Готорна в мистические мотивы.

Замечательный мастер новеллистики Эдгар По — одна из самых трагических фигур в истории американской литературы. Писателю претила долларова демократия, и в своей новеллистике он пытался убежать от нее в мир фантазии. Своим творчеством он как бы стремился отгородиться от американской действительности.

Эдгар По оставил столь глубокий след в развитии американской новеллы, что любое рассуждение о ее особенностях приходится начинать с установленных им канонов этого жанра.

Для Эдгара По главное в рассказе — внешний эффект, занимательность. «Умелый художник, строя новеллу, — писал Эдгар По в рецензии на книгу Готорна «Дважды рассказанные истории», — если он понимает дело, не станет ломать голову над прилаживанием изображаемых событий, но, тщательно обдумав один центральный эффект, изобретает затем такие события, комбинирует такие эпизоды, которые лучше всего могут содействовать выявлению этого заранее обдуманного эффекта».¹

Эдгар По выступает за рассказ, который увлекал и развлекал бы читателя. Он выдвигает тезис о предельной краткости рассказа, чтобы его можно было прочитать за один присест.

На теорию и практику новеллистики Эдгара По наложили отпечаток его мрачные взгляды на действительность, во многом объясняемые трудностями, с которыми он повседневно сталкивался. Эдгар По зарабатывал себе на жизнь, продавая рассказы издателям газет и журналов. Примечательна в этом отношении история опубликования первого рассказа Эдгара По. Осенью 1833 года бостонский журнал «Сатердей визитер» объявил конкурс на лучший рассказ, пообещав за него премию в сто долларов. Эдгар По послал в редакцию шесть рассказов. Один из них, «Рукопись, найденная в бутылке», был признан лучшим и тогда же опубликован в журнале. Члены жюри были поражены мастерством и талантом молодого писателя, свежестью и оригинальностью сюжета, точностью языка. В жюри были известные по тем временам американские писатели, и они помогли опубликованию многих лучших новелл Эдгара По. Но не всегда дело обстояло так. Есть рассказы, где Эдгар По стремится во что бы то ни стало привлечь к себе читателя, порой весьма неискушенного и невзыскательного. Таким новеллам свойственно сочетание иррационализма и формалистических ухищрений, мистики и развлекательности, как, например, «Маске Красной смерти», в общем рассказу интересному и оригинальному.

Эдгар По — родоначальник детективной новеллы. «Убийство на улице Морг», «Украденное письмо», «Тайна Мари Роже» установили многие каноны ставшего затем таким популярным жанра детектива. В них Эдгар По демонстрирует блестящее мастерство и остроумие в логических построениях, ведущих к расшифровке весьма запутанных и сложных на первый взгляд хитросплетений и обстоятельств, необычайных и таинственных преступлений.

В отличие от Эдгара По, болезненно воспринимавшего победное шествие буржуазных порядков по Америке, эпигоны замечательного новелиста, не разделявшие его неприязненного отношения к торгашеству и стяжательству, стали поставщиками массового новеллистического чтива, заполнившего уже в XIX веке страницы многочисленных американских так называемых «популярных» журналов.

По идейным и эстетическим позициям Эдгару По во многом был близок Натаниэл Готорн. В творчестве Готорна осуждается пуританское морализатор-

¹ The Works of Edgar Allan Poe. Lnd., 1899, vol. IV, p. 216.

во, торгашеский дух современной ему Америки, от которой писатель стремится уйти в мир мистики и фантастики. Если Эдгар По — мастер интриги, то новеллы Готорна подчинены другому закону — ходу мысли автора. Они могут быть даже несколько дидактичны, как в сборнике «Дважды рассказанные истории». Но этот отмеченный аллегоричностью сборник принес ему первый успех. Те же черты присущи последующим сборникам рассказов: «Легенды старой усадьбы», «Снегурочка и другие дважды рассказанные истории».

Н. Г. Чернышевский назвал Готорна писателем великого таланта и очень четко подметил при этом одну из важнейших черт Готорна — его стремление к фантастике. «После Гофмана, — писал Чернышевский, — не было рассказчика с такой склонностью к фантастическому. С фантастичностью Готорна счастливо сочетается в нем обыкновенная принадлежность таланта, главная сила которого состоит в богатстве фантазии: он простодушен».¹

Романтической фантастикой, причудливым переплетением вымысла и самых розничных деталей проникнута столь характерная для Готорна «Старухина сказка», построенная на фольклорных мотивах, которые ощущаются и в других его новеллах. Это сближает его с общей демократической направленностью творчества Ирвинга. Особенно близок Ирвингу рассказ «Седой заступник» — не только обращением к легенде из истории Америки, но и патристическим афоризмом. Готорну, однако, чужды рационализм и юмор Ирвинга — да и фантастика его носит, как это видно по «Старухиной сказке», оттенок мистики, вызывавшей у Ирвинга иронию.

Морализаторские тенденции, которые Готорн вводит в американскую новеллистику, сказались и в структуре и в композиции многих его рассказов, часто придавая им характер притчи с энергично сформулированным дидактическим финалом, а иногда и откровенным поучением. В этом отношении показательны рассказы «Себялюбие, или змея в сердце», заканчивающийся тирадой культиста, от имени которого ведется повествование: «Была ли змея в извечном облике рептилии или болезненная впечатлительность твоей природы подсказала этот символ твоему воображению, от этого мораль рассказа гановится не менее убедительной. Страшный эгоизм, проявившийся в твоём случае в форме ревности, не менее страшен, чем любой демон, когда-либо проникавший в человеческое сердце».

Интерес Готорна к морально-этической проблематике приводил его нередко к характерному для него осуждению пуританского ханжества и практицизма, как, например, в известной новелле «Молодой Браун». Он способствовал более углубленной психологической характеристике его героев. В новелле Уэйкфилд Готорн в одном абзаце передает сюжет рассказа, почерпнутый им из старого журнала или газеты о случае, происшедшем в Лондоне, — муж ушел от жены, поселился уединенно на соседней улице и лишь спустя двадцать лет вернулся к себе домой, — а затем скрупулезно анализирует характер Уэйкфилда, мотивы его поступка, его переживания, предвзято психологическую новеллу Генри Джеймса.

Одним из первых в американской литературе Готорн обратился к проблеме искусства и окружающей действительности. В рассказе «Художник прекрасного» он нарисовал замечательного мастера-часовщика, не находящего признания у бывателей. Проникнутые практицизмом, они не понимают таланта человека. Созданная им великолепная игрушка разрушена, сломана. В эту аллегорию Готорн вкладывает горький смысл: проза американской жизни губит создание рук художника. Таковы важнейшие черты романтической эстетики Готорна.

Поиски романтического героя и романтических аксессуаров приводили Готорна, несмотря на его сочувствие демократическим традициям, к

¹ Н. Г. Чернышевский. Полн. собр. соч., т. VII, стр. 440.

противопоставлению прозаизмам американского быта более близкой его романтическому идеалу Европы с ее памятниками старины и культуры. В 1860 году он сетовал на «трудность написать роман о стране, где нет призраков, нет античности, нет тайн, нет живописной и мрачной несправедливости.»¹

Высоко оценивая творчество Готорна, с болью отвергавшего посягательство буржуазного мира на человеческую душу, нужно видеть и всю сложность его таланта, окрашенного трагическими тонами неприятия морали капиталистической Америки, от которой он пытается уйти в мир фантастики и мистики.

Несколько иным по своему характеру было творчество другого замечательного мастера романтической новеллы — Германа Мелвилла, который противопоставил в первых своих романах буржуазной американской цивилизации девственный мир тихоокеанских островов и патриархальные нравы их обитателей. В более поздних произведениях он остро обличает устои буржуазного мира. Главные завоевания Мелвилла находятся в области романа. Но он был и замечательным мастером новеллы, издав несколько их сборников. Искусство новелиста Герман Мелвилл блестяще проявил и в крупнейшем своем романе «Моби Дик», который включает в себя вставные новеллы.

Для творческого почерка Германа Мелвилла характерна «Повесть о «Таун-Хо», которая была опубликована вначале в журнале «Харперс мэгезин», а затем вошла в роман «Моби Дик». Здесь Мелвилл создает поражающий своей масштабностью романтический образ борца за справедливость — матроса Стилкиата, — подымающего бунт против преступлений и насилий над человеческой личностью.

Вышедший в свет через пять лет после «Моби Дика» сборник рассказов «Веранда» ознаменовал существенный сдвиг в новеллистике не только Мелвилла, но и всей романтической школы. Давший название сборнику рассказ «Веранда» передает столкновение романтических представлений о жизни с реальными жизненными фактами: обиталище горных фей превращается в деревенскую избу, а сама фея — в усталую сироту Марианну, живущую с братом, который тяжелым трудом кормит ее и себя. Герой рассказа «Громоотводчик» идет в грозу в одинокий фермерский домик в горах, чтобы предложить свой громоотвод для укрощения разбушевавшейся стихии. Эти весьма земные люди — занятая шитьем Марианна и человек, который «смело сделал преодоление страхов своим ремеслом», — представляются Мелвиллу истинными романтическими героями, ведущими нелегкую борьбу с тяготами жизни и людскими суевериями. Чуждые дидактической назидательности Готорна, эти новеллы Мелвилла лишены фантастического колорита, скорее они пародируют традиционные фантастические и мистические атрибуты романтической новеллы.

Программная для Мелвилла новелла «Бартльби» — шедевр романтической новелистики и вместе с тем шаг в сторону от романтической эстетики на пути к реализму. В новелле два героя — состоятельный юрист, владелец конторы на Уолл-стрит, и его писец, едва сводящий концы с концами. В их противопоставлении передан антагонизм современного буржуазного мира, запечатленный с необыкновенной, свойственной лишь романтикам резкостью и контрастностью: опустошенный богатством и коммерческим успехом делец и бедный писец, не желающий признавать ни власти своего работодателя, ни власти денег, сохранивший человеческое достоинство и гордость, переходящие в романтическую отрешенность от жизни. Этот рассказ Мелвилла, столь же «американский, как и Уолл-стрит», по меткому выражению американского критика Дэнфорта Росса,² сочетает романтический пафос в осуждении стяжательства с остротой

¹ N. Hawthorne. *The Marble-Fawn*. Boston, 1860, p. 9.

² См. Danforth Ross. *The American Short Story*. Minneapolis, 1961, p. 16.

социального видения жизни. Своим отношением к буржуазной Америке «Бартльби» как бы предвосхищает «Человека, который совратил Гедлиберг» Марка Твена.

Герман Мелвилл завершил романтическую линию в развитии американской новеллистики, начатую Вашингтоном Ирвингом и продолженную Эдгаром По и Натаниэлом Готорном.

Обогащению искусства новеллы в США, как уже отмечалось, способствовало ее сближение с устным народным творчеством, а оно в Соединенных Штатах быстро переставало быть устным. Ведь эти анекдоты, рассказы-небылицы в изобилии печатались на страницах многочисленных газет и журналов в 30-е, 40-е и особенно 50-е годы. Легендарные и зачастую анонимные рассказчики анекдотов становились значительными литературными фигурами. Особенно показательным в этом отношении творчество Дейви Крокетта, которому приписывают множество анекдотов и рассказов-небылиц. Да и сам Дейви Крокетт является героем историй, весьма, впрочем, далеким от своего реального прототипа. Две из них включены в настоящий сборник и дают представление о характере этой новеллистики.

Рассказы-небылицы «Майк Финк побеждает Дейви Крокетта в соревновании по стрельбе» и «Восход солнца у него в кармане», в которых повествование ведется от имени Дейви Крокетта, демонстрируют ту гиперболичность и гротескность, которая была характерна для этих произведений американского фольклора, называемых *tall tales*.

Новый этап в развитии американской новеллистики связан с движением против рабства, с влиянием его на всю политическую и культурную жизнь Соединенных Штатов, особенно на литературу периода гражданской войны. Активными противниками южных рабовладельцев были писатели-демократы Дэвид Росс, Локк, известный под именем Петролеума Везувуса Нэсби, и Артемус Уорд. Они явились прямыми наследниками традиций анонимных рассказчиков, как и многие их сподвижники, выступая в качестве юмористов. При этом они не столько публиковали свои произведения, сколько выступали с чтением их. Сыграв выдающуюся роль в истории американской литературы, они приблизили литературу к народу, к демократическим слоям населения. Поэтому в отличие от своих великих предшественников — мастеров романтической новеллы — они более прозаичны, но зато более органически используют в своем творчестве образы фольклора. Вместе с тем многим их произведениям свойственно стремление смешить читателей во что бы то ни стало, хотя бы, например, прибегая к нарочито неправильному написанию слов. Своеобразным приемом их творчества было использование литературных масок, позволявших усилить комический эффект рассказов. Так балаганщик Артемус Уорд был всего-навсего литературной маской талантливого рассказчика Чарльза Фаррара Брауна, а его сподвижник — лодчман Марк Твен — литературной маской Сэмюэля Клеменса.¹

Артемус Уорд — один из наиболее известных мастеров юмористического рассказа. Его новеллы «Интервью с президентом Линкольном» и «Балаган конфискован» проникнуты страстной ненавистью к рабству и к южным рабовладельцам. Как и многие его друзья и соратники, он выступил с извительным обличением плантаторской аристократии, снискав популярность на демократическом Севере. Уорд не был, однако, удовлетворен полностью итогами гражданской войны и после разгрома южных рабовладельцев почув-

¹ Советская исследовательница проблемы комического у Марка Твена и его современников З. В. Новицкая считает маску Марка Твена весьма многозначной. См. З. В. Новицкая. Марк Твен, його комична маска. «Радянське літературознавство», № 3, Київ, 1959, стр. 57—66.

ствовал опасность нового, капиталистического, рабства. Об этом он сказал по-своему — весело, остроумно, пронизательно — в новелле «Монолог простого жулика».

Артемус Уорд и другие американские рассказчики-юмористы проложили мостик от устного народного творчества к большой литературе. Они помогли становлению замечательного таланта не только Марка Твена, новаторски переплавившего богатейшие возможности американского фольклора, но и Брет Гарта, переросшего областнические рамки и ставшего фигурой общенационального литературного масштаба.

Суровая действительность Дальнего Запада была темой первых литературных произведений Брет Гарта, и литературная известность впервые пришла к нему в Сан-Франциско, в Калифорнии. Его считали главой и создателем школы местного колорита, что в какой-то степени было верно для первых его произведений. Его творческий путь как бы олицетворяет расширение рамок американской новеллистики. Из литературы, охватывающей в основном восточные штаты, преимущественно Новую Англию — с ней связано творчество Вашингтона Ирвинга, Натаниэла Готорна и др. — американская литература развивалась виширь. Это развитие шло за счет создания местных литературных школ, которые постепенно, но существенно меняли общую картину американской литературной жизни.

Путь самого Брет Гарта представляет для нас особый интерес. Человек, придерживающийся демократических взглядов, страстный враг рабовладения, поборник демократических традиций, Френсис Брет Гарт в первых же своих рассказах выступил поэтом американской демократии. Он стремился увидеть благородные качества простых людей Дальнего Запада, людей, которых он хорошо знал, с которыми сам вместе жил и работал. Он любил и воспевал романтику борьбы с природой, с трудностями и тяготами жизни. Достаточно вспомнить такие его новеллы, как «Счастье Ревущего Стана», «Мигглас», «Компаньон Теннесси».

Литературным учителем Брет Гарта был Чарльз Диккенс. В его творчестве диккенсовские ноты звучат постоянно. Это сказывается и в глубокой человечности Брет Гарта, умеющего, подобно Диккенсу, видеть в самом, казалось бы, падшем и погибшем духовно человеке чистые и благородные черты (рассказ «Изгнанники Poker-Флета»), и в своеобразном юморе Брет Гарта.

Иногда Брет Гарта представляют поэтом «золотой лихорадки», но это далеко не так. Писатель видит, сколь призрачны расчеты этих мужественных людей на богатство. Но ему дороги прежде всего сильные человеческие характеры, которые раскрываются в моменты наиболее критических жизненных столкновений.

Конечно, в ранних рассказах Брет Гарта мы видим упоенность его человеком, который сам себе пробивает дорогу в жизни, верит в свои силы и возможности американской демократии. Но уже в этих рассказах проявляется скептическое отношение Брет Гарта к богатству. Оно еще более ощутимо сказалось в новелле «Человек из Солаю», где нарисован американский нувориш, разбогатевший на золотых приисках Запада, невежда, который хочет теперь диктовать свои вкусы всем окружающим.

Несмотря на общие черты стиля и видения жизни Брет Гарт сильно отличается от традиций американской романтической школы. Он рисует жизнь своих героев очень детально, кропотливо выписывает все подробности и мелочи их быта. Он мастерски передает их речь, индивидуализированную и никак не похожую на речь романтических героев. Она несколько грубовата и даже резала слух тогдашних ревнителей литературной моды из восточных штатов. В языке, в детальности описаний, в умении видеть индивидуальные человеческие характеры сказываются реалистические стороны Брет Гарта. И такие его новеллы, как

«Человек из Солано», приближаются по своему методу уже к литературе критического реализма.

Творчество Брет Гарта высоко ценили и ценят лучшие представители мировой литературы. Чарльз Диккенс одним из первых выразил свое восхищение творчеством Брет Гарта. В России уже в 1874 году были изданы его рассказы. Поклонником таланта Брет Гарта был Н. Г. Чернышевский, который перевел для своих детей новеллу «Миггас». Чернышевский писал: «Сила Брет Гарта в том, что он при всех своих недостатках — человек с очень могущественным природным умом, человек очень благородной души и, насколько при недостаточности запаса своих впечатлений и размышлений понимает вещи, выработал себе очень благородные понятия о вещах»¹.

Марк Твен считал Брет Гарта своим учителем. В 1871 году Марк Твен писал: «Именно Брет Гарт терпеливо оттачивал мой слог, учил, тренировал меня, пока не превратил неуклюжего публициста с его грубой гротескностью в писателя»².

Марка Твена роднит с Брет Гартом прежде всего любовь к простому человеку, вера в его силы, гуманизм, «благородные понятия о вещах». Как и Брет Гарт, в своих рассказах он стремится передать язык персонажей таким, каким он был, не искажая его в угоду вкусам, царившим в литературных салонах Бостона. Вместе с тем Марк Твен пошел дальше Брет Гарта. Важной причиной, которая позволила ему сделать новый шаг в развитии американской литературы, было и более глубокое знание жизни, больший запас наблюдений и впечатлений, чем у Брет Гарта.

Марк Твен относится к той когорте великих писателей, которых отличает универсальность таланта. Она проявляется и в широте охваченных им явлений жизни американского общества, в богатстве диапазона его литературного мастерства, в разнообразии используемых им жанров. И хотя новеллистика, конечно, никак не исчерпывает творческих завоеваний автора «Гекльберри Финна», в развитии американского рассказа Марк Твен открывает совершенно новый этап.

Первые рассказы Марка Твена, которые принесли ему известность, были опубликованы в 60-х годах при помощи Артемуса Уорда и Брет Гарта. Они воспевали мужество и находчивость простых людей, были проникнуты верой в неограниченные человеческие возможности простого американца. Эти рассказы отличались необычностью языка и стиля, литературного и вместе с тем подлинно народного, насыщенного словами, которые Марк Твен слышал в разговорах своих соотечественников, читал в газетах, которые он редактировал.

Подлинно народная образность и гневная ненависть ко всему, что попирает достоинство человека, помогли Марку Твену нарисовать правдивую картину жизни Америки. Марк Твен стал основоположником самобытных реалистических традиций в американской литературе — и в романе, и в новеллистике. Он объединил в своем творчестве блестящую литературную традицию Вашингтона Ирвинга, Эдгара По, Натаниэла Готорна, Германа Мелвилла с традицией устного американского творчества. Такие рассказы Марка Твена, как «Знаменитая скачущая лягушка из Калавераса», особенно наглядно показывают нам близость его к истокам народного творчества.

После окончания гражданской войны бурное развитие американского капитализма способствовало быстрому исчезновению буржуазно-демократических иллюзий не только у Марка Твена, но и у многих других художников-демократов. В американской литературе происходит формирование критического реализма, крупнейшим представителем которого в новеллистике и стал Марк Твен. Его лучшие произведения отличает высокое чувство

¹ Н. Г. Чернышевский. Собр. соч., т. XV, стр. 240.

² D. Ferguson, *Mark Twain: Man and Legend*. N. Y., 1943, p. 98.

ответственности за судьбу человека в буржуазной Америке. Таков его «Рассказ хорошем мальчике». Писатель не только высмеивает воскресные проповеди, и с горечью размышляет о тех «хороших мальчиках», которые, становясь взрослыми, делают столпами американского общества. Этот разрыв между моралью воскресной школы — показной моралью — и аморальной сущностью буржуазной Америки глубоко тревожил Марка Твена и сделал этого самого веселого американского новеллиста в конце жизни горьким скептиком.

Марк Твен, высоко ценивший искусство юмора, считал важнейшим своим долгом и призванием отстаивать высокие жизненные и человеческие идеалы «Юморист», — писал Марк Твен в «Автобиографии», — «...если он хочет, чтобы его произведения жили вечно, должен и учить, и проповедовать... Я всегда проповедовал. Вот почему я продержался эти тридцать лет». Марк Твен «продержался» гораздо дольше, его книги живут, а их автор — настоящий учитель жизни — остается и сегодня учителем реалистической литературы в США.

О расширении рамок американской литературы в конце XIX века говорит и творчество замечательного новеллиста и рассказчика Джоэла Чэндлера Гарриса. Его поэтичные «Рассказы дядюшки Римуса» принесли в американскую литературу обаяние чудесного негритянского фольклора, сделали его достоянием общенациональной американской литературы.

Психологической углубленностью отличается проникнутая резкой критичностью по отношению к буржуазной Америке новеллистика Генри Джеймса, американского писателя, который провел большую часть своей жизни не в Америке, а в Европе, сначала во Франции, а потом в Англии. Генри Джеймс в своей критике американского общества исходил скорее из аристократических позиций. Его пугала прозаичность буржуазной действительности, ее враждебность искусству. И во многих своих новеллах он, подобно высоко ценимому им Натаниэлу Готорну, обращается к проблемам судьбы художника в американском обществе. В этом смысле показательна новелла «Бруксмит». Герой новеллы — дворецкий — художник своего дела. Он помогает своему хозяину-холостяку Оффорду создать салон, в котором встречаются представители лондонского высшего света. Но вот хозяин умирает, и дворецкий Бруксмит оказывается не у дел. Он не может найти применения своему искусству вести разговор и погибает. Для Джеймса это прежде всего трагедия художника, погубленного обществом. Но кроме того, в этой новелле сказываются и аристократизм и недемократичность писателя, которого пугает приобщение дворецкого к высшему обществу — ему кажется, что оно испортило дворецкого — он стал слишком высокого о себе мнения.

В книге, посвященной Готорну, в 1879 году Генри Джеймс утверждал, что в США — «простое демократическое ... общество» — оно противопоставлено настоящему искусству, для которого необходима «сложная социальная машина». Корень зла Джеймс видел в отсутствии в США высокой цивилизации. О том же, что Джеймс понимал под этим, дает представление следующее его утверждение: «можно перечислять предметы высокой цивилизации, существующие в других странах и отсутствующие в структуре американского общества, до тех пор, пока не начнешь удивляться, что же остается. Ни государства, в европейском смысле слова, и действительно едва ли одно специфическое национальное имя. Ни монарха, ни двора, ни личной верности, ни аристократии, ни церкви, ни духовенства, ни дипломатической службы, ни сельских джентльменов, ни дворцов, ни замков, ни поместий...».¹ Джеймса пугает и удручает отсутствие в США аристократии и сельских джентльменов, он откровенно консервативен в

¹ H. James. *Hawthorne*. Lnd. 1897, p. 3.

своей критике американского общества и склонен скорее преувеличивать его демократизм. Кажется, что Джеймс в чем-то повторяет суждения Готорна, но на деле он полемизирует с ним: ведь если для Готорна европейские признаки и античность требовались в качестве романтического колорита, а самому ему аристократизм был чужд и лучшие свои произведения он построил на американском материале, то Джеймс упрекает Готорна за обращение к американской тематике.

Эстетские концепции Генри Джеймса во многом предвворяли модернистские течения более позднего времени в американской и английской литературе (Джеймс долго жил в Англии, принял перед смертью в 1916 году английское подданство и часто рассматривается в критике и как английский писатель). Его предубеждения и искусственные построения нередко, однако, опровергала логика жизни и искусства. Свидетельством тому является и один из лучших рассказов Джеймса «Настоящее», в котором автор при всех своих симпатиях к разорившейся аристократической чете Монархов вынужден отдать предпочтение простолудинам — знатокам своего дела, тонко чувствующим искусство.

В рассказе жизненное начало берет верх над ложным построением, и Джеймсу приходится признать, что беда Монархов, пытавшихся стать моделями для картины художника, коренилась в их безжизненности, слепоте и глухоте к подлинному искусству. Миссис Монарх была, пишет он, «настоящее, но всегда одно и то же». Он даже называет Монархов «парой перин», сквозь которую ничего не увидишь. А нищий итальянец и неграмотная обитательница лондонской окраины оказываются куда более чуткими к прекрасному, лучше понимающими и знающими жизнь, чем Монархи, а поэтому и более артистичными. Нет нужды спорить с тем, что искусство — это не простая копия действительности, а ее творческое художественное осмысление и переосмысление. Джеймс своим рассказом проиллюстрировал не только эту справедливую мысль, но и тезис, опровергающий теорию «искусства ради искусства». Настоящее искусство должно базироваться на знании жизни, на жизнеспособных общественных силах, а к ним никак нельзя отнести супругов Монархов.

Отвечая Джеймсу, усматривавшему в аристократических атрибутах залог успеха искусства, его современник, американский писатель Уильям Дин Хоуэллс заявил, что и без «этих мрачных и изношенных убранств» писателю остается вся человеческая жизнь». Генри Джеймс новеллой «Настоящее» невольно подтвердил правоту Хоуэллса.

Генри Джеймс и Уильям Дин Хоуэллс в начале своего творческого пути были связаны с бостонской школой так называемой «изысканной традиции» (*genteel tradition*), занимавшей господствующее положение на авансцене американской литературы в 70—80-е гг. XIX в. Представители этой школы во главе с Томасом Бейли Олдричем воздвигали китайскую стену между жизнью и литературой и безжалостно обрушивались на тех писателей, которые пытались сломать эту стену. Для Олдрича слово «реализм» было подобно ругательству. Идеалистские грезы вождей «изысканной традиции», их безоблачные картины американской жизни, которые они рисовали в своих произведениях, не имели ничего общего с американской действительностью. Хоуэллс и Джеймс не только отошли от канонов этой школы, но и выступили противниками идеализации буржуазной Америки, правда, с несколько различных позиций — Джеймс скорее с консервативных, а Хоуэллс, который даже считал себя социалистом, с более демократических.

Сторонник реалистического направления в литературе, Хоуэллс отвергал литературу «изысканной традиции». С ним были солидарны и многие другие американские писатели, в том числе и Марк Твен, близкий друг Хоуэллса. Сказывалось здесь и определенное стремление к утверждению самостоятельности национальной литературы, может быть, несколько прямолинейное и

одностороннее, и некоторое преувеличение Хоуэллсом американской специфичности, сблизившее его в определенной мере с теоретиками американской исключительности.

Заслугой Хоуэллса, способствовавшей успехам реалистического направления в США, была энергичная пропаганда им творчества корифеев русско-реалистической школы — А. Н. Толстого, Ф. М. Достоевского, И. С. Тургенева; крупнейших мастеров-реалистов других европейских литератур — Флобера, Золя, Ибсена, Гальдоса. Хоуэллс выступил и в поддержку молодых американских писателей реалистического направления — Гарленда, Крейна, Норриса. Из-за нежелания Хоуэллса порвать дружеские связи с представителями школы «изысканной традиции», из-за определенной его компромиссности он зачастую сам, однако, воспринимался как представитель «изысканной традиции», и против него были направлены филиппики молодых поборников реалистического искусства — Фрэнка Норриса, Теодора Драйзера и других.

В не меньшей, а, пожалуй, и в большей степени, развитию реалистической литературы препятствовало широкое распространение откровенно апологетических сочинений, прославлявших буржуазную Америку. Ее особенно активно насаждали многочисленные журналы и газеты бульварного толка, в которых весьма обширно была представлена откровенно рассчитанная на коммерческий успех новеллистика. Рассказ превращался в определенный стандартный жанр массовой газетно-журнальной и книжной беллетристики со своими особыми установлениями и канонами, призванными завлечь самого массового читателя. Именно тогда этот жанр получает и свое название, приобретающее права гражданства, — короткий рассказ.

Вашингтон Ирвинг называл свои рассказы «эскизами» (sketches), Эдгар По и Натаниэл Готорн — «историями» (tales). Термин «короткий рассказ» (short story) был впервые назван в 1884 году в анонимно опубликованной статье «Философия короткого рассказа» (*The Philosophy of the Short Story*) в филаделфийском журнале «Липпинкоттс мэгэзин». Ее автором был Брэндер Мэттьюс (Brander Matthews), впоследствии профессор Колумбийского университета. Он канонизировал положение, высказанные Эдгаром По в статье о книге Готорна «Дважды рассказанные истории», и придал им характер рецепта для массового производства. Он требовал от короткого рассказа соответствия восьми условиям: оригинальности, единства, сжатости, блестящего стиля, действия, формы, содержания и, по возможности, фантазии. Сколь бы банальны ни были эти каноны, суть дела здесь в формальной нормативности, в стандартизации новеллистики, что само по себе уже лишает ее прелести художественного открытия, сковывая индивидуальность писателя. Вместе с тем эта нормативность открывает простор ремесленным поделкам — в американских университетах с начала XX века вводился даже обучение искусству короткого рассказа. «Казалось, — писал в 1923 году американский историк литературы Фред Льюис Пэтти с нескрываемой иронией, — что оно (искусство короткого рассказа — Я.З.) имеет все элементы точной науки с законами столь же деспотическими и многочисленными, как и те, что управляют игрой в бридж».¹

Дальнейшее развитие реалистической новеллистики было связано в значительной степени с протестом против стандартизации короткого рассказа и его использования издателями в коммерческих интересах. Особенно широкий и глубокий характер этот протест приобрел в XX веке в творчестве Теодора Драйзера, Шервуда Андерсона, Эрнеста Хемингуэя. Но начало этого процесса углубления реалистических тенденций в новеллистике относится к концу XIX века. Оно связано не только с новеллистикой Уильяма Дина Хоуэллса,

¹ Fred Lewis Pattee. *The Development of the American Short Story*. N. Y., 1923, p. 365.

художественная практика которого уступает по значимости его деятельности критика, но в большей степени с творчеством таких писателей, как Хемлинг Гарленд, Фрэнк Норрис, Стивен Крейн.

Хемлинг Гарленд и Фрэнк Норрис начали свою литературную деятельность как представители демократического направления, которым было ненавистно наступление монополий и корпораций. В своих статьях эти писатели ратовали за литературу, близкую к народной жизни. Их творчеству, развивавшемуся в целом в русле реалистическом, были свойственны и определенные черты натурализма.

Рассказ Хемлинга Гарленда «Дядюшка Итэн Рипли» посвящен столкновению американских фермеров со всемогущими промышленными корпорациями — в лице торговца патентованными средствами от всяческих болезней. Картины фермерской жизни созданы Гарлендом с подлинным мастерством. Гарленд намеренно отказывается от внешней занимательности сюжета. Привлекательность его рассказа в теплоте, с которой он относится к своему герою, обманутому ловким коммивояжером, в точности и юморе его психологической зарисовки.

Фрэнк Норрис в рассказе «Сделка с колченогим» воссоздает эпизоды из жизни рабочих Запада, в этом рассказе сочетается романтика Брет Гарта и юмор Марка Твена. Вместе с тем он проникнут глубокой тревогой за судьбу человека. Норрис подобно Гарленду даже несколько нарочито отходит от стандартных канонов массовой новеллистики, приближая свой рассказ к физиологическому очерку.

Рассказ Стивена Крейна «В шлюпке» пронизан трагическими нотами, характерными и для мироощущения этого писателя. Спасшиеся от кораблекрушения люди — раненый капитан, повар, смазчик и корреспондент — ищут спасения от моря и от заболоченного берега. Трагедия людей, потерявших в море и мужественно борющихся со стихией, передана Крейном с талантом большого мастера.

Крейн подчеркнуто экономен в своих изобразительных средствах, он предельно сжато стремится передать внутренний мир своих героев отрывистыми и единственно возможными словами диалога, лаконичным внутренним монологом корреспондента, предоставляя читателю воссоздать остающиеся в подтексте чувства и переживания героев. Он настолько углублен во внутренний мир героев, что даже не называет их имена. Они представляются ему внешними атрибутами, отвлекающими от главного — от их человеческой сущности, выявляющейся в смертельной схватке со стихией.

Крейна пугают высокие слова, заезженные и затасканные ремесленными сочинителями массового коммерческого чтения, и он уходит от них в свою несколько импрессионистскую манеру повествования, которую так высоко ценил Эрнест Хемингуэй.

Своеобразное место в истории американской новеллистики занимает Амброс Бирс. Участник войны против южных рабовладельцев, в которой Бирс прославился храбростью и мужеством, он начинал литературную деятельность вместе с Брет Гартом и Марком Твеном в 60-е годы в Калифорнии. Но вошел он по-настоящему в литературу в 90-х годах сборниками рассказов «В гуще жизни» и «Возможно ли это?». Эстетические взгляды Бирса были сложными и весьма противоречивыми. Он отвергал эстетическую программу американских и европейских реалистов, и вместе с тем в лучших произведениях он предстает писателем-реалистом. Страстная ненависть Бирса к обывательскому благополучию, к миру мечтан, к миру стяжательства нашла выход в фантастических и даже мистических его рассказах. Это особенно проявилось в его рассказах о войне («Всадник в небе», «Случай на мосту через Совинный ручей»). Писателя роднит с Эдгаром По проявляющееся подчас у него упоение ужасным и необычным в жизни. Но при всем пессимизме Бирса лучшие его рассказы проникнуты не

только горечью разочарования в буржуазно-демократических идеалах, но и ненавистью к обывательскому благополучию, но и глубокой болью за суд простых людей, растоптанных буржуазной Америкой. И такие его рассказы, «Проситель» и «Наследство Джилсона», могут быть отнесены к шедеврам реалистической новеллистики.

Реалистические черты свойственны и творчеству О. Генри. В исто американской новеллистики ему принадлежит почетное место не только замечательному мастеру острофабульной новеллы, но и как писателю, с болью сочувствием относившемуся к своим героям, простым нью-йоркским труженикам. Он начал свою литературную деятельность в юмористической газете «Роллинг стоун», в 1894 году. Первые рассказы, которые принесли ему известность, он написал в тюрьме, куда был заключен по обвинению в краже денег после того, как в банке, где он работал, обнаружилась пропажа. С 1902 г. О. Генри живет в Нью-Йорке, активно сотрудничает в журналах, пишет чуть не по рассказу в неделю. В 1904 году выходит в свет его книга «Король капуста». За ней следуют сборники рассказов «Четыре миллиона», «Сердце Запада» и многие другие.

Новеллистика О. Генри замечательна мастерским построением сюжета. зорко подмечает тяготы жизни простых американских тружеников, невзгоды быта простых обитателей Нью-Йорка, к которым относится с искренней симпатией («Из любви к искусству»). Остроту жизненных конфликтов, затронутых в рассказах, О. Генри часто снимает неожиданным поворотом сюжета, приводящим, как правило, к традиционному счастливому концу, во многих случаях никак не соответствующему всей логике развития характеров и судеб его героев.

Счастливые концовки у О. Генри были, как признавал это он сам, результатом давления на него буржуазных издателей. Но не всегда О. Генри поддавался этому давлению, о чем наглядно свидетельствует его рассказ «Меблированная комната», проникнутый трагическими тонами, которые не скрадывает и самый счастливый юмор. Простые люди гибнут в Америке, и это глубоко тревожит О. Генри. Таков смысл этой новеллы.

Судьба О. Генри оказалась трагичной — давление буржуазной прессы, буржуазного общественного мнения лишало его возможности писать всю правду жизни, которую он сам видел и чувствовал. Проявив исключительную изобретательность в построении сюжета и развитии действия, О. Генри, конечно, исчерпал возможности остро сюжетной новеллы, но его новеллистическая практика выявила опасность, которую несет реалистическому рассказу интрига, превращенная в самоцель. И не случайно американские новеллисты XX в., выступавшие против искусственно построенных фабул и сюжета, отталкивались от творчества О. Генри, в котором они видели, впрочем, не все справедливо, наиболее полное воплощение стандартизированного американского короткого рассказа.

В развитии американской новеллистики нашло отражение нарастающее демократическое движение и влияние социалистических идей, которое особенно осязаемо вылилось после испано-американской войны 1898 года, вызвавшей широкое возмущение демократической общественности США. Марк Твен, Фрэнк Норрис, Уильям Дин Хоуэллс выступили с осуждением американского империализма. Подъем антиимпериалистических настроений сопровождался движением рабочего и фермерского движения. Выступления широких народных масс против монополий способствовали успехам реалистической литературы, в многих американских писателей к целям социализма. Наиболее ярким предшественником социалистической литературы США начала XX века был Джек Лондон.

Талант Джека Лондона был многогранен — автор «Мартина Идена»

«Железной пяты» начал творческий путь новеллистом, его перу принадлежат блестящие памфлеты и очерки.

Новеллистика Джека Лондона проникнута неукротимой жадой жизни, воспевание героя — борца со стихией — роднит Джека Лондона с Брет Гартом. Именно эти качества присущи его замечательному рассказу «Любовь к жизни», который высоко оценил В. И. Ленин.

Джек Лондон, конечно, в гораздо меньшей степени, чем О. Генри, испытал давление массовых журналов, отрицательно сказавшееся на части его новеллистики. В письме к американскому писателю Уолдо Фрэнку он не без горечи признавал: «Если бы Соединенные Штаты были так же добры по отношению к новеллисту, как всегда была добра Франция, я бы с самого начала своей писательской карьеры создал бы не одну дюжину коротких рассказов, очень отличных от тех, которые я уже написал».¹

Реалистическая новелла США в конце XIX — начала XX вв. претерпевала столкновения с апологетической стандартизированной массовой литературной продукцией, печатавшейся многотысячными тиражами. Один из видных собирателей и ценителей американской новеллы Эдуард Дж. О'Брайен, предостерегая американских писателей от опасности попасть в ловушку механизированной и унифицированной новеллистики, писал, что требования редакторов массовых журналов и издательств делают фактуру американского короткого рассказа «почти всегда механической и синтетической». Против ядовитой интриги, как ее метко назвал Шервуд Андерсон, выступали мастера реалистической новеллистики XX века во главе с упорным и непреклонным в своей приверженности правде жизни Теодором Драйзером.

Первое столетие развития американского рассказа дало таких блестящих мастеров, как Вашингтон Ирвинг, Эдгар По, Натаниэл Готорн, Герман Мелвилл, Брет Гарт, Марк Твен, Амброз Бирс, О. Генри, Джек Лондон. Заслуга их не только в том, что они помогли выпестовать особый жанр американского короткого рассказа, но и в том, что с помощью этого жанра они сумели поведать человечеству о чувствах и мыслях, о радостях и невзгодах американского народа, о притеснении самой человеческой природы бездушной социальной системой буржуазной Америки. Все это делает этих замечательных художников классиками не только американской, но и мировой новеллистики.

Я. Н. Засурский

¹ Waldo Frank. *Our America*. N. Y., 1919, p. 26.

² Edward J. O'Brien. *Dance of the Machines*. N. Y., 1929, p. 124.

Nineteenth Century



American Short Stories

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Washington Irving



Rip Van Winkle:

A Posthumous Writing of Diedrich Knickerbocker

By Woden,* God of Saxons,
From whence comes Wensday, that
is Wodensday.
Truth is a thing that ever I will keep
Unto thylke day in which I creep into
My sepulchre.

Cartwright.*

Whoever has made a voyage up the Hudson* must remember the Kaatskill mountains.* They are a dismembered branch of the great Appalachian family,* and are seen away to the west of the river, swelling up to a noble height, and lording it over* the surrounding country. Every change of season, every change of weather, indeed, every hour of the day, produces some change in the magical hues and shapes of these mountains, and they are regarded by all the good wives, far and near, as perfect barometers. When the weather is fair and settled, they are clothed in blue and purple, and print their bold outlines on the clear evening sky; but sometimes, when the rest of the landscape is cloudless, they will gather a hood of gray vapors about their summits, which, in the last rays of the setting sun, will glow and light up like a crown of glory.

At the foot of these fairy mountains, the voyager may have descried the light smoke curling up from a village, whose shingle-roofs gleam among the trees, just where the blue tints of the upland melt away into the fresh green of the nearer landscape. It is a little village, of great antiquity, having been founded by some of the Dutch colonists,* in the early times of the province, just about the beginning of the government of the good Peter Stuyvesant* (may he rest in peace!) and there were some of the houses of the original settlers standing within a few years, built of small yellow bricks brought from Holland, having latticed windows and gable fronts, surmounted with weathercocks.

In that same village and in one of these very houses (which, to tell the precise truth, was sadly time-worn and weather-beaten), there lived many years since, while the country was yet a province of Great Britain,* a simple good-natured fellow, of the name of Rip Van Winkle. He was a descendant of the Van Winkles who figured so gallantly in the chivalrous days of Peter Stuyvesant, and accompanied him to the siege of Fort Christina.* He inherited, however, but little of the martial character of his ancestors. I have observed that he was a simple good-natured man; he was, moreover, a kind neighbor, and an obedient hen-pecked husband. Indeed, to the latter circumstance might be owing that meekness of spirit which gained him such universal popularity; for those men are most apt to be obsequious and conciliating abroad, who are under the discipline of shrews at home. Their tempers, doubtless, are rendered pliant and malleable in the fiery furnace of domestic tribulation, and a curtain lecture is worth all the sermons in the world for teaching the virtues of patience and long-suffering. A termagant wife may, therefore, in some respects, be considered a tolerable blessing; and if so, Rip Van Winkle was thrice blessed.

Certain it is that he was a great favorite among all the good wives of the village, who, as usual with the amiable sex, took his part in all family squabbles; and never failed, whenever they talked those matters over in their evening gossipings, to lay all the blame on Dame Van Winkle. The children of the village, too, would shout with joy whenever he approached. He assisted at their sports, made their playthings, taught them to fly kites and shoot marbles,* and told them long stories of ghosts, witches, and Indians. Whenever he went dodging about the village, he was surrounded by a troop of them hanging on his skirts,* clambering on his back, and playing a thousand tricks on him with impunity; and not a dog would bark at him throughout the neighborhood.

The great error in Rip's composition was an insuperable aversion to all kinds of profitable labor. It could not be from the want of assiduity or perseverance; for he would sit on a wet rock, with a rod as long and heavy as a Tartar's lance, and fish all day without a murmur, even though he should not be encouraged by a single nibble. He would carry a fowling-piece on his shoulder for hours together, trudging through woods and swamps, and up hill and down dale, to shoot a few squirrels or wild pigeons. He would never refuse to assist a neighbor even in the roughest toil, and was a foremost man at all country frolics for husking Indian corn, or building stone fences; the women of the village, too, used to employ him to run their errands, and to do such little odd jobs as their less obliging husbands would not do for them. In a word, Rip was ready

to attend to anybody's business but his own; but as to doing family duty, and keeping his farm in order, he found it impossible.

In fact, he declared it was of no use to work on his farm; it was the most pestilent* little piece of ground in the whole country; everything about it went wrong, and would go wrong, in spite of him. His fences were continually falling to pieces; his cow would either go astray, or get among the cabbages; weeds were sure to grow quicker in his fields than anywhere else; the rain always made a point of setting in just as he had some out-door work to do; so that though his patrimonial estate had dwindled away under his management, acre by acre, until there was little more left than a mere patch of Indian corn and potatoes, yet it was the worst conditioned farm in the neighborhood.

His children, too, were as ragged and wild as if they belonged to nobody. His son Rip, an urchin begotten in his own likeness, promised to inherit the habits, with the old clothes of his father. He was generally seen trooping like a colt at his mother's heels, equipped in a pair of his father's cast-off galligaskins, which he had much ado to hold up with one hand, as a fine lady does her train in bad weather.

Rip Van Winkle, however, was one of those happy mortals, of foolish, well-oiled dispositions, who take the world easy, eat white bread or brown whichever can be got with least thought or trouble, and would rather starve on a penny than work for a pound.* If left to himself, he would have whistled life away* in perfect contentment; but his wife kept continually dinning in his ears about his idleness, his carelessness, and the ruin he was bringing on his family. Morning, noon, and night, her tongue was incessantly going, and everything he said or did was sure to produce a torrent of household eloquence. Rip had but one way of replying to all lectures of the kind, and that, by frequent use, had grown into a habit. He shrugged his shoulders, shook his head, cast up his eyes, but said nothing. This, however, always provoked a fresh volley from his wife; so that he was fain to draw off his forces, and take to the outside of the house—the only side which, in truth, belongs to a hen-pecked husband.

Rip's sole domestic adherent was his dog Wolf, who was as much hen-pecked as his master; for Dame Van Winkle regarded them as companions in idleness, and even looked upon Wolf with an evil eye, as the cause of his master's going so often astray. True it is, in all points of spirit befitting an honorable dog, he was as courageous an animal as ever scoured the woods—but what courage can withstand the ever-during and all-besetting terrors of a woman's tongue?* The moment Wolf entered the house, his crest fell, his tail drooped to the

ground, or curled between his legs, he sneaked about with a gallow air,* casting many a sidelong glance at Dame Van Winkle, and at the least flourish of a broomstick or ladle, he would fly to the door with yelping precipitation.

Times grew worse and worse with Rip Van Winkle as years of matrimony rolled on; a tart temper* never mellows with age, and a sharp tongue is the only edged tool that grows keener with constant use. For a long while he used to console himself, when driven from home, by frequenting a kind of perpetual club of the sages, philosophers, and other idle personages of the village; which held its sessions on a bench before a small inn, designated by a rubicund portrait of his Majesty George the Third.* Here they used to sit in the shade through a long lazy summer's day, talking listlessly over village gossip, or telling endless sleepy stories about nothing. But it would have been worth any statesman's money to have heard* the profound discussions that sometimes took place, when by chance an old newspaper fell into their hands from some passing traveler. How solemnly they would listen to the contents, as drawled out by Derrick Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, a dapper learned little man, who was not to be daunted by the most gigantic word in the dictionary; and how sagely they would deliberate upon public events some months after they had taken place.

The opinions of this junta were completely controlled by Nicholas Vedder, a patriarch of the village, and landlord of the inn, at the door of which he took his seat from morning till night, just moving sufficiently to avoid the sun and keep in the shade of a large tree; so that the neighbors could tell the hour by his movements as accurately as by a sundial. It is true he was rarely heard to speak, but smoked his pipe incessantly. His adherents, however (for every great man has his adherents), perfectly understood him, and knew how to gather his opinions. When anything that was read or related displeased him, he was observed to smoke his pipe vehemently, and to send forth short, frequent, and angry puffs, but when pleased he would inhale the smoke slowly and tranquilly, and emit it in light and placid clouds; and sometimes, taking the pipe from his mouth, and letting the fragrant vapor curl about his nose, would gravely nod his head in token of perfect approbation.

From even this stronghold the unlucky Rip was at length routed by his termagant wife, who would suddenly break in upon the tranquillity of the assemblage and call the members all to naught;* nor was that august personage, Nicholas Vedder himself sacred from the daring tongue of this terrible virago, who charged him outright with encouraging her husband in habits of idleness.

Poor Rip was at last reduced almost to despair; and his only alternative, to escape from the labor of the farm and clamor of his life, was to take gun in hand and stroll away into the woods. Here he could sometimes seat himself at the foot of a tree, and share the contents of his wallet with Wolf, with whom he sympathized as a fellow-sufferer in persecution. "Poor Wolf," he would say, "thy mistress leads thee a dog's life of it; * but never mind, my lad, whilst I live thou shall never want a friend to stand by thee!" Wolf would wag his tail, look wistfully in his master's face, and if dogs can feel pity, I verily believe he reciprocated the sentiment with all his heart.

In a long ramble of the kind on a fine autumnal day, Rip had unconsciously scrambled to one of the highest parts of the Kaatskill mountains. He was after his favorite sport* of squirrel-shooting, and the still solitudes had echoed and reechoed with the reports of his gun. Panting and fatigued, he threw himself, late in the afternoon, on a green knoll, covered with mountain herbage, that crowned the brow of a precipice. From an opening between the trees he could overlook all the lower country for many a mile of rich woodland. He saw at a distance the lordly Hudson, far, far below him, moving on its silent but majestic course, with the reflection of a purple cloud, or the sail of a lagging bark, here and there sleeping on its glassy bosom, and at last losing itself in the blue highlands.

On the other side he looked down into a deep mountain glen, wild, lonely, and shagged, the bottom filled with fragments from the impending cliffs, and scarcely lighted by the reflected rays of the setting sun. For some time Rip lay musing on this scene; evening was gradually advancing; the mountains began to throw their long blue shadows over the valleys; he saw that it would be dark long before he could reach the village, and he heaved a heavy sigh when he thought of encountering the terrors of Dame Van Winkle.

As he was about to descend, he heard a voice from a distance, calling, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" He looked round, but it could see nothing but a crow winging its solitary flight across the mountain. He thought his fancy must have deceived him, and turned again to descend, when he heard the same cry ring through the still evening air: "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!"—at the same time Wolf bristled up his back, and, giving a loud growl, skulked to his master's side, looking fearfully down into the glen. Rip now felt a vague apprehension stealing over him; he looked anxiously in the same direction, and perceived a strange figure slowly toiling up the rocks, and bending under the weight of something he carried on his back. He was surprised to see any human being in this lonely and unfrequented place; but supposing it to be some one of the neighborhood in need of his assistance, he hastened down to yield it.

On nearer approach he was still more surprised at the singularity of the stranger's appearance. He was a short, square-built old fellow with thick bushy hair and a grizzled beard. His dress was of the antique Dutch fashion—a cloth jerkin, strapped round the waist—several pairs of breeches, the outer one of ample volume decorated with rows of buttons down the sides, and bunches* at the knees. He bore on his shoulder a stout keg, that seemed full of liquor, and made signs for Rip to approach and assist him with the load. Though rather shy and distrustful of this new acquaintance, Rip complied with his usual alacrity; and mutually relieving each other, they clambered up a narrow gully, apparently the dry bed of a mountain torrent. As they ascended, Rip every now and then heard long rolling peals, like distant thunder, that seemed to issue out of the deep ravine, or rather cleft, between lofty rocks, toward which the rugged path conducted. He paused for an instant, but supposing to be the muttering of one of those transient thunder-showers which often take place in mountain heights, he proceeded. Passing through the ravine, they came to a hollow, like a small amphitheatre surrounded by perpendicular precipices, over the brinks of which impending trees shot their branches, so that you only caught glimpses of the azure sky and the bright evening cloud. During the whole time Rip and his companion had labored on in silence, for though the former marvelled greatly what could be the object of carrying a keg of liquor up this wild mountain; yet there was something strange and incomprehensible about the unknown, that inspired awe and checked familiarity.

On entering the amphitheatre, new objects of wonder presented themselves. On a level spot in the centre was a company of odd-looking personages playing at nine-pins. They were dressed in quaint outlandish fashion; some wore short doublets, others jerkin with long knives in their belts, and most of them had enormous breeches, of similar style with that of the guide's. Their visages, too, were peculiar; one had a large head, broad face, and small piggy eyes; the face of another seemed to consist entirely of nose, and was surmounted by a white sugar-loaf hat, set off with a little red cock tail. They all had beards, of various shapes and colors. There was one who seemed to be the commander. He was a stout old gentleman with a weather-beaten countenance; he wore a laced doublet, broad belt and hanger, high-crowned hat and feather, red stockings and high-heeled shoes, with roses in them. The whole group reminded Rip of the figures in an old Flemish painting, in the parlor of Dominie Van Shaick, the village parson, and which had been brought over from Holland at the time of the settlement.

What seemed particularly odd to Rip was, that, though they were evidently amusing themselves, yet they maintained the gravest faces, the most mysterious silence, and were, withal, the most melancholy party of pleasure he had ever witnessed. Nothing interrupted the stillness of the scene but the noise of the balls, which, whenever they were rolled, echoed along the mountains like rumbling peals of thunder.

As Rip and his companion approached them, they suddenly desisted from their play, and stared at him with such fixed, statue-like gaze, and such strange, uncouth, lacklustre countenances, that his heart turned within him, and his knees smote together. His companion now emptied the contents of the keg into large flagons, and made signs to him to wait upon the company. He obeyed with fear and trembling; they quaffed the liquor in profound silence, and then returned to their game.

By degrees Rip's awe and apprehension subsided. He even ventured, when no eye was fixed upon him, to taste the beverage, which he found had much of the flavor of excellent Hollands. He was naturally a thirsty soul, and was soon tempted to repeat the draught. One taste provoked another; and he reiterated his visits to the flagon so often, that at length his senses were overpowered, his eyes swam in his head, his head gradually declined, and he fell into a deep sleep.

On waking, he found himself on the green knoll whence he had first seen the old man of the glen. He rubbed his eyes—it was a bright sunny morning. The birds were hopping and twittering among the bushes, and the eagle was wheeling aloft, and breasting the pure mountain breeze. "Surely," thought Rip, "I have not slept here all night." He recalled the occurrences before he fell asleep. The strange man with a keg of liquor—the mountain ravine—the wild retreat among the rocks—the woe-begone party at nine-pins—the flagon—"Oh! that flagon! that wicked flagon!" thought Rip; "what excuse shall I make to Dame Van Winkle?"

He looked round for his gun, but in place of the clean well-oiled fowling-piece, he found an old firelock lying by him, the barrel incrustated with rust, the lock falling off, and the stock worm-eaten. He now suspected that the grave roysters of the mountain had put a trick upon him, and, having dosed him with liquor, had robbed him of his gun. Wolf, too, had disappeared, but he might have strayed away after a squirrel or partridge. He whistled after him, and shouted his name, but all in vain; the echoes repeated his whistle and shout, but no dog was to be seen.

He determined to revisit the scene of the last evening's gambol, and, if he met with any of the party, to demand his dog and gun. As

he rose to walk he found himself stiff in the joints, and wanting in his usual activity. "These mountain beds do not agree with me," thought Rip; "and if this frolic should lay me up with a fit of the rheumatism I shall have a blessed time with Dame Van Winkle." With some difficulty he got down into the glen: he found the gully up which he and his companion had ascended the preceding evening; but, to his astonishment, a mountain stream was now foaming down it—leaping from rock to rock, and filling the glen with babbling murmurs. He, however, made shift to scramble up its sides, working his toilsome way through thickets of birch, sassafras, and witch hazel,* and sometimes tripped up or entangled by the wild grape-vines that twisted their coils or tendrils from tree to tree, and spread a kind of network in his path.

At length he reached to where the ravine had opened through the cliffs to the amphitheatre; but no traces of such opening remained. The rocks presented a high impenetrable wall, over which the torrent came tumbling in a sheet of feathery foam, and fell into a broad, deep basin, black from the shadows of the surrounding forest. Here, then, poor Rip was brought to a stand. He again called and whistled after his dog; he was only answered by the cawing of a flock of idle crows, sporting* high in air about a dry tree that overhung a sunny precipice; and who, secure in their elevation, seemed to look down and scoff at the poor man's perplexities. What was to be done?—the morning was passing away, and Rip felt famished for want of his breakfast. He grieved to give up his dog and his gun; he dreaded to meet his wife; but it would not do to starve among the mountains. He shook his head, shouldered the rusty firelock, and, with a heart full of trouble and anxiety, turned his steps homeward.

As he approached the village he met a number of people, but none whom he knew, which somewhat surprised him, for he had thought himself acquainted with everyone in the country round. Their dress, too, was of a different fashion from that to which he was accustomed. They all stared at him with equal marks of surprise, and, whenever they cast their eyes upon him, invariably stroked their chins. The constant recurrence of this gesture induced Rip, involuntarily, to do the same—when, to his astonishment, he found his beard had grown a foot long!

He had now entered the skirts of the village. A troop of strange children ran at his heels, hooting after him, and pointing at his gray beard. The dogs, too, not one of which he recognized for an old acquaintance, barked at him as he passed. The very village was altered; it was larger and more populous. There were rows of houses which he had never seen before, and those which had been his

familiar haunts had disappeared. Strange names were over the doors—strange faces at the windows—everything was strange. His mind now misgave him; he began to doubt whether both he and the world around him were not bewitched. Surely this was his native village, which he had left but the day before. There stood the Kaatskill mountains—there ran the silver Hudson at a distance—there was every hill and dale precisely as it had always been. Rip was sorely perplexed. “That flagon last night,” thought he, “has addled my poor head sadly!”

It was with some difficulty that he found the way to his own house, which he approached with silent awe, expecting every moment to hear the shrill voice of Dame Van Winkle. He found the house gone to decay—the roof fallen in, the windows shattered, and the doors off the hinges. A half-starved dog that looked like Wolf, was skulking about it. Rip called him by name, but the cur snarled, showed his teeth, and passed on. This was an unkind cur indeed—“My very dog,” sighed poor Rip, “has forgotten me!”

He entered the house, which, to tell the truth, Dame Van Winkle had always kept in neat order. It was empty, forlorn, and apparently abandoned. The desolateness overcame all his connubial fears—he called loudly for his wife and children—the lonely chambers rang for a moment with his voice, and then all again was silence.

He now hurried forth, and hastened to his old resort, the village inn—but it too was gone. A large, rickety, wooden building stood in its place, with great gaping windows, some of them broken and mended with old hats and petticoats, and over the door was painted, “The Union Hotel, by Jonathan Doolittle.” Instead of the great tree that used to shelter the quiet little Dutch inn of yore, there was now reared a tall naked pole, with something on the top that looked like a red nightcap, and from it was fluttering a flag, on which was a singular assemblage of stars and stripes—all this was strange and incomprehensible. He recognized on the sign, however, the ruby face of King George, under which he had smoked so many a peaceful pipe; but even this was singularly metamorphosed. The red coat was changed for one of blue and buff, a sword was held in the hand instead of a sceptre, the head was decorated with a cocked hat, and underneath was painted in large characters, GENERAL WASHINGTON.*

There was, as usual, a crowd of folks about the door, but none that Rip recollected. The very character of the people seemed changed. There was a busy, bustling, disputatious tone about it, instead of the accustomed phlegm and drowsy tranquillity. He looked in vain for the sage Nicholas Vedder, with his broad face, double chin, and fair long pipe, uttering clouds of tobacco-smoke instead of idle speeches;

or Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, doling forth the contents of an ancient newspaper. In place of these, a lean, bilious-looking fellow, with his pockets full of hand-bills, was haranguing vehemently about rights of citizens—elections—members of Congress—liberty—Bunker's Hill*—heroes of seventy-six*—and other words, which were a perfect Babylonish jargon* to the bewildered Van Winkle.

The appearance of Rip, with his long grizzled beard, his rusty fowling-piece, his uncouth dress, and an army of women and children at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern politicians. They crowded round him, eyeing him from head to foot with great curiosity. The orator bustled up to him, and, drawing him partly aside, inquired "on which side he voted?" Rip stared in vacant stupidity. Another short but busy little fellow pulled him by the arm and, rising on tiptoe, inquired in his ear, "Whether he was Federal or Democrat?"* Rip was equally at a loss to comprehend the question when a knowing, self-important old gentleman, in a sharp cocked hat, made his way through the crowd, putting them to the right and left with his elbows as he passed, and planting himself before Van Winkle, with one arm akimbo, the other resting on his cane, his keen eyes and sharp hat penetrating, as it were, into his very soul, demanded in an austere tone, "What brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder, and a mob at his heels, and whether I meant to breed a riot in the village?"—"Alas! gentlemen," cried Rip somewhat dismayed, "I am a poor quiet man, a native of the place and a loyal subject of the king, God bless him!"

Here a general shout burst from the bystanders—"A tory!* tory! a spy! a refugee! hustle him! away with him!" It was with great difficulty that the self-important man in the cocked hat restored order; and, having assumed a tenfold austerity of brow, demanded again of the unknown culprit, what he came there for, and whom he was seeking? The poor man humbly assured him that he meant no harm, but merely came there in search of some of his neighbors, who used to keep about the tavern.

"Well—who are they?—name them."

Rip bethought himself a moment, and inquired, "Whether Nicholas Vedder?"

There was a silence for a little while, when an old man replied in a thin piping voice, "Nicholas Vedder! why, he is dead and gone these eighteen years! There was a wooden tombstone in the churchyard that used to tell all about him, but that's rotten and gone too."

"Where's Brom Dutcher?"

"Oh, he went off to the army in the beginning of the war; some

he was killed at the storming of Stony Point*—others say he was drowned in a squall at the foot of Antony's Nose.* I don't know—he never came back again."

"Where's Van Bummel, the schoolmaster?"

"He went off to the wars too, was a great militia general,* and is now in Congress."

Rip's heart died away at hearing of these sad changes in his home and friends, and finding himself thus alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him too, by treating of such enormous lapses of time, and of matters which he could not understand; war—Congress—Stony Point;—he had no courage to ask after any more friends, but cried out in despair, "Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?"

"Oh, Rip Van Winkle!" exclaimed two or three. "Oh, to be sure! that's Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree."

Rip looked, and beheld a precise counterpart of himself, as he went up the mountain: apparently as lazy, and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely confounded. He doubted his own identity, and whether he was himself or another man. In the midst of his bewilderment, the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was, and what was his name?

"God knows," exclaimed he, at his wits' end; "I'm not myself—I'm somebody else—that's me yonder—no—that's somebody else got into my shoes—I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountain, and they've changed my gun, and everything's changed, and I'm changed, and I can't tell what's my name, or who I am!"

The bystanders began now to look at each other, nod, wink significantly, and tap their fingers against their foreheads. There was a whisper, also, about securing the gun, and keeping the old fellow from doing mischief, at the very suggestion of which the self-important man in the cocked hat retired with some precipitation. At this critical moment a fresh, comely woman pressed through the throng to get a peep at the gray-bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, began to cry. "Hush, Rip," cried she, "hush, you little fool; the old man won't hurt you." The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollections in his mind.

"What is your name, my good woman?" asked he.

"Judith Gardenier."

"And your father's name?"

"Ah, poor man, Rip Van Winkle was his name, but it's twenty years since he went away from home with his gun, and never has been heard of since—his dog came home without him; but whether he

shot himself, or was carried away by the Indians, nobody can tell. It was then but a little girl."

Rip had but one question more to ask; but he put it with a faltering voice,—

"Where's your mother?"

"Oh, she too had died but a short time since; she broke blood-vessel in a fit of passion at a New-England pedlar."*

There was a drop of comfort, at least, in this intelligence. The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms. "I am your father!" cried he—"Your father, Rip Van Winkle once—old Rip Van Winkle now!—Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle?"

All stood amazed, until an old woman, tottering out from among the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and peering under it in his face for a moment, exclaimed, "Sure enough! it is Rip Van Winkle—it is himself! Welcome home again, old neighbor—Why, where have you been these twenty long years?"

Rip's story was soon told, for the whole twenty years had been to him but as one night. The neighbors stared when they heard it; some were seen to wink at each other, and put their tongues in their cheeks; and the self-important man in the cocked hat, who, when the alarm was over, had returned to the field, screwed down the corner of his mouth, and shook his head—upon which there was a general shaking of the head throughout the assemblage.

It was determined, however, to take the opinion of old Peter Vanderdonk, who was seen slowly advancing up the road. He was a descendant of the historian of that name, who wrote one of the earliest accounts of the province. Peter was the most ancient inhabitant of the village, and well versed in all the wonderful events and traditions of the neighborhood. He recollected Rip at once, and corroborated his story in the most satisfactory manner. He assured the company that it was a fact, handed down from his ancestor the historian, that the Kaatskill mountains had always been haunted by strange beings. That it was affirmed that the great Hendrick Hudson,* the first discoverer of the river and country, kept a kind of vigil there every twenty years, with his crew of the *Half-moon*;* being permitted in this way to revisit the scenes of his enterprise, and keep a guardian eye upon the river, and the great city called by his name. That his father had once seen them in their old Dutch dress playing at nine-pins in a hollow of the mountain; and that he himself had heard, one summer afternoon, the sound of their balls, like distant peals of thunder.

To make a long story short, the company broke up, and returned to the more important concerns of the election. Rip's daughter to

him home to live with her; she had a snug, well-furnished house, and a stout cheery farmer for her husband, whom Rip recollected for one of the urchins that used to climb upon his back. As to Rip's son and heir, who was the ditto* of himself, seen leaning against the tree, he was employed to work on the farm; but evinced an hereditary disposition* to attend to anything else but his business.

Rip now resumed his old walks and habits; he soon found many of his former cronies, though all rather the worse for the wear and tear of time;* and preferred making friends among the rising generation, with whom he soon grew into great favor.*

Having nothing to do at home, and being arrived at that happy age when a man can be idle with impunity, he took his place once more on the bench at the inn door, and was revered as one of the patriarchs of the village, and a chronicle of the old times "before the war". It was some time before he could get into the regular track of gossip, or could be made to comprehend the strange events that had taken place during his torpor. How that there had been a revolutionary war—that the country had thrown off the yoke of Old England—and that, instead of being a subject of His Majesty George the Third, he was now a free citizen of the United States. Rip, in fact, was no politician; the changes of states and empires made but little impression on him; but there was one species of despotism under which he had long groaned, and that was—petticoat government. Happily that was at an end; he had got his neck out of the yoke of matrimony, and could go in and out whenever he pleased without dreading the tyranny of Dame Van Winkle. Whenever her name was mentioned, however, he shook his head, shrugged his shoulders, and cast up his eyes; which might pass either for an expression of resignation to his fate, or joy at his deliverance.

He used to tell his story to every stranger that arrived at Mr. Doolittle's hotel. He was observed at first to vary on some points every time he told it, which was, doubtless, owing to his having so recently awaked. It at last settled down precisely to the tale I have related, and not a man, woman, or child in the neighborhood but knew it by heart. Some always pretended to doubt the reality of it, and insisted that Rip had been out of his head, and that this was one point on which he always remained flighty. The old Dutch inhabitants, however, almost universally gave it full credit. Even to this day they never hear a thunder-storm of a summer afternoon about the Kaatskill, but they say Hendrick Hudson and his crew are at their game of nine-pins; and it is a common wish of all hen-pecked husbands in the neighborhood, when life hangs heavy on their hands, that they might have a quieting draught out of Rip Van Winkle's flagon.

NOTE.—The foregoing tale, one would suspect, had been suggested to Mr. Knickerbocker by a little German superstition about the Emperor Frederick *der Rothbart*, and the Kypphaüser mountain; the subjoined note, however, which he had appended to the tale, shows that it is an absolute fact, narrated with his usual fidelity:—

“The story of Rip Van Winkle may seem incredible to many, but nevertheless I give it my full belief, for I know the vicinity of our old Dutch settlements to have been very subject to marvellous events and appearances. Indeed, I have heard many stranger stories than this in the villages along the Hudson, all of which were too well authenticated to admit of a doubt. I have even talked with Rip Van Winkle myself, who, when I last saw him, was a very venerable old man, and so perfectly rational and consistent on every other point, that I think no conscientious person could refuse to take this into the bargain; nay, I have seen a certificate on the subject, taken before a country justice, and signed with a cross, in the justice’s own handwriting. The story, therefore, is beyond the possibility of doubt.

D. K.”

POSTSCRIPT.—The following are traveling notes from a memorandum-book of Mr. Knickerbocker:—

“The Kaatsberg, or Catskill Mountains, have always been a region full of fable. The Indians considered them the abode of spirits, who influenced the weather, spreading sunshine or clouds over the landscape, and sending good or bad hunting seasons. They were ruled by an old squaw spirit, said to be their mother. She dwelt on the highest peak of the Catskills, and had charge of the doors of day and night, to open and shut them at the proper hour. She hung up the new moons in the skies, and cut up the old ones into stars. In times of drought, if properly propitiated, she would spin light summer clouds out of cobwebs and morning dew, and send them off from the crest of the mountain, flake after flake, like flakes of carded cotton, to float in the air, until, dissolved by the heat of the sun, they would fall in gentle showers, causing the grass to spring, the fruits to ripen, and the corn to grow an inch an hour. If displeased, however, she would brew up clouds black as ink, sitting in the midst of them like a bottle-bellied spider in the midst of its web; and when these clouds broke, woe betide the valleys!

“In old times, say the Indian traditions, there was a kind of Manitou or Spirit, who kept about the wildest recesses of the Catskill Mountains, and took a mischievous pleasure in wreaking all kinds of evils and vexations upon the red men. Sometimes he would assume the form of a bear, a panther, or a deer, lead the bewildered hunter a

weary chase through tangled forests and among ragged rocks, and then spring off with a loud ho! ho! leaving him aghast on the brink of a beetling precipice or raging torrent.

"The favorite abode of this Manitou is still shown. It is a great rock or cliff on the loneliest part of the mountains, and, from the flowering vines which clamber about it, and the wild flowers which abound in its neighborhood, is known by the name of the Garden Rock. Near the foot of it is a small lake, the haunt of the solitary bittern, with watersnakes basking in the sun on the leaves of the pond-lilies which lie on the surface. This place was held in great awe by the Indians, insomuch that the boldest hunter who had lost his way penetrated to the Garden Rock, where he beheld a number of gourds placed in the crotches of trees. One of these he seized and made off with, but in the hurry of his retreat he let it fall among the rocks, when a great stream gushed forth, which washed him away and swept him down precipices, where he was dashed to pieces, and the stream made its way to the Hudson, and continues to flow to the present day, being the identical stream known by the name of the Kaaters-kill."

Philip of Pokanoket

An Indian Memoir

As monumental bronze unchanged his look;
A soul that pity touch'd, but never shook:
Train'd, from his tree-rock'd cradle to his bier,
The fierce extremes of good and ill to brook
Impassive—fearing but the shame of fear—
A stoic of the woods—a man without a tear.

Campbell.*

It is to be regretted that those early writers who treated of the discovery and settlement of America have not given us more particular and candid accounts of the remarkable characters that flourished in savage life. The scanty anecdotes which have reached us are full of peculiarity and interest; they furnish us with nearer glimpses of human nature, and show what man is in a comparatively primitive state, and what he owes to civilization. There is something of the charm of discovery in lighting upon these wild and unexplored tracts of human nature; in witnessing, as it were, the native growth of moral sentiment; and perceiving those generous and romantic qualities which have been artificially cultivated by society, vegetating in spontaneous hardihood and rude magnificence.

In civilized life, where the happiness, and indeed almost the existence, of man depends so much upon the opinion of his fellow-men, he is constantly acting a studied part. The bold and peculiar traits of native character are refined away, or softened down by the levelling influence of what is termed good breeding; and he practises so many petty deceptions, and affects so many generous sentiments, for the purposes of popularity, that it is difficult to distinguish his real from his artificial character. The Indian, on the contrary, free from the restraints and refinements of polished life, and, in a great degree, a solitary and independent being, obeys the impulses of his inclination or the dictates of his judgment; and thus the attributes of his nature, being freely indulged, grow singly great and striking. Society is like a lawn, where every roughness is smoothed, every bramble eradicated, and where the eye is delighted by the smiling verdure of a velvet surface; he, however, who would study nature in its wildness and variety, must plunge into the forest, must explore the glen, must stem the torrent, and dare the precipice.

These reflections arose on casually looking through a volume of early colonial history wherein are recorded, with great bitterness, the outrages of the Indians, and their wars with the settlers of New England.* It is painful to perceive, even from these partial narratives, how the footsteps of civilization may be traced in the blood of the aborigines; how easily the colonists were moved to hostility by the lust of conquest; how merciless and exterminating was their warfare. The imagination shrinks at the idea, how many intellectual beings were hunted from the earth, how many brave and noble hearts, of nature's sterling coinage, were broken down and trampled in the dust!

Such was the fate of Philip of Pokanoket,* an Indian warrior, whose name was once a terror throughout Massachusetts and Connecticut. He was the most distinguished of a number of contemporary sachems who reigned over the Pequods,* the Narragansetts,* the Wampanoags,* and the other eastern tribes, at the time of the first settlement of New England: a band of native untaught heroes; who made the most generous struggle of which human nature is capable; fighting to the last gasp in the cause of their country, without a hope of victory or a thought of renown. Worthy of an age of poetry, and fit subjects for local story and romantic fiction, they have left scarcely any authentic traces on the page of history, but stalk like gigantic shadows in the dim twilight of tradition.¹

¹ While correcting the proof-sheets of this article, the author is informed that a celebrated English poet has nearly finished an heroic poem on the story of Philip of Pokanoket.— *W. I.*

When the Pilgrims,* as the Plymouth settlers are called by their descendants, first took refuge on the shores of the New World, from the religious persecutions of the Old, their situation was to the last degree gloomy and disheartening. Few in number, and that number rapidly perishing away through sickness and hardships; surrounded by a howling wilderness and savage tribes; exposed to the rigors of an almost arctic winter, and the vicissitudes of an ever-shifting climate; their minds were filled with doleful forebodings, and nothing preserved them from sinking into despondency but the strong excitement of religious enthusiasm. In this forlorn situation they were visited by Massasoit,* chief sagamore of the Wampanoags, a powerful chief, who reigned over a great extent of country. Instead of taking advantage of the scanty number of the strangers, and expelling them from his territories into which they had intruded, he seemed at once to conceive for them a generous friendship, and extended towards them the rites of primitive hospitality. He came early in the spring to their settlement of New Plymouth,* attended by a mere handful of followers; entered into a solemn league of peace and amity; sold them a portion of the soil, and promised to secure for them the good will of his savage allies. Whatever may be said of Indian perfidy, it is certain that the integrity and good faith of Massasoit have never been impeached. He continued a firm and magnanimous friend of the white men; suffering them to extend their possessions, and to strengthen themselves in the land; and betraying no jealousy of their increasing power and prosperity. Shortly before his death, he came once more to New Plymouth, with his son Alexander, for the purpose of renewing the covenant of peace, and of securing it to his posterity.

At this conference, he endeavored to protect the religion of his forefathers from the encroaching zeal of the missionaries; and stipulated that no further attempt should be made to draw off his people from their ancient faith; but, finding the English obstinately opposed to any such condition, he mildly relinquished the demand. Almost the last act of his life was to bring his two sons, Alexander and Philip (as they had been named by the English), to the residence of a principal settler, recommending mutual kindness and confidence, and entreating that the same love and amity which had existed between the white men and himself might be continued afterwards with his children. The good old sachem died in peace, and was happily gathered to his fathers before sorrow came upon his tribe; his children remained behind to experience the ingratitude of white men.

His eldest son, Alexander, succeeded him. He was of a quick and impetuous temper, and proudly tenacious of his hereditary rights

and dignity. The intrusive policy and dictatorial conduct of the strangers excited his indignation: and he beheld with uneasiness their exterminating wars with the neighboring tribes. He was doomed soon to incur their hostility, being accused of plotting with the Narragansetts to rise against the English and drive them from the land. It is impossible to say whether this accusation was warranted by facts, or was grounded on mere suspicions. It is evident, however, by the violent and overbearing measures of the settlers, that they had by this time begun to feel conscious of the rapid increase of their power, and to grow harsh and inconsiderate in their treatment of the natives. They dispatched an armed force to seize upon Alexander and to bring him before their courts. He was traced to his woodland haunts, and surprised at a hunting house, where he was reposing with a band of his followers, unarmed, after the toils of the chase. The suddenness of his arrest, and the outrage offered to his sovereign dignity, so preyed upon the irascible feelings of this proud savage as to throw him into a raging fever; he was permitted to return home on condition of sending his son as a pledge for his re-appearance; but the blow he had received was fatal, and before he reached his home he fell a victim to the agonies of a wounded spirit.

The successor of Alexander was Metamocet, or King Philip, as he was called by the settlers, on account of his lofty spirit and ambitious temper. These, together with his well-known energy and enterprise, had rendered him an object of great jealousy and apprehension, and he was accused of having always cherished a secret and implacable hostility towards the whites. Such may very probably, and very naturally, have been the case. He considered them as originally but mere intruders into the country, who had presumed upon indulgence, and were extending an influence baneful to savage life. He saw the whole race of his countrymen melting before them from the face of the earth; their territories slipping from their hands, and their tribes becoming feeble, scattered, and dependent. It may be said that the soil was originally purchased by the settlers; but who does not know the nature of Indian purchases, in the early periods of colonizations? The Europeans always made thrifty bargains, through their superior adroitness in traffic; and they gained vast accessions of territory, by easily-provoked hostilities. An uncultivated savage is never a nice inquirer into the refinements of law, by which an injury may be gradually and legally inflicted. Leading facts are all by which he judges; and it was enough for Philip to know that before the intrusion of the Europeans his countrymen were lords of the soil, and that now they were becoming vagabonds in the land of their fathers.

But whatever may have been his feelings of general hostility, and his particular indignation at the treatment of his brother, he oppressed them for the present; renewed the contact with the settlers; and resided peaceably for many years at Pokanoket, or, as it was called by the English, Mount Hope, the ancient seat of dominion of his tribe. Suspicions, however, which were at first but vague and indefinite, began to acquire form and substance; and he was at length charged with attempting to instigate the various eastern tribes to rise at once, and, by a simultaneous effort, to throw off the yoke of their oppressors. It is difficult at this distant period to assign the proper credit due to these early accusations against the Indians. There was a proneness* to suspicion, and an aptness to acts of violence on the part of the whites, that gave weight and importance to every idle tale. Informers abounded where tale-bearing met with countenance and reward, and the sword was readily unsheathed when its success was certain and it carved out empire.

The only positive evidence on record against Philip is the accusation of one Sausaman, a renegade Indian, whose natural cunning had been quickened by a partial education which he had received among the settlers. He changed his faith and his allegiance two or three times with a facility that evinced the looseness of his principles. He had acted for some time as Philip's confidential secretary and counsellor, and had enjoyed his bounty and protection. Finding, however, that the clouds of adversity were gathering round his patron, he abandoned his service and went over to the whites; and, in order to gain their favor, charged his former benefactor with plotting against their safety. A rigorous investigation took place. Philip and several of his subjects submitted to be examined, but nothing was proved against them. The settlers, however, had now gone too far to retract; they had previously determined that Philip was a dangerous neighbor; they had publicly vinced their distrust, and had done enough to insure his hostility; according, therefore, to the usual mode of reasoning in these cases, his destruction had become necessary to their security. Sausaman, the treacherous informer, was shortly after found dead in a pond, having fallen a victim to the vengeance of his tribe. Three Indians, one of whom was a friend and counsellor of Philip, were apprehended and tried, and, on the testimony of one very questionable witness, were condemned and executed as murderers.

This treatment of his subjects and ignominious punishment of his friend outraged the pride and exasperated the passions of Philip. The bolt which had fallen thus at his very feet awakened him to the

gathering storm, and he determined to trust himself no longer in the power of the white men. The fate of his insulted and broken-hearted brother still rankled in his mind; and he had a further warning in the tragical story of Miantonimo, a great sachem of the Narragansetts who, after manfully facing his accusers before a tribunal of the colonists, exculpating himself from a charge of conspiracy, and receiving assurances of amity, had been perfidiously dispatched at their instigation. Philip therefore gathered his fighting men about him, persuaded all strangers that he could join his cause, sent the women and children to the Narragansetts for safety, and wherever he appeared was continually surrounded by armed warriors.

When the two parties were thus in a state of distrust and irritation the least spark was sufficient to set them in a flame. The Indians having weapons in their hands, grew mischievous, and committed various petty depredations. In one of their maraudings, a warrior was fired upon and killed by a settler. This was the signal for open hostilities; the Indians pressed to revenge the death of their comrade, and the alarm of war resounded through the Plymouth colony.

In the early chronicles of these dark and melancholy times, we meet with many indications of the diseased state of the public mind. The gloom of religious abstraction, and the wildness of their situation, among trackless forests and savage tribes, had disposed the colonists to superstitious fancies, and had filled their imagination with the frightful chimeras of witchcraft and spectrology.* They were much given also to a belief in omens. The troubles with Philip and his Indians were preceded, we are told, by a variety of those awful warnings which forerun great and public calamities. The perfect form of an Indian bow appeared in the air at New Plymouth which was looked upon by the inhabitants as a "prodigious apparition". At Hadley, Northampton, and other towns in their neighborhood, "was heard the report of a great piece of ordnance with the shaking of the earth and a considerable echo." Others were alarmed on a still, sunshiny morning by the discharge of guns and muskets; bullets seemed to whistle past them and the noise of drum resounded in the air, seeming to pass away to the westward; others fancied that they heard the galloping of horses over their heads; and certain monstrous births which took place about the time filled the superstitious in some towns with doleful forebodings. Many of these portentous sights and sounds may be ascribed to natural phenomena; to the northern lights which occur vividly in those latitudes; the meteors which explode in the air; the casual rushing of a blast through the top branches of the forest; the crash of falling trees or

disrupted rocks; and to those other uncouth sounds and echoes which will sometimes strike the ear so strangely amidst the profound stillness of woodland solitudes. These may have startled some melancholy imaginations, may have been exaggerated by the love for the marvellous, and listened to with that avidity with which we devour whatever is fearful and mysterious. The universal currency of these superstitious fancies, and the grave record made of them by one of the learned men of the day,* are strongly characteristic of the times.

The nature of the contest that ensued was such as too often distinguishes the warfare between civilized men and savages. On the part of the whites it was conducted with superior skill and success, but with a wastefulness of the blood and a disregard of the natural rights of their antagonists; on the part of the Indians it was waged with the desperation of men fearless of death, and who had nothing to expect from peace, but humiliation, dependence, and decay.

The events of the war are transmitted to us by a worthy clergyman of the time, who dwells with horror and indignation on every hostile act of the Indians, however, justifiable, while he mentions with applause the most sanguinary atrocities of the whites. Philip is reviled as a murderer and a traitor, without considering that he was a true born prince, gallantly fighting at the head of his subjects to avenge the wrongs of his family, to retrieve the tottering power of his line, and to deliver his native land from the oppression of usurping strangers.

The project of a wide and simultaneous revolt, if such had really been formed, was worthy of a capacious mind, and, had it not been prematurely discovered, might have been overwhelming in its consequences. The war that actually broke out was but a war of detail, a mere succession of casual exploits and unconnected enterprises. Still it sets forth the military genius and daring prowess of Philip; and wherever, in the prejudiced and passionate narrations that have been given of it, we can arrive at simple facts, we find him displaying a vigorous mind, a fertility in expedients, a contempt of suffering and hardship, and an unconquerable resolution, that command our sympathy and applause.

Driven from his paternal domains at Mount Hope, he threw himself into the depths of those vast and trackless forests that skirted the settlements, and were almost impervious to anything but a wild beast or an Indian. Here he gathered together his forces, like the storm accumulating its stores of mischief in the bosom of the thunder-cloud, and would suddenly emerge at a time and place least

expected, carrying havoc and dismay into the villages. There were now and then indications of these impending ravages that filled the minds of the colonists with awe and apprehension. The report of a distant gun would perhaps be heard from the solitary woodland, where there was known to be no white man; the cattle which had been wandering in the woods would sometimes return home wounded; or an Indian or two would be seen lurking about the skirts of the forests, and suddenly disappearing, as the lightning will sometimes be seen playing silently about the edge of the cloud that is brewing up the tempest.

Though sometimes pursued and even surrounded by the settlers, yet Philip as often escaped almost miraculously from their toils, and, plunging into the wilderness, would be lost to all search or inquiry until he again emerged at some far distant quarter, laying the country desolate. Among his strongholds were the great swamps or morasses which extend in some parts of New England, composed of loose bogs of deep black mud, perplexed with thickets, brambles, rank weeds, the shattered and mouldering trunks of fallen trees, overshadowed by lugubrious hemlocks. The uncertain footing and the tangled mazes of these shaggy wilds rendered them almost impracticable to the white man, though the Indian could thread their labyrinths with the agility of a deer. Into one of these, the great swamp of Pocasset Neck, was Philip once driven with a band of his followers. The English did not dare to pursue him, fearing to venture into these dark and frightful recesses, where they might perish in fens and miry pits or be shot down by lurking foes. They therefore invested the entrance to the neck, and began to build a fort, with the thought of starving out the foe; but Philip and his warriors wafted themselves on a raft over an arm of the sea, in the dead of night, leaving the women and children behind; and escaped away to the westward, kindling the flames of war among the tribes of Massachusetts and the Nipmuck country,* and threatening the colony of Connecticut.

In this way Philip became a theme of universal apprehension. The mystery in which he was enveloped exaggerated his real terrors. He was an evil that walked in darkness, whose coming none could foresee, and against which none knew to be on the alert. The whole country abounded with rumors and alarms. Philip seemed almost possessed of ubiquity; for, in whatever part of the widely extended frontier an irruption from the forest took place, Philip was said to be its leader. Many superstitious notions also were circulated concerning him. He was said to deal in necromancy, and to be attended by an old Indian witch or prophetess, whom he consulted, and who assisted him by her charms and incantations. This indeed was

frequently the case with Indian chiefs; either through their own credulity, or to act upon that of their followers; and the influence of the prophet and the dreamer over Indian superstitions has been fully evidenced in recent instances of savage warfare.

At the time that Philip effected his escape from Pocasset, his fortunes were in a desperate condition. His forces had been thinned by repeated fights, and he had lost almost the whole of his resources. In this time of adversity he found a faithful friend in Canonchet, chief sachem of all the Narragansetts. He was the son and heir of Miantonimo, the great sachem, who, as already mentioned, after an honorable acquittal of the charge of conspiracy, had been privately put to death at the perfidious instigations of the settlers. "He was the heir," says the old chronicler, "of all his father's pride and insolence, as well as of his malice towards the English;" he certainly was the heir of his insults and injuries, and the legitimate avenger of his murder. Though he had forborne to take an active part in this hopeless war, yet he received Philip and his broken forces with open arms, and gave them the most generous countenance and support. This at once drew upon him the hostility of the English, and it was determined to strike a signal blow, that should involve both the sachems in one common ruin. A great force was therefore gathered together from Massachusetts, Plymouth, and Connecticut,* and was sent into the Narragansett country in the depth of winter, when the swamps, being frozen and leafless, could be traversed with comparative facility, and would no longer afford dark and impenetrable fastnesses to the Indians.

Apprehensive of attack, Canonchet had conveyed the greater part of his stores, together with the old, the infirm, the women and children of his tribe, to a strong fortress, where he and Philip had likewise drawn up the flower of their forces. This fortress, deemed by the Indians impregnable, was situated upon a rising mound or kind of island, of five or six acres, in the midst of a swamp; it was constructed with a degree of judgment and skill vastly superior to what is usually displayed in Indian fortification, and indicative of the martial genius of these two chieftains.

Guided by a renegado* Indian, the English penetrated, through December snows, to this stronghold, and came upon the garrison by surprise. The fight was fierce and tumultuous. The assailants were repulsed in their first attack, and several of their bravest officers were shot down in the act of storming the fortress, sword in hand. The assault was renewed with greater success. A lodgment was effected. The Indians were driven from one post to another. They disputed their ground inch by inch, fighting with the fury of despair. Most of their veterans were out to pieces; and after a long and bloody

battle, Philip and Canonchet, with a handful of surviving warriors retreated from the fort, and took refuge in the thickets of the surrounding forest.

The victors set fire to the wigwams and the fort; the whole was soon in a blaze; many of the old men, the women, and the children perished in the flames. This last outrage overcame even the stoicism of the savage. The neighboring woods resounded with the yells of rage and despair uttered by the fugitive warriors as they beheld the destruction of their dwellings, and heard the agonizing cries of their wives and offspring. "The burning of the wigwams," says a contemporary writer,* "the shrieks and cries of the women and children, and the yelling of the warriors, exhibited a most horrible and affecting scene, so that it greatly moved some of the soldiers." The same writer cautiously adds, "They were in *much doubt* then, and afterwards seriously inquired, whether burning their enemies alive could be consistent with humanity and the benevolent principles of the gospel."

The fate of the brave and generous Canonchet is worthy of particular mention: the last scene of his life is one of the noblest instances on record of Indian magnanimity.

Broken down in his power and resources by this signal defeat, yet faithful to his ally and to the hapless cause which he had espoused, he rejected all overtures of peace, offered on condition of betraying Philip and his followers, and declared that "he would fight it out to the last man, rather than become a servant to the English." His home being destroyed, his country harassed and laid waste by the incursions of the conquerors, he was obliged to wander away to the banks of the Connecticut, where he formed a rallying point to the whole body of western Indians, and laid waste several of the English settlements.

Early in the spring he departed on a hazardous expedition, with only thirty chosen men, to penetrate to Seaconck, in the vicinity of Mount Hope, and to procure seed-corn to plant for the sustenance of his troops. This little band of adventurers had passed safely through the Pequod country,* and were in the centre of the Narragansett, resting at some wigwams near Pautucket River,* when an alarm was given of an approaching enemy. Having but seven men by him at the time, Canonchet dispatched two of them to the top of a neighboring hill, to bring intelligence of the foe.

Panic-struck by the appearance of a troop of English and Indians rapidly advancing, they fled in breathless terror past their chieftain, without stopping to inform him of the danger. Canonchet sent another scout, who did the same. He then sent two more, one of whom, hurrying back in confusion and affright, told him that the

whole British army was at hand. Canonchet saw there was no choice but immediate flight. He attempted to escape round the hill, but was perceived and hotly pursued by the hostile Indians and a few of the fleetest of the English. Finding the swiftest pursuer close upon his heels, he threw off first his blanket, then his silver-laced coat and belt of peag,* by which his enemies knew him to be Canonchet, and redoubled the eagerness of pursuit.

At length, in dashing through the river, his foot slipped upon a stone, and he fell so deep as to wet his gun. This accident so struck him with despair that, as he afterwards confessed, "his heart and his bowels turned within him, and he became like a rotten stick, void of strength."

To such a degree was he unnerved that, being seized by a Pequod Indian within a short distance of the river, he made no resistance, though a man of great vigor of body and boldness of heart. But on being made prisoner, the whole pride of his spirit rose within him; and from that moment we find, in the anecdotes given by his enemies, nothing but repeated flashes of elevated and prince-like heroism. Being questioned by one of the English who first came up with him, and who had not attained his twenty-second year, the proud-hearted warrior, looking with lofty contempt upon his youthful countenance, replied, "You are a child—you cannot understand matters of war—let your brother or your chief come—him will I answer."

Though repeated offers were made to him of his life, on condition of submitting with his nation to the English, yet he rejected them with disdain, and refused to send any proposals of the kind to the great body of his subjects, saying that he knew none of them would comply. Being reproached with his breach of faith towards the whites, his boast that he would not deliver up a Wampanoag nor the paring of a Wampanoag's nail, and his threat that he would burn the English alive in their houses, he disdained to justify himself, haughtily answering that others were as forward for the war as himself, and "he desired to hear no more thereof."

So noble and unshaken a spirit, so true a fidelity to his cause and his friend, might have touched the feelings of the generous and the brave; but Canonchet was an Indian; a being towards whom war had no courtesy, humanity no law, religion no compassion,—he was condemned to die. The last words of his that are recorded are worthy the greatness of his soul. When sentence of death was passed upon him, he observed "that he liked it well, for he should die before his heart was soft, or he had spoken anything unworthy of himself." His enemies gave him the death of a soldier, for he was shot at Stoningham, by three young sachems of his own rank.

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The defeat of the Narragansett fortress and the death of Canonchet were fatal blows to the fortunes of King Philip. He made an ineffectual attempt to raise a head of war, by stirring up the Mohawks* to take arms; but though possessed of the native talents of a statesman, his arts were counteracted by the superior arts of his enlightened enemies, and the terror of their warlike skill began to subdue the resolution of the neighboring tribes. The unfortunate chieftain saw himself daily stripped of power, and his ranks rapidly thinning around him. Some were suborned by the whites; others fell victims to hunger and fatigue, and to the frequent attacks by which they were harassed. His stores were all captured; his chosen friends were swept away from before his eyes; his uncle was shot down by his side; his sister was carried into captivity; and in one of his narrow escapes he was compelled to leave his beloved wife and only son to the mercy of the enemy. "His ruin," says the historian, "being thus gradually carried on, his misery was not prevented, but augmented thereby; being himself made acquainted with the sense and experimental feeling of the captivity of his children, loss of friends, slaughter of his subjects, bereavement of all family relations and being stripped of all outward comforts, before his own life should be taken away."

To fill up the measure of his misfortunes, his own followers began to plot against his life, that by sacrificing him they might purchase dishonorable safety. Through treachery, a number of his faithful adherents, the subjects of Wetamoe, an Indian princess of Pocasset, a near kinswoman and confederate of Philip, were betrayed into the hands of the enemy. Wetamoe was among them at the time, and attempted to make her escape by crossing a neighboring river; either exhausted by swimming, or starved with cold and hunger, she was found dead and naked near the water side. But persecution ceased not at the grave; even death, the refuge of the wretched, where the wicked commonly cease from troubling, was no protection to this outcast female, whose great crime was affectionate fidelity to her kinsman and her friend. Her corpse was the object of unmanly and dastardly vengeance; the head was severed from the body and set upon a pole, and was thus exposed, at Taunton,* to the view of her captive subjects. They immediately recognized the features of their unfortunate queen, and were so affected at this barbarous spectacle that, we are told, they broke forth into the "most horrid and diabolical lamentations."

However Philip had borne up against the complicated miseries and misfortunes that surrounded him, the treachery of his followers seemed to wring his heart and reduce him to despondency. It is said that "he never rejoiced afterwards, nor had success in any of his

designs." The spring of hope was broken—the ardor of enterprise was extinguished; he looked around, and all was danger and darkness; there was no eye to pity, nor any arm that could bring deliverance. With a scanty band of followers, who still remained true to his desperate fortunes, the unhappy Philip wandered back to the vicinity of Mount Hope, the ancient dwelling of his fathers. Here he lurked about, "like a spectre, among the scenes of former power and prosperity, now bereft of home, of family and friend." There needs no better picture of his destitute and piteous situation, than that furnished by the homely pen of the chronicler, who is unwarily enlisting the feelings of the reader in favor of the hapless warrior whom he reviles. "Philip," he says, "like a savage wild beast, having been hunted by the English forces through the woods above a hundred miles backward and forward, at last was driven to his own den upon Mount Hope, where he retired with a few of his best friends into a swamp, which proved but a prison to keep him fast till the messengers of death came by divine permission to execute vengeance upon him."

Even in this last refuge of desperation and despair, a sullen grandeur gathers round his memory. We picture him to ourselves seated among his careworn followers, brooding in silence over his blasted fortunes, and acquiring a savage sublimity from the wildness and dreariness of his lurking place. Defeated but not dismayed, crushed to the earth but not humiliated, he seemed to grow more haughty beneath disaster and to experience a fierce satisfaction in draining the last dregs of bitterness. Little minds are tamed and subdued by misfortune; but great minds rise above it. The very idea of submission awakened the fury of Philip, and he smote to death one of his followers who proposed an expedient of peace. The brother of the victim made his escape, and in revenge betrayed the retreat of his chieftain. A body of white men and Indians were immediately dispatched to the swamp where Philip lay crouched, glaring with fury and despair. Before he was aware of their approach, they had begun to surround him. In a little while he saw five of his trustiest followers laid dead at his feet; all resistance was vain; he rushed forth from his covert, and made a headlong attempt to escape, but was shot through the heart by a renegado Indian of his own nation.

Such is the scanty story of the brave but unfortunate King Philip; persecuted while living, slandered and dishonored when dead. If, however, we consider even the prejudiced anecdotes furnished us by his enemies, we may perceive in them traces of amiable and lofty character, sufficient to awaken sympathy for his fate and respect for his memory. We find that amidst all the harassing cares and

ferocious passions of constant warfare, he was alive to the softer feelings of connubial love and paternal tenderness, and to the generous sentiment of friendship. The captivity of his "beloved wife and only son" is mentioned with exultation, as causing him poignant misery; the death of any near friend is triumphantly recorded as a new blow on his sensibilities; but the treachery and desertion of many of his followers, in whose affections he had confided, is said to have desolated his heart, and to have bereaved him of all further comfort. He was a patriot, attached to his native soil; a prince, true to his subjects, and indignant of their wrongs; a soldier, daring in battle, firm in adversity, patient of fatigue, of hunger, of every variety of bodily suffering, and ready to perish in the cause he had espoused. Proud of heart, and with an untamable love of natural liberty, he preferred to enjoy it among the beasts of the forests, or in the dismal and famished recesses of swamps and morasses, rather than bow his haughty spirit to submission, and live dependent and despised in the ease and luxury of the settlements. With heroic qualities and bold achievements that would have graced a civilized warrior, and have rendered him the theme of the poet and the historian, he lived a wanderer and a fugitive in his native land, and went down, like a lonely bark foundering amid darkness and tempest,—without a pitying eye to weep his fall, or a friendly hand to record his struggle.

The Devil and Tom Walker

A few miles from Boston in Massachusetts, there is a deep inlet, winding several miles into the interior of the country from Charles Bay,* and terminating in a thickly wooded swamp or morass. On one side of this inlet is a beautiful dark grove; on the opposite the land rises abruptly from the water's edge into a high ridge, on which grow a few scattered oaks of great age and immense size. Under one of these gigantic trees, according to old stories, there was a great amount of treasure buried by Kidd the pirate.* The inlet allowed facility to bring the money in a boat secretly and at night to the very foot of the hill; the elevation of the place permitted a good lookout to be kept that no one was at hand, while the remarkable trees formed good landmarks by which the place might easily be found again. Th

old stories add, moreover, that the devil presided at the hiding of the money, and took it under his guardianship; but this, it is well known, he always does with buried treasure, particularly when it has been ill-gotten. Be that as it may, Kidd never returned to recover his wealth; being shortly after seized at Boston, sent out to England, and here hanged for a pirate.

About the year 1721, just at the time that earthquakes were prevalent in New England, and shook many tall sinners down upon their knees,* there lived near this place a meagre, miserly fellow, of the name of Tom Walker. He had a wife as miserly as himself: they were so miserly that they even conspired to cheat each other. Whatever the woman could lay hands on, she hid away; a hen could not cackle but she was on the alert to secure the new-laid egg.* Her husband was continually prying about to detect her secret hoards, and many and fierce were the conflicts that took place about what ought to have been common property. They lived in a forlorn-looking house that stood alone, and had an air of starvation. A few traggling savin-trees,* emblems of sterility, grew near it; no smoke ever curled from its chimney; no traveller stopped at its door. A miserable horse, whose ribs were as articulate as the bars of a gridiron,* stalked about a field, where a thin carpet of moss, scarcely covering the ragged beds of pudding-stone, tantalized and balked his hunger; and sometimes he would lean his hand over the fence, look piteously at the passer-by, and seem to petition deliverance from this land of famine.

The house and its inmates had altogether a bad name. Tom's wife was a tall termagant, fierce of temper, loud of tongue, and strong of arm.* Her voice was often heard in wordy warfare with her husband; and his face sometimes showed signs that their conflicts were not confined to words. No one ventured, however, to interfere between them. The lonely wayfarer shrunk within himself at the horrid clamor and clapper-clawing; eyed the den of discord skance; and hurried on his way, rejoicing, if a bachelor, in his elibacy.

One day that Tom Walker had been to a distant part of the neighborhood, he took what he considered a short cut homeward, through the swamp. Like most short cuts, it was an ill-chosen route. The swamp was thickly grown with great gloomy pines and emlocks, some of them ninety feet high, which made it dark at noonday, and a retreat for all the owls of the neighborhood. It was full of pits and quagmires, partly covered with weeds and mosses, where the green surface often betrayed the traveller into a gulf of black, smothering mud: there were also dark and stagnant pools, the bodes of the tadpole, the bull-frog, and the water-snake; where the

trunks of pines and hemlocks lay half-drowned, half-rotting, looking like alligators sleeping in the mire.

Tom had long been picking his way cautiously through this treacherous forest; stepping from tuft to tuft of rushes and roots, which afforded precarious footholds among deep sloughs; or pacing carefully, like a cat, along the prostrate trunks of trees; startled now and then by the sudden screaming of the bittern, or the quacking of a wild duck rising on the wing from some solitary pool. At length he arrived at a firm piece of ground, which ran out like a peninsula into the deep bosom of the swamp. It had been one of the strongholds of the Indians during their wars with the first colonists.* Here they had thrown up a kind of fort, which they had looked upon as almost impregnable, and had used as a place of refuge for their squaws and children. Nothing remained of the old Indian fort but a few embankments, gradually sinking to the level of the surrounding earth, and already overgrown in part by oaks and other forest trees, the foliage of which formed a contrast to the dark pines and hemlocks of the swamp.

It was late in the dusk of evening when Tom Walker reached the old fort, and he paused there awhile to rest himself. Any one but he would have felt unwilling to linger in this lonely, melancholy place, for the common people had a bad opinion of it, from the stories handed down from the time of the Indian wars; when it was asserted that the savages held incantations here, and made sacrifices to the evil spirit.

Tom Walker, however, was not a man to be troubled with any fears of the kind. He reposed himself for some time on the trunk of a fallen hemlock, listening to the boding cry of the tree-toad, and delving with his walking-staff into a mound of black mould at his feet. As he turned up the soil unconsciously, his staff struck against something hard. He raked it out of the vegetable mould, and lo! a cloven skull, with an Indian tomahawk buried deep in it, lay before him. The rust on the weapon showed the time that had elapsed since this death-blow had been given. It was a dreary memento of the fierce struggle that had taken place in this last foothold of the Indian warriors.

"Humph!" said Tom Walker, as he gave it a kick to shake the dirt from it.

"Let that skull alone!" said a gruff voice. Tom lifted up his eyes, and beheld a great black man seated directly opposite him, on the stump of a tree. He was exceedingly surprised, having neither heard nor seen any one approach; and he was still more perplexed on observing, as well as the gathering gloom would permit, that the stranger was neither negro nor Indian. It is true he was dressed in a

rude, half Indian garb, and had a red belt or sash swathed round his body; but his face was neither black nor copper-color, but swarthy and dingy, and begrimed with soot, as if he had been accustomed to toil among fires and forges. He had a shock of coarse black hair, that stood out from his head in all directions; and bore an axe on his shoulder.

He scowled for a moment at Tom with a pair of great red eyes.

"What are you doing on my grounds?" said the black man, with a hoarse, growling voice.

"Your grounds!" said Tom with a sneer; "no more your grounds than mine; they belong to Deacon Peabody."

"Deacon Peabody be d——d," said the stranger, "as I flatter myself he will be, if he does not look more to his own sins and less to those of his neighbors. Look yonder, and see how Deacon Peabody is fairing."*

Tom looked in the direction that the stranger pointed, and beheld one of the great trees, fair and flourishing without, but rotten at the core, and saw that it had been nearly hewn through, so that the first high wind was likely to blow it down. On the bark of the tree was scored the name of Deacon Peabody, an eminent man, who had waxed wealthy by driving shrewd bargains with the Indians. He now looked around, and found most of the tall trees marked with the name of some great man of the colony, and all more or less scored by the axe. The one on which he had been seated, and which had evidently just been hewn down, bore the name of Crowninshield; and he recollected a mighty rich man of that name, who made a vulgar display of wealth, which it was whispered he had acquired by buccaneering.

"He's just ready for burning!" said the black man, with a growl of triumph. "You see I am likely to have a good stock of firewood for winter."

"But what right have you," said Tom, "to cut down Deacon Peabody's timber?"

"The right of a prior claim," said the other. "This woodland belonged to me long before one of your white-faced race put foot upon the soil."

"And pray, who are you, if I may be so bold?"* said Tom.

"Oh, I go by various names. I am the wild huntsman in some countries; the black miner in others. In this neighborhood I am known by the name of the black woodsman. I am he to whom the red men consecrated this spot, and in honor of whom they now and then roasted a white man, by way of sweet-smelling sacrifice. Since the red men have been exterminated by you white savages, I amuse myself by presiding at the persecutions of Quakers and Anabaptists! * I am

the great patron and prompter of slave-dealers, and the grandmother of the Salem witches.”*

“The upshot of all which is, that, if I mistake not,” said Tom sturdily, “you are he commonly called Old Scratch.”

“The same, at your service!” replied the black man, with a ha civil nod.

Such was the opening of this interview, according to the old story though it has almost too familiar an air to be credited.* One would think that to meet with such a singular personage, in this wild, lonely place, would have shaken any man’s nerves; but Tom was hard-minded* fellow, not easily daunted, and he had lived so long with a termagant wife, that he did not even fear the devil.

It is said that after this commencement they had a long and earnest conversation together, as Tom returned homeward. The black man told him of great sums of money buried by Kidd the pirate, under the oak-trees on the high ridge, not far from the morass. All these were under his command, and protected by his power, so that none could find them but such as propitiated his favor. These he offered to place within Tom Walker’s reach, having conceived an especial kindness for him; but they were to be had only on certain conditions. What these conditions were may be easily surmised, though Tom never disclosed them publicly. They must have been very hard, for he required time to think of them, and he was not a man to stick to trifles* when money was in view. When they had reached the edge of the swamp, the stranger paused. “What proof have I that all you have been telling me is true?” said Tom. “There’s my signature,” said the black man, pressing his finger on Tom’s forehead. So saying he turned off among the thickets of the swamp, and seemed, as Tom said, to go down, down, down, into the earth, until nothing but his head and shoulders could be seen, and so on, until he totally disappeared.

When Tom reached home, he found the black print of a finger burnt, as it were, into his forehead, which nothing could obliterate.

The first news his wife had to tell him was the sudden death of Absalom Crowninshield, the rich buccaneer. It was announced in the papers with the usual flourish, that “A great man had fallen in Israel.”*

Tom recollected the tree which his black friend had just hewn down, and which was ready for burning. “Let the freebooter roast,” said Tom, “who cares!” He now felt convinced that all he had heard and seen was no illusion.

He was not prone to let his wife into his confidence; but as this was an uneasy secret, he willingly shared it with her. All her avarice was awakened at the mention of hidden gold, and she urged him

husband to comply with the black man's terms, and secure what would make them wealthy for life. However Tom might have felt disposed to sell himself to the devil, he was determined not to do so to oblige his wife; so he flatly refused, out of the mere spirit of contradiction. Many and bitter were the quarrels they had on the subject; but the more she talked, the more resolute was Tom not to be damned to please her.

At length she determined to drive the bargain on her own account, and if she succeeded, to keep all the gain to herself. Being of the same fearless temper as her husband, she set off for the old Indian fort toward the close of a summer's day. She was many hours absent. When she came back, she was reserved and sullen in her replies. She spoke something of a black man, whom she had met about twilight hewing at the root of a tall tree. He was sulky, however, and would not come to terms; she was to go again with a propitiatory offering, but what it was she forebore to say.

The next evening she set off again for the swamp, with her apron heavily laden. Tom waited and waited for her, but in vain; midnight came, but she did not make her appearance; morning, noon, night returned, but still she did not come. Tom now grew uneasy for her safety, especially as he found she had carried off in her apron the silver teapot and spoons, and every portable article of value. Another night elapsed; another morning came; but no wife. In a word, she was never heard of more.

What was her real fate nobody knows, in consequence of so many pretending to know. It is one of those facts which have become confounded by a variety of historians. Some asserted that she lost her way among the tangled mazes of the swamp, and sank into some pit or slough; others, more uncharitable, hinted that she had eloped with the household booty, and made off to some other province; while others surmised that the tempter had decoyed her into a dismal quagmire, on the top of which her hat was found lying. In confirmation of this, it was said a great black man, with an axe on his shoulder, was seen late that very evening coming out of the swamp, carrying a bundle tied in a check apron, with an air of surly triumph.

The most current and probable story, however, observes that Tom Walker grew so anxious about the fate of his wife and his property that he set out at length to seek them both at the Indian fort. During a long summer's afternoon he searched about the gloomy place, but no wife was to be seen. He called her name repeatedly, but she was nowhere to be heard. The bittern alone responded to his voice, as he flew screaming by; or the bull-frog croaked dolefully from a neighboring pool. At length, it is said, just in the brown hour of twilight, when the owls began to hoot, and the bats to flit about, his

attention was attracted by the clamor of carrion crows hovering about a cypress-tree. He looked up, and beheld a bundle tied in a check apron, and hanging in the branches of the tree, with a great vulture perched hard by, as if keeping watch upon it. He leaped with joy; for he recognised his wife's apron, and supposed it to contain the household valuables.

"Let us get hold of the property," said he, consolingly, to himself, "and we will endeavor to do without the woman."

As he scrambled up the tree, the vulture spread its wide wings, and sailed off screaming, into the deep shadows of the forest. Tom seized the checked apron, but, woful sight! found nothing but a heart and liver tied up in it!

Such, according to this most authentic old story, was all that was to be found of Tom's wife. She had probably attempted to deal with the black man as she had been accustomed to deal with her husband; but though a female scold is generally considered a match for the devil, yet in this instance she appears to have had the worst of it.* She must have died game, however; for it is said Tom noticed many prints of cloven feet deeply stamped about the tree, and found handfuls of hair, that looked as if they had been plucked from the coarse, black shock of the woodman. Tom knew his wife's prowess by experience. He shrugged his shoulders, as he looked at the signs of a fierce clapper-clawing. "Egad," said he to himself, "Old Scratch must have had a tough time of it!"

Tom consoled himself for the loss of his property, with the loss of his wife, for he was a man of fortitude. He even felt something like gratitude toward the black woodman, who, he considered, had done him a kindness. He sought, therefore, to cultivate a further acquaintance with him, but for some time without success; the old blacklegs* played shy,* for whatever people may think, he is not always to be had for calling for;* he knows how to play his cards when pretty sure of his game.*

At length, it is said, when delay had whetted Tom's eagerness to the quick, and prepared him to agree to anything rather than not gain the promised treasure, he met the black man one evening in his usual woodman's dress, with his axe on his shoulder, sauntering along the swamp, and humming a tune. He affected to receive Tom's advances with great indifference, made brief replies, and went on humming his tune.

By degrees, however, Tom brought him to business, and they began to haggle about the terms on which the former was to have the pirate's treasure. There was one condition which need not be mentioned, being generally understood in all cases where the devil grants favors; but there were others about which, though of less

importance, he was inflexibly obstinate. He insisted that the money found through his means should be employed in his service. He proposed, therefore, that Tom should employ it in the black traffic; * that is to say, that he should fit out a slave-ship. This, however, Tom absolutely refused: he was bad enough in all conscience; but the devil himself could not tempt him to turn slave-trader.

Finding Tom so squeamish on this point, he did not insist upon it, but proposed, instead, that he should turn usurer; the devil being extremely anxious for the increase of usurers, looking upon them as is peculiar people.

To this no objections were made, for it was just to Tom's taste.

"You shall open a broker's shop* in Boston next month," said the black man.

"I'll do it to-morrow, if you wish," said Tom Walker.

"You shall lend money at two per cent, a month."

"Egad, I'll charge four!" replied Tom Walker.

"You shall extort bonds, foreclose mortgages, drive the merchants to bankruptcy" —

"I'll drive them to the d——l,"* cried Tom Walker.

"You are the usurer for my money!"* said blacklegs with delight. When will you want the rhino?"

"This very night."

"Done!"* said the devil.

"Done!" said Tom Walker. So they shook hands and struck a bargain.*

A few days time saw Tom Walker seated behind his desk in a counting-house in Boston.

His reputation for a ready-moneyed man,* who would lend money at a good consideration, soon spread abroad. Everybody members the time of Governor Belcher,* when money was particularly scarce. It was a time of paper credit. The country had been deluged with government bills, the famous Land Bank* had been established; there had been a rage for speculating; the people had run mad with schemes for new settlements; for building cities in the wilderness; land-jobbers went about with maps of grants, and townships, and Eldorados, lying nobody knew where, but which everybody was ready to purchase. In a word, the great speculating fever which breaks out every now and then in the country, had raged to an alarming degree, and everybody was dreaming of making sudden fortunes from nothing. As usual, the fever had subsided; the steam had gone off, and the imaginary fortunes with it; the patients were left in doleful plight, and the whole country resounded with the subsequent cry of "hard times."

At this propitious time of public distress did Tom Walker set up as

usurer in Boston.* His door was soon thronged by customers. The needy and adventurous; the gambling speculator; the dreaming land-jobber; the thriftless tradesman; the merchant with cracked credit; in short, every one driven to raise money by desperate means and desperate sacrifices, hurried to Tom Walker.

Thus Tom was the universal friend of the needy, and acted like a "friend in need;"* that is to say, he always exacted good pay and good security. In proportion to the distress of the applicant was the hardness of his terms. He accumulated bonds and mortgages; gradually squeezed his customers closer and closer; and sent them at length, dry as a sponge, from his door.

In this way he made money hand over hand;* became a rich and mighty man, and exalted his cocked hat upon 'Change.* He built himself, as usual, a vast house, out of ostentation; but left the greater part of it unfinished and unfurnished, out of parsimony. He even set up a carriage in the fullness of his vainglory, though he nearly starved the horses which drew it; and as the ungreased wheels groaned and screeched on the axle-trees, you would have thought you heard the souls of the poor debtors he was squeezing.

As Tom waxed old, however, he grew thoughtful. Having secured the good things of this world, he began to feel anxious about those of the next. He thought with regret on the bargain he had made with his black friend, and set his wits to work to cheat him out of the conditions. He became, therefore, all of a sudden, a violent churchgoer. He prayed loudly and strenuously, as if heaven were to be taken by force of lungs. Indeed, one might always tell when he had sinned most during the week, by the clamor of his Sunday devotion. The quiet Christians who had been modestly and steadfastly traveling Zionward, were struck with self-reproach at seeing themselves so suddenly outstripped in their career by this new-made convert.* Tom was as rigid in religious as in money matters; he was a stern supervisor and censurer of his neighbors, and seemed to think every sin entered up to their account became : credit on his own side of the page. He even talked of the expediency of reviving the persecution of Quakers and Anabaptists. In a word Tom's zeal became as notorious as his riches.

Still, in spite of all this strenuous attention to forms, Tom had lurking dread that the devil, after all, would have his due. That he might not be taken unawares, therefore, it is said he always carried small Bible in his coat-pocket. He had also a great folio Bible on his counting-house desk, and would frequently be found reading when people called on business; on such occasions he would lay his green spectacles in the book, to mark the place, while he turned round to drive some usurious bargain.

Some say that Tom grew a little crackbrained in his old days, and that, fancying his end approaching, he had his horse new shod, saddled and bridled, and buried with his feet uppermost; because he supposed that at the last day the world would be turned upside-down; in which case he should find his horse standing ready for mounting, and he was determined at the worst to give his old friend a run for it. This, however, is probably a mere old wives's fable. If he really did take such a precaution, it was totally superfluous; at least so says the authentic old legend; which closes his story in the following manner.

One hot summer afternoon in the dogdays, just as a terrible black thunder-gust* was coming up, Tom sat in his counting-house, in his white linen cap and India silk morning-gown. He was on the point of foreclosing a mortgage, by which he would complete the ruin of an unlucky land-speculator for whom he had professed the greatest friendship. The poor land-jobber begged him to grant a few months' indulgence. Tom had grown testy and irritated, and refused another day.

"My family will be ruined, and brought upon the parish,"* said the land-jobber.

"Charity begins at home,"* replied Tom; "I must take care of myself in these hard times."

"You have made so much money out of me," said the speculator.

Tom lost his patience and his piety. "The devil take me," said he, "if I have made a farthing!"

Just then there were three loud knocks at the street door. He stepped out to see who was there. A black man was holding a black horse, which neighed and stamped with impatience.

"Tom, you're come for,"* said the black fellow, gruffly. Tom shrank back, but too late. He had left his little Bible at the bottom of his coat-pocket, and his big Bible on the desk buried under the mortgage he was about to foreclose: never was sinner taken more unawares. The black man whisked him like a child into the saddle, gave the horse the lash, and away he galloped, with Tom on his back, in the midst of the thunder-storm. The clerks stuck their pens behind their ears, and stared after him from the windows. Away went Tom Walker, dashing down the streets; his white cap bobbing up and down; his morning-gown fluttering in the wind, and his steed striking fire out of the pavement at every bound. When the clerks turned to look for the black man, he had disappeared.

Tom Walker never returned to foreclose the mortgage. A countryman, who lived on the border of the swamp, reported that in the height of the thunder-gust he had heard a great clattering of hoofs and a howling along the road, and running to the window

caught sight of a figure, such as I have described, on a horse that galloped like mad across the fields, over the hills, and down into the black hemlock swamp towards the old Indian fort; and that shortly after a thunderbolt falling in that direction seemed to set the whole forest in a blaze.

The good people of Boston shook their heads and shrugged their shoulders, but had been so much accustomed to witches and goblins, and tricks of the devil, in all kinds of shapes, from the first settlement of the colony, that they were not so much horror-struck as might have been expected. Trustees were appointed to take charge of Tom's effects. There was nothing, however, to administer upon.* On searching his coffers, all his bonds and mortgages were found reduced to cinders. In place of gold and silver, his iron chest was filled with chips and shavings; two skeletons lay in his stable instead of his half-starved horses, and the very next day his great house took fire and was burnt to the ground.

Such was the end of Tom Walker and his ill-gotten wealth. Let all griping money-brokers lay this story to heart.* The truth of it is not to be doubted. The very hole under the oak-trees, whence he dug Kidd's money, is to be seen to this day; and the neighboring swamp and old Indian fort are often haunted in stormy nights by a figure on horseback, in morning-gown and white cap, which is doubtless the troubled spirit of the usurer. In fact, the story has resolved itself into a proverb,* and is the origin of that popular saying, so prevalent through New England, of "The Devil and Tom Walker."

Edgar Allan Poe

MS Found in a Bottle

(The Baltimore Saturday
Visiter, October 19, 1833.)



Qui n'a plus qu'un moment à vivre
N'a plus rien à dissimuler.

Quinault Alys.*

Of my country and of my family I have little to say. Ill usage and length of years have driven me from the one, and estranged me from the other. Hereditary wealth afforded me an education of no common order, and a contemplative turn of mind enabled me to methodize the stores which early study very diligently garnered up.—Beyond all things, the study of the German moralists* gave me great delight; not from any ill-advised admiration of their eloquent madness, but from the ease with which my habits of rigid thought enabled me to detect their falsities. I have often been reproached with the aridity of my genius; a deficiency of imagination has been imputed to me as a crime; and the Pyrrhonism of my opinions* has at all times rendered me notorious. Indeed, a strong relish for physical philosophy* has, I fear, tinctured my mind with a very common error of this age—I mean the habit of referring occurrences, even the least susceptible of such reference, to the principles of that science. Upon the whole, no person could be less liable than myself to be led away from the severe precincts of truth by the *ignes fatui* of superstition.* I have thought proper to premise thus much, lest the incredible tale I have to tell should be considered rather the raving of a crude imagination, than the positive experience of a mind to which the reveries of fancy have been a dead letter and a nullity.

After many years spent in foreign travel, I sailed in the year 18—, from the port of Batavia,* in the rich and populous island of Java, on

a voyage to the Archipelago of the Sunda islands.* I went as passenger—having no other inducement than a kind of nervous restlessness which haunted me as a fiend.

Our vessel was a beautiful ship of about four hundred tons, copper-fastened, and built at Bombay of Malabar teak.* She* was freighted with cotton-wool and oil, from the Lachadive islands.* We had also on board coir, jaggeree, ghee, cocoa-nuts, and a few cases of opium. The stowage was clumsily done, and the vessel consequently crank.

We got under way with a mere breath of wind, and for many days stood along the eastern coast of Java, without any other incident to beguile the monotony of our course than the occasional meeting with some of the small crabs of the Archipelago to which we were bound.

One evening, leaning over the taffrail, I observed a very singular, isolated cloud, to the N. W. It was remarkable, as well for its color, as from its being the first we had seen since our departure from Batavia. I watched it attentively until sunset, when it spread all at once to the eastward and westward, girding in the horizon with a narrow strip of vapor, and looking like a long line of low beach. My notice was soon afterwards attracted by the dusky-red appearance of the moon, and the peculiar character of the sea. The latter was undergoing a rapid change, and the water seemed more than usually transparent. Although I could distinctly see the bottom, yet, heaving the lead, I found the ship in fifteen fathoms. The air now became intolerably hot, and was loaded with spiral exhalations similar to those arising from heated iron. As night came on, every breath of wind died away, and a more entire calm it is impossible to conceive. The flame of a candle burned upon the poop without the least perceptible motion, and a long hair, held between the finger and thumb, hung without the possibility of detecting a vibration. However, as the captain said he could perceive no indication of danger, and as we were drifting in bodily to shore, he ordered the sails to be furled, and the anchor let go. No watch was set, and the crew, consisting principally of Malays, stretched themselves deliberately upon deck. I went below—not without a full presentiment of evil. Indeed, every appearance warranted me in apprehending a Simoon. I told the captain my fears; but he paid no attention to what I said, and left me without deigning to give a reply. My uneasiness, however, prevented me from sleeping, and about midnight I went upon deck.—As I placed my foot upon the upper step of the companion-ladder, I was startled by a loud, humming noise, like that occasioned by the rapid revolution of a mill-wheel, and before I could ascertain its meaning, I found the ship quivering to its centre. In the next instant, a wilderness of foam hurled us upon our

beam-ends, and, rushing over us fore and aft, swept the entire decks from stem to stern.

The extreme fury of the blast proved, in a great measure, the salvation of the ship. Although completely water-logged, yet, as her masts had gone by the board, she rose, after a minute, heavily from the sea, and, staggering awhile beneath the immense pressure of the tempest, finally righted.

By what miracle I escaped destruction, it is impossible to say. Stunned by the shock of the water, I found myself, upon recovery, jammed in between the sternpost and rudder. With great difficulty I gained my feet, and looking dizzily around, was, at first, struck with the idea of our being among breakers; so terrific, beyond the wildest imagination, was the whirlpool of mountainous and foaming ocean within which we were engulfed. After a while, I heard the voice of an old Swede, who had shipped with us at the moment of our leaving port. I hallooed to him with all my strength, and presently he came reeling aft. We soon discovered that we were the sole survivors of the accident. All on deck, with the exception of ourselves, had been swept overboard;—the captain and mates must have perished as they slept, for the cabins were deluged with water. Without assistance, we could expect to do little for the security of the ship, and our exertions were at first paralysed by the momentary expectation of going down. Our cable had, of course, parted like pack-thread, at the first breath of the hurricane, or we should have been instantaneously overwhelmed. We scudded with frightful velocity before the sea, and the water made clear breaches over us. The frame-work of our stern was shattered excessively, and, in almost every respect, we had received considerable injury; but to our extreme joy we found the pumps unchoked,* and that we had made no great shifting of our ballast. The main fury of the blast had already blown over, and we apprehended little danger from the violence of the wind; but we looked forward to its total cessation with dismay; well believing, that, in our shattered condition, we should inevitably perish in the tremendous swell which would ensue. But this very just apprehension seemed by no means likely to be soon verified. For five entire days and nights—during which our only subsistence was a small quantity of jaggeree, procured with great difficulty from the forecandle—the hulk flew at a rate defying computation, before rapidly succeeding flaws of wind, which, without equalling the first violence of the Simoon, were still more terrific than any tempest I had before encountered. Our course for the first four days was, with trifling variations, S. E. and by S.; and we must have run down the coast of New Holland.*—On the fifth day the cold became extreme, although the wind had hauled round a

point more to the northward.—The sun arose with a sickly yellow lustre, and clambered a very few degrees above the horizon—emitting no decisive light.—There were no clouds apparent, yet the wind was upon the increase, and blew with a fitful and unsteady fury. About noon, as nearly as we could guess, our attention was again arrested by the appearance of the sun. It gave out no light, properly so called, but a dull and sullen glow without reflection, as if all its rays were polarized. Just before sinking within the turgid sea, its central fires suddenly went out, as if hurriedly extinguished by some unaccountable power. It was a dim, silver-like rim, alone, as it rushed down the unfathomable ocean.

We waited in vain for the arrival of the sixth day—that day to me has not arrived—to the Swede, never did arrive. Thenceforward we were enshrouded in pitchy darkness, so that we could not have seen an object at twenty paces from the ship. Eternal night continued to envelop us, all unrelieved by the phosphoric sea-brilliance to which we had been accustomed in the tropics. We observed too, that although the tempest continued to rage with unabated violence there was no longer to be discovered the usual appearance of surf, or foam, which had hitherto attended us. All around were horror, or thick gloom, and a black sweltering desert of ebony.—Superstitious terror crept by degrees into the spirit of the old Swede, and my own soul was wrapped up in silent wonder. We neglected all care of the ship, as worse than useless, and securing ourselves, as well as possible, to the stump of the mizen-mast, looked out bitterly into the world of ocean. We had no means of calculating time, nor could we form any guess of our situation. We were, however, well aware having made farther to the southward than any previous navigator and felt great amazement at not meeting with the usual impediment of ice. In the meantime every moment threatened to be the last—every mountainous billow hurried to overwhelm us. The sea surpassed anything I had imagined possible, and that we were instantly buried is a miracle. My companion spoke of the lightness of our cargo, and reminded me of the excellent qualities of our ship, but I could not help feeling the utter hopelessness of hope itself, and prepared myself gloomily for that death which I thought nothing could defer beyond an hour, as, with every knot of way the sea made, the swelling of the black stupendous seas became more and more dismally appalling. At times we gasped for breath at an elevation beyond the albatross*—at times became dizzy with the velocity of our descent into some watery hell, where the air grew stagnant, no sound disturbed the slumbers of the kraken.*

We were at the bottom of one of these abysses, when a great scream from my companion broke fearfully upon the night. “

spoke, I became aware of a dull, sullen glare of red light which streamed down the sides of the vast chasm where we lay, and threw a fitful brilliancy upon our deck. Casting my eyes upwards, I beheld a spectacle which froze the current of my blood. At a terrific height directly above us, and upon the very verge of the precipitous descent, hovered a gigantic ship of, perhaps, four thousand tons. Although upreared upon the summit of a wave* more than a hundred times her own altitude, her apparent size still exceeded that of any ship of the line or East Indiaman* in existence. Her huge hull was of a deep dingy black, unrelieved by any of the customary carvings of a ship. A single row of brass cannon protruded from her open ports, and dashed from their polished surfaces the fires of innumerable battle-lanterns, which swung to and fro about her rigging. But what mainly inspired us with horror and astonishment, was that she bore up under a press of sail in the very teeth of that supernatural sea, and of that ungovernable hurricane. When we first discovered her, her bows were alone to be seen, as she rose slowly from the dim and horrible gulf beyond her. For a moment of intense terror she paused upon the giddy pinnacle, as if in contemplation of her own sublimity, then trembled and tottered, and—came down.

At this instant, I know not what sudden self-possession came over my spirit. Staggering as far aft as I could, I awaited fearlessly the ruin that was to overwhelm. Our own vessel was at length ceasing from her struggles,* and sinking with her head to the sea. The shock of the descending mass struck her, consequently, in that portion of her frame which was already under water, and the inevitable result was to hurl me, with irresistible violence, upon the rigging of the stranger.*

As I fell, the ship hove in stays, and went about; and to the confusion ensuing I attributed my escape from the notice of the crew. With little difficulty I made my way unperceived to the main hatchway, which was partially open, and soon found an opportunity of secreting myself in the hold. Why I did so I can hardly tell. An indefinite sense of awe, which at first sight of the navigators of the ship had taken hold of my mind, was perhaps the principle of my concealment. I was unwilling to trust myself with a race of people who had offered, to the cursory glance I had taken, so many points of vague novelty, doubt, and apprehension. I therefore thought proper to contrive a hiding-place in the hold. This I did by removing a small portion of the shifting-boards, in such a manner as to afford me a convenient retreat between the huge timbers of the ship.

I had scarcely completed my work, when a footstep in the hold forced me to make use of it. A man passed by my place of

concealment with a feeble and unsteady gait. I could not see his face, but had an opportunity of observing his general appearance. There was about it an evidence of great age and infirmity. His knees tottered beneath a load of years, and his entire frame quivered under the burthen. He muttered to himself, in a low broken tone, some words of a language which I could not understand, and groped in a corner among a pile of singular-looking instruments, and decayed charts of navigation. His manner was a wild mixture of the peevishness of second childhood, and the solemn dignity of a God. He at length went on deck, and I saw him no more.

*

A feeling, for which I have no name, has taken possession of my soul—a sensation which will admit of no analysis, to which the lessons of by-gone time are inadequate, and for which I fear futurity itself will offer me no key. To a mind constituted like my own, the latter consideration is an evil. I shall never—I know that I shall never—be satisfied with regard to the nature of my conceptions. Yet it is not wonderful that these conceptions are indefinite, since they have their origin in sources so utterly novel. A new sense—a new entity is added to my soul.

*

It is long since I first trod the deck of this terrible ship, and the rays of my destiny are, I think, gathering to a focus. Incomprehensible men! Wrapped up in meditations of a kind which I cannot divine they pass me by unnoticed. Concealment is utter folly on my part, for the people *will not* see. It was but just now that I passed directly before the eyes of the mate—it was no long while ago that I ventured into the captain's own private cabin, and took thence the material with which I write, and have written. I shall from time to time continue this journal. It is true that I may not find an opportunity of transmitting it to the world, but I will not fail to make the endeavor. At the last moment I will enclose the MS. in a bottle, and cast it with the sea.

*

An incident has occurred which has given me new room for meditation. Are such things the operation of ungoverned Chance? I had ventured upon deck and thrown myself down, without attracting any notice, among a pile of ratlin-stuff and old sails, in the

her terrific course due south, with every rag of canvas packed upon her, from her trucks to her lower studding-sail booms, and rolling every moment her top-gallant yard-arms into the most appalling helix of water which it can enter into the mind of man to imagine. I have just left the deck, where I find it impossible to maintain a footing although the crew seem to experience little inconvenience. It appears to me miracle of miracles that our enormous bulk is not swallowed up at once and forever. We are surely doomed to hover continually upon the brink of Eternity, without taking a final plunge into the abyss. From billows a thousand times more stupendous than any I have ever seen, we glide away with the facility of the arrowy sea-gull and the colossal waters rear their heads above us like demons of the deep, but like demons confined to simple threats and forbidden to destroy. I am led to attribute these frequent escapes to the only natural cause which can account for such effect.—I must suppose the ship to be within the influence of some strong current, or impetuous under-tow.

I have seen the captain face to face, and in his own cabin—but, as I expected, he paid me no attention. Although in his appearance there is, to a casual observer, nothing which might bespeak him more or less than man—still a feeling of irrepressible reverence and awe mingled with the sensation of wonder with which I regarded him. In stature he is nearly my own height; that is, about five feet eight inches. He is of a well-knit and compact frame of body, neither robust nor remarkably otherwise. But it is the singularity of the expression which reigns upon the face—it is the intense, the wonderful, the thrilling evidence of old age, so utter, so extreme which excites within my spirit a sense—a sentiment ineffable. His forehead, although little wrinkled, seems to bear upon it the stamp of a myriad of years.—His gray hairs are records of the past, and his grayer eyes are Sybils of the future. The cabin floor was thickly strewn with strange, iron-clasped folios, and mouldering instruments of science, and obsolete long-forgotten charts. His head was bowed down upon his hands, and he pored, with a fiery unquiet eye over a paper which I took to be a commission, and which, at all events, bore the signature of a monarch. He muttered to himself, as did the first seaman whom I saw in the hold, some low peevish syllables of a foreign tongue, and although the speaker was close at my elbow, his voice seemed to reach my ears from the distance of a mile.

The ship and all in it are imbued with the spirit of Eld. The crew glide to and fro like the ghosts of buried centuries; their eyes have an eager and uneasy meaning; and when their fingers fall athwart my path in the wild glare of the battle-lanterns, I feel as I have never felt

before, although I have been all my life a dealer in antiquities, and have imbibed the shadows of fallen columns at Balbec, and Tadmor, and Persepolis,* until my very soul has become a ruin.

When I look around me I feel ashamed of my former apprehensions. If I trembled at the blast which has hitherto attended us, shall I not stand aghast at a warring of wind and ocean, to convey any idea of which the words tornado and Simoon are trivial and ineffective? All in the immediate vicinity of the ship is the blackness of eternal night, and a chaos of foamless water; but, about a league on either side of us, may be seen, indistinctly and at intervals, stupendous ramparts of ice, towering away into the desolate sky, and looking like the walls of the universe.

As I imagined, the ship proves to be in a current; if that appellation can properly be given to a tide which, howling and shrieking by the white ice, thunders on to the southward with a velocity like the headlong dashing of a cataract.

To conceive the horror of my sensations is, I presume, utterly impossible; yet a curiosity to penetrate the mysteries of these awful regions, predominates even over my despair, and will reconcile me to the most hideous aspect of death. It is evident that we are hurrying onwards to some exciting knowledge—some never-to-be-imparted secret, whose attainment is destruction. Perhaps this current leads us to the southern pole itself. It must be confessed that a supposition apparently so wild has every probability in its favor.

The crew pace the deck with unquiet and tremulous step; but here is upon their countenances an expression more of the eagerness of hope than of the apathy of despair.

In the meantime the wind is still in our poop, and, as we carry a crowd of canvas, the ship is at times lifted bodily from out the sea—Oh, horror upon horror! the ice opens suddenly to the right, and to the left, and we are whirling dizzily, in immense concentric circles, round and round the borders of a gigantic amphitheatre, the summit of whose walls is lost in the darkness and the distance. But little time will be left me to ponder upon my destiny—the circles rapidly grow small—we are plunging madly within the grasp of the whirlpool—and amid a roaring, and bellowing, and thundering of ocean and of tempest, the ship is quivering, oh God! and—going down.

Note.—The "*MS Found in a Bottle*," was originally published in 1831 (1833), and it was not until many years afterwards that I became acquainted with the maps of Mercator,* in which the ocean is represented as rushing, by our mouths, into the (northern) Polar Gulf, to be absorbed into the bowels of the earth; the Pole itself being represented by a black rock, towering to a prodigious height. (E.A.P.)

The Murders in the Rue Morgue

(*Graham's Magazine*,
April, 1841.)

What song the Syrens sang, or what name Achilles
assumed when he hid himself among women, although
puzzling questions are not beyond all conjecture.

Sir Thomas Browne *Urn-Burial*.*

The mental features discoursed of as the analytical, are, in themselves, but little susceptible of analysis. We appreciate them only in their effects. We know of them, among other things, that they are always to their possessor, when inordinately possessed, a source of the liveliest enjoyment. As the strong man exults in his physical ability, delighting in such exercises as call his muscles into action, so glories the analyst in that moral activity which *disentangles*. He derives pleasure from even the most trivial occupations bringing his talents into play.* He is fond of enigmas, of conundrums, of hieroglyphics; exhibiting in his solutions of each a degree of *acumen* which appears to the ordinary apprehension preternatural. His results, brought about by the very soul and essence of method, have, in truth, the whole air of intuition. The faculty of re-solution is possibly much invigorated by mathematical study, and especially by that highest branch of it which, unjustly, and merely on account of its retrograde operations,* has been called, as if *par excellence*, analysis. Yet to calculate is not in itself to analyse. A chess-player, for example, does the one without effort at the other. It follows that the game of chess, in its effects upon mental character, is greatly misunderstood. I am not now writing a treatise, but simply prefacing a somewhat peculiar narrative by observations very much at random; I will, therefore, take occasion to assert that the higher powers of the reflective intellect are more decidedly and more usefully tasked by the unostentatious game of draughts than by all the elaborate frivolity of chess. In this latter, where the pieces have different and *bizarre* motions, with various and variable values, what is only complex is mistaken (a not unusual error) for what is profound. The *attention* is here called powerfully into play.* If it flag for an instant, an oversight is committed, resulting in injury or defeat. The possible moves being not only manifold but involute, the chances of such oversights are multiplied; and in nine cases out of ten it is the more concentrative rather than the more acute player who conquers. In draughts, on the contrary, where the moves are *unique* and have but little variation, the probabilities of inadvertence are diminished, and the mere attention being left comparatively unemployed, what

advantage. superior
men. To be less abstract—Let us suppose a game of draughts
where the pieces are reduced to four kings,* and where, of course,
oversight is to be expected. It is obvious that here the victory can
be decided (the players being at all equal) only by some *recherché**
movement, the result of some strong exertion of the intellect.
Deprived of ordinary resources, the analyst throws himself into the
situation of his opponent, identifies himself therewith, and not
infrequently sees thus, at a glance, the sole methods (sometimes
seemingly absurdly simple ones) by which he may seduce into error or
lead into miscalculation.

Whist has long been noted for its influence upon what is termed
calculating power; and men of the highest order of intellect have
been known to take an apparently unaccountable delight in it, while
viewing chess as frivolous. Beyond doubt there is nothing of a
humorous nature so greatly taxing the faculty of analysis. The best
chess-player in Christendom *may* be little more than the best player
at chess; but proficiency in whist implies capacity for success in all
these more important undertakings where mind struggles with
nature. When I say proficiency, I mean that perfection in the game
which includes a comprehension of *all* the sources whence legitimate
advantage may be derived. These are not only manifold but
multiform, and lie frequently among recesses of thought altogether
inaccessible to the ordinary understanding. To observe attentively is
to remember distinctly; and, so far, the concentrative chess-player
does very well at whist; while the rules of Hoyle* (themselves based
upon the mere mechanism of the game) are sufficiently and
generally comprehensible. Thus to have a retentive memory, and to
proceed by "the book,"* are points commonly regarded as the sum-
mum of good playing.* But it is in matters beyond the limits of mere
skill that the skill of the analyst is evinced. He makes, in silence, a
note of observations and inferences. So, perhaps, do his companions;
but the difference in the extent of the information obtained, lies not
much in the validity of the inference as in the quality of the ob-
servation. The necessary knowledge is that of *what* to observe. Our
player confines himself not at all;* nor, because the game is the
object, does he reject deductions from things external to the game.
He examines the countenance of his partner, comparing it carefully
with that of each of his opponents. He considers the mode of
shuffling the cards in each hand; often counting trump by trump,
and honor* by honor, through the glances bestowed by their holders
upon each. He notes every variation of face as the play progresses,
gathering a fund of thought from the differences in the expression
of certainty, of surprise, of triumph, or chagrin. From the manner of

another in the suit. He recognises them by the air with which it is thrown upon the table. A casual or inadvertent word; the accidental dropping or turning of a card, with the accompanying anxiety or carelessness in regard to its concealment; the counting of the tricks, with the order of their arrangement; embarrassment, hesitation, eagerness or trepidation—all afford, to his apparently intuitive perception, indications of the true state of affairs. The first two or three rounds having been played,* he is in full possession of the contents of each hand, and thence forward puts down his cards with as absolute a precision of purpose as if the rest of the party had turned outward the faces of their own.

The analytical power should not be confounded with simple ingenuity; for while the analyst is necessarily ingenious, the ingenious man is often remarkably incapable of analysis. The constructive or combining power, by which ingenuity is usually manifested, and to which the phrenologists* (I believe erroneously) have assigned a separate organ, supposing it a primitive faculty, has been so frequently seen in those whose intellect bordered otherwise upon idiocy, as to have attracted general observation among writers on morals. Between ingenuity and the analytic ability there exists a difference far greater, indeed, than that between the fancy and the imagination, but of a character very strictly analogous. It will be found, in fact, that the ingenious are always fanciful, and the *true* imaginative never otherwise than analytic.

The narrative which follows will appear to the reader somewhat in the light of a commentary upon the propositions just advanced.

Residing in Paris during the spring and part of the summer of 18—, I there became acquainted with a Monsieur C. Auguste Dupin. This young gentleman was of an excellent—indeed of an illustrious family, but, by a variety of untoward events, had been reduced to such poverty that the energy of his character succumbed beneath it and he ceased to bestir himself in the world,* or to care for the retrieval of his fortunes. By courtesy of his creditors, there still remained in his possession a small remnant of his patrimony; and upon the income arising from this, he managed, by means of rigorous economy, to procure the necessities of life, without troubling himself about its superfluities. Books, indeed, were his sole luxuries, and in Paris these are easily obtained.

Our first meeting was at an obscure library in the Rue Montmartre,* where the accident of our both being in search of the same very rare and very remarkable volume brought us into close

that candor which a Frenchman indulges whenever mere self is the theme. I was astonished, too, at the vast extent of his reading; and, above all, I felt my soul enkindled within me by the wild fervor, and vivid freshness of his imagination. Seeking in Paris the objects I had sought, I felt that the society of such a man would be to me a treasure beyond price; and this feeling I frankly confided to him. It was at length arranged that we should live together during my stay in the city; and as my worldly circumstances were somewhat less embarrassed than his own, I was permitted to be at the expense of entertaining, and furnishing in a style which suited the rather fantastic opinion of our common temper, a time-eaten and grotesque mansion, long deserted through superstitions into which we did not inquire, and tottering to its fall in a retired and desolate portion of the Faubourg St. Germain.*

Had the routine of our life at this place been known to the world, it should have been regarded as madmen—although, perhaps, as madmen of a harmless nature. Our seclusion was perfect. We admitted no visitors. Indeed the locality of our retirement had been carefully kept a secret from my own former associates; and it had been many years since Dupin had ceased to know or be known in Paris. We existed within ourselves alone.

It was a freak of fancy in my friend (for what else shall I call it?) to become enamored of the Night for her own sake; and into this *bizarrie*, as it were, into all his others, I quietly fell; * giving myself up to his wild whims with a perfect *abandon*. The sable divinity would not herself dwell with us always; but we could counterfeit her presence. At the dawn of the morning we closed all the massy shutters of our old dwelling; lighted a couple of tapers which, strongly perfumed, threw only the ghastliest and feeblest of rays. By the aid of these we busied our souls in dreams—reading, writing, or conversing, until warned by the clock of the advent of the true Darkness. Then sallied forth into the streets, arm in arm, continuing the topics of the day, or roaming far and wide until a late hour, seeking, amid the lights and shadows of the populous city, that infinity of mental excitement which quiet observation can afford.

At such times I could not help remarking and admiring (although in his rich ideality * I had been prepared to expect it) a peculiarly poetic ability in Dupin. He seemed, too, to take an eager delight in the exercise—if not exactly in its display—and did not hesitate to confess the pleasure thus derived. He boasted to me, with a low chuckling laugh, that most men, in respect to himself, wore windows for their bosoms, and was wont to follow up such assertions by direct

anner at these moments was frigid and abstract; his eyes were
icant in expression; while his voice, usually a rich tenor, rose into a
eble which would have sounded petulantly but for the deliberate-
ess and entire distinctness of the enunciation. Observing him in
ese moods, I often dwelt meditatively upon the old philosophy of
ie Bi-Part Soul,* and amused myself with the fancy of a double
upin—the creative and the resolvent.*

Let it not be supposed, from what I have just said, that I am
etailing any mystery, or penning any romance. What I have
escribed in the Frenchman, was merely the result of an excited, or
erhaps of a diseased intelligence. But of the character of his
marks at the periods in question an example will best convey the
lea.

We were strolling one night down a long dirty street, in the vicinity
of the Palais Royal.* Being both, apparently, occupied with thought,
neither of us had spoken a syllable for fifteen minutes at least. All at
once Dupin broke forth with these words:—

“He is a very little fellow, that’s true, and would do better for the
Théâtre des Variétés.”*

“There can be no doubt of that,” I replied unwittingly, and not at
first observing (so much had I been absorbed in reflection) the
extraordinary manner in which the speaker had chimed in with my
meditations. In an instant afterward I recollected myself, and my
astonishment was profound.

“Dupin,” said I, gravely, “this is beyond my comprehension. I do
not hesitate to say that I am amazed, and can scarcely credit my
senses. How was it possible you should know I was thinking of——?”
Here I paused, to ascertain beyond a doubt whether he really knew
of whom I thought.

—“of Chantilly,” said he, “why do you pause? You were
remarking to yourself that his diminutive figure unfitted him for
tragedy.”

This was precisely what had formed the subject of my reflections.
Chantilly was a *quondam* cobbler of the Rue St. Denis, who, becoming
stage-mad, had attempted the rôle of Xerxes, in Crébillon’s tragedy*
so called, and been notoriously Pasquinaded for his pains.

“Tell me, for Heaven’s sake,” I exclaimed, “the method—if
method there is—by which you have been enabled to fathom my
soul in this matter.” In fact I was even more startled than I would
have been willing to express.

“It was the fruiterer,” replied my friend, “who brought you to the
conclusion that the mender of soles was not of sufficient height for
Xerxes *et id genus omne*.”*

soever."

"The man who ran up against you as we entered the street—it may have been fifteen minutes ago."

I now remembered that, in fact, a fruiterer, carrying upon his head a large basket of apples, had nearly thrown me down, by accident, as we passed from the Rue C——into the thoroughfare where we stood; but what this had to do with Chantilly I could not possibly understand.

There was not a particle of *charlatanerie** about Dupin. "I will explain," he said, "and that you may comprehend all clearly, we will first retrace the course of your meditations, from the moment in which I spoke to you until that of the *rencontre* with the fruiterer in question. The larger links of the chain run thus—Chantilly, Orion, Dr. Nichols,* Epicurus,* Stereotomy,* the street stone, the fruiterer."

There are few persons who have not, at some period of their lives, amused themselves in retracing the steps by which particular conclusions of their own minds have been attained. The occupation is often full of interest; and he who attempts it for the first time is astonished by the apparently illimitable distance and incoherence between the starting-point and the goal. What, then, must have been my amazement when I heard the Frenchman speak what he had just spoken, and when I could not help acknowledging that he had spoken the truth. He continued:

"We had been talking of horses, if I remember aright, just before leaving the Rue C——. This was the last subject we discussed. As we crossed into this street, a fruiterer, with a large basket upon his head, brushing quickly past us, thrust you upon a pile of paving-stones collected at a spot where the causeway is undergoing repair. You stepped upon one of the loose fragments, slipped, slightly strained your ankle, appeared vexed or sulky, muttered a few words, turned to look at the pile, and then proceeded in silence. I was not particularly attentive to what you did; but observation has become with me, of late, a species of necessity.

"You kept your eyes upon the ground—glancing, with a petulant expression, at the holes and ruts in the pavement, (so that I saw you were still thinking of the stones,) until we reached the little alley called Lamartine, which has been paved, by way of experiment, with the overlapping and riveted blocks.* Here your countenance brightened up, and, perceiving your lips move, I could not doubt that you murmured the word 'stereotomy,' a term very affectingly applied to this species of pavement. I knew that you could not say to yourself 'stereotomy' without being brought to think of atomies,*

and thus of the theories of Epicurus; and since, when we discussed this subject not very long ago, I mentioned to you how singularly, yet with how little notice, the vague guesses of that noble Greek had met with confirmation in the late nebular cosmogony,* I felt that you could not avoid casting your eyes upward to the great *nebula* in Orion, and I certainly expected that you would do so. You did look up; and I was now assured that I had correctly followed your steps. But in that bitter *tirade* upon Chantilly, which appeared in yesterday's '*Musée*,'* the satirist, making some disgraceful allusions to the cobbler's change of name upon assuming the buskin,* quoted a Latin line about which we have often conversed. I mean the line

*Perdidit antiquum litera prima sonum.**

I had told you that this was in reference to Orion, formerly written *Urion*; and, from certain pungencies connected with this explanation, I was aware that you could not have forgotten it. It was clear, therefore, that you would not fail to combine the two ideas of Orion and Chantilly. That you did combine them I saw by the character of the smile which passed over your lips. You thought of the poor cobbler's immolation. So far, you had been stooping in your gait; but now I saw you draw yourself up to your full height. I was then sure that you reflected upon the diminutive figure of Chantilly. At this point I interrupted your meditations to remark that as, in fact, he *was* a very little fellow—that Chantilly—he would do better at the *Théâtre des Variétés*."

Not long after this, we were looking over an evening edition of the *Gazette des Tribunaux*,* when the following paragraphs arrested our attention.

"EXTRAORDINARY MURDERS.—This morning, about three o'clock, the inhabitants of the Quartier St. Roch were aroused from sleep by a succession of terrific shrieks, issuing, apparently, from the fourth story of a house in the Rue Morgue, known to be in the sole occupancy of one Madame L'Espanaye, and her daughter, Mademoiselle Camille L'Espanaye. After some delay, occasioned by a fruitless attempt to procure admission in the usual manner, the gateway was broken in with a crowbar, and eight or ten of the neighbors entered, accompanied by two *gendarmes*. By this time the cries had ceased; but, as the party rushed up the first flight of stairs two or more rough voices, in angry contention, were distinguished and seemed to proceed from the upper part of the house. As the second landing was reached, these sounds, also, had ceased, and everything remained perfectly quiet. The party spread themselves and hurried from room to room. Upon arriving at a large back chamber in the fourth story, (the door of which, being found locked

with the key inside, was forced open,) a spectacle presented itself which struck every one present not less with horror than with astonishment.

"The apartment was in the wildest disorder—the furniture broken and thrown about in all directions. There was only one bedstead; and from this the bed had been removed, and thrown into the middle of the floor. On a chair lay a razor, besmeared with blood. On the hearth were two or three long and thick tresses of grey human hair, also dabbled in blood, and seeming to have been pulled out by the roots. Upon the floor were found four Napoleons,* an earring of topaz, three large silver spoons, three smaller of *métal d'Alger*,* and two bags, containing nearly four thousand francs in gold. The drawers of a *bureau*, which stood in one corner, were open, and had been, apparently, rifled, although many articles still remained in them. A small iron safe was discovered under the *bed* (not under the bedstead). It was open, with the key still in the door. It had no contents beyond a few old letters, and other papers of little consequence.

"Of Madame L'Espanaye no traces were here seen; but an unusual quantity of soot being observed in the fire-place, a search was made in the chimney, and (horrible to relate!) the corpse of the daughter, head downward, was dragged therefrom; it having been thus forced up the narrow aperture for a considerable distance. The body was quite warm. Upon examining it, many excoriations were perceived, no doubt occasioned by the violence with which it had been thrust up and disengaged.* Upon the face were many severe scratches, and, upon the throat, dark bruises, and deep indentations of finger nails, as if the deceased had been throttled to death.

"After a thorough investigation of every portion of the house, without farther discovery, the party made its way into a small paved yard in the rear of the building, where lay the corpse of the old lady, with her throat so entirely cut that, upon an attempt to raise her, the head fell off. The body, as well as the head, was fearfully mutilated—the former so much so as scarcely to retain any semblance of humanity.

"To this horrible mystery there is not as yet, we believe, the slightest clew."

The next day's paper had these additional particulars.

"*The Tragedy in the Rue Morgue*. Many individuals have been examined in relation to this most extraordinary and frightful affair," The word '*affaire*' has not yet, in France, the levity of import which it conveys with us,*] "but nothing whatever has transpired to throw light upon it. We give below all the material testimony elicited.

"*Pauline Dubourg*, laundress, deposes that she has known both the deceased for three years, having washed for them during that period. The old lady and her daughter seemed on good terms—very affectionate towards each other. They were excellent pay.* Could not speak in regard to their mode or means of living. Believed that Madame L. told fortunes for a living. Was reputed to have money put by. Never met any persons in the house when she called for the clothes or took them home. Was sure that they had no servant in employ. There appeared to be no furniture in any part of the building except in the fourth story.

"*Pierre Moreau*, tobacconist, deposes that he has been in the habit of selling small quantities of tobacco and snuff to Madame L'Espanaye for nearly four years. Was born in the neighborhood, and has always resided there. The deceased and her daughter had occupied the house in which the corpses were found, for more than six years. It was formerly occupied by a jeweller, who under-let the upper rooms to various persons. The house was the property of Madame L. She became dissatisfied with the abuse of the premises by her tenant, and moved into them herself, refusing to let any portion. The old lady was childish. Witness had seen the daughter some five or six times during the six years. The two lived an exceedingly retired life—were reputed to have money. Had heard it said among the neighbors that Madame L. told fortunes—did not believe it. Had never seen any person enter the door except the old lady and her daughter, a porter once or twice, and a physician some eight or ten times.

"Many other persons, neighbors, gave evidence to the same effect. No one was spoken of as frequenting the house. It was not known whether there were any living connexions of Madame L. and her daughter. The shutters of the front windows were seldom opened. Those in the rear were always closed, with the exception of the large back room, fourth story. The house was a good house—not very old.

"*Isidore Musèt*, gendarme, deposes that he was called to the house about three o'clock in the morning, and found some twenty or thirty persons at the gateway, endeavoring to gain admittance. Forced it open, at length, with a bayonet—not with a crowbar. Had but little difficulty in getting it open, on account of its being a double or folding gate, and bolted neither at bottom nor top. The shrieks were continued until the gate was forced—and then suddenly ceased. They seemed to be screams of some person (or persons) in great agony—were loud and drawn out,* not short and quick. Witness led the way up stairs. Upon reaching the first landing, heard two voices in loud and angry contention—the one a gruff voice, the other much shriller—a very strange voice. Could distinguish some words of the

rmer, which was that of a Frenchman. Was positive that it was not a man's voice. Could distinguish the words '*sacré*,'* and '*diable*.'* The shrill voice was that of a foreigner. Could not be sure whether it is the voice of a man or of a woman. Could not make out what was said, but believed the language to be Spanish. The state of the room and of the bodies was described by this witness as we described them yesterday.

"*Henri Duval*, a neighbor, and by trade a silversmith, deposes that he was one of the party who first entered the house. Corroborates the testimony of *Musèt* in general. As soon as they forced an entrance, they reclosed the door, to keep out the crowd, which collected very fast, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour. The shrill voice, the witness thinks, was that of an Italian. Was certain it is not French. Could not be sure that it was a man's voice. It might have been a woman's. Was not acquainted with the Italian language. Could not distinguish the words, but was convinced by the intonation that the speaker was an Italian. Knew *Madame L.* and her daughter. Had conversed with both frequently. Was sure that the shrill voice is not that of either of the deceased.

"—*Odenheimer*, restaurateur.* This witness volunteered his testimony. Not speaking French, was examined through an interpreter. Is a native of Amsterdam. Was passing the house at the time the shrieks. They lasted for several minutes—probably ten. They were long and loud—very awful and distressing. Was one of those who entered the building. Corroborated the previous evidence in every respect but one. Was sure that the shrill voice was that of a man—of a Frenchman. Could not distinguish the words uttered. They were loud and quick—unequal—spoken apparently in fear as well as in anger. The voice was harsh—not so much shrill as harsh. Could not call it a shrill voice. The gruff voice said repeatedly '*sacré*,' '*diable*,' and once '*mon Dieu*.'*

"*Jules Mignaud*, banker, of the firm of *Mignaud et Fils*, Rue d'Orléans. Is the elder *Mignaud*. *Madame L'Espanaye* had some property. Had opened an account with his banking house in the spring of the year—(eight years previously). Made frequent deposits in small sums. Had checked for nothing until the third day before her death, when she took out in person the sum of 4,000 francs. This sum was paid in gold, and a clerk sent home with the money.

"*Adolphe Le Bon*, clerk to *Mignaud et Fils*, deposes that on the day in question, about noon, he accompanied *Madame L'Espanaye* to her residence with the 4,000 francs, put up in two bags. Upon the door being opened, *Mademoiselle L.* appeared and took from his hands one of the bags, while the old lady relieved him of the other. He then

bowed and departed. Did not see any person in the street at the time. It is a by-street—very lonely.

"*William Bird*, tailor, deposes that he was one of the party who entered the house. Is an Englishman. Has lived in Paris two years. Was one of the first to ascend the stairs. Heard the voices in contention. The gruff voice was that of a Frenchman. Could make out several words, but cannot now remember all. Heard distinctly 'sacré', and 'mon Dieu.' There was a sound at the moment as if several persons struggling—a scraping and scuffling sound. The shrill voice was very loud—louder than the gruff one. Is sure that was not the voice of an Englishman. Appeared to be that of a German. Might have been a woman's voice. Does not understand German.

"Four of the above-named witnesses, being recalled, deposed that the door of the chamber in which was found the body of Mademoiselle L. was locked on the inside when the party reached the house. Every thing was perfectly silent—no groans or noises of any kind. Upon forcing the door no person was seen. The windows, both in the back and front room, were down and firmly fastened from within. A door between the two rooms was closed, but not locked. The door leading from the front room into the passage was locked with the key on the inside. A small room in the front of the house, on the fourth story, at the head of the passage, was open, the door being ajar. This room was crowded with old beds, boxes, and so forth. These were carefully removed and searched. There was not an inch of any portion of the house which was not carefully searched. Sweeps were sent up and down the chimneys. The house was a four story one, with garrets (*mansardes*). A trap-door on the roof was nailed down very securely—did not appear to have been opened for years. The time elapsing between the hearing of the voices in contention and the breaking open of the room door, was variously stated by the witnesses. Some made it as short as three minutes—some as long as five. The door was opened with difficulty.

"*Alfonzo Garcia*, undertaker, deposes that he resides in the Rue Morgue. Is a native of Spain. Was one of the party who entered the house. Did not proceed up stairs. Is nervous, and was apprehensive of the consequences of agitation.* Heard the voices in contention. The gruff voice was that of a Frenchman. Could not distinguish what was said. The shrill voice was that of an Englishman—is sure of that. Does not understand the English language, but judges by the intonation.

"*Alberto Montani*, confectioner, deposes that he was among the first to ascend the stairs. Heard the voices in question. The gruff voice was that of a Frenchman. Distinguished several words. The

speaker appeared to be expostulating. Could not make out the words of the shrill voice. Spoke quick and unevenly. Thinks it the voice of a Russian. Corroborates the general testimony. Is an Italian. Never conversed with a native of Russia.

"Several witnesses, recalled, here testified that the chimneys of all the rooms on the fourth story were too narrow to admit the passage of a human being. By 'sweeps' were meant cylindrical sweeping-brushes, such as are employed by those who clean chimneys. These brushes were passed up and down every flue in the house. There is no back passage by which any one could have descended while the party proceeded up stairs. The body of Mademoiselle L'Espanaye was so firmly wedged in the chimney that it could not be got down until four or five of the party united their strength.

"*Paul Dumas*, physician, deposes that he was called to view the bodies about day-break. They were both then lying on the sacking* of the bedstead in the chamber where Mademoiselle L. was found. The corpse of the young lady was much bruised and excoriated. The fact that it had been thrust up the chimney would sufficiently account for these appearances. The throat was greatly chafed. There were several deep scratches just below the chin, together with a series of livid spots which were evidently the impression of fingers. The face was fearfully discolored, and the eye-balls protruded. The tongue had been partially bitten through. A large bruise was discovered upon the pit of the stomach, produced, apparently, by the pressure of a knee. In the opinion of M. Dumas, Mademoiselle L'Espanaye had been throttled to death by some person or persons unknown. The corpse of the mother was horribly mutilated. All the bones of the right leg and arm were more or less shattered. The left *tibia* much splintered, as well as all the ribs of the left side. Whole body dreadfully bruised and discolored. It was not possible to say how the injuries had been inflicted. A heavy club of wood, or a broad bar of iron—a chair—any large, heavy, and obtuse weapon would have produced such results, if wielded by the hands of a very powerful man. No woman could have inflicted the blows with any weapon. The head of the deceased, when seen by witness, was entirely separated from the body, and was also greatly shattered. The throat had evidently been cut with some very sharp instrument—probably with a razor.

"*Alexandre Etienne*, surgeon, was called with M. Dumas to view the bodies. Corroborated the testimony, and the opinions of M. Dumas.

"Nothing farther of importance was elicited, although several other persons were examined. A murder so mysterious, and so perplexing in all its particulars, was never before committed in Paris—if indeed a murder has been committed at all. The police are

ntirely at fault*—an unusual occurrence in affairs of this nature. There is not, however, the shadow of a clew apparent."

The evening edition of the paper stated that the greatest excitement still continued in the Quartier St. Roch—that the premises in question had been carefully researched, and fresh examinations of witnesses instituted, but all to no purpose. A postscript, however, mentioned that Adolphe Le Bon had been arrested and imprisoned—although nothing appeared to criminate him, beyond the facts already detailed.

Dupin seemed singularly interested in the progress of this affair—at least so I judged from his manner, for he made no comments. It was only after the announcement that Le Bon had been imprisoned, that he asked me my opinion respecting the murders.

I could merely agree with all Paris in considering them an insoluble mystery. I saw no means by which it would be possible to trace the murderer.

"We must not judge of the means," said Dupin, "by this shell of an examination.* The Parisian police, so much extolled for *acumen*, are cunning, but no more. There is no method in their proceedings, beyond the method of the moment. They make a vast parade of measures; but, not infrequently, these are so ill adapted to the objects proposed, as to put us in mind of Monsieur Jourdain's calling for his *robe-de-chambre*—*pour mieux entendre la musique*.* The results attained by them are not unfrequently surprising, but, for the most part, are brought about by simple diligence and activity. When these qualities are unavailing, their schemes fail. Vidocq,* for example, was a good guesser, and a persevering man. But, without educated thought, he erred continually by the very intensity of his investigations. He impaired his vision by holding the object too close. He might see, perhaps, one or two points with unusual clearness, but in so doing he, necessarily, lost sight of the matter as a whole. Thus there is such a thing as being too profound.* Truth is not always in a well. In fact, as regards the more important knowledge, I do believe that she,* is invariably superficial. The depth lies in the valleys where we seek her, and not upon the mountain-tops where she is found. The modes and sources of this kind of error are well typified in the contemplation of the heavenly bodies. To look at a star by glances—to view it in a side-long way, by turning toward it the exterior portions of the *retina* (more susceptible of feeble impressions of light than the interior), is to behold the star distinctly—is to have the best appreciation of its lustre—a lustre which grows dim just in proportion as we turn our vision *fully* upon it. A greater number of rays actually fall upon the eye in the latter case, but, in the former, there is the more refined capacity for comprehension. By

due profundity we perplex and enfeeble thought; and it is possible to make even Venus herself vanish* from the firmament by scrutiny too sustained, too concentrated, or too direct.

‘As for these murders, let us enter into some examinations for ourselves, before we make up an opinion respecting them. An inquiry will afford us amusement,” [I thought this an odd term, so I plied, but said nothing] “and, besides, Le Bon once rendered me a service for which I am not ungrateful. We will go and see the premises with our own eyes. I know G——, the Prefect of Police, and we shall have no difficulty in obtaining the necessary permission.”

The permission was obtained, and we proceeded at once to the Morgue. This is one of those miserable thoroughfares which intervene between the Rue Richelieu and the Rue St. Roch. It was in the afternoon when we reached it; as this quarter is at a great distance from that in which we resided. The house was readily found; for there were still many persons gazing up at the closed shutters, with an objectless curiosity, from the opposite side of the way. It was an ordinary Parisian house, with a gateway, on one side of which was a glazed watch-box, with a sliding panel in the window, indicating a *loge de concierge*.* Before going in we walked up the street, turned down an alley, and then, again turning, passed in the rear of the building—Dupin, meanwhile, examining the whole neighborhood, as well as the house, with a minuteness of attention which I could see no possible object.

Retracing our steps, we came again to the front of the dwelling, and, having shown our credentials, were admitted by the agents in charge. We went up stairs—into the chamber where the body of Mademoiselle L’Espanaye had been found, and where both were deceased still lay. The disorders of the room had, as usual, been suffered to exist.* I saw nothing beyond what had been stated in the *Gazette des Tribunaux*. Dupin, scrutinized every thing—not excepting the bodies of the victims. We then went into the other rooms, and into the yard; a *gendarme* accompanying us throughout. The examination occupied us until dark, when we took our departure. On our way home my companion stopped in for a moment at the office of one of the daily papers.

I have said that the whims of my friend were manifold, and that *Je m’enageais*.*—for this phrase there is no English equivalent. It was his humor, now, to decline all conversation on the subject of the murder, until about noon the next day. He then asked me, suddenly, if I had observed any thing *peculiar* at the scene of the locality.

There was something in his manner of emphasizing the word *peculiar*,” which caused me to shudder, without knowing why.

"No, nothing *peculiar*," I said; "nothing more, at least, than we
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"The *Gazette*," he replied, "has not entered, I fear, into the
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They have fallen into the gross but common error of confounding
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police."

I stared at the speaker in mute astonishment.

"I am now awaiting," continued he, looking toward the door of
our apartment—"I am now awaiting a person who, although
perhaps not the perpetrator of these butcheries, must have been in
some measure implicated in their perpetration. Of the worst portion
of the crimes committed, it is probable that he is innocent. I hope
that I am right in this supposition; for upon it I build my expectation
of reading the entire riddle. I look for the man here—in this
room—every moment. It is true that he may not arrive; but the
probability is that he will. Should he come, it will be necessary to
detain him. Here are pistols; and we both know how to use them
when occasion demands their use."

I took the pistols, scarcely knowing what I did, or believing what I
heard, while Dupin went on, very much as if in a soliloquy. I have
already spoken of his abstract manner at such times. His discourse
was addressed to myself; but his voice, although by no means loud,
had that intonation which is commonly employed in speaking to

some one at a great distance. His eyes, vacant in expression, regarded only the wall.

"That the voices heard in contention," he said, "by the party upon the stairs, were not the voices of the women themselves, was fully proved by the evidence. This relieves us of all doubt upon the question whether the old lady could have first destroyed the daughter, and afterward have committed suicide. I speak of this point chiefly for the sake of method; for the strength of Madame L'Espanaye would have been utterly unequal to the task of thrusting her daughter's corpse up the chimney as it was found; and the nature of the wounds upon her own person entirely preclude the idea of self-destruction. Murder, then, has been committed by some third party; and the voices of this third party were those heard in contention. Let me now advert—not to the whole testimony respecting these voices—but to what was *peculiar* in that testimony. Did you observe anything peculiar about it?"

I remarked that, while all the witnesses agreed in supposing the gruff voice to be that of a Frenchman, there was much disagreement in regard to the shrill, or, as one individual termed it, the harsh voice.

"That was the evidence itself," said Dupin, "but it was not the peculiarity of the evidence. You have observed nothing distinctive. Yet there *was* something to be observed. The witnesses, as you remark, agreed about the gruff voice; they were here unanimous. But in regard to the shrill voice, the peculiarity is—not that they disagreed—but that, while an Italian, an Englishman, a Spaniard, a Hollander, and a Frenchman attempted to describe it, each one spoke of it as that of a *foreigner*. Each is sure that it was not the voice of one of his own countrymen. Each likens it—not to the voice of an individual of any nation with whose language he is conversant—but the converse. The Frenchman supposes it the voice of a Spaniard, and 'might have distinguished some words *had he been acquainted with the Spanish*.' The Dutchman maintains it to have been that of a Frenchman; but we find it stated that '*not understanding French this witness was examined through an interpreter*.' The Englishman thinks it the voice of a German, and '*does not understand German*.' The Spaniard 'is sure' that it was that of an Englishman, but 'judges by the intonation' altogether, '*as he has no knowledge of the English*.' The Italian believes it the voice of a Russian, but '*has never conversed with a native of Russia*.' A second Frenchman differs, moreover, with the first, and is positive that the voice was that of an Italian; but, '*not being cognisant of that tongue*,' is, like the Spaniard, 'convinced by the intonation.' Now, how strangely unusual must that voice have really been, about which such testimony as this *could* have been elic-

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"I am now awaiting," continued he, looking toward the door of our apartment—"I am now awaiting a person who, although perhaps not the perpetrator of these butcheries, must have been in some measure implicated in their perpetration. Of the worst portion of the crimes committed, it is probable that he is innocent. I hope that I am right in this supposition; for upon it I build my expectation of reading the entire riddle. I look for the man here—in this room—every moment. It is true that he may not arrive; but the probability is that he will. Should he come, it will be necessary to detain him. Here are pistols; and we both know how to use them when occasion demands their use."

I took the pistols, scarcely knowing what I did, or believing what I heard, while Dupin went on, very much as if in a soliloquy. I have already spoken of his abstract manner at such times. His discourse was addressed to myself; but his voice, although by no means loud, had that intonation which is commonly employed in speaking to

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I took the pistols, scarcely knowing what I did, or believing what I heard, while Dupin went on, very much as if in a soliloquy. I have already spoken of his abstract manner at such times. His discourse was addressed to myself; but his voice, although by no means loud, had that intonation which is commonly employed in speaking to

some one at a great distance. His eyes, vacant in expression, regarded only the wall.

"That the voices heard in contention," he said, "by the party upon the stairs, were not the voices of the women themselves, was fully proved by the evidence. This relieves us of all doubt upon the question whether the old lady could have first destroyed the daughter, and afterward have committed suicide. I speak of this point chiefly for the sake of method; for the strength of Madame L'Espanaye would have been utterly unequal to the task of thrusting her daughter's corpse up the chimney as it was found; and the nature of the wounds upon her own person entirely preclude the idea of self-destruction. Murder, then, has been committed by some third party; and the voices of this third party were those heard in contention. Let me now advert—not to the whole testimony respecting these voices—but to what was *peculiar* in that testimony. Did you observe anything peculiar about it?"

I remarked that, while all the witnesses agreed in supposing the gruff voice to be that of a Frenchman, there was much disagreement in regard to the shrill, or, as one individual termed it, the harsh voice.

"That was the evidence itself," said Dupin, "but it was not the peculiarity of the evidence. You have observed nothing distinctive. Yet there *was* something to be observed. The witnesses, as you remark, agreed about the gruff voice; they were here unanimous. But in regard to the shrill voice, the peculiarity is—not that they disagreed—but that, while an Italian, an Englishman, a Spaniard, a Hollander, and a Frenchman attempted to describe it, each one spoke of it as that of a *foreigner*. Each is sure that it was not the voice of one of his own countrymen. Each likens it—not to the voice of an individual of any nation with whose language he is conversant—but the converse. The Frenchman supposes it the voice of a Spaniard, and 'might have distinguished some words *had he been acquainted with the Spanish*.' The Dutchman maintains it to have been that of a Frenchman; but we find it stated that '*not understanding French this witness was examined through an interpreter*.' The Englishman thinks it the voice of a German, and '*does not understand German*.' The Spaniard 'is sure' that it was that of an Englishman, but 'judges by the intonation' altogether, '*as he has no knowledge of the English*.' The Italian believes it the voice of a Russian, but '*has never conversed with a native of Russia*.' A second Frenchman differs, moreover, with the first, and is positive that the voice was that of an Italian; but, *not being cognisant of that tongue*, is, like the Spaniard, 'convinced by the intonation.' Now, how strangely unusual must that voice have really been, about which such testimony as this *could* have been elic-

ited!—in whose *tones*, even, denizens of the five great divisions of Europe could recognize nothing familiar! You will say that it might have been the voice of an Asiatic—of an African. Neither Asiatics nor Africans abound in Paris; but, without denying the inference, I will now merely call your attention to three points. The voice is termed by one witness ‘harsh rather than shrill.’ It is represented by two others to have been ‘quick and *unequal*.’ No words—no sounds resembling words—were by any witness mentioned as distinguishable.

“I know not,” continued Dupin, “what impression I may have made, so far, upon your own understanding; but I do not hesitate to say that legitimate deductions even from this portion of the testimony—the portion respecting the gruff and shrill voices—are in themselves sufficient to engender a suspicion which should give direction to all farther progress in the investigation of the mystery. I said ‘legitimate deductions;’ but my meaning is not thus fully expressed. I designed to imply that the deductions are the *sole* proper ones, and that the suspicion arises *inevitably* from them as the single result. What the suspicion is, however, I will not say just yet. I merely wish you to bear in mind that, with myself,* it was sufficiently forcible to give a definite form—a certain tendency—to my inquiries in the chamber.

“Let us now transport ourselves, in fancy, to this chamber. What shall we first seek here? The means of egress employed by the murderers. It is not too much to say that neither of us believe in præternatural events. Madame and Mademoiselle L’Espanaye were not destroyed by spirits. The doers of the deed were material, and escaped materially. Then how? Fortunately, there is but one mode of reasoning upon the point, and that mode *must* lead us to a definite decision.—Let us examine, each by each, the possible means of egress. It is clear that the assassins were in the room where Mademoiselle L’Espanaye was found, or at least in the room adjoining, when the party ascended the stairs. It is then only from these two apartments that we have to seek issues. The police have laid bare the floors, the ceilings, and the masonry of the walls, in every direction. No *secret* issues could have escaped their vigilance. But, not trusting to *their* eyes, I examined with my own. There were, then, *no* secret issues. Both doors leading from the rooms into the passage were securely locked, with the keys inside. Let us turn to the chimneys. These, although of ordinary width for some eight or ten feet above the hearths, will not admit, throughout their extent, the body of a large cat. The impossibility of egress, by means already stated, being thus absolute, we are reduced to the windows. Through those of the front room no one could have escaped without notice

from theers *must* have passed, then, through those of the back room. Now, brought to this conclusion in so unequivocal a manner as we are, it is not our part, as reasoners, to reject it on account of apparent impossibilities. It is only left for us to prove that these apparent 'impossibilities' are, in reality, not such.

"There are two windows in the chamber. One of them is unobstructed by furniture, and is wholly visible. The lower portion of the other is hidden from view by the head of the unwieldy bedstead which is thrust close up against it. The former was found securely fastened from within. It resisted the utmost force of those who endeavored to raise it. A large gimlet-hole had been pierced in its frame to the left, and a very stout nail was found fitted therein, nearly to the head. Upon examining the other window, a similar nail was seen similarly fitted in it; and a vigorous attempt to raise this sash, failed also. The police were now entirely satisfied that egress had not been in these directions. And, *therefore*, it was thought a matter of supererogation to withdraw the nails and open the windows.

"My own examination was somewhat more particular, and was so for the reason I have just given—because here it was. I knew, that all apparent impossibilities *must* be proved to be not such in reality.

"I proceeded to think thus—*à posteriori*.* The murderers *did* escape from one of these windows. This being so, they could not have re-fastened the sashes from the inside, as they were found fastened;—the consideration which put a stop, through its obviousness, to the scrutiny of the police in this quarter. Yet the sashes *were* fastened. They *must*, then, have the power of fastening themselves. There was no escape from this conclusion. I stepped to the unobstructed casement, withdrew the nail with some difficulty and attempted to raise the sash. It resisted all my efforts, as I had anticipated. A concealed spring must, I now knew, exist; and this corroboration of my idea convinced me that my premises, at least, were correct, however mysterious still appeared the circumstances attending the nails. A careful search soon brought to light the hidden spring. I pressed it, and, satisfied with the discovery, forebore to upraise the sash.

"I now replaced the nail and regarded it attentively. A person passing out through this window might have reclosed it, and the spring would have caught—but the nail could not have been replaced. The conclusion was plain, and again narrowed in the field of my investigations. The assassins *must* have escaped through the other window. Supposing, then, the springs upon each sash to be the same, as was probable, there *must* be found a difference between the nails, or at least between the modes of their fixture.

Getting upon the sacking of the bedstead, I looked over the head-board minutely at the second casement. Passing my hand down behind the board, I readily discovered and pressed the spring, which was, as I had supposed, identical in character with its neighbor. I now looked at the nail. It was as stout as the other, and apparently fitted in the same manner—driven in nearly up to the head.

“You will say that I was puzzled; but, if you think so, you must have misunderstood the nature of the inductions. To use a sporting phrase, I had not been once ‘at fault.’* The scent had never for an instant been lost. There was no flaw in any link of the chain. I had traced the secret to its ultimate result,—and that result was *the nail*. It had, I say, in every respect, the appearance of its fellow in the other window; but this fact was an absolute nullity (conclusive as it might seem to be) when compared with the consideration that here, at this point, terminated the clew. ‘There *must* be something wrong,’ I said, ‘about the nail.’ I touched it; and the head, with about a quarter of an inch of the shank, came off in my fingers. The rest of the shank was in the gimlet-hole, where it had been broken off. The fracture was an old one (for its edges were incrustated with rust), and had apparently been accomplished by the blow of a hammer, which had partially imbedded, in the top of the bottom sash, the head portion of the nail. I now carefully replaced this head portion in the indentation whence I had taken it, and the resemblance to a perfect nail was complete—the fissure was invisible. Pressing the spring, I gently raised the sash for a few inches; the head went up with it, remaining firm in its bed. I closed the window, and the semblance of the whole nail was again perfect.

“The riddle, so far, was now unriddled. The assassin had escaped through the window which looked upon the bed. Dropping of its own accord upon his exit (or perhaps purposely closed), it had become fastened by the spring; and it was the retention of this spring which had been mistaken by the police for that of the nail,—farther inquiry being thus considered unnecessary.

“The next question is that of the mode of descent. Upon this point I had been satisfied in my walk with you around the building. About five feet and a half from the casement in question there runs a lightning-rod. From this rod it would have been impossible for any one to reach the window itself, to say nothing of entering it. I observed, however, that the shutters of the fourth story were of the peculiar kind called by Parisian carpenters *ferrades*—a kind rarely employed at the present day, but frequently seen upon very old mansions at Lyons* and Bordeaux.* They are in the form of an ordinary door, (a single, not a folding door) except that the upper half is latticed or worked in open trellis—thus affording an excellent

hold for the hands. In the present instance these shutters are fully three feet and a half broad. When we saw them from the rear of the house, they were both about half open—that is to say, they stood off at right angles from the wall. It is probable that the police, as well as myself, examined the back of the tenement; but, if so, in looking at these *ferrades* in the line of their breadth (as they must have done), they did not perceive this great breadth itself, or, at all events, failed to take it into due consideration. In fact, having once satisfied themselves that no egress could have been made in this quarter, they would naturally bestow here a very cursory examination. It was clear to me, however, that the shutter belonging to the window at the head of the bed, would, if swung fully back to the wall, reach to within two feet of the lightning-rod. It was also evident that, by exertion of a very unusual degree of activity and courage, an entrance into the window, from the rod, might have been thus effected.—By reaching to the distance of two feet and a half (we now suppose the shutter open to its whole extent) a robber might have taken a firm grasp upon the trelliswork. Letting go, then, his hold upon the rod, placing his feet securely against the wall, and springing boldly from it, he might have swung the shutter so as to close it, and, if we imagine the window open at the time, might even have swung himself into the room.

“I wish you to bear especially in mind that I have spoken of a *very* unusual degree of activity as requisite to success in so hazardous and so difficult a feat. It is my design to show you, first, that the thing might possibly have been accomplished:—but, secondly and *chiefly*, I wish to impress upon your understanding the *very extraordinary*—the almost præternatural character of that agility which could have accomplished it.

“You will say, no doubt, using the language of the law, that ‘to make out my case,’* I should rather undervalue, than insist upon a full estimation of the activity required in this matter. This may be the practice in law, but it is not the usage of reason. My ultimate object is only the truth. My immediate purpose is to lead you to place in juxtaposition that *very unusual* activity of which I have just spoken, with that *very peculiar* shrill (or harsh) and *unequal* voice, about whose nationality no two persons could be found to agree, and in whose utterance no syllabification could be detected.”

At these words a vague and half-formed conception of the meaning of Dupin flitted over my mind. I seemed to be upon the verge of comprehension, without power to comprehend—as men, at times, find themselves upon the brink of remembrance, without being able, in the end, to remember. My friend went on with his discourse.

"You will see," he said, "that I have shifted the question from the mode of egress to that of ingress. It was my design to suggest that both were effected in the same manner, at the same point. Let us now revert to the interior of the room. Let us survey the appearances here. The drawers of the bureau, it is said, had been rifled, although many articles of apparel still remained within them. The conclusion here is absurd. It is a mere guess—a very silly one—and no more. How are we to know that the articles found in the drawers were not all these drawers had originally contained? Madame L'Espanaye and her daughter lived an exceedingly retired life—saw no company—seldom went out—had little use for numerous changes of habiliment. Those found were at least of as good quality as any likely to be possessed by these ladies. If a thief had taken any, why did he not take the best—why did he not take all? In a word, why did he abandon four thousand francs in gold to encumber himself with a bundle of linen? The gold *was* abandoned. Nearly the whole sum mentioned by Monsieur Mignaud, the banker, was discovered, in bags, upon the floor. I wish you, therefore, to discard from your thoughts the blundering idea of *motive*, engendered in the brains of the police by that portion of the evidence which speaks of money delivered at the door of the house. Coincidences ten times as remarkable as this (the delivery of the money, and murder committed within three days upon the party receiving it), happen to all of us every hour of our lives, without attracting even momentary notice. Coincidences, in general, are great stumbling-blocks in the way of that class of thinkers who have been educated to know nothing of the theory of probabilities—that theory to which the most glorious objects of human research are indebted for the most glorious of illustration. In the present instance, had the gold been gone, the fact of its delivery three days before would have formed something more than a coincidence. It would have been corroborative of this idea of motive. But, under the real circumstances of the case, if we are to suppose gold the motive of this outrage, we must also imagine the perpetrator so vacillating an idiot as to have abandoned his gold and his motive together.

"Keeping now steadily in mind the points to which I have drawn your attention—that peculiar voice, that unusual agility, and that startling absence of motive in a murder so singularly atrocious as this—let us glance at the butchery itself. Here is a woman strangled to death by manual strength, and thrust up a chimney, head downward. Ordinary assassins employ no such modes of murder as this. Least of all, do they thus dispose of the murdered. In the manner of thrusting the corpse up the chimney, you will admit that there was something *excessively outré*—something altogether irrecon-

cilabie with our common notions of human action, even when we suppose the actors the most depraved of men. Think, too, how great must have been that strength which could have thrust the body *up* such an aperture so forcibly that the united vigor of several persons was found barely sufficient to drag it *down*!

"Turn, now, to other indications of the employment of a vigor most marvellous.* On the hearth were thick tresses—very thick tresses—of grey human hair. These had been torn out by the roots. You are aware of the great force necessary in tearing thus from the head even twenty or thirty hairs together. You saw the locks in question as well as myself. Their roots (a hideous sight!) were clotted with fragments of the flesh of the scalp—sure token of the prodigious power which had been exerted in uprooting perhaps half a million of hairs at a time. The throat of the old lady was not merely cut, but the head absolutely severed from the body: the instrument was a mere razor. I wish you also to look at the *brutal* ferocity of these deeds. Of the bruises upon the body of Madame L'Espanaye I do not speak. Monsieur Dumas, and his worthy coadjutor Monsieur Etienne, have pronounced that they were inflicted by some obtuse instrument; and so far these gentlemen are very correct. The obtuse instrument was clearly the stone pavement in the yard, upon which the victim had fallen from the window which looked in upon the bed. This idea, however simple it may now seem, escaped the police for the same reason that the breadth of the shutters escaped them—because, by the affair of the nails, their perceptions had been hermetically sealed against the possibility of the windows having ever been opened at all.

"If now, in addition to all these things, you have properly reflected upon the odd disorder of the chamber, we have gone so far as to combine the ideas of an agility astounding, a strength superhuman, a ferocity brutal, a butchery without motive, a *grotesquerie** in horror absolutely alien from humanity, and a voice foreign in tone to the ears of men of many nations, and devoid of all distinct or intelligible syllabification. What result, then, has ensued? What impression have I made upon your fancy?"

I felt a creeping of the flesh as Dupin asked me the question. "A madman," I said, "has done this deed—some raving maniac, escaped from a neighboring *Maison de Santé*."*

"In some respects," he replied, "your idea is not irrelevant. But the voices of madmen, even in their wildest paroxysms, are never found to tally with that peculiar voice heard upon the stairs. Madmen are of some nation, and their language, however incoherent in its words, has always the coherence of syllabification. Besides, the hair of a madman is not such as I now hold in my hand. I

disentangled this little tuft from the rigidly clutched fingers of Madame L'Espanaye. Tell me what you can make of it."

"Dupin!" I said, completely unnerved; "this hair is most unusual—this is no *human* hair."

"I have not asserted that it is," said he; "but, before we decide this point, I wish you to glance at the little sketch I have here traced upon this paper. It is a *facsimile* drawing of what has been described in one portion of the testimony as 'dark bruises, and deep indentations of finger nails,' upon the throat of Mademoiselle L'Espanaye, and in another (by Messrs. Dumas and Etienne) as a 'series of livid spots, evidently the impression of fingers.'

"You will perceive," continued my friend, spreading out the paper upon the table before us, "that this drawing gives the idea of a firm and fixed hold. There is no *slipping* apparent. Each finger has retained—possibly until the death of the victim—the fearful grasp by which it originally imbedded itself. Attempt, now, to place all your fingers, at the same time, in the respective impressions as you see them."

I made the attempt in vain.

"We are possibly not giving this matter a fair trial," he said. "The paper is spread out upon a plane surface; but the human throat is cylindrical. Here is a billet of wood, the circumference of which is about that of the throat. Wrap the drawing around it, and try the experiment again."

I did so; but the difficulty was even more obvious than before.

"This," I said, "is the mark of no human hand."

"Read now," replied Dupin, "this passage from Cuvier."*

It was a minute anatomical and generally descriptive account of the large fulvous Ourang-Outang of the East Indian Islands.* The gigantic stature, the prodigious strength and activity, the wild ferocity, and the imitative propensities of these mammalia are sufficiently well known to all. I understood the full horrors of the murder at once.

"The description of the digits," said I, as I made an end of reading, "is in exact accordance with this drawing. I see that no animal but an Ourang-Outang, of the species here mentioned, could have impressed the indentations as you have traced them. This tuft of tawny hair, too, is identical in character with that of the beast of Cuvier. But I cannot possibly comprehend the particulars of this frightful mystery. Besides, there were *two* voices heard in contention, and one of them was unquestionably the voice of a Frenchman."

"True; and you will remember an expression attributed almost unanimously, by the evidence, to this voice,—the expression, '*mon Dieu!*' This, under the circumstances, has been justly characterized

by one of the witnesses (Montani, the confectioner,) as an expression of remonstrance or expostulation. Upon these two words, therefore, I have mainly built my hopes of a full solution of the riddle. A Frenchman was cognisant of the murder. It is possible—indeed it is far more than probable—that he was innocent of all participation in the bloody transactions which took place. The Ourang-Outang may have escaped from him. He may have traced it to the chamber; but, under the agitating circumstances which ensued, he could never have recaptured it. It is still at large. I will not pursue these guesses—for I have no right to call them more—since the shades of reflection upon which they are based are scarcely of sufficient depth to be appreciable by my own intellect, and since I could not pretend to make them intelligible to the understanding of another. We will call them guesses then, and speak of them as such. If the Frenchman in question is indeed, as I suppose, innocent of this atrocity, this advertisement, which I left last night, upon our return home, at the office of *Le Monde*, (a paper devoted to the shipping interest, and much sought by sailors,) will bring him to our residence.”

He handed me a paper, and I read thus:

CAUGHT—*In the Bois de Boulogne,* early in the morning of the——inst,* (the morning of the murder,) a very large Ourang-Outang of the Bornese species. The owner, (who is ascertained to be a sailor, belonging to a Maltese vessel,) may have the animal again, upon identifying it satisfactorily, and paying a few charges arising from its capture and keeping. Call at No.——, Rue——, Faubourg St. Germain—au troisième.**

“How was it possible,” I asked, “that you should know the man to be a sailor, and belonging to a Maltese vessel?”

“I do *not* know it,” said Dupin. “I am not *sure* of it. Here, however, is a small piece of ribbon, which from its form, and from its greasy appearance, has evidently been used in tying the hair in one of those long *queues* of which sailors are so fond. Moreover, this knot is one which few besides sailors can tie, and is peculiar to the Maltese. I picked the ribbon up at the foot of the lightning-rod. It could not have belonged to either of the deceased. Now if, after all, I am wrong in my induction from this ribbon, that the Frenchman was a sailor belonging to a Maltese vessel, still I can have done no harm in saying what I did in the advertisement. If I am in error, he will merely suppose that I have been misled by some circumstance into which he will not take the trouble to inquire. But if I am right, a great point is gained. Cognisant although innocent of the murder, the Frenchman will naturally hesitate about replying to the advertisement—about demanding the Ourang-Outang. He will reason thus:—‘I am innocent; I am poor; my Ourang-Outang is of great value—to one in

instances a fortune of itself—why should I lose it through apprehensions of danger? Here it is, within my grasp. It was in the Bois de Boulogne—at a vast distance from the scene of the deed. How can it ever be suspected that a brute beast should be the deed? The police are at fault—they have failed to find the slightest clew. Should they even trace the animal, it is impossible to prove me cognisant of the murder, or to prove me in guilt on account of that cognisance. Above all, I am the advertiser designates me as the possessor of the beast. I am sure to what limit his knowledge may extend. Should I avoid a property of so great value, which it is known that I will render the animal, at least, liable to suspicion. It is not my duty to attract attention either to myself or to the beast. I will, from the advertisement, get the Ourang-Outang, and keep it close. This matter has blown over.”

At this moment we heard a step upon the stairs.

“Ready,” said Dupin, “with your pistols, but neither use them nor show them until at a signal from myself.”

The front door of the house had been left open, and the visitor entered, without ringing, and advanced several steps upon the stairs. Now, however, he seemed to hesitate. Presently we heard him ascending. Dupin was moving quickly to the door, when we heard him coming up. He did not turn back a second time, but went straight up with decision and rapped at the door of our chamber. “Come in,” said Dupin, in a cheerful and hearty tone.

He entered. He was a sailor, evidently—a tall, stout, and man-of-war-looking person, with a certain dare-devil expression of countenance, not altogether unprepossessing. His face, great and square, was more than half hidden by whisker and *mustachio*.^{*} He held in his right hand a huge oaken cudgel, but appeared to be otherwise unarmed. He bowed awkwardly, and bade us “good evening,” in a thick, guttural accent, which, although somewhat Neufchatelish,^{*} were strongly indicative of a Parisian origin.

“Come down, my friend,” said Dupin. “I suppose you have called to see the Ourang-Outang. Upon my word, I almost envy you the possession of him; a remarkably fine, and no doubt a very valuable animal.”

“How old do you suppose him to be?”

The sailor drew a long breath, with the air of a man relieved of a tolerable burden, and then replied, in an assured tone: “I have no way of telling—but he can’t be more than four or five years old. Have you got him here?”

“No; we had no conveniences for keeping him here. He is at present in the table in the Rue Dubourg, just by. You can get him in the morning. Of course you are prepared to identify the property?”

"To be sure I am, sir."

"I shall be sorry to part with him," said Dupin.

"I don't mean that you should be at all this trouble for nothing, sir," said the man. "Couldn't expect it. Am very willing to pay a reward for the finding of the animal—that is to say, any thing in reason."*

"Well," replied my friend, "that is all very fair, to be sure. Let me think!—what should I have? Oh! I will tell you. My reward shall be this. You shall give me all the information in your power about these murders in the Rue Morgue."

Dupin said the last words in a very low tone, and very quietly. Just as quietly, too, he walked toward the door, locked it, and put the key in his pocket. He then drew a pistol from his bosom and placed it, without the least flurry, upon the table.

The sailor's face flushed up as if he were struggling with suffocation. He started to his feet and grasped his cudgel; but the next moment he fell back into his seat, trembling violently, and with the countenance of death itself. He spoke not a word. I pitied him from the bottom of my heart.

"My friend," said Dupin, in a kind tone, "you are alarming yourself unnecessarily—you are indeed. We mean you no harm whatever. I pledge you the honor of a gentleman, and of a Frenchman, that we intend you no injury. I perfectly well know that you are innocent of the atrocities in the Rue Morgue. It will not do, however, to deny that you are in some measure implicated in them. From what I have already said, you must know that I have had means of information about this matter—means of which you could never have dreamed. Now the thing stands thus. You have done nothing which you could have avoided—nothing, certainly, which renders you culpable. You were not even guilty of robbery, when you might have robbed with impunity. You have nothing to conceal. You have no reason for concealment. On the other hand, you are bound by every principle of honor to confess all you know. An innocent man is now imprisoned, charged with that crime of which you can point out the perpetrator."

The sailor had recovered his presence of mind, in a great measure, while Dupin uttered these words; but his original boldness of bearing was all gone.

"So help me God," said he, after a brief pause, "I *will* tell you all I know about this affair;—but I do not expect you to believe one half I say—I would be a fool indeed if I did. Still, I *am* innocent, and I will make a clean breast if I die for it."

What he stated was, in substance, this. He had lately made a voyage to the Indian Archipelago. A party, of which he formed one, landed

at Borneo,* and passed into the interior on an excursion of pleasure. Himself and a companion had captured the Ourang-Outang. This companion dying, the animal fell into his own exclusive possession. After great trouble, occasioned by the intractable ferocity of his captive during the home voyage, he at length succeeded in lodging it safely at his own residence in Paris, where, not to attract toward himself the unpleasant curiosity of his neighbors, he kept it carefully secluded, until such time as it should recover from a wound in the foot, received from a splinter on board ship. His ultimate design was to sell it.

Returning home from some sailors' frolic on the night, or rather in the morning of the murder, he found the beast occupying his own bed-room, into which it had broken from a closet adjoining, where it had been, as was thought, securely confined. Razor in hand, and fully lathered, it was sitting before a looking-glass, attempting the operation of shaving, in which it had no doubt previously watched its master through the key-hole of the closet. Terrified at the sight of so dangerous a weapon in the possession of an animal so ferocious, and so well able to use it, the man, for some moments, was at a loss what to do. He had been accustomed, however, to quiet the creature, even in its fiercest moods, by the use of a whip, and to this he now resorted. Upon sight of it, the Ourang-Outang sprang at once through the door of the chamber, down the stairs, and thence, through a window, unfortunately open, into the street.

The Frenchman followed in despair; the ape, razor still in hand, occasionally stopping to look back and gesticulate at its pursuer, until the latter had nearly come up with it. It then again made off. In this manner the chase continued for a long time. The streets were profoundly quiet, as it was nearly three o'clock in the morning. In passing down an alley in the rear of the Rue Morgue, the fugitive's attention was arrested by a light gleaming from the open window of Madame L'Espanaye's chamber, in the fourth story of her house. Rushing to the building, it perceived the lightning-rod, clambered up with inconceivable agility, grasped the shutter, which was thrown fully back against the wall, and, by its means, swung itself directly upon the headboard of the bed. The whole feat did not occupy a minute. The shutter was kicked open again by the Ourang-Outang as it entered the room.

The sailor, in the meantime, was both rejoiced and perplexed. He had strong hopes of now recapturing the brute, as it could scarcely escape from the trap into which it had ventured, except by the rod, where it might be intercepted as it came down. On the other hand, there was much cause for anxiety as to what it might do in the house. This latter reflection urged the man still to follow the fugitive. A

lightning-rod is ascended without difficulty, especially by a sailor; but, when he had arrived as high as the window, which lay far to his left, his career was stopped; the most that he could accomplish was to reach over so as to obtain a glimpse of the interior of the room. At this glimpse he nearly fell from his hold through excess of horror. Now it was that those hideous shrieks arose upon the night, which had startled from slumber the inmates of the Rue Morgue. Madame L'Espanaye and her daughter, habited in their night clothes, had apparently been arranging some papers in the iron chest already mentioned, which had been wheeled into the middle of the room. It was open, and its contents lay beside it on the floor. The victims must have been sitting with their backs toward the window; and, from the time elapsing between the ingress of the beast and the screams, it seems probable that it was not immediately perceived. The flapping-to of the shutter* would naturally have been attributed to the wind.

As the sailor looked in, the gigantic animal had seized Madame L'Espanaye by the hair, (which was loose, as she had been combing it,) and was flourishing the razor about her face, in imitation of the motions of a barber. The daughter lay prostrate and motionless; she had swooned. The screams and struggles of the old lady (during which the hair was torn from her head) had the effect of changing the probably pacific purposes of the Ourang-Outang into those of wrath. With one determined sweep of its muscular arm it nearly severed her head from her body. The sight of blood inflamed its anger into phrenzy.* Gnashing its teeth, and flashing fire from its eyes, it flew upon the body of the girl, and imbedded its fearful talons in her throat, retaining its grasp until she expired. Its wandering and wild glances fell at this moment upon the head of the bed, over which the face of its master, rigid with horror, was just discernible. The fury of the beast, who no doubt bore still in mind the dreaded whip, was instantly converted into fear. Conscious of having deserved punishment, it seemed desirous of concealing its bloody deeds, and skipped about the chamber in an agony of nervous agitation; throwing down and breaking the furniture as it moved, and dragging the bed from the bedstead. In conclusion, it seized first the corpse of the daughter, and thrust it up the chimney, as it was found; then that of the old lady, which it immediately hurled through the window headlong.

As the ape approached the casement with its mutilated burden, the sailor shrank aghast to the rod, and, rather gliding than clambering down it, hurried at once home—dreading the consequences of the butchery, and gladly abandoning, in his terror, all solicitude about the fate of the Ourang-Outang. The words heard by the party upon

the staircase were the Frenchman's exclamations of horror and affright, commingled with fiendish jabberings of the brute.

I have scarcely anything to add. The Ourang-Outang must have escaped from the chamber, by the rod, just before the breaking of the door. It must have closed the window as it passed through it. It was subsequently caught by the owner himself, who obtained for it a very large sum at the *Jardin des Plantes*.* Le Bon was instantly released, upon our narration of the circumstances (with some comments from Dupin) at the *bureau* of the Prefect of Police. This functionary, however, well disposed to my friend, could not altogether conceal his chagrin at the turn which affairs had taken, and was fain to indulge in a sarcasm or two, about the propriety of every person minding his own business.

"Let them talk," said Dupin, who had not thought it necessary to reply. "Let him discourse; it will ease his conscience. I am satisfied with having defeated him in his own castle. Nevertheless, that he failed in the solution of this mystery, is by no means that matter for wonder which he supposes it; for, in truth, our friend the Prefect is somewhat too cunning to be profound. In his wisdom is no *stamen*.* It is all head and no body, like the pictures of the Goddess Laverna,*—or, at best, all head and shoulders, like a codfish. But he is a good creature after all. I like him especially for one master stroke of cant, by which he has attained his reputation for ingenuity. I mean the way he has '*de nier ce qui est, et d'expliquer ce qui n'est pas*.'"*

The Masque of the Red Death

(*Graham's Magazine*,
May, 1842.)

The "Red Death" had long devastated the country. No pestilence had ever been so fatal, or so hideous. Blood was its Avatar and its seal—the redness and the horror of blood.* There were sharp pains, and sudden dizziness, and then profuse bleeding at the pores, with dissolution. The scarlet stains upon the body and especially upon the face of the victim, were the pest ban which shut him out from the aid and from the sympathy of his fellow-men. And the whole seizure, progress and termination of the disease, were the incidents of half an hour.

But the Prince Prospero was happy and dauntless and sagacious.

When his dominions were half depopulated, he summoned to his presence a thousand hale and lighthearted friends from among the knights and dames of his court, and with these retired to the deep seclusion of one of his castellated abbeys.* This was an extensive and magnificent structure, the creation of the prince's own eccentric yet august taste. A strong and lofty wall girdled it in. This wall had gates of iron. The courtiers, having entered, brought furnaces and massy hammers and welded the bolts. They resolved to leave means neither of ingress or egress to the sudden impulses of despair or of frenzy from within. The abbey was amply provisioned. With such precautions the courtiers might bid defiance* to contagion. The external world could take care of itself. In the meantime it was folly to grieve, or to think. The prince had provided all the appliances of pleasure.* There were buffoons, there were improvisatori, there were ballet-dancers, there were musicians, there was Beauty, there was wine. All these and security were within. Without was the "Red Death."

It was toward the close of the fifth or sixth month of his seclusion, and while the pestilence raged most furiously abroad, that the Prince Prospero entertained his thousand friends at a masked ball of the most unusual magnificence.

It was a voluptuous scene, that masquerade. But first let me tell of the rooms in which it was held. There were seven—an imperial suite. In many palaces, however, such suites form a long and straight vista, while the folding doors slide back nearly to the walls on either hand, so that the view of the whole extent is scarcely impeded. Here the case was very different; as might have been expected from the duke's love of the *bizarre*. The apartments were so irregularly disposed that the vision embraced but little more than one at a time. There was a sharp turn at every twenty or thirty yards, and at each turn a novel effect. To the right and left, in the middle of each wall, a tall and narrow Gothic window* looked out upon a closed corridor which pursued the windings of the suite. These windows were of stained glass whose color varied in accordance with the prevailing hue of the decorations of the chamber into which it opened. That at the eastern extremity was hung, for example, in blue—and vividly blue were its windows. The second chamber was purple in its ornaments and tapestries, and here the panes were purple. The third was green throughout, and so were the casements. The fourth was furnished and lighted with orange—the fifth with white—the sixth with violet. The seventh apartment was closely shrouded in black velvet tapestries that hung all over the ceiling and down the walls, falling in heavy folds upon a carpet of the same material and hue. But in this chamber only, the color of the windows failed to correspond with the

decorations. The panes here were scarlet—a deep blood color. Now in no one of the seven apartments was there any lamp or candelabrum, amid the profusion of golden ornaments that lay scattered to and fro or depended from the roof. There was no light of any kind emanating from lamp or candle within the suite of chambers. But in the corridors that followed the suite, there stood, opposite to each window, a heavy tripod, bearing a brazier of fire that projected its rays through the tinted glass and so glaringly illumined the room. And thus were produced a multitude of gaudy and fantastic appearances. But in the western or black chamber the effect of the fire-light that streamed upon the dark hangings through the blood-tinted panes, was ghastly in the extreme, and produced so wild a look upon the countenances of those who entered, that there were few of the company bold enough to set foot within its precincts at all.

It was in this apartments, also, that there stood against the western wall, a gigantic clock of ebony. Its pendulum swung to and fro with a dull, heavy, monotonous clang; and when the minute-hand made the circuit of the face, and the hour was to be stricken, there came from the brazen lungs of the clock a sound which was clear and loud and deep and exceedingly musical, but of so peculiar a note and emphasis that, at each lapse of an hour, the musicians of the orchestra were constrained to pause, momentarily, in their performance, to hearken to the sound; and thus the waltzers perforce ceased their evolutions;* and there was a brief disconcert of the whole gay company; and, while the chimes of the clock yet rang, it was observed that the giddiest* grew pale, and the more aged and sedate passed their hands over their brows as if in confused reverie or meditation. But when the echoes had fully ceased, a light laughter at once pervaded the assembly; the musicians looked at each other and smiled as if at their own nervousness and folly, and made whispering vows, each to the other, that the next chiming of the clock should produce in them no similar emotion; and then, after the lapse of sixty minutes (which embrace three thousand and six hundred seconds of the Time that flies), there came yet another chiming of the clock, and then were the same disconcert and tremulousness and meditation as before.

But, in spite of these things, it was a gay and magnificent revel. The tastes of the duke were peculiar. He had a fine eye for colors and effects. He disregarded the *decora* of mere fashion. His plans were bold and fiery, and his conceptions glowed with barbaric lustre. There are some who would have thought him mad. His followers felt that he was not. It was necessary to hear and see and touch him to be *sure* that he was not.

He had directed, in great part, the moveable embellishments of the seven chambers, upon occasion of this great *fête*; and it was his own guiding taste which had given character to the masqueraders. Be sure they were grotesque. There were much glare and glitter and piquancy and phantasm*—much of what has been since seen in *Hernani*.* There were arabesque figures with unsuited limbs and appointments.* There were delirious fancies such as the madman fashions. There was much of the beautiful, much of the wanton, much of the *bizarre*, something of the terrible, and not a little of that which might have excited disgust. To and fro in the seven chambers there stalked, in fact, a multitude of dreams. And these—the dreams—writhed in and about, taking hue from the rooms, and causing the wild music of the orchestra to seem as the echo of their steps. And, anon, there strikes the ebony clock which stands in the hall of the velvet. And then, for a moment, all is still, and all is silent save the voice of the clock. The dreams are stiff-frozen as they stand. But the echoes of the chime die away—they have endured but an instant—and a light, half-subdued laughter floats after them as they depart. And now again the music swells, and the dreams live, and writhe to and fro more merrily than ever, taking hue from the many-tinted windows through which stream the rays from the tripods. But to the chamber which lies most westwardly of the seven, there are now none of the maskers who venture; for the night is waning away; and there flows a ruddier light through the blood-colored panes; and the blackness of the sable drapery appals; and to him whose foot falls upon the sable carpet, there comes from the near clock of ebony a muffled peal more solemnly emphatic than any which reaches *their* ears who indulge in the more remote gaieties of the other apartments.

But these other apartments were densely crowded, and in them beat feverishly the heart of life. And the revel went whirlingly on, until at length there commenced the sounding of midnight upon the clock. And then the music ceased, as I have told; and the evolutions of the waltzers were quieted; and there was an uneasy cessation of all things as before. But now there were twelve strokes to be sounded by the bell of the clock; and thus it happened, perhaps, that more of thought crept, with more of time, into the meditations of the thoughtful among those who revelled. And thus, too, it happened, perhaps, that before the last echoes of the last chime had utterly sunk into silence, there were many individuals in the crowd who had found leisure to become aware of the presence of a masked figure which had arrested the attention of no single individual before. And the rumor of this new presence having spread itself whisperingly around, there arose at length from the whole company a buzz, or

murmur, expressive of disapprobation and surprise—then, finally of terror, of horror, and of disgust.

In an assembly of phantasms such as I have painted, it may well be supposed that no ordinary appearance could have excited such a sensation. In truth the masquerade license of the night was nearly unlimited; but the figure in question had out-Heroded Herod,* and was gone beyond the bounds of even the prince's indefinite decorum. There are chords in the hearts of the most reckless which cannot be touched without emotion. Even when the stakes are lost, to whom life and death are equally jests, there are matters of which no jest can be made. The whole company, indeed, seemed now deeply to feel the truth in the costume and bearing of the stranger neither wit nor propriety existed. The figure was tall and gaunt, and shrouded from head to foot in the habiliments of the grave. The mask which concealed his visage was made so nearly to resemble the countenance of a stiffened corpse that the closest scrutiny must have had difficulty in detecting the cheat. And yet all this might have been endured, if not approved, by the mad revellers around. But the mummer had gone so far as to assume the type of the Red Death. His vesture was dabbled in blood—and his broad brow, with all the features of the face, was besprinkled with the scarlet horror.

When the eyes of Prince Prospero fell upon this spectral image (which with a slow and solemn movement, as if more fully to sustain its rôle, stalked to and fro among the waltzers) he was seen to convulse, in the first moment with a strong shudder either of terror or distaste; but, in the next, his brow reddened with rage.

"Who dares?" he demanded hoarsely of the courtiers who stood near him—"who dares insult us with this blasphemous mockery? Seize him and unmask him—that we may know whom we have to hang at sunrise, from the battlements!"

It was in the eastern or blue chamber in which stood the Prince Prospero as he uttered these words. They rang throughout the seven rooms loudly and clearly—for the prince was a bold and robust man, and the music had become hushed at the waving of his hand.

It was in the blue room where stood the prince, with a group of pale courtiers by his side. At first, as he spoke, there was a slight rushing movement of this group in the direction of the intruder, who at the moment was also near at hand, and now, with deliberate and stately step, made closer approach to the speaker. But from a certain nameless awe with which the mad assumptions of the mummer had inspired the whole party, there were found none who put forth hand to seize him; so that, unimpeded, he passed within a yard of the prince's person; and, while the vast assembly, as if with one impulse, shrank from the centres of the rooms to the walls,

made his way uninterrupted, but with the same solemn and measured step which had distinguished him from the first, through the blue chamber to the purple—through the purple to the green—through the green to the orange—through this again to the white—and even thence to the violet, ere a decided movement had been made to arrest him. It was then, however, that the Prince Prospero, maddening with rage and the shame of his own momentary cowardice, rushed hurriedly through the six chambers, while none followed him on account of a deadly terror that had seized upon all.* He bore aloft a drawn dagger, and had approached, in rapid impetuosity, to within three or four feet of the retreating figure, when the latter, having attained the extremity of the velvet apartment, turned suddenly and confronted his pursuer. There was a sharp cry—and the dagger dropped gleaming upon the sable carpet, upon which, instantly afterwards, fell prostrate in death the Prince Prospero. Then, summoning the wild courage of despair, a throng of the revellers at once threw themselves into the black apartment, and, seizing the mummer, whose tall figure stood erect and motionless within the shadow of the ebony clock, gasped in unutterable horror at finding the grave-cerements and corpse-like mask which they handled with so violent a rudeness, untenanted by any tangible form.

And now was acknowledged the presence of the Red Death. He had come like a thief in the night. And one by one dropped the revellers in the blood-bedewed halls of their revel, and died each in the despairing posture of his fall. And the life of the ebony clock went out with that of the last of the gay. And the flames of the tripods expired. And Darkness and Decay and the Red Death held illimitable dominion over all.

The Purloined Letter

(*The Gift*, 1845.)

Nil sapientiæ odiosius acumine nimio.

Seneca.*

At Paris, just after dark one gusty evening in the autumn of 18—, I was enjoying the twofold luxury of meditation and a meerschaum, in company with my friend C. Auguste Dupin, in his little back library, or book-closet, *au troisième*, No. 33, *Rue Dunôt, Faubourg St. Germain*.* For one hour at least we had maintained a

profound silence; while each, to any casual observer, might have seemed intently and exclusively occupied with the curling eddies of smoke that oppressed the atmosphere of the chamber. For myself, however, I was mentally discussing certain topics which had formed matter for conversation between us at an earlier period of the evening; I mean the affair of the Rue Morgue,* and the mystery attending the murder of Marie Rogêt.* I looked upon it, therefore, as something of a coincidence, when the door of our apartment was thrown open and admitted our old acquaintance, Monsieur G., the Prefect of the Parisian police.

We gave him a hearty welcome; for there was nearly half as much of the entertaining as of the contemptible about the man, and we had not seen him for several years. We had been sitting in the dark, and Dupin now arose for the purpose of lighting a lamp, but sat down again, without doing so, upon G.'s saying that he had called to consult us, or rather to ask the opinion of my friend, about some official business which had occasioned a great deal of trouble.

"If it is any point requiring reflection," observed Dupin, as he forbore to enkindle the wick, "we shall examine it to better purpose in the dark."

"That is another of your odd notions," said the Prefect, who had a fashion of calling every thing "odd" that was beyond his comprehension, and thus lived amid an absolute legion of "oddities."

"Very true," said Dupin, as he supplied his visitor with a pipe, and rolled towards him a comfortable chair.

"And what is the difficulty now?" I asked. "Nothing more in the assassination way, I hope?"

"Oh no; nothing of that nature. The fact is, the business is *very* simple indeed, and I make no doubt that we can manage it sufficiently well ourselves; but then I thought Dupin would like to hear the details of it, because it is so excessively *odd*."

"Simple and odd," said Dupin.

"Why, yes; and not exactly that, either. The fact is, we have all been a good deal puzzled because the affair *is* so simple, and yet baffles us altogether."

"Perhaps it is the very simplicity of the thing which puts you at fault," said my friend.

"What nonsense you *do* talk!" replied the Prefect, laughing heartily.

"Perhaps the mystery is a little *too* plain," said Dupin.

"Oh, good heavens! who ever heard of such an idea?"

"A little *too* self-evident."

"Ha! ha! ha!—ha! ha! ha!—ho! ho! ho!"—roared our visitor, profoundly amused, "oh, Dupin, will be the death of me* yet!"

"And what, after all, is the matter on hand?" I asked.

"Why, I will tell you," replied the Prefect, as he gave a long, steady, and contemplative puff, and settled himself in his chair. "I will tell you in a few words; but, before I begin, let me caution you that this is an affair demanding the greatest secrecy, and that I should most probably lose the position I now hold, were it known that I confided it to any one."

"Proceed," said I.

"Or not," said Dupin.

"Well, then; I have received personal information, from a very high quarter, that a certain document of the last importance, has been purloined from the royal apartments. The individual who purloined it is known; this beyond a doubt; he was seen to take it. It is known, also, that it still remains in his possession."

"How is this known?" asked Dupin.

"It is clearly inferred," replied the Prefect, "from the nature of the document, and from the non-appearance of certain results which would at once arise from its passing *out* of the robber's possession;—that is to say, from his employing it as he must design in the end to employ it."

"Be a little more explicit," I said.

"Well, I may venture so far as to say that the paper gives its holder a certain power in a certain quarter where such power is immensely valuable." The Prefect was fond of the cant of diplomacy.

"Still I do not quite understand," said Dupin.

"No? Well; the disclosure of the document to a third person, who shall be nameless, would bring in question the honor of a personage of most exalted station; and this fact gives the holder of the document an ascendancy over the illustrious personage whose honor and peace are so jeopardised."

"But this ascendancy," I interposed, "would depend upon the robber's knowledge of the loser's knowledge of the robber. Who would dare—"

"The thief," said G., "is the Minister D——, who dares all things, those unbecoming as well as those becoming a man. The method of the theft was not less ingenious than bold. The document in question—a letter, to be frank—had been received by the personage robbed while alone in the royal *boudoir*. During its perusal she was suddenly interrupted by the entrance of the other exalted personage from whom especially it was her wish to conceal it. After a hurried and vain endeavour to thrust it in a drawer, she was forced to place it, open as it was, upon a table. The address, however, was uppermost, and, the contents thus unexposed, the letter escaped notice. At this juncture enters the Minister D——. His lynx eye

immediately perceives the paper, recognises the handwriting of the address, observes the confusion of the personage addressed, and fathoms her secret. After some business transactions, hurried through in his ordinary manner, he produces a letter somewhat similar to the one in question, opens it, pretends to read it, and then places it in close juxtaposition to the other. Again he converses, for some fifteen minutes, upon the public affairs. At length, in taking leave, he takes also from the table the letter to which he had no claim. Its rightful owner saw, but, of course, dared not call attention to the act, in the presence of the third personage who stood at her elbow. The minister decamped; leaving his own letter—one of the importance—upon the table."

"Here, then," said Dupin to me, "you have precisely what you demand to make the ascendancy complete—the robber's knowledge of the loser's knowledge of the robber."

"Yes," replied the Prefect; "and the power thus attained has, for some months past, been wielded,* for political purposes, to a very dangerous extent. The personage robbed is more thoroughly convinced, every day, of the necessity of reclaiming her letter. But this, of course, cannot be done openly. In fine, driven to despair, she has committed the matter to me."

"Than whom," said Dupin, amid a perfect whirlwind of smoke, "no more sagacious agent could, I suppose, be desired,* or even imagined."

"You flatter me," replied the Prefect; "but it is possible that some such opinion may have been entertained."

"It is clear," said I, "as you observe, that the letter is still in possession of the minister; since it is this possession, and not an employment of the letter, which bestows the power. With the employment the power departs."

"True," said G.; "and upon this conviction I proceeded. My first care was to make thorough search of the minister's hotel;* and here my chief embarrassment lay in the necessity of searching without his knowledge. Beyond all things, I have been warned of the danger which would result from giving him reason to suspect our design."

"But," said I, "you are quite *au fait** in these investigations. The Parisian police have done this thing often before."

"O yes; and for this reason I did not despair. The habits of the minister gave me, too, a great advantage. He is frequently absent from home all night. His servants are by no means numerous. They sleep at a distance from their master's apartment, and, being chiefly Neapolitans, are readily made drunk. I have keys, as you know, with which I can open any chamber or cabinet in Paris. For three months

a night has not passed, during the greater part of which I have not been engaged, personally, in ransacking the D—— Hôtel. My honor is interested, and, to mention a great secret, the reward is enormous. So I did not abandon the search until I had become fully satisfied that the thief is a more astute man than myself. I fancy that I have investigated every nook and corner of the premises in which it is possible that the paper can be concealed."

"But is it not possible," I suggested, "that although the letter may be in possession of the minister, as it unquestionably is, he may have concealed it elsewhere than upon his own premises?"

"This is barely possible," said Dupin. "The present peculiar condition of affairs at court, and especially of those intrigues in which D—— is known to be involved, would render the instant availability of the document—its susceptibility of being produced at a moment's notice*—a point of nearly equal importance with its possession."

"Its susceptibility of being produced?" said I.

"That is to say, of being *destroyed*," said Dupin.

"True," I observed; "the paper is clearly then upon the premises. As for its being upon the person of the minister, we may consider that as out of the question."

"Entirely," said the Prefect. "He has been twice waylaid, as if by footpads, and his person rigorously searched under my own inspection."

"You might have spared yourself this trouble," said Dupin. "D——, I presume, is not altogether a fool, and, if not, must have anticipated these waylayings, as a matter of course."

"Not *altogether* a fool," said G., "but then he's a poet, which I take to be only one remove from a fool."

"True," said Dupin, after a long and thoughtful whiff from his meerschauum, "although I have been guilty of certain doggerel myself."

"Suppose you detail," said I, "the particulars of your search."

"Why the fact is, we took our time, and we searched *every where*. I have had long experience in these affairs. I took the entire building, room by room; devoting the nights of a whole week to each. We examined, first, the furniture of each apartment. We opened every possible drawer; and I presume you know that, to a properly trained police agent, such a thing as a *secret* drawer is impossible. Any man is a dolt who permits a 'secret' drawer to escape him in a search of this kind. The thing is *so* plain. There is a certain amount of bulk—of space—to be accounted for in every cabinet. Then we have accurate rules. The fiftieth part of a line could not escape us. After the cabinets we took the chairs. The cushions we probed with the fine

long needles you have seen me employ. From the tables we removed the tops."

"Why so?"

"Sometimes the top of a table, or other similarly arranged piece of furniture, is removed by the person wishing to conceal an article; then the lag is excavated, the article deposited within the cavity, and the top replaced. The bottoms and tops of bed-posts are employed in the same way."

"But could not the cavity be detected by sounding?" I asked.

"By no means, if, when the article is deposited, a sufficient wadding of cotton be placed around it. Besides, in our case, we were obliged to proceed without noise."

"But you could not have removed—you could not have taken to pieces *all* articles of furniture in which it would have been possible to make a deposit in the manner you mention. A letter may be compressed into a thin spiral roll, not differing much in shape or bulk from a large knitting-needle, and in this form it might be inserted into the rung of a chair, for example. You did not take to pieces *all* the chairs?"

"Certainly not; but we did better—we examined the rungs of every chair in the hotel, and, indeed, the jointings* of every description of furniture, by the aid of a most powerful microscope.* Had there been any traces of recent disturbance we should not have failed to detect it instantly. A single grain of gimlet-dust,* for example, would have been as obvious as an apple. Any disorder in the glueing—any unusual gaping in the joints—would have sufficed to insure detection."

"I presume you looked to the mirrors, between the boards and the plates, and you probed the beds and the bedclothes, as well as the curtains and carpets."

"That of course; and when we had absolutely completed every particle of the furniture in this way, then we examined the house itself. We divided its entire surface into compartments, which we numbered, so that none might be missed; then we scrutinised each individual square inch throughout the premises, including the two houses immediately adjoining, with the microscope, as before."

"The two houses adjoining!" I exclaimed; "you must have had a great deal of trouble."

"We had; but the reward offered is prodigious."

"You include the *grounds* about the houses?"

"All the grounds are paved with brick. They gave us comparatively little trouble. We examined the moss between the bricks, and found it undisturbed."

"You looked among D——'s papers, of course, and into the books in the library?"

"Certainly; we opened every package and parcel; we not only opened every book, but we turned over every leaf in each volume, not contenting ourselves with a mere shake, according to the fashion of some of our police officers. We also measured the thickness of every book-cover, with the most accurate admeasurement,* and applied to each the most jealous* scrutiny of the microscope. Had any of the bindings been recently meddled with, it would have been utterly impossible that the fact should have escaped observation. Some five or six volumes, just from the hands of the binder, we carefully probed, longitudinally,* with the needles."

"You explored the floors beneath the carpets?"

"Beyond doubt. We removed every carpet, and examined the boards with the microscope."

"And the paper on the walls?"

"Yes."

"You looked into the cellars?"

"We did."

"Then," I said, "you have been making a miscalculation, and the letter is *not* upon the premises, as you suppose."

"I fear you are right there," said the Prefect. "And now, Dupin, what would you advise me to do?"

"To make a thorough re-search of the premises."

"That is absolutely needless," replied G. "I am not more sure that I can breathe than I am that the letter is not at the Hôtel."

"I have no better advice to give you," said Dupin. "You have, of course, an accurate description of the letter?"

"Oh yes!"—And here the Prefect, producing a memorandum-book, proceeded to read aloud a minute account of the internal and especially of the external appearance of the missing document. Soon after finishing the perusal of this description, he took his departure, more entirely depressed in spirits than I had ever known the good gentleman before.

In about a month afterwards he paid us another visit, and found us occupied very nearly as before. He took a pipe and a chair and entered into some ordinary conversation. At length I said,—

"Well, but G., what of the purloined letter? I presume you have at last made up your mind that there is no such thing as overreaching the Minister?"

"Confound him, say I—yes; I made the re-examination, however, Dupin suggested—but it was all labor lost, as I knew it would be."

"How much was the reward offered, did you say?" asked Dupin.

"Why, a very great deal—a *very* liberal reward—I don't like to say

long needles you have seen me employ. From the tables we remove the tops."

"Why so?"

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"But could not the cavity be detected by sounding?" I asked.

"By no means, if, when the article is deposited, a sufficient wadding of cotton be placed around it. Besides, in our case, we were obliged to proceed without noise."

"But you could not have removed—you could not have taken out pieces of all articles of furniture in which it would have been possible to make a deposit in the manner you mention. A letter may be compressed into a thin spiral roll, not differing much in shape or bulk from a large knitting-needle, and in this form it might be inserted into the rung of a chair, for example. You did not take out pieces of all the chairs?"

"Certainly not; but we did better—we examined the rungs of every chair in the hotel, and, indeed, the jointings* of every description of furniture, by the aid of a most powerful microscope. Had there been any traces of recent disturbance we should not have failed to detect it instantly. A single grain of gimlet-dust,* for example, would have been as obvious as an apple. Any disorder in the glueing—any unusual gaping in the joints—would have sufficed to insure detection."

"I presume you looked to the mirrors, between the boards and the plates, and you probed the beds and the bedclothes, as well as the curtains and carpets."

"That of course; and when we had absolutely completed every particle of the furniture in this way, then we examined the houses themselves. We divided its entire surface into compartments, which we numbered, so that none might be missed; then we scrutinised each individual square inch throughout the premises, including the two houses immediately adjoining, with the microscope, as before."

"The two houses adjoining!" I exclaimed; "you must have had a great deal of trouble."

"We had; but the reward offered is prodigious."

"You include the grounds about the houses?"

"All the grounds are paved with brick. They gave us comparatively little trouble. We examined the moss between the bricks, and found it undisturbed."

"You looked among D——'s papers, of course, and into the books of the library?"

"Certainly; we opened every package and parcel; we not only opened every book, but we turned over every leaf in each volume, not contenting ourselves with a mere shake, according to the fashion of some of our police officers. We also measured the thickness of every book-cover, with the most accurate admeasurement,* and applied to each the most jealous* scrutiny of the microscope. Had any of the bindings been recently meddled with, it would have been utterly impossible that the fact should have escaped observation. Some five or six volumes, just from the hands of the binder, we carefully probed, longitudinally,* with the needles."

"You explored the floors beneath the carpets?"

"Beyond doubt. We removed every carpet, and examined the boards with the microscope."

"And the paper on the walls?"

"Yes."

"You looked into the cellars?"

"We did."

"Then," I said, "you have been making a miscalculation, and the letter is *not* upon the premises, as you suppose."

"I fear you are right there," said the Prefect. "And now, Dupin, what would you advise me to do?"

"To make a thorough re-search of the premises."

"That is absolutely needless," replied G. "I am not more sure that I breathe than I am that the letter is not at the Hôtel."

"I have no better advice to give you," said Dupin. "You have, of course, an accurate description of the letter?"

"Oh yes!"—And here the Prefect, producing a memorandum-book, proceeded to read aloud a minute account of the internal and especially of the external appearance of the missing document. Soon after finishing the perusal of this description, he took his departure, more entirely depressed in spirits than I had ever known the good gentleman before.

In about a month afterwards he paid us another visit, and found us occupied very nearly as before. He took a pipe and a chair and entered into some ordinary conversation. At length I said,—

"Well, but G., what of the purloined letter? I presume you have at last made up your mind that there is no such thing as overreaching the Minister?"

"Confound him, say I—yes; I made the re-examination, however, as Dupin suggested—but it was all labor lost, as I knew it would be."

"How much was the reward offered, did you say?" asked Dupin.

"Why, a very great deal—a *very* liberal reward—I don't like to say

how much, precisely; but one thing I *will* say, that I wouldn't mind giving my individual check for fifty thousand francs to any one who could obtain me that letter. The fact is, it is becoming of more and more importance every day; and the reward has been lately doubled. If it were trebled, however, I could do no more than I have done."

"Why, yes," said Dupin, drawlingly, between the whiffs of his meerschaum, "I really—think, G., you have not exerted yourself—to the utmost in this matter. You might—do a little more, I think, eh?"

"How?—in what way?"

"Why—puff, puff—you might—puff, puff—employ counsel in the matter, eh?—puff, puff, puff. Do you remember the story they tell of Abernethy?"*

"No; hang Abernethy!"

"To be sure! hang him and welcome.* But, once upon a time, a certain rich miser conceived the design of spunging upon this Abernethy for a medical opinion.* Getting up, for this purpose, an ordinary conversation in a private company, he insinuated his case to the physician, as that of an imaginary individual.

"‘We will suppose,’ said the miser, ‘that his symptoms are such and such, now, doctor, what would *you* have directed him to take?’

"‘Take!’ said Abernethy, ‘why, take *advice*, to be sure.’"

"But," said the Prefect, a little discomposed, "I am *perfectly* willing to take advice, and to pay for it. I would *really* give fifty thousand francs to any one who would aid me in the matter."

"In that case," replied Dupin, opening a drawer, and producing a check-book, "you may as well fill me up a check for the amount mentioned. When you have signed it, I will hand you the letter."

I was astounded. The Prefect appeared absolutely thunderstricken. For some minutes he remained speechless and motionless looking incredulously at my friend with open mouth, and eyes that seemed starting from their sockets; then, apparently recovering himself in some measure, he seized a pen, and after several pauses and vacant stares, finally filled up and signed a check for fifty thousand francs, and handed it across the table to Dupin. The latter examined it carefully and deposited it in his pocket-book; then unlocking an *escritoire*, took thence a letter and gave it to the Prefect. This functionary grasped it in a perfect agony of joy, opened it with a trembling hand, cast a rapid glance at its contents, and then scrambling and struggling to the door, rushed at length unceremoniously from the room and from the house, without having uttered a syllable since Dupin had requested him to fill up the check.

When he had gone, my friend entered into some explanations.

"The Parisian police," he said, "are exceedingly able in their way. They are persevering, ingenious, cunning, and thoroughly versed in the knowledge which their duties seem chiefly to demand. Thus, when G. detailed to us his mode of searching the premises at the Hôtel D——, I felt entire confidence in his having made a satisfactory investigation—so far as his labors extended."*

"So far as his labors extended?" said I.

"Yes," said Dupin. "The measures adopted were not only the best of their kind, but carried out to absolute perfection. Had the letter been deposited within the range of their search, these fellows would, beyond a question, have found it."

I merely laughed—but he seemed quite serious in all that he said.

"The measures, then," he continued, "were good in their kind, and well executed; their defect lay in their being inapplicable to the case, and to the man. A certain set of highly ingenious resources are, with the Prefect, a sort of Procrustean bed,* to which he forcibly adapts his designs. But he perpetually errs by being too deep or too shallow, for the matter in hand; and many a schoolboy is a better reasoner than he. I knew one about eight years of age, whose success at guessing in the game of 'even and odd'* attracted universal admiration. This game is simple, and is played with marbles. One player holds in his hand a number of these toys, and demands of another whether that number is even or odd. If the guess is right, the guesser wins one; if wrong, he loses one. The boy to whom I allude won all the marbles of the school. Of course he had some principle of guessing; and this lay in mere observation and admeasurement of the astuteness of his opponents. For example, an arrant simpleton is his opponent, and, holding up his closed hand, asks, 'are they even or odd?' Our schoolboy replies, 'odd,' and loses; but upon the second trial he wins, for he then says himself, 'the simpleton had them even upon the first trial, and his amount of cunning is just sufficient to make him have them odd upon the second; I will therefore guess odd;'—he guesses odd, and wins. Now, with a simpleton a degree above the first, he would have reasoned thus: 'This fellow finds that in the first instance I guessed odd, and, in the second, he will propose to himself upon the first impulse, a simple variation from even to odd, as did the first simpleton; but then a second thought will suggest that this is too simple a variation, and finally he will decide upon putting it even as before. I will therefore guess even;'—he guesses even, and wins. Now this mode of reasoning in the schoolboy, whom his fellows termed 'lucky,'—what, in its last analysis, is it?"

"It is merely," I said, "an identification of the reasoner's intellect with that of his opponent."

"It is," said Dupin; "and, upon inquiring of the boy by what means he effected the *thorough* identification in which his success consisted, I received answer as follows: 'When I wish to find out how wise, or how stupid, or how good, or how wicked is any one, or what are his thoughts at the moment, I fashion the expression of my face, as accurately as possible, in accordance with the expression of his, and then wait to see what thoughts or sentiments arise in my mind or heart, as if to match or correspond with the expression.' This response of the schoolboy lies at the bottom of all the spurious profundity which has been attributed to Rochefoucauld,* to La Bougive, to Machiavelli,* and to Campanella."*

"And the identification," I said, "of the reasoner's intellect with that of his opponent, depends, if I understand you aright, upon the accuracy with which the opponent's intellect is admeasured."

"For its practical value it depends upon this," replied Dupin; "and the Prefect and his cohort fail so frequently, first, by default of this identification, and, secondly, by ill-admeasurement, or rather through non-admeasurement, of the intellect with which they are engaged. They consider only their *own* ideas of ingenuity; and, in searching for anything hidden, advert only to the modes in which *they* would have hidden it. They are right in this much—that their own ingenuity is a faithful representative of that of the *mass*; but when the cunning of the individual felon is diverse in character from their own, the felon foils them, of course. This always happens when it is above their own, and very usually when it is below. They have no variation of principle in their investigations; at best, when urged by some unusual emergency—by some extraordinary reward—they extend or exaggerate their old modes of *practice*, without touching their principles. What, for example, in this case of D——, has been done to vary the principle of action? What is all this boring, and probing, and sounding, and scrutinizing with the microscope, and dividing the surface of the building into registered square inches—what is it all but an exaggeration of the *application* of the one principle or set of principles of search, which are based upon the one set of notions regarding human ingenuity, to which the Prefect, in the long routine of his duty, has been accustomed? Do you not see he has taken it for granted that *all* men proceed to conceal a letter,—not exactly in a gimlet-hole bored in a chair-leg—but, at least, in *some* out-of-the-way hole or corner suggested by the same tenor of thought which would urge a man to secrete a letter in a gimlet-hole bored in a chair-leg? And do you not see also, that such *recherchés** nooks for concealment are adapted only for ordinary occasions, and would be adopted only by ordinary intellects, for, in all cases of concealment, a disposal of the article concealed—a disposal of it in

his *recherché* manner,—is, in the very first instance, presumable and presumed; and thus its discovery depends not at all upon the acumen, but altogether upon the mere care, patience, and determination of the seekers; and where the case is of importance—or, what amounts to the same thing in the official eyes, when the reward is of magnitude,—the qualities in question have *never* been known to fail. You will now understand what I meant in suggesting that, had the purloined letter been hidden any where within the limits of the Prefect's examination—in other words, had the principle of its concealment been comprehended within the principles of the Prefect—its discovery would have been a matter altogether beyond question. This functionary, however, has been thoroughly mystified; and the remote source of his defeat lies in the supposition that the Minister is a fool, because he has acquired renown as a poet. All fools are poets; this the Prefect *feels*; and he is merely guilty of a *non distributio medii** in thence inferring that all poets are fools."

"But is this really the poet?" I asked. "There are two brothers, I know; and both have attained reputation in letters. The Minister I believe has written learnedly on the Differential Calculus. He is a mathematician, and no poet."

"You are mistaken; I know him well; he is both. As poet *and* mathematician, he would reason well; as mere mathematician, he could not have reasoned at all, and thus would have been at the mercy of the Prefect."

"You surprise me," I said, "by these opinions, which have been contradicted by the voice of the world. You do not mean to set at naught the well-digested idea of centuries. The mathematical reason has long been regarded as *the reason par excellence*."

"*Il y a à parier*," replied Dupin, quoting from Chamfort, "*que toute idée publique, toute convention reçue, est une sottise, car elle a convenu au plus grand nombre*."* The mathematicians, I grant you, have done their best to promulgate the popular error to which you allude, and which is none the less an error for its promulgation as truth. With an art worthy a better cause, for example, they have insinuated the term 'analysis' into application to algebra. The French are the originators of this particular deception; but if a term is of any importance—if words derive any value from applicability—then 'analysis' conveys algebra' about as much as, in Latin, '*ambitus*'* implies 'ambition,' '*religio*'* 'religion,' or '*homines honesti*,'* a set of *honorable* men."

"You have a quarrel on hand, I see," said I, "with some of the algebraists of Paris; but proceed."

"I dispute the availability, and thus the value, of that reason which is cultivated in any especial form other than the abstractly logical. I dispute, in particular, the reason educed by mathematical study. The

mathematics are the science of form and quantity; mathematical reasoning is merely logic applied to observation upon form and quantity. The great error lies in supposing that even the truths of what is called *pure algebra*, are abstract of general truth. And this error is so egregious that I am confounded at the universality with which it has been received. Mathematical axioms are *not* axioms of general truth. What is true of *relation*—of form and quantity—is often grossly false in regard to morals, for example. In this latter science it is very usually *untrue* that the aggregated parts are equal to the whole. In chemistry also the axiom fails. In the consideration of motive it fails; for two motives, each of a given value, have not, necessarily, a value when united, equal to the sum of their values apart. There are numerous other mathematical truths which are only truths within the limits of *relation*. But the mathematician argues, from his *finite truths*, through habit, as if they were of an absolutely general applicability—as the world indeed imagines them to be. Bryant,* in his very learned 'Mythology,' mentions an analogous source of error, when he says that 'although the Pagan fables are not believed, yet we forget ourselves continually, and make inferences from them as existing realities.' With the algebraists, however, who are Pagans themselves, the 'Pagan fables' *are* believed, and the inferences are made, not so much through lapse of memory, as through an unaccountable addling of the brains. In short, I never yet encountered the mere mathematician who could be trusted out of equal roots, or one who did not clandestinely hold it as a point of his faith that $x^2 + px$ was absolutely and unconditionally equal to q . Say to one of these gentlemen, by way of experiment,* if you please, that you believe occasions may occur where $x^2 + px$ is *not* altogether equal to q , and, having made him understand what you mean, get out of his reach as speedily as convenient, for, beyond doubt, he will endeavour to knock you down.

"I meant to say," continued Dupin, while I merely laughed at his last observations, "that if the Minister had been no more than a mathematician, the Prefect would have been under no necessity of giving me this check. I knew him, however, as both mathematician and poet, and my measures were adapted to this capacity, with reference to the circumstances by which he was surrounded. I knew him as a courtier, too, and as a bold *intrigant*. Such a man, I considered, could not fail to be aware of the ordinary policial modes of action. He could not have failed to anticipate—and events have proved that he did not fail to anticipate—the waylaying to which he was subjected. He must have foreseen, I reflected, the secret investigations of his premises. His frequent absences from home at night, which were hailed by the Prefect as certain aids to his success, I

regarded only as *ruses*, to afford opportunity for thorough search to the police, and thus the sooner to impress them with the conviction to which G., in fact, did finally arrive—the conviction that the letter was not upon the premises. I felt, also, that the whole train of thought, which I was at some pains in detailing to you just now, concerning the invariable principle of political action in searches for articles concealed—I felt that this whole train of thought would necessarily pass through the mind of the Minister. It would imperatively lead him to despise all the ordinary *nooks* of concealment. *He* could not, I reflected, be so weak as not to see that the most intricate and remote recess of his hotel would be as open as his commonest closets to the eyes, to the probes, to the gimlets, and to the microscopes of the Prefect. I saw, in fine, that he would be driven, as a matter of course, to *simplicity*, if not deliberately induced to it as a matter of choice. You will remember, perhaps, how desperately the Prefect laughed when I suggested, upon our first interview, that it was just possible this mystery troubled him so much on account of its being so *very* self-evident.”

“Yes,” said I, “I remember his merriment well. I really thought he would have fallen into convulsions.”

“The material world,” continued Dupin, “abounds with very strict analogies to the immaterial; and thus some color of truth has been given to the rhetorical dogma, that metaphor or simile, may be made to strengthen an argument, as well as to embellish a description. The principle of the *vis inertiae*,* for example, seems to be identical in physics and metaphysics. It is not more true in the former, that a large body is with more difficulty set in motion than a smaller one, and that its subsequent *momentum* is commensurate with this difficulty, than it is, in the latter, that intellects of the vaster capacity, while more forcible, more constant, and more eventful in their movements than those of inferior trade, are yet the less readily moved, and more embarrassed and full of hesitation in the first few steps of their progress. Again: have you ever noticed which of the street signs, over the shop doors, are the most attractive of attention?”

“I have never given the matter a thought,” I said.

“There is a game of puzzles,” he resumed, “which is played upon a map. One party playing requires another to find a given word—the name of town, river, state or empire—any word, in short, upon the motley and perplexed surface of the chart. A novice in the game generally seems to embarrass his opponents by giving them the most minutely lettered names; but the adept selects such words as stretch, in large characters, from one end of the chart to the other. These, like the over-largely lettered signs and placards of the

street, escape observation by dint of being excessively obvious; and here the physical oversight is precisely analogous with the moral inapprehension by which the intellect suffers to pass unnoticed those considerations which are too obtrusively and too palpably self-evident. But this is a point, it appears, somewhat above or beneath the understanding of the Prefect. He never once thought it probable, or possible, that the Minister had deposited the letter immediately beneath the nose of the whole world, by way of best preventing any portion of that world from perceiving it.

"But the more I reflected upon the daring, dashing, and discriminating ingenuity of D——; upon the fact that the document must always have been *at hand*, if he intended to use it to good purpose; and upon the decisive evidence, obtained by the Prefect, that it was not hidden within the limits of that dignitary's ordinary search—the more satisfied I became that, to conceal this letter, the Minister had resorted to the comprehensive and sagacious expedient of not attempting to conceal it at all.

"Full of these ideas, I prepared myself with a pair of green spectacles, and called one fine morning, quite by accident, at the Ministerial hotel. I found D—— at home, yawning, lounging, and dawdling, as usual, and pretending to be in the last extremity of *ennui*. He is, perhaps, the most really energetic human being now alive—but that is only when nobody sees him.

"To be even with him, I complained of my weak eyes, and lamented the necessity of the spectacles, under cover of which I cautiously and thoroughly surveyed the apartment, while seemingly intent only upon the conversation of my host.

"I paid special attention to a large writing-table near which he sat, and upon which lay confusedly, some miscellaneous letters and other papers, with one or two musical instruments and a few books. Here, however, after a long and very deliberate scrutiny, I saw nothing to excite particular suspicion.

"At length my eyes, in going the circuit of the room, fell upon a trumpery filagree card-rack of pasteboard, that hung dangling by a dirty blue ribbon, from a little brass knob just beneath the middle of the mantel-piece. In this rack, which had three or four compartments, were five or six visiting cards and a solitary letter. This last was much soiled and crumpled. It was torn nearly in two, across the middle—as if a design, in the first instance, to tear it entirely up as worthless, had been altered, or stayed, in the second. It had a large black seal, bearing the D—— cipher *very* conspicuously, and was addressed, in a diminutive female hand, to D—— the minister, himself. It was thrust carelessly, and even, as it seemed, contemptuously, into one of the upper divisions of the rack.

"No sooner had I glanced at this letter, than I concluded it to be that of which I was in search. To be sure, it was, to all appearance, radically different from the one of which the Prefect had read us so minute a description. Here the seal was large and black, with the D—— cipher; there it was small and red, with the ducal arms of the S—— family. Here, the address, to the Minister, was diminutive and feminine; there the superscription, to a certain royal personage, was markedly bold and decided; the size alone formed a point of correspondence. But, then, the *radicalness* of these differences, which was excessive; the dirt; the soiled and torn condition of the paper, so inconsistent with the *true* methodical habits of D——, and so suggestive of a design to delude the beholder into an idea of the worthlessness of the document; these things, together with the hyperobtrusive situation of this document,* full in the view of every visitor, and thus exactly in accordance with the conclusions to which I had previously arrived; these things, I say, were strongly corroborative of suspicion, in one who came with the intention to suspect.

"I protracted my visit as long as possible, and, while I maintained a most animated discussion with the Minister, on a topic which I knew well had never failed to interest and excite him, I kept my attention really riveted upon the letter. In this examination, I committed to memory its external appearance and arrangement in the rack; and also fell, at length, upon a discovery which set at rest whatever trivial doubt I might have entertained. In scrutinizing the edges of the paper, I observed them to be more *chafed* than seemed necessary. They presented the *broken* appearance which is manifested when a stiff paper, having been once folded and pressed with a folder, is refolded in a reversed direction, in the same creases or edges which had formed the original fold. This discovery was sufficient. It was clear to me that the letter had been turned, as a glove, inside out, re-directed, and re-sealed. I bade the Minister good morning, and took my departure at once, leaving a gold snuff-box upon the table.

"The next morning I called for the snuff-box, when we resumed, quite eagerly, the conversation of the preceding day. While thus engaged, however, a loud report, as if of a pistol, was heard immediately beneath the windows of the hotel, and was succeeded by a series of fearful screams, and the shoutings of a mob. D—— rushed to a casement, threw it open, and looked out. In the meantime, I stepped to the card-rack, took the letter, put it in my pocket, and replaced it by a *fac-simile** (so far as regards externals), which I had carefully prepared at my lodgings, imitating the D—— cipher, very readily, by means of a seal formed of bread.

"The disturbance in the street had been occasioned by the frantic behavior of a man with a musket. He had fired it among a crowd of

women and children. It proved, however, to have been without ball, and the fellow was suffered to go his way* as a lunatic or a drunkard. When he had gone, D—— came from the window, whither I had followed him immediately upon securing the object in view. Soon afterwards I bade him farewell. The pretended lunatic was a man in my own pay."

"But what purpose had you," I asked, "in replacing the letter by a *fac-simile*? Would it not have been better, at the first visit, to have seized it openly, and departed?"

"D——," replied Dupin, "is a desperate man, and a man of nerve. His hotel, too, is not without attendants devoted to his interests. Had I made the wild attempt you suggest, I might never have left the Ministerial presence alive. The good people of Paris might have heard of me no more. But I had an object apart from these considerations. You know my political prepossessions. In this matter, I act as a partisan of the lady concerned. For eighteen months the Minister has had her in his power. She has now him in hers; since, being unaware that the letter is not in his possession, he will proceed with his exactions as if it was. Thus will he inevitably commit himself, at once, to his political destruction. His downfall, too, will not be more precipitate than awkward. It is all very well to talk about the *facilis descensus Averni*;* but in all kinds of climbing, as Catalani* said of singing, it is far more easy to get up than to come down. In the present instance I have no sympathy—at least no pity—for him who descends. He is that *monstrum horrendum*,* an unprincipled man of genius. I confess, however, that I should like very well to know the precise character of his thoughts, when, being defied by her whom the Prefect terms 'a certain personage,' he is reduced to opening the letter which I left for him in the card-rack."

"How? did you put any thing particular in it?"

"Why—it did not seem altogether right to leave the interior blank—that would have been insulting. D——, at Vienna once, did me an evil turn, which I told him, quite good-humoredly, that I should remember. So, as I knew he would feel some curiosity in regard to the identity of the person who had outwitted him, I thought it a pity not to give him a clue. He is well acquainted with my MS., and I just copied into the middle of the blank sheet the words—

— *Un dessein si funeste,
S'il n'est digne d'Atrée, est digne de Thyeste.*

They are to be found in Crébillon's *Atrée*."*

Nathaniel Hawthorne



An Old Woman's Tale

In the house where I was born, there used to be an old woman crouching all day long over the kitchen fire, with her elbows on her knees and her feet in the ashes. Once in a while she took a turn at the spit,* and she never lacked a coarse gray stocking in her lap, the foot about half finished; it tapered away with her own waning life, and she knit the toe-stitch on the day of her death. She made it her serious business and sole amusement to tell me stories at any time from morning till night, in a mumbling, toothless voice, as I sat on a log of wood, grasping her check-apron* in both my hands. Her personal memory included the better part of a hundred years, and she had strangely jumbled her own experience and observation with those of many old people who died in her young days; so that she might have been taken for a contemporary of Queen Elizabeth,* or of John Rogers in the Primer.* There are a thousand of her traditions lurking in the corners and by-places of my mind, some more marvellous than what is to follow, some less so, and a few not marvellous in the least, all of which I should like to repeat, if I were as happy as she in having a listener. But I am humble enough to own, that I do not deserve a listener half so well as that old toothless woman, whose narratives possessed an excellence attributable neither to herself, nor to any single individual. Her groundplots,* seldom within the widest scope of probability, were filled up with homely and natural incidents, the gradual accretions of a long course

of years, and fiction hid its grotesque extravagance in this garb of truth, like the Devil (an appropriate simile, for the old woman supplies it) disguising himself, clove-foot and all, in mortal attire. These tales generally referred to her birthplace, a village in the valley of the Connecticut,* the aspect of which she impressed with great vividness on my fancy. The houses in that tract of country, long a wild and dangerous frontier, were rendered defensible by a strength of architecture that has preserved many of them till our own times, and I cannot describe the sort of pleasure with which, two summers since, I rode through the little town in question, while one object after another rose familiarly to my eye, like successive portions of a dream becoming realized. Among other things equally probable, she was wont to assert that all the inhabitants of this village (at certain intervals, but whether of twenty-five or fifty years, or a whole century, remained a disputable point) were subject to a simultaneous slumber, continuing one hour's space. When that mysterious time arrived, the parson snored over his half-written sermon, though it were Saturday night and no provision made for the morrow—the mother's eyelids closed as she bent over her infant, and no childish cry awakened—the watcher at the bed of mortal sickness slumbered upon the death-pillow—and the dying man anticipated his sleep of ages by one as deep and dreamless. To speak emphatically, there was a soporific influence throughout the village, stronger than if every mother's son and daughter were reading a dull story; notwithstanding which the old woman professed to hold* the substance of the ensuing account from one of those principally concerned in it.

One moonlight summer evening, a young man and a girl sat down together in the open air. They were distant relatives, sprung from a stock once wealthy, but of late years so poverty-stricken, that David had not a penny to pay the marriage fee, if Esther should consent to wed. The seat they had chosen was in an open grove of elm and walnut-trees, at a right angle of the road; a spring of diamond water just bubbled into the moonlight beside them, and then whimpered away through the bushes and long grass, in search of a neighboring mill-stream. The nearest house (situate within twenty yards of them, and the residence of their great-grandfather in his lifetime) was a venerable old edifice, crowned with many high and narrow peaks, all overrun* by innumerable creeping plants, which hung curling about the roof like a nice young wig on an elderly gentleman's head. Opposite to this establishment was a tavern, with a well and horse-trough before it, and a low green bank running along the left side of the door. Thence, the road went onward, curving scarce perceptibly, through the village, divided in the midst by a narrow lane of verdure, and bounded on each side by a grassy strip of twice

its own breadth. The houses had generally an odd look. Here, the moonlight tried to get a glimpse of one, a rough old heap of ponderous timber, which, ashamed of its dilapidated aspect, was hiding behind a great thick tree; the lower story of the next had sunk almost under ground, as if the poor little house were a-weary of the world, and retiring into the seclusion of its own cellar; farther on stood one of the few recent structures, thrusting its painted face conspicuously into the street, with an evident idea that it was the fairest thing there. About midway in the village was a grist-mill, partly concealed by the descent of the ground towards the stream which turned its wheel. At the southern extremity, just so far distant that the window-panes dazzled into each other, rose the meeting-house, a dingy old barnlike building, with an enormously disproportioned steeple sticking up straight into heaven, as high as the Tower of Babel,* and the cause of nearly as much confusion in its day. This steeple, it must be understood, was an afterthought, and its addition to the main edifice, when the latter had already begun to decay, had excited a vehement quarrel, and almost a schism in the church, some fifty years before. Here the road wound down a hill, and was seen no more, the remotest object in view being the graveyard gate, beyond the meeting-house. The youthful pair sat hand in hand beneath the trees, and for several moments they had not spoken, because the breeze was hushed, the brook scarce tinkled, the leaves had ceased their rustling, and everything lay motionless and silent as if Nature were composing herself to slumber.

"What a beautiful night it is, Esther!" remarked David, somewhat drowsily.

"Very beautiful," answered the girl, in the same tone.

"But how still!" continued David.

"Ah, too still!" said Esther, with a faint shudder, like a modest leaf when the wind kisses it.

Perhaps they fell asleep together, and, united as their spirits were by close and tender sympathies, the same strange dream might have wrapped them in its shadowy arms. But they conceived,* at the time, that they still remained wakeful by the spring of bubbling water, looking down through the village, and all along the moon-lighted road, and at the queer old houses and at the trees, which thrust their great twisted branches almost into the windows. There was only a sort of mistiness over their minds like the smoky air of an early autumn night. At length, without any vivid astonishment, they became conscious that a great many people were either entering the village or already in the street, but whether they came from the meeting-house or from a little beyond it, or where the devil they came from, was more than could be determined. Certainly a crowd

of people seemed to be there, men, women, and children, all of whom were yawning and rubbing their eyes, stretching their limbs, and staggering from side to side of the road, as if but partially awakened from a sound slumber. Sometimes they stood stockstill, with their hands over their brows to shade their sight from the moonbeams. As they drew near, most of their countenances appeared familiar to Esther and David, possessing the peculiar features of families in the village, and that general air and aspect by which a person would recognize his own townsmen in the remotest ends of the earth. But though the whole multitude might have been taken, in the mass, for neighbors and acquaintances, there was not a single individual whose exact likeness they had ever before seen. It was a noticeable circumstance, also, that the newest fashioned garment on the backs of these people might have been worn by the great-grandparents of the existing generation. There was one figure behind all the rest, and not yet near enough to be perfectly distinguished.

"Where on earth, David, do all these odd people come from?" said Esther, with a lazy inclination to laugh.

"Nowhere on earth,* Esther," replied David, unknowing why he said so.

As they spoke, the strangers showed some symptoms of disquietude, and looked towards the fountain for an instant, but immediately appeared to assume their own trains of thought and precious purposes.* They now separated to different parts of the village, with a readiness that implied intimate local knowledge, and it may be worthy of remark, that, though they were evidently loquacious among themselves, neither their footsteps nor their voices reached the ears of the beholders. Wherever there was a venerable old house, of fifty years' standing and upwards, surrounded by its elm or walnut-trees, with its dark and weather-beaten barn, its well, its orchard and stone-walls, all ancient and all in good repair around it, there a little group of these people assembled. Such parties were mostly composed of an aged man and woman, with the younger members of a family; their faces were full of joy, so deep that it assumed the shade of melancholy; they pointed to each other the minutest objects about the homesteads, things in their hearts, and were now comparing them with the originals. But where hollow places by the wayside, grass-grown, and uneven, with unsightly chimneys rising ruinous in the midst, gave indications of a fallen dwelling and of hearths long cold, there did a few of the strangers sit them down on the mouldering beams, and on the yellow moss that had over spread the door-stone. The men folded their arms, sad and speechless; the women wrung their hands with a more vivid

expression of grief; and the little children tottered to their knees, shrinking away from the open grave of domestic love. And wherever a recent edifice reared its white and flashy front on the foundation of an old one, there a gray-haired man might be seen to shake his staff in anger at it, while his aged dame and their offspring appeared to join in their maledictions, forming a fearful picture in the ghostly moonlight. While these scenes were passing, the one figure in the rear of all the rest was descending the hollow towards the mill, and the eyes of David and Esther were drawn thence to a pair with whom they could fully sympathize. It was a youth in a sailor's dress and a pale slender maiden, who met each other with a sweet embrace in the middle of the street.

"How long it must be since they parted," observed David.

"Fifty years at least," said Esther.

They continued to gaze with wondering calmness and quiet interest, as the dream (if such it were) unrolled its quaint and motley semblance before them, and their notice was now attracted by several little knots of people apparently engaged in conversation. Of these one of the earliest collected and most characteristic was near the tavern, the persons who composed it being seated on the low green bank along the left side of the door. A conspicuous figure here was a fine corpulent old fellow in his shirt-sleeves and flame-colored breeches, and with a stained white apron over his paunch, beneath which he held his hands, and wherewith at times he wiped his ruddy face. The stately decrepitude of one of his companions, the scar of an Indian tomahawk on his crown, and especially his worn buff-coat,* were appropriate marks of a veteran belonging to an old Provincial garrison,* now deaf to the roll-call.* Another showed his rough face under a tarry hat and wore a pair of wide trousers, like an ancient mariner who had tossed away his youth upon the sea, and was returned, hoary and weather-beaten, to his inland home. There was also a thin young man, carelessly dressed, who ever and anon cast a sad look towards the pale maiden above mentioned. With these there sat a hunter, and one or two others, and they were soon joined by a miller, who came upward from the dusty mill, his coat as white as if besprinkled with powdered starlight. All these (by the aid of jests, which might indeed be old, but had not been recently repeated) waxed very merry, and it was rather strange, that just as their sides shook with the heartiest laughter, they appeared greatly like a group of shadows flickering in the moonshine. Four personages, very different from these, stood in front of the large house with its periwig of creeping plants. One was a little elderly figure, distinguished by the gold on his three-cornered hat and skyblue coat, and by the seal of arms annexed to his great gold watch-chain; his air

and aspect befitted a Justice of Peace and County Major, and all earth's pride and pomposity were squeezed into this small gentleman of five feet high. The next in importance was a grave person of sixty or seventy years, whose black suit and band sufficiently indicated his character, and the polished baldness of whose head was worthy of a famous preacher in the village, half a century before, who had made wigs a subject of pulpit denunciation. The two other figures, both clad in dark gray, showed the sobriety of Deacons; one was ridiculously tall and thin, like a man of ordinary bulk infinitely produced,* as the mathematicians say; while the brevity and thickness of his colleague seemed a compression of the same man. These four talked with great earnestness, and their gestures intimated that they had revived the ancient dispute about the meeting-house steeple. The grave person in black spoke with composed solemnity, as if he were addressing a Synod;* the short deacon grunted out occasional sentences, as brief as himself; his tall brother drew the long thread of his argument through the whole discussion, and (reasoning from analogy) his voice must indubitably have been small and squaking. But the little old man in gold-lace was evidently scorched by his own red-hot eloquence; he bounced from one to another, shook his cane at the steeple, at the two deacons, and almost in the parson's face, stamping with his foot fiercely enough to break a hole through the very earth; though, indeed, it could not exactly be said that the green grass bent beneath him. The figure, noticed as coming behind all the rest, had now surmounted the ascent from the mill, and proved to be an elderly lady with something in her hand.

"Why does she walk so slow?" asked David.

"Don't you see she is lame?" said Esther.

This gentlewoman, whose infirmity had kept her so far in the rear of the crowd, now came hobbling on, glided unobserved by the polemic group,* and paused on the left brink of the fountain, within a few feet of the two spectators. She was a magnificent old dame, as ever mortal eye beheld. Her spangled shoes and gold-clocked stockings* shone gloriously within the spacious circle of a red hoop-petticoat,* which swelled to the very point of explosion, and was bedecked all over with embroidery a little tarnished. Above the petticoat, and parting in front so as to display it to the best advantage, was a figured blue damask gown.* A wide and stiff ruff encircled her neck, a cap of the finest muslin, though rather dingy, covered her head, and her nose was bestridden by a pair of gold-bowed spectacles* with enormous glasses. But the old lady's face was pinched, sharp, and sallow, wearing a niggardly and avaricious expression, and forming an odd contrast to the splendor

of her attire, as did likewise the implement which she held in her hand. It was a sort of iron shovel (by housewives termed a "slice"), such as is used in clearing the oven, and with this, selecting a spot between a walnut-tree and the fountain, the good dame made an earnest attempt to dig. The tender sods, however, possessed a strange impenetrability. They resisted her efforts like a quarry of living granite, and, losing her breath, she cast down the shovel and seemed to bemoan herself most piteously, gnashing her teeth (what few she had) and wringing her thin yellow hands. Then, apparently with new hope, she resumed her toil, which still had the same result—a circumstance the less surprising to David and Esther, because at times they would catch the moonlight shining through the old woman, and dancing in the fountain beyond. The little man in gold-lace now happened to see her, and made his approach on tiptoe.

"How hard this elderly lady works!" remarked David.

"Go and help her, David," said Esther, compassionately.

As their drowsy voices spoke, both the old woman and the pompous little figure behind her lifted their eyes, and for a moment they regarded the youth and damsel with something like kindness and affection; which, however, were dim and uncertain, and passed away almost immediately. The old woman again betook herself to the shovel, but was startled by a hand suddenly laid upon her shoulder; she turned round in great trepidation, and beheld the dignitary in the blue coat; then followed an embrace of such closeness as would indicate no remoter connection than matrimony between these two decorous persons. The gentleman next pointed to the shovel, appearing to inquire the purpose of his lady's occupation; while she as evidently parried his interrogatories, maintaining a demure and sanctified visage as every good woman ought, in similar cases. Howbeit, she could not forbear looking askew, behind her spectacles, towards the spot of stubborn turf. All the while, their figures had a strangeness in them, and it seemed as if some cunning jeweller had made their golden ornaments of the yellowest of the setting sunbeams, and that the blue of their garments was brought from the dark sky near the moon, and that the gentleman's silk waistcoat was the bright side of a fiery cloud, and the lady's scarlet petticoat a remnant of the blush of morning—and that they both were two unrealities of colored air. But now there was a sudden movement throughout the multitude. The Squire drew forth a watch as large as the dial on the famous steeple, looked at the warning hands and got him gone, nor could his lady tarry; the party at the tavern door took to their heels, headed by the fat man in the flaming breeches; the tall deacon stalked away immediately, and the short deacon waddled

after, making four steps to the yard;* the mothers called their children about them and set forth, with a gentle and sad glance behind. Like cloudy fantasies that hurry by a viewless impulse from the sky, they all were fled, and the wind rose up and followed them with a strange moaning down the lonely street. Now whither these people went is more than may be told; only David and Esther seemed to see the shadowy splendor of the ancient dame, as she lingered in the moonshine at the graveyard gate, gazing backward to the fountain.

"O, Esther! I have had such a dream!" cried David, starting up, and rubbing his eyes.

"And I such another!" answered Esther, gaping till her pretty red lips formed a circle.

"About an old woman with gold-bowed spectacles," continued David.

"And a scarlet hoop-petticoat," added Esther. They now stared in each other's eyes, with great astonishment and some little fear. After a thoughtful moment or two, David drew a long breath and stood upright.

"If I live till tomorrow morning," said he, "I'll see what may be buried between that tree and the spring of water."

"And why not tonight, David?" asked Esther; for she was a sensible little girl, and bethought herself that the matter might as well be done in secrecy.

David felt the propriety of the remark, and looked round for the means of following her advice. The moon shone brightly on something that rested against the side of the old house, and, on a nearer view, it proved to be an iron shovel, bearing a singular resemblance to that which they had seen in their dreams. He used it with better success than the old woman, the soil giving way so freely to his efforts, that he had soon scooped a hole as large as the basin of the spring. Suddenly, he poked his head down to the very bottom of his cavity. "Oho!—what have we here?" cried David.

The Gray Champion

There was once a time when New England* groaned under the actual pressure of heavier wrongs than those threatened ones which brought on the Revolution.* James II,* the bigoted successor of Charles the Voluptuous,* had annulled the charters of

all the colonies, and sent a harsh and unprincipled soldier* to take away our liberties and endanger our religion. The administration of Sir Edmund Andros lacked scarcely a single characteristic of tyranny: a Governor and Council, holding office from the King, and wholly independent of the country, laws made and taxes levied without concurrence of the people, immediate or by their representatives; the rights of private citizens violated, and the titles of all landed property declared void; the voice of complaint stifled by restrictions on the press; and, finally, disaffection overawed by the first band of mercenary troops that ever marched on our free soil. For two years our ancestors were kept in sullen submission by that filial love which had invariably secured their allegiance to the mother country, whether its head chanced to be a Parliament, Protector, or Popish Monarch.* Till these evil times, however, such allegiance had been merely nominal, and the colonists had ruled themselves, enjoying far more freedom than is even yet the privilege of the native subjects of Great Britain.

At length a rumor reached our shores that the Prince of Orange had ventured on an enterprise,* the success of which would be the triumph of civil and religious rights and the salvation of New England. It was but a doubtful whisper; it might be false, or the attempt might fail; and, in either case, the man that stirred against King James would lose his head. Still the intelligence produced a marked effect. The people smiled mysteriously in the streets, and threw bold glances at their oppressors; while far and wide there was a subdued and silent agitation, as if the slightest signal would rouse the whole land from its sluggish despondency. Aware of their danger, the rulers resolved to avert it by an imposing display of strength, and perhaps to confirm their despotism by yet harsher measures. One afternoon in April, 1689, Sir Edmund Andros and his favorite councillors, being warm with wine, assembled the redcoats* of the Governor's Guard, and made their appearance in the streets of Boston. The sun was near setting when the march commenced.

The roll of the drum at that unquiet crisis seemed to go through the streets, less as the martial music of the soldiers, than as a muster-call* to the inhabitants themselves. A multitude, by various avenues, assembled in King Street, which was destined to be the scene, nearly a century afterwards,* of another encounter between the troops of Britain and a people struggling against her tyranny. Though more than sixty years had elapsed since the pilgrims* came, this crowd of their descendants still showed the strong and sombre features of their character perhaps more strikingly in such a stern emergency than on happier occasions. There were the sober garb,

the general severity of mien, the gloomy but undismayed expression, the scriptural forms of speech,* and the confidence in Heaven's blessing on a righteous cause, which would have marked a band of the original Puritans,* when threatened by some peril of the wilderness. Indeed, it was not yet time for the old spirit to be extinct; since there were men in the street that day who had worshipped there beneath the trees, before a house was reared to the God for whom they had become exiles.* Old soldiers of the Parliament* were here, too, smiling grimly at the thought that their aged arms might strike another blow against the house of Stuart. Here, also, were the veterans of King Philip's war,* who had burned villages and slaughtered young and old, with pious fierceness, while the godly souls throughout the land were helping them with prayer. Several ministers were scattered among the crowd, which, unlike all other mobs, regarded them with such reverence, as if there were sanctity in their very garments. These holy men exerted their influence to quiet the people, but not to disperse them. Meantime, the purpose of the Governor, in disturbing the peace of the town at a period when the slightest commotion might throw the country into a ferment, was almost the universal subject of inquiry, and variously explained.

"Satan will strike his master-stroke presently," cried some, "because he knoweth that his time is short. All our godly pastors are to be dragged to prison! We shall see them at a Smithfield fire* in King Street!"

Hereupon the people of each parish gathered closer round their minister, who looked calmly upwards and assumed a more apostolic dignity, as well befitted a candidate for the highest honor of his profession, the crown of martyrdom. It was actually fancied, at that period, that New England might have a John Rogers* of her own to take the place of that worthy in the Primer.

"The Pope of Rome has given orders for a new St. Bartholomew!"* cried others. "We are to be massacred, man and male child!"

Neither was this rumor wholly discredited, although the wiser class believed the Governor's object somewhat less atrocious. His predecessor under the old charter,* Bradstreet,* a venerable companion of the first settlers, was known to be in town. There were grounds for conjecturing, that Sir Edmund Andros intended at once to strike terror by a parade of military force, and to confound the opposite faction by possessing himself of their chief.

"Stand firm for the old charter Governor!" shouted the crowd, seizing upon the idea. "The good old Governor Bradstreet!"

While this cry was at the loudest, the people were surprised by the

well-known figure of Governor Bradstreet himself, a patriarch of nearly ninety, who appeared on the elevated steps of a door, and, with characteristic mildness, besought them to submit to the constituted authorities.

"My children," concluded this venerable person, "do nothing rashly. Cry not aloud, but pray for the welfare of New England, and expect patiently what the Lord will do in this matter!"

The event was soon to be decided. All this time, the roll of the drum had been approaching through Cornhill, louder and deeper, till with reverberations from house to house, and the regular tramp of martial footsteps, it burst into the street. A double rank of soldiers made their appearance, occupying the whole breadth of the passage, with shouldered matchlocks,* and matches* burning, so as to present a row of fires in the dusk. Their steady march was like the progress of a machine, that would roll irresistibly over everything in its way. Next, moving slowly, with a confused clatter of hoofs on the pavement, rode a party of mounted gentlemen, the central figure being Sir Edmund Andros, elderly, but erect and soldier-like. Those around him were his favorite councillors, and the bitterest foes of New England. At his right hand rode Edward Randolph*, our arch-enemy, that "blasted wretch", as Cotton Mather* calls him, who achieved the downfall of our ancient government, and was followed with a sensible* curse, through life and to his grave. On the other side was Bullivant*, scattering jests and mockery as he rode along. Dudley* came behind, with a downcast look, dreading, as well he might,* to meet the indignant gaze of the people, who beheld him, their only countryman by birth, among the oppressors of his native land. The captain of a frigate in the harbor, and two or three civil officers under the Crown,* were also there. But the figure which most attracted the public eye, and stirred up the deepest feeling, was the Episcopal clergyman of King's Chapel,* riding haughtily among the magistrates in his priestly vestments, the fitting representative of prelacy and persecution, the union of church and state, and all those abominations which had driven the Puritans to the wilderness. Another guard of soldiers, in double rank, brought up the rear.

The whole scene was a picture of the condition of New England, and its moral, the deformity of any government that does not grow out of the nature of things and the character of the people. On one side the religious multitude, with their sad visages and dark attire, and on the other, the group of despotic rulers, with the high churchman* in the midst, and here and there a crucifix at their bosoms, all magnificently clad, flushed with wine, proud of unjust authority, and scoffing at the universal groan. And the mercenary

soldiers, waiting but the word to deluge the street with blood, showed the only means by which obedience could be secured.

"O Lord of Hosts," cried a voice among the crowd, "provide a Champion for thy people!"

This ejaculation was loudly uttered, and served as a herald's cry, to introduce a remarkable personage. The crowd had rolled back, and were now huddled together nearly at the extremity of the street, while the soldiers had advanced no more than a third of its length. The intervening space was empty—a paved solitude, between lofty edifices, which threw almost a twilight shadow over it. Suddenly there was seen the figure of an ancient man, who seemed to have emerged from among the people, and was walking by himself along the centre of the street, to confront the armed band. He wore the old Puritan dress, a dark cloak and a steeple-crowned hat,* in the fashion of at least fifty years before, with a heavy sword upon his thigh, but a staff in his hand to assist the tremulous gait of age.

When at some distance from the multitude, the old man turned slowly round, displaying a face of antique majesty, rendered doubly venerable by the hoary beard that descended on his breast. He made a gesture at once of encouragement and warning, then turned again and resumed his way.

"Who is this gray patriarch?" asked the young men of their sires.

"Who is this venerable brother?" asked the old men among themselves.

But none could make reply. The fathers of the people, those of fourscore years and upwards, were disturbed, deeming it strange that they should forget one of such evident authority, whom they must have known in their early days, the associate of Winthrop,* and all the old councillors, giving laws, and making prayers, and leading them against the savage.* The elderly men ought to have remembered him, too, with locks as gray in their youth, as their own were now. And the young! How could he have passed so utterly from their memories—that hoary sire,* the relic of long-departed times, whose awful benediction had surely been bestowed on the uncovered heads,* in childhood?

"Whence did he come? What is his purpose? Who can this old man be?" whispered the wondering crowd.

Meanwhile, the venerable stranger, staff in hand, was pursuing his solitary walk along the centre of the street. As he drew near the advancing soldiers, and as the roll of their drum came full upon his ear, the old man raised himself to a loftier mien,* while the decrepitude of age seemed to fall from his shoulders, leaving him gray but unbroken dignity. Now, he marched onward with a warrior's step, keeping time to the military music. Thus the ag

Popish tyrant on the throne of England, and by to-morrow noon, his name shall be a byword in this very street, where ye would make it a word of terror. Back, thou that wast a Governor, back! With this night thy power is ended—to-morrow, the prison!*—back, lest I foretell the scaffold!”

The people had been drawing nearer and nearer, and drinking in the words of their champion, who spoke in accents long disused, like one unaccustomed to converse, except with the dead of many years ago. But his voice stirred their souls. They confronted the soldiers, not wholly without arms, and ready to convert the very stones of the street into deadly weapons. Sir Edmund Andros looked at the old man; then he cast his hard and cruel eye over the multitude, and beheld them burning with that lurid wrath, so difficult to kindle or to quench; and again he fixed his gaze on the aged form, which stood obscurely in an open space, where neither friend nor foe had thrust himself.* What were his thoughts, he uttered no word which might discover. But whether the oppressor were overawed by the Gray Champion's look, or perceived his peril in the threatening attitude of the people, it is certain that he gave back,* and ordered his soldiers to commence a slow and guarded retreat. Before another sunset, the Governor, and all that rode so proudly with him, were prisoners, and long ere it was known that James had abdicated, King William was proclaimed throughout New England.

But where was the Gray Champion? Some reported that, when the troops had gone from King Street, and the people were thronging tumultuously in their rear, Bradstreet, the aged Governor, was seen to embrace a form more aged than his own. Others soberly affirmed, that while they marvelled at the venerable grandeur of his aspect, the old man had faded from their eyes, melting slowly into the hues of twilight, till, where he stood, there was an empty space. But all agreed that the hoary shape was gone. The men of that generation watched for his reappearance, in sunshine and in twilight, but never saw him more, nor knew when his funeral passed, nor where his gravestone was.

And who was the Gray Champion? Perhaps his name might be found in the records of that stern Court of Justice,* which passed a sentence, too mighty for the age, but glorious in all aftertimes, for its humbling lesson to the monarch and its high example to the subject. I have heard, that whenever the descendants of the Puritans are to show the spirit of their sires, the old man appears again. When eighty years had passed, he walked once more in King Street.* Five years later, in the twilight of an April morning, he stood on the green, beside the meeting-house, at Lexington,* where now the obelisk of granite, with a slab of slate inlaid, commemorates the first fallen of

the Revolution. And when our fathers were toiling at the breastwork on Bunker's Hill,* all through that night the old warrior walked his rounds.* Long, long may it be, ere he comes again! His hour is one of darkness, and adversity, and peril. But should domestic tyranny oppress us, or the invader's step pollute our soil, still may the Gray Champion come, for he is the type of New England's hereditary spirit; and his shadowy march, on the eve of danger, must ever be the pledge, that New England's sons will vindicate their ancestry.*

Wakefield

In some old magazine or newspaper I recollect a story, told as truth, of a man—let us call him Wakefield—who absented himself for a long time from his wife. The fact, thus abstractedly stated, is not very uncommon, nor—without a proper distinction of circumstances—to be condemned either as naughty or nonsensical. Howbeit, this, though far from the most aggravated, is perhaps the strangest, instance on record, of marital delinquency; and, moreover, as remarkable a freak as may be found in the whole list of human oddities. The wedded couple lived in London. The man, under pretence of going a journey, took lodgings in the next street to his own house, and there, unheard of by his wife or friends, and without the shadow of a reason for such self-banishment, dwelt upwards of twenty years. During that period, he beheld his home every day, and frequently the forlorn Mrs. Wakefield. And after so great a gap in his matrimonial felicity—when his death was reckoned certain, his estate settled, his name dismissed from memory, and his wife, long, long ago, resigned to her autumnal widowhood—he entered the door one evening, quietly, as from a day's absence, and became a loving spouse till death.

This outline is all that I remember. But the incident, though of the purest originality, unexampled, and probably never to be repeated, is one, I think, which appeals to the generous sympathies of mankind. We know, each for himself, that none of us would perpetrate such a folly, yet feel as if some other might. To my own contemplations, at least, it has often recurred, always exciting wonder, but with a sense that the story must be true, and a conception of its hero's character. Whenever any subject so forcibly affects the mind, time is well spent in thinking of it. If the reader

choose,* let him do his own meditation; or if he prefer to ramble with me through the twenty years of Wakefield's vagary, I bid him welcome; trusting that there will be a pervading spirit and a moral, even should we fail to find them, done up neatly, and condensed into the final sentence. Thought has always its efficacy, and every striking incident its moral.

What sort of a man was Wakefield? We are free to shape out our own idea, and call it by his name. He was now in the meridian of life;* his matrimonial affections, never violent, were sobered into a calm, habitual sentiment; of all husbands, he was likely to be the most constant, because a certain sluggishness would keep his heart at rest, wherever it might be placed. He was intellectual, but not actively so; his mind occupied itself in long and lazy musings, that ended to no purpose,* or had not vigor to attain it; his thoughts were seldom so energetic as to seize hold of words. Imagination, in the proper meaning of the term, made no part of Wakefield's gifts. With a cold but not depraved nor wandering heart, and a mind never feverish with riotous thoughts, nor perplexed with originality, who could have anticipated that our friend would entitle himself to a foremost place among the doers of eccentric deeds? Had his acquaintances been asked, who was the man in London the surest to perform nothing to-day which should be remembered on the morrow, they would have thought of Wakefield. Only the wife of his bosom* might have hesitated. She, without having analyzed his character, was partly aware of a quiet selfishness, that had rusted into his inactive mind; of a peculiar sort of vanity, the most uneasy attribute about him; of a disposition to craft which had seldom produced more positive effects than the keeping of petty secrets, hardly worth revealing; and, lastly, of what she called a little strangeness, sometimes, in the good man. This latter quality is indefinable, and perhaps non-existent.

Let us now imagine Wakefield bidding adieu* to his wife. It is the dusk of an October evening. His equipment is a drab greatcoat, a hat covered with an oilcloth, top-boots, an umbrella in one hand and a small portmanteau in the other. He has informed Mrs. Wakefield that he is to take the night coach into the country. She would fain inquire the length of his journey, its object, and the probable time of his return; but, indulgent to his harmless love of mystery, interrogates him only by a look. He tells her not to expect him positively by the return coach, nor to be alarmed should he tarry three or four days; but, at all events, to look for him at supper* on Friday evening. Wakefield himself, be it considered, has no suspicion of what is before him. He holds out his hand, she gives her own, and meets his parting kiss in the matter-of-course way of a ten years'

matrimony; and forth goes the middle-aged Mr. Wakefield, almost resolved to perplex his good lady by a whole week's absence. After the door has closed behind him, she perceives it thrust partly open, and a vision of her husband's face, through the aperture, smiling on her, and gone in a moment. For the time, this little incident is dismissed without a thought. But, long afterwards, when she has been more years a widow than a wife, that smile recurs, and flickers across all her reminiscences of Wakefield's visage. In her many musings, she surrounds the original smile with a multitude of fantasies, which make it strange and awful: as, for instance, if she imagines him in a coffin, that parting look is frozen on his pale features; or, if she dreams of him in heaven, still his blessed spirit wears a quiet and crafty smile. Yet, for its sake, when all others have given him up for dead, she sometimes doubts whether she is a widow.

But our business is with the husband. We must hurry after him along the street, ere he lose his individuality, and melt into the great mass of London life. It would be vain searching for him there. Let us follow close at his heels, therefore, until, after several superfluous turns and doublings, we find him comfortably established by the fireside of a small apartment, previously bespoken.* He is in the next street to his own, and at his journey's end. He can scarcely trust his good fortune, in having got thither unperceived—recollecting that, at one time, he was delayed by the throng, in the very focus of a lighted lantern; and, again, there were footsteps that seemed to tread behind his own, distinct from the multitudinous tramp around him; and, anon, he heard a voice shouting afar, and fancied that it called his name. Doubtless, a dozen busybodies had been watching him, and told his wife the whole affair. Poor Wakefield! Little knowest thou thine own insignificance in this great world! No mortal eye but mine has traced thee. Go quietly to thy bed, foolish man; and, on the morrow, if thou wilt be wise, get thee home to good Mrs. Wakefield, and tell her the truth. Remove not thyself, even for a little week, from thy place in her chaste bosom. Were she, for a single moment, to deem thee dead, or lost, or lastingly divided from her,* thou wouldest be woefully conscious of a change in thy true wife forever after. It is perilous to make a chasm in human affections; not that they gape so long and wide—but so quickly close again!*

Almost repenting of his frolic, or whatever it may be termed, Wakefield lies down betimes, and starting from his first nap, spreads forth his arms into the wide and solitary waste of the unaccustomed bed. "No,"—thinks he, gathering the bedclothes about him,—“I will not sleep alone another night.”

In the morning he rises earlier than usual, and sets himself to consider what he really means to do. Such are his loose and rambling modes of thought that he has taken this very singular step with the consciousness of a purpose, indeed, but without being able to define it sufficiently for his own contemplation. The vagueness of the project, and the convulsive effort with which he plunges into the execution of it, are equally characteristic of a feeble-minded man. Wakefield sifts his ideas, however, as minutely as he may, and finds himself curious to know the progress of matters at home—how his exemplary wife will endure her widowhood of a week; and, briefly, how the little sphere of creatures and circumstances, in which he was a central object, will be affected by his removal. A morbid vanity, therefore, lies nearest the bottom of the affair. But, how is he to attain his ends? Not, certainly, by keeping close in this comfortable lodging, where, though he slept and awoke in the next street to his home, he is as effectually abroad as if the stagecoach had been whirling him away all night. Yet, should he reappear, the whole project is knocked in the head. His poor brains being hopelessly puzzled with this dilemma, he at length ventures out, partly resolving to cross the head of the street, and send one hasty glance towards his forsaken domicile. Habit—for he is a man of habits—takes him by the hand, and guides him, wholly unaware, to his own door, where, just at the critical moment, he is aroused by the scraping of his foot upon the step. Wakefield! whither are you going?

At that instant his fate was turning on the pivot. Little dreaming of the doom to which his first backward step devotes him, he hurries away, breathless with agitation hitherto unfelt, and hardly dares turn his head at the distant corner. Can it be that nobody caught sight of him? Will not the whole household—the decent Mrs. Wakefield, the smart maid servant, and the dirty little footboy—raise a hue and cry, through London streets, in pursuit of their fugitive lord and master? Wonderful escape! He gathers courage to pause and look homeward, but is perplexed with a sense of change about the familiar edifice, such as affects us all, when, after a separation of months or years, we again see some hill or lake, or work of art, with which we were friends of old. In ordinary cases, this indescribable impression is caused by the comparison and contrast between our imperfect reminiscences and the reality. In Wakefield, the magic of a single night has wrought a similar transformation, because, in that brief period, a great moral change has been effected. But this is a secret from himself. Before leaving the spot, he catches a far and momentary glimpse of his wife, passing athwart the front window, with her face turned towards the head of the street. The crafty nincompoop takes to his heels, scared with the idea that, among a

thousand such atoms of mortality, her eye must have detected him. Right glad is his heart, though his brain be somewhat dizzy, when he finds himself by the coal fire of his lodgings.

So much for the commencement of this long whim-wham.* After the initial conception, and the stirring up of the man's sluggish temperament to put it in practice, the whole matter evolves itself in a natural train. We may suppose him, as the result of deep deliberation, buying a new wig, of reddish hair, and selecting sundry garments, in a fashion unlike his customary suit of brown, from a Jew's old-clothes bag. It is accomplished. Wakefield is another man. The new system being now established, a retrograde movement to the old would be almost as difficult as the step that placed him in his unparalleled position. Furthermore, he is rendered obstinate by a sulkiness occasionally incident to his temper, and brought on at present by the inadequate sensation which he conceives to have been produced in the bosom of Mrs. Wakefield. He will not go back until she be frightened half to death. Well; twice or thrice has she passed before his sight, each time with a heavier step, a paler cheek, and more anxious brow; and in the third week of his nonappearance he detects a portent of evil entering the house, in the guise of an apothecary. Next day the knocker is muffled. Towards nightfall comes the chariot of a physician, and deposits its big-wigged and solemn burden at Wakefield's door, whence, after a quarter of an hour's visit, he emerges, perchance the herald of a funeral. Dear woman! Will she die? By this time, Wakefield is excited to something like energy of feeling, but still lingers away from his wife's bedside,* pleading with his conscience that she must not be disturbed at such a juncture. If aught else restrains him, he does not know it. In the course of a few weeks she gradually recovers; the crisis is over; her heart is sad, perhaps, but quiet; and let him return soon or late, it will never be feverish for him again. Such ideas glimmer through the midst of Wakefield's mind, and render him indistinctly conscious that an almost impassable gulf divides his hired apartment from his former home. "It is but in the next street!" he sometimes says. Fool! it is in another world. Hitherto, he has put off his return from one particular day to another; henceforward, he leaves the precise time undetermined. Not to-morrow—probably next week—pretty soon. Poor man! The dead have nearly as much chance of revisiting their earthly homes as the self-banished Wakefield.

Would that I had a folio to write,* instead of an article of a dozen pages! Then might I exemplify how an influence beyond our control lays its strong hand on every deed which we do, and weaves its consequences into an iron tissue of necessity. Wakefield is spell-bound. We must leave him, for ten years or so, to haunt around his

house, without once crossing the threshold, and to be faithful to his wife, with all the affection of which his heart is capable, while he is slowly fading out of hers. Long since, it must be remarked, he had lost the perception of singularity in his conduct.

Now for a scene!* Amid the throng of a London street we distinguish a man, now waxing elderly, with few characteristics to attract careless observers, yet bearing, in his whole aspect, the handwriting of no common fate, for such as have the skill to read it.* He is meagre; his low and narrow forehead is deeply wrinkled; his eyes, small and lustreless, sometimes wander apprehensively about him, but oftener seem to look inward. He bends his head, and moves with an indescribable obliquity of gait, as if unwilling to display his full front to the world. Watch him long enough to see what we have described, and you will allow that circumstances—which often produce remarkable men from nature's ordinary handiwork—have produced one such here. Next, leaving him to sidle along the footwalk, cast your eyes in the opposite direction, where a portly female, considerably in the wane of life,* with a prayer-book in her hand, is proceeding to yonder church. She has the placid mien of settled widowhood. Her regrets have either died away, or have become so essential to her heart, that they would be poorly exchanged for joy.* Just as the lean man and well-conditioned woman are passing, a slight obstruction occurs, and brings these two figures directly in contact. Their hands touch; the pressure of the crowd forces her bosom against his shoulder; they stand, face to face, staring into each other's eyes. After a ten year's separation, thus Wakefield meets his wife!

The throng eddies away, and carries them asunder. The sober widow, resuming her former pace, proceeds to church, but pauses in the portal, and throws a perplexed glance along the street. She passes in, however, opening her prayer-book as she goes. And the man! with so wild a face that busy and selfish London stands to gaze after him, he hurries to his lodgings, bolts the door, and throws himself upon the bed. The latent feelings of years break out; his feeble mind acquires a brief energy from their strength; all the miserable strangeness of his life is revealed to him at a glance: and he cries out, passionately, "Wakefield! Wakefield! You are mad!"

Perhaps he was so. The singularity of his situation must have so moulded him to himself, that, considered in regard to his fellow-creatures and the business of life, he could not be said to possess his right mind. He had contrived, or rather he had happened, to disserve himself from the world—to vanish—to give up his place and privileges with living men, without being admitted among the dead. The life of a hermit is nowise parallel to his. He was

in the bustle of the city, as of old; but the crowd swept by and saw him not; he was, we may figuratively say, always beside his wife and at his hearth, yet must never feel the warmth of the one nor the affection of the other. It was Wakefield's unprecedented fate to retain his original share of human sympathies, and to be still involved in human interests, while he had lost his reciprocal influence on them. It would be a most curious speculation to trace out the effect of such circumstances on his heart and intellect, separately, and in unison. Yet, changed as he was, he would seldom be conscious of it, but deem himself the same man as ever; glimpses of the truth, indeed, would come, but only for the moment; and still he would keep saying, "I shall soon go back!"—nor reflect that he had been saying so for twenty years.

I conceive, also, that these twenty years would appear, in the retrospect, scarcely longer than the week to which Wakefield had at first limited his absence. He would look on the affair as no more than an interlude in the main business of his life. When, after a little while more, he should deem it time to re-enter his parlor, his wife would clap her hands for joy, on beholding the middle-aged Mr. Wakefield. Alas, what a mistake! Would Time but await the close of our favorite follies, we should be young men, all of us, and till Doomsday.

One evening, in the twentieth year since he vanished, Wakefield is taking his customary walk towards the dwelling which he still calls his own. It is a gusty night of autumn, with frequent showers that patter down upon the pavement, and are gone before a man can put up his umbrella. Pausing near the house, Wakefield discerns, through the parlor windows of the second floor, the red glow and the glimmer and fitful flash of a comfortable fire. On the ceiling appears a grotesque shadow of good Mrs. Wakefield. The cap, the nose and chin, and the broad waist, form an admirable caricature, which dances, moreover, with the up-flickering and down-sinking blaze,* almost too merrily for the shade of an elderly widow. At this instant a shower chances to fall, and is driven, by the unmannerly gust, full into Wakefield's face and bosom. He is quite penetrated with its autumnal chill. Shall he stand, wet and shivering here, when his own hearth has a good fire to warm him, and his own wife will run to fetch the gray coat and small-clothes, which doubtless, she has kept carefully in the closet of their bed chamber? No! Wakefield is no such fool. He ascends the steps—heavily!—for twenty years have stiffened his legs since he came down—but he knows it not. Stay, Wakefield! Would you go to the sole home that is left you? Then step into your grave! The door opens. As he passes in, we have a parting glimpse of his visage, and recognize the crafty smile, which was the precursor of the little joke that he has ever since been playing off at

his wife's expense. How unmercifully has he quizzed the poor woman! Well, a good night's rest to Wakefield!

This happy event—supposing it to be such—could only have occurred at an unpremeditated moment. We will not follow our friend across the threshold. He has left us much food for thought, a portion of which shall lend its wisdom to a moral, and be shaped into a figure.* Amid the seeming confusion of our mysterious world, individuals are so nicely adjusted to a system, and systems to one another and to a whole, that, by stepping aside for a moment, a man exposes himself to a fearful risk of losing his place forever. Like Wakefield, he may become, as it were, the Outcast of the Universe.

Egotism;¹ or, the Bosom Serpent

“**JHC** ere he comes!” shouted the boys along the street. “Here comes the man with a snake in his bosom!”

The outcry, saluting Herkimer's* ears as he was about to enter the iron gate of the Elliston mansion, made him pause. It was not without a shudder that he found himself on the point of meeting his former acquaintance, whom he had known in the glory of youth, and whom now after an interval of five years, he was to find the victim either of a diseased fancy or a horrible physical misfortune.

“A snake in his bosom!” repeated the young sculptor to himself. “It must be he. No second man on earth has such a bosom friend. And now, my poor Rosina, Heaven grant me wisdom to discharge my errand aright!* Woman's faith must be strong indeed since thine has not yet failed.”

Thus musing, he took his stand at the entrance of the gate and waited until the personage so singularly announced should make his appearance. After an instant or two he beheld the figure of a lean man, of unwholesome look, with glittering eyes and long black hair, who seemed to imitate the motion of a snake; for, instead of walking straight forward with open front, he undulated along the pavement in a curved line. It may be too fanciful to say that something, either in his moral or material aspect, suggested the idea that a miracle had

¹ The physical fact, to which it is here attempted to give a moral signification, has been known to occur in more than one instance.

been wrought by transforming a serpent into a man, but so imperfectly that the snaky nature was yet hidden, and scarcely hidden, under the mere outward guise of humanity. Herkimer remarked that his complexion had a greenish tinge over its sickly white, reminding him of a species of marble out of which he had once wrought a head of Envy, with her snaky locks.

The wretched being approached the gate, but, instead of entering, stopped short and fixed the glitter of his eye full upon the compassionate yet steady countenance of the sculptor.

"It gnaws me! It gnaws me!" he exclaimed.

And then there was an audible hiss, but whether it came from the apparent lunatic's own lips, or was the real hiss of a serpent, might admit of a discussion.* At all events, it made Herkimer shudder to his heart's core.

"Do you know me, George Herkimer?" asked the snake-possessed.*

Herkimer did know him; but it demanded all the intimate and practical acquaintance with the human face, acquired by modelling actual likenesses in clay, to recognize the features of Roderick Elliston in the visage that now met the sculptor's gaze. Yet it was he. It added nothing to the wonder to reflect that the once brilliant young man had undergone this odious and fearful change during the no more than five brief years of Herkimer's abode at Florence. The possibility of such a transformation being granted, it was as easy to conceive it effected on a moment as in an age. Inexpressibly shocked and startled, it was still the keenest pang when Herkimer remembered that the fate of his cousin Rosina, the ideal of gentle womanhood, was indissolubly interwoven with that of a being whom Providence seemed to have unhumanized.

"Elliston! Roderick!" cried he, "I had heard of this; but my conception came far short of the truth. What has befallen you? Why do I find you thus?"

"Oh, 'tis a mere nothing! A snake! A snake! The commonest thing in the world. A snake in the bosom—that's all," answered Roderick Elliston. "But how is your own breast?" continued he, looking the sculptor in the eye with the most acute and penetrating glance that it had ever been his fortune to encounter. "All pure and wholesome? No reptile there? By my faith and conscience, and by the devil within me, here is a wonder! A man without a serpent in his bosom!"

"Be calm, Elliston," whispered George Herkimer, laying his hand upon the shoulder of the snake-possessed. "I have crossed the ocean to meet you. Listen! Let us be private.* I bring a message from Rosina—from your wife!"

"It gnaws me! It gnaws me!" muttered Roderick.

With this exclamation, the most frequent in his mouth, the unfortunate man clutched both hands upon his breast as if an intolerable sting or torture impelled him to rend it open and let out the living mischief, even should it be intertwined with his own life. He then freed himself from Herkimer's grasp by a subtle motion, and, gliding through the gate, took refuge in his antiquated family residence. The sculptor did not pursue him. He saw that no available intercourse could be expected at such a moment, and was desirous, before another meeting, to inquire closely into the nature of Roderick's disease and the circumstances that had reduced him to so lamentable a condition. He succeeded in obtaining the necessary information from an eminent medical gentleman.

Shortly after Elliston's separation from his wife—now nearly four years ago—his associates had observed a singular gloom spreading over his daily life, like those chill, gray mists that sometimes steal away the sunshine from a summer's morning. The symptoms caused them endless perplexity. They knew not whether ill health were robbing his spirits of elasticity, or whether a canker of the mind was gradually eating, as such cankers do, from his moral system into the physical frame, which is but the shadow of the former. They looked for the root of this trouble in his shattered schemes of domestic bliss—wilfully shattered by himself—but could not be satisfied of its existence there. Some thought that their once brilliant friend was in an incipient stage of insanity, of which his passionate impulses had perhaps been the forerunners; others prognosticated a general blight and gradual decline. From Roderick's own lips they could learn nothing. More than once, it is true, he had been heard to say, clutching his hands convulsively upon his breast—"It gnaws me! It gnaws me!"—but, by different auditors, a great diversity of explanation was assigned to this ominous expression. What could it be that gnawed the breast of Roderick Elliston? Was it sorrow? Was it merely the tooth of physical disease? Or, is his reckless course, often verging upon profligacy, if not plunging into its depths, had he been guilty of some deed which made his bosom a prey to the deadlier fangs of remorse? There was plausible ground for each of these conjectures; but it must not be concealed that more than one elderly gentleman, the victim of good cheer and slothful habits, magisterially pronounced the secret of the whole matter to be *Dyspepsia*!

Meanwhile, Roderick seemed aware how generally he had become the subject of curiosity and conjecture, and, with a morbid repugnance to such notice, or to any notice whatsoever, estranged himself from all companionship. Not merely the eye of man was a horror to him; not merely the light of a friend's countenance; but even the blessed sunshine, likewise, which in its universal benefi-

cence typifies the radiance of the Creator's face, expressing his love for all the creatures of his hand. The dusky twilight was now too transparent for Roderick Elliston; the blackest midnight was his chosen hour to steal abroad; and if ever he were seen, it was when the watchman's lantern gleamed upon his figure, gliding along the street, with his hands clutched upon his bosom, still muttering, "It gnaws me! It gnaws me!" What could it be that gnawed him?

After a time, it became known that Elliston was in the habit of resorting to all the noted quacks that infested the city, or whom money would tempt to journey thither from a distance. By one of these persons, in the exultation of a supposed cure, it was proclaimed far and wide, by dint of handbills and little pamphlets on dingy paper, that a distinguished gentleman, Roderick Elliston, Esq., had been relieved of a SNAKE in his stomach! So here was the monstrous secret, ejected from its lurking place into public view, in all its horrible deformity. The mystery was out; but not so the bosom serpent.* He,* if it were anything but a delusion, still lay coiled in his living den. The empiric's cure had been a sham, the effect, it was supposed, of some stupefying drug which more nearly caused the death of the patient than of the odious reptile that possessed him. When Roderick Elliston regained entire sensibility, it was to find his misfortune the town talk*—the more than nine days' wonder and horror*—while, at his bosom, he felt the sickening motion of a thing alive, and the gnawing of that restless fang which seemed to gratify at once a physical appetite and a fiendish spite.

He summoned the old black servant, who had been bred up in his father's house, and was a middle-aged man while Roderick lay in his cradle.

"Scipio!"* he began; and then paused, with his arms folded over his heart. "What do people say of me, Scipio?"

"Sir! my poor master! that you had a serpent in your bosom," answered the servant with hesitation.

"And what else?" asked Roderick, with a ghastly look at the man.

"Nothing else, dear master," replied Scipio, "only that the doctor gave you a powder, and that the snake leaped out upon the floor."

"No, no!" muttered Roderick to himself, as he shook his head, and pressed his hands with a more convulsive force upon his breast, "I feel him still. It gnaws me! It gnaws me!"

From this time the miserable sufferer ceased to shun the world, but rather solicited and forced himself upon the notice of acquaintances and strangers.* It was partly the result of desperation on finding that the cavern of his own bosom had not proved deep and dark enough to hide the secret, even while it was so secure a fortress for the loathsome fiend that had crept into it. But still more,

this craving for notoriety was a symptom of the intense morbidness which now pervaded his nature. All persons chronically diseased are egotists, whether the disease be of the mind or body;* whether it be sin, sorrow, or merely the more tolerable calamity of some endless pain, or mischief among the cords of mortal life. Such individuals are made acutely conscious of a self, by the torture in which it dwells. Self, therefore, grows to be so prominent an object with them that they cannot but present it to the face of every casual passer-by. There is a pleasure—perhaps the greatest of which the sufferer is susceptible—in displaying the wasted or ulcerated limb, or the cancer in the breast; and the fouler the crime, with so much the more difficulty does the perpetrator prevent it from thrusting up its snake-like head to frighten the world; for it is that cancer, or that crime, which constitutes their respective individuality. Roderick Elliston, who, a little while before, had held himself so scornfully above the common lot of men, now paid full allegiance to this humiliating law. The snake in his bosom seemed the symbol of a monstrous egotism to which everything was referred, and which he pampered, night and day, with a continual and exclusive sacrifice of devil worship.

He soon exhibited what most people considered indubitable tokens of insanity. In some of his moods, strange to say, he prided and gloried himself on being marked out from the ordinary experience of mankind, by the possession of a double nature, and a life within a life. He appeared to imagine that the snake was a divinity—not celestial, it is true, but darkly infernal—and that he thence derived an eminence and a sanctity, horrid, indeed, yet more desirable than whatever ambition aims at. Thus he drew his misery around him like a regal mantle, and looked down triumphantly upon those whose vitals nourished no deadly monster. Oftener, however, his human nature asserted its empire* over him in the shape of a yearning for fellowship. It grew to be his custom to spend the whole day in wandering about the streets, aimlessly, useless it might be called an aim to establish a species of brotherhood between himself and the world. With cankered ingenuity,* he sought out his own disease in every breast. Whether insane or not, he showed so keen a perception of frailty, error, and vice, that many persons gave him credit for being possessed not merely with a serpent, but with an actual fiend, who imparted this evil faculty of recognizing whatever was ugliest in man's heart.

For instance, he met an individual, who, for thirty years, had cherished a hatred against his own brother. Roderick, amidst the throng of the street, laid his hand on this man's chest, and looking full into his forbidding face—

"How is the snake today?" he inquired, with a mock expression of sympathy.

"The snake!" exclaimed the brother-hater—"what do you mean?"

"The snake! The snake! Does it gnaw you?" persisted Roderick. "Did you take counsel with him this morning when you should have been saying your prayers? Did he sting, when you thought of your brother's health, wealth, and good repute? Did he caper for joy, when you remembered the profligacy of his only son? And whether he stung, or whether he frolicked, did you feel his poison throughout your body and soul, converting everything to sourness and bitterness? That is the way of such serpents. I have learned the whole nature of them from my own!"

"Where is the police?" roared the object of Roderick's persecution, at the same time giving an instinctive clutch to his breast. "Why is this lunatic allowed to go at large?"

"Ha, ha!" chuckled Roderick, releasing his grasp of the man. "His bosom serpent has stung him then!"

Often it pleased the unfortunate young man to vex people with a lighter satire, yet still characterized by somewhat of snake-like virulence. One day he encountered an ambitious statesman, and gravely inquired after the welfare of his boa constrictor; for of that species, Roderick affirmed, this gentleman's serpent must needs be, since its appetite was enormous enough to devour the whole country and constitution. At another time, he stopped a close-fished old fellow, of great wealth, but who skulked about the city in the guise of a scarecrow, with a patched blue surtout, brown hat, and mouldy boots, scraping pence together, and picking up rusty nails. Pretending to look earnestly at this respectable person's stomach, Roderick assured him that his snake was a copper-head, and had been generated by the immense quantities of that base metal, with which he daily defiled his fingers. Again, he assailed a man of rubicund visage, and told him that few bosom serpents had more of the devil in them than those that breed in the vats of a distillery. The next whom Roderick honored with his attention was a distinguished clergyman, who happened just then to be engaged in a theological controversy, where human wrath was more perceptible than divine inspiration.

"You have swallowed a snake in a cup of sacramental wine," quoth he.

"Profane wretch!" exclaimed the divine; but, nevertheless, his hand stole to his breast.

He met a person of sickly sensibility, who, on some early disappointment, had retired from the world, and thereafter held no

intercourse with his fellow-men, but brooded sullenly or passionately over the irrevocable past. This man's very heart, if Roderick might be believed, had been changed into a serpent, which would finally torment both him and itself to death. Observing a married couple, whose domestic troubles were matter of notoriety, he condoled with both on having mutually taken a house adder to their bosoms. To an envious author, who depreciated works which he could never equal, he said that his snake was the slimiest and filthiest of all the reptile tribe, but was fortunately without a sting. A man of impure life, and a brazen face, asking Roderick if there were any serpent in his breast,* he told him that there was, and of the same species that once tortured Don Rodrigo, the Goth.* He took a fair young girl by the hand, and gazing sadly into her eyes, warned her that she cherished a serpent of the deadliest kind within her gentle breast; and the world found the truth of those ominous words, when, a few months afterwards, the poor girl died of love and shame. Two ladies, rivals in fashionable life, who tormented one another with a thousand little stings of womanish spite, were given to understand that each of their hearts was a nest of diminutive snakes, which did quite as much mischief as one great one.

But nothing seemed to please Roderick better than to lay hold of a person infected with jealousy, which he represented as an enormous green reptile, with an ice-cold length of body, and the sharpest sting of any snake save one.*

"And what one is that?" asked a by-stander, overhearing him.

It was a dark-browed man who put the question; he had an evasive eye, which in the course of a dozen years had looked no mortal directly in the face. There was an ambiguity about this person's character—a stain upon his reputation—yet none could tell precisely of what nature, although the city gossips, male and female, whispered the most atrocious surmises. Until a recent period he had followed the sea,* and was, in fact, the very shipmaster whom George Herkimer had encountered, under such singular circumstances, in the Grecian Archipelago.

"What bosom serpent has the sharpest sting?" repeated this man; but he put the question as if by a reluctant necessity, and grew pale while he was uttering it.

"Why need you ask?" replied Roderick, with a look of dark intelligence. "Look into your own breast. Hark! my serpent bestirs himself! He acknowledges the presence of a master fiend!"

And then, as the by-standers afterwards affirmed, a hissing sound was heard, apparently in Roderick Elliston's breast. It was said, too, that an answering hiss came from the vitals* of the shipmaster, as if a snake were actually lurking there and had been aroused by the call of

its brother reptile. If there were in fact any such sound, it might have been caused by a malicious exercise of ventriloquism on the part of Roderick.

Thus making his own actual serpent—if a serpent actually was in his bosom—the type* of each man's fatal error, or hoarded sin, or unquiet conscience, and striking his sting so unremorsefully into the sorest spot, we may well imagine that Roderick became the pest of the city. Nobody could elude him—none could withstand him. He grappled with the ugliest truth that he could lay his hand on, and compelled his adversary to do the same. Strange spectacle in human life where it is the instinctive effort of one and all to hide those sad realities, and leave them undisturbed beneath a heap of superficial topics which constitute the materials of intercourse between man and man! It was not to be tolerated that Roderick Elliston should break through the tacit compact by which the world has done its best to secure repose without relinquishing evil. The victims of his malicious remarks, it is true, had brothers enough to keep them in countenance,* for, by Roderick's theory, every mortal bosom harbored either a brood of small serpents or one overgrown monster that had devoured all the rest. Still the city could not bear this new apostle. It was demanded by nearly all, and particularly by the most respectable inhabitants, that Roderick should no longer be permitted to violate the received rules of decorum by obtruding his own bosom serpent to the public gaze, and dragging those of decent people from their lurking places.

Accordingly, his relatives interfered and placed him in a private asylum for the insane. When the news was noised abroad,* it was observed that many persons walked the streets with freer countenances and covered their breasts less carefully with their hands.

His confinement, however, although it contributed not a little to the peace of the town, operated unfavorable upon Roderick himself. In solitude his melancholy grew more black and sullen. He spent whole days—indeed, it was his sole occupation—in communing with the serpent. A conversation was sustained, in which, as it seemed, the hidden monster bore a part, though unintelligibly to the listeners, and inaudible except in a hiss. Singular as it may appear, the sufferer had now contracted a sort of affection for his tormentor, mingled, however, with the intensest loathing and horror. Nor were such discordant emotions incompatible. Each, on the contrary, imparted strength and poignancy to its opposite. Horrible love—horrible antipathy—embracing one another in his bosom, and both concentrating themselves upon a being that had crept into his vitals or been engendered there, and which was nourished with his food, and lived upon his life, and was as intimate with him as his own heart, and yet

was the foulest of all created things! But not the less was it the true type of a morbid nature.

Sometimes, in his moments of rage and bitter hatred against the snake and himself, Roderick determined to be the death of him,* even at the expense of his own life. Once he attempted it by starvation; but while the wretched man was on the point of famishing, the monster seemed to feed upon his heart, and to thrive and wax gamesome, as if it were his sweetest and most congenial diet. Then he privily* took a dose of active poison, imagining that it would not fail to kill either himself or the devil that possessed him, or both together. Another mistake; for if Roderick had not yet been destroyed by his own poisoned heart nor the snake by gnawing it, they had little to fear from arsenic or corrosive sublimate.* Indeed, the venomous pest appeared to operate as an antidote against all other poisons. The physicians tried to suffocate the fiend with tobacco smoke. He breathed it as freely as if it were his native atmosphere. Again, they drugged their patient with opium and drenched him with intoxicating liquors, hoping that the snake might thus be reduced to stupor and perhaps be ejected from the stomach. They succeeded in rendering Roderick insensible; but, placing their hands upon his breast, they were inexpressibly horror stricken to feel the monster wriggling, twisting, and darting to and fro within his narrow limits, evidently enlivened by the opium or alcohol, and incited to unusual feats of activity. Thenceforth they gave up all attempts at cure or palliation. The doomed sufferer submitted to his fate, resumed his former loathsome affection for the bosom fiend, and spent whole miserable days before a looking-glass, with his mouth wide open, watching, in hope and horror, to catch a glimpse of the snake's head far down within his throat. It is supposed that he succeeded; for the attendants once heard a frenzied shout, and, rushing into the room, found Roderick lifeless upon the floor.

He was kept but little longer under restraint. After minute investigation, the medical directors of the asylum decided that his mental disease did not amount to insanity, nor would warrant his confinement, especially as its influence upon his spirits was unfavorable, and might produce the evil which it was meant to remedy. His eccentricities were doubtless great; he had habitually violated many of the customs and prejudices of society; but the world was not, without surer ground,* entitled to treat him as a madman. On this decision of such competent authority Roderick was released, and had returned to his native city the very day before his encounter with George Herkimer.

As soon as possible after learning these particulars the sculptor, together with a sad and tremulous companion, sought Elliston at his

own house. It was a large, sombre edifice of wood, with pilasters and a balcony, and was divided from one of the principal streets by a terrace of three elevations, which was ascended by successive flights of stone steps. Some immense old elms almost concealed the front of the mansion. This spacious and once magnificent family residence was built by a grandee of the race* early in the past century, at which epoch, land being of small comparative value, the garden and other grounds had formed quite an extensive domain. Although a portion of the ancestral heritage had been alienated, there was still a shadowy enclosure in the rear of the mansion where a student, or a dreamer, or a man of stricken heart might lie all day upon the grass, amid the solitude of murmuring boughs, and forget that a city had grown up around him.

Into this retirement the sculptor and his companion were ushered by Scipio, the old black servant, whose wrinkled visage grew almost sunny with intelligence and joy as he paid his humble greetings to one of the two visitors.

"Remain in the arbor," whispered the sculptor to the figure that leaned upon his arm. "You will know whether, and when, to make your appearance."

"God will teach me," was the reply. "May He support me too!"

Roderick was reclining on the margin of a fountain which gushed into the fleckered sunshine* with the same clear sparkle and the same voice of airy quietude as when trees of primeval growth flung their shadows across its bosom. How strange is the life of a fountain!—born at every moment, yet of an age coeval with the rocks, and far surpassing the venerable antiquity of a forest.

"You are come! I have expected you," said Elliston, when he became aware of the sculptor's presence.

His manner was very different from that of the preceding day—quiet, courteous, and, as Herkimer thought, watchful both over his guest and himself. This unnatural restraint was almost the only trait that betokened anything amiss.* He had just thrown a book upon the grass, where it lay half opened, thus disclosing itself to be a natural history of the serpent tribe, illustrated by lifelike plates. Near it lay that bulky volume, the *Ductor Dubitantium* of Jeremy Taylor, full of cases of conscience,* and in which most men, possessed of a conscience, may find something applicable to their purpose.

"You see," observed Elliston, pointing to the book of serpents,* while a smile gleamed upon his lips, "I am making an effort to become better acquainted with my bosom friend; but I find nothing satisfactory in this volume. If I mistake not, he will prove to be *sui generis*,* and akin to no other reptile in creation."

"Whence came this strange calamity?" inquired the sculptor.

"My sabre friend Scipio has a story," replied Roderick, "of a snake that had lurked in this fountain—pure and innocent as it looks*—ever since it was known to the first settlers. This insinuating personage* once crept into the vitals of my great grandfather and dwelt there many years, tormenting the old gentleman beyond mortal endurance. In short it is a family peculiarity. But, to tell you the truth, I have no faith in this idea of the snake's being an heirloom. He is my own snake, and no man's else."

"But what was his origin?" demanded Herkimer.

"Oh, there is poisonous stuff in any man's heart sufficient to generate a brood of serpents," said Elliston with a hollow laugh. "You should have heard my homilies to the good town's-people. Positively, I deem myself fortunate in having bred but a single serpent. You, however, have none in your bosom, and therefore cannot sympathize with the rest of the world. It gnaws me! It gnaws me!"

With this exclamation Roderick lost his self-control and threw himself upon the grass, testifying his agony by intricate writhings, in which Herkimer could not but fancy a resemblance to the motions of a snake. Then, likewise, was heard that frightful hiss, which often ran through the sufferer's speech, and crept between the words and syllables without interrupting their succession.

"This is awful indeed!" exclaimed the sculptor—"an awful infliction, whether it be actual or imaginary. Tell me, Roderick Elliston, is there any remedy for this loathsome evil?"

"Yes, but an impossible one," muttered Roderick, as he lay wallowing with his face in the grass. "Could I for one moment forget myself, the serpent might not abide within me.* It is my diseased self-contemplation that has engendered and nourished him."

"Then forget yourself, my husband," said a gentle voice above him; "forget yourself in the idea of another!"

Rosina had emerged from the arbor, and was bending over him with the shadow of his anguish reflected in her countenance, yet so mingled with hope and unselfish love that all anguish seemed but an earthly shadow and a dream. She touched Roderick with her hand. A tremor shivered through his frame. At that moment, if report be trustworthy, the sculptor beheld a waving motion through the grass, and heard a tinkling sound, as if something had plunged into the fountain. Be the truth as it might, it is certain that Roderick Elliston sat up like a man renewed, restored to his right mind, and rescued from the fiend which had so miserably overcome him in the battle-field of his own breast.

"Rosina!" cried he, in broken and passionate tones, but with nothing of the wild wail that had haunted his voice so long, "forgive! forgive!"

Her happy tears bedewed his face.

"The punishment has been severe," observed the sculptor. "Even Justice might now forgive; how much more a woman's tenderness! Roderick Elliston, whether the serpent was a physical reptile, or whether the morbidness of your nature suggested that symbol to your fancy, the moral of the story is not the less true and strong. A tremendous Egotism, manifesting itself in your case in the form of jealousy, is as fearful a fiend as ever stole into the human heart. Can a breast, where it has dwelt so long, be purified?"

"Oh yes," said Rosina with a heavenly smile. "The serpent was but a dark fantasy, and what it typified was as shadowy as itself. The past, dismal as it seems, shall fling no gloom upon the future. To give it its due importance we must think of it but as an anecdote in our Eternity."

Herman Melville



Bartleby

I am a rather elderly man. The nature of my avocations, for the last thirty years, has brought me into more than ordinary contact with what would seem an interesting and somewhat singular set of men, of whom, as yet, nothing, that I know of, has ever been written—I mean, the law-copyists,* or scriveners. I have known very many of them, professionally and privately, and, if I pleased,* could relate divers histories, at which good-natured gentlemen might smile, and sentimental souls might weep. But I waive the biographies of all other scriveners, for a few passages in the life of Bartleby, who was a scrivener, the strangest I ever saw, or heard of. While, of other law-copyists, I might write the complete life, of Bartleby nothing of that sort can be done. I believe that no materials exist for a full and satisfactory biography of this man. It is an irreparable loss to literature. Bartleby was one of those beings of whom nothing is ascertainable,* except from the original sources, and, in his case, those are very small. What my own astonished eyes saw of Bartleby, *that* is all I know of him, except, indeed, one vague report, which will appear in the sequel.

Ere introducing the scrivener, as he first appeared to me, it is fit I make some mention of myself,* my *employés*, my business, my chambers, and general surroundings; because some such description is indispensable to an adequate understanding of the chief character about to be presented.

Imprimis: I am a man who, from his youth upwards, has been filled with a profound conviction that the easiest way of life is the best. Hence, though I belong to a profession proverbially energetic and nervous, even to turbulence, at times,* yet nothing of that sort have I ever suffered to invade my peace.* I am one of those unambitious lawyers who never address a jury,* or in any way draw down public applause;* but, in the cool tranquillity of a snug retreat, do a snug business among rich men's bonds, and mortgages, and title-deeds. All who know me, consider me an eminently *safe* man. The late John Jacob Astor,* a personage little given to poetic enthusiasm, had no hesitation in pronouncing my first grand point to be prudence; my next, method. I do not speak it in vanity, but simply record the fact, that I was not unemployed in my profession by the late John Jacob Astor; a name which, I admit, I love to repeat; for it hath a rounded and orbicular sound to it, and rings like unto *bullion*.* I will freely add,* that I was not insensible to the late John Jacob Astor's good opinion.

Some time prior to the period at which this little history begins, my avocations had been largely increased. The good old office, now extinct in the State of New York, of a Master in Chancery,* had been conferred upon me. It was not a very arduous office, but very pleasantly remunerative. I seldom lose my temper; much more seldom indulge in dangerous indignation at wrongs and outrages; but I must be permitted to be rash here and declare, that I consider the sudden and violent abrogation of the office of Master in Chancery, by the new Constitution, as a—premature act; inasmuch as I had counted upon a life-lease of the profits,* whereas I only received those of a few short years. But this is by the way.

My chambers were up stairs, at No.—Wall Street. At one end, they looked upon the white wall of the interior of a spacious sky-light shaft,* penetrating the building from top to bottom.

This view might have been considered rather tame than otherwise, deficient in what landscape painters call "life". But, if so, the view from the other end of my chambers offered, at least, a contrast, if nothing more. In that direction, my windows commanded an unobstructed view of a lofty brick wall, black by age and everlasting shade; which wall required no spy-glass to bring out its lurking beauties, but, for the benefit of all near-sighted spectators, was pushed up to within ten feet of my window-panes. Owing to the great height of the surrounding buildings, and my chambers being on the second floor, the interval between this wall and mine not a little resembled a huge square cistern.

At the period just preceding the advent of Bartleby, I had two persons as copyists in my employment, and a promising lad as an

office-boy. First, Turkey; second, Nippers; third, Ginger Nut.* These may seem names, the like of which are not usually found in the Directory. In truth, they were nicknames, mutually conferred upon each other by my three clerks, and were deemed expressive of their respective persons or characters. Turkey was a short, pursy Englishman, of about my own age—that is, somewhere not far from sixty. In the morning, one might say, his face was of a fine florid hue, but after twelve o'clock, meridian—his dinner hour—it blazed like a grate full of Christmas coals; and continued blazing—but, as it were, with a gradual wane—till six o'clock, P.M., or thereabouts; after which, I saw no more of the proprietor of the face, which, gaining its meridian with the sun, seemed to set with it, to rise, culminate, and decline the following day, with the like regularity and undiminished glory. There are many singular coincidences I have known in the course of my life, not the least among which was the fact, that, exactly when Turkey displayed his fullest beams from his red and radiant countenance, just then, too, at that critical moment, began the daily period when I considered his business capacities as seriously disturbed for the remainder of the twenty-four hours. Not that he was absolutely idle; or averse to business then; far from it. The difficulty was, he was apt to be altogether too energetic. There was a strange, inflamed, flurried, flighty recklessness of activity about him. He would be incautious in dipping his pen into his inkstand. All his blots upon my documents were dropped there after twelve o'clock, meridian. Indeed, not only would he be reckless, and sadly given to making blots in the afternoon, but, some days, he went further, and was rather noisy. At such times, too, his face flamed with augmented blazonry,* as if cannel coal had been heaped on anthracite. He made an unpleasant racket with his chair; spilled his sand-box; in mending his pens, impatiently split them all to pieces, and threw them on the floor in a sudden passion;* stood up and leaned over his table, boxing his papers about* in a most indecorous manner, very sad to behold in an elderly man like him. Nevertheless, as he was in many ways a most valuable person to me, and all the time before twelve o'clock, meridian, was the quickest, steadiest creature, too, accomplishing a great deal of work in a style not easy to be matched—for these reasons, I was willing to overlook his eccentricities, though, indeed, occasionally, I remonstrated with him. I did this very gently, however, because, though the civilest, nay, the blandest and most reverential of men in the morning, yet, in the afternoon, he was disposed, upon provocation,* to be slightly rash with his tongue—in fact, insolent. Now, valuing his morning services as I did, and resolved not to lose them—yet, at the same time, made uncomfortable by his inflamed ways after twelve o'clock—and being a man of

peace, unwilling by my admonitions to call forth unseemly retorts from him, I took upon me, one Saturday noon (he was always worse on Saturdays) to hint to him, very kindly, that, perhaps, now that he was growing old, it might be well to abridge his labors; in short, he need not come to my chambers after twelve o'clock, but, dinner over, had best go home to his lodgings,* and rest himself till tea-time. But no; he insisted upon his afternoon devotions.* His countenance became intolerable fervid, as he oratorically* assured me—gesticulating with a long ruler at the other end of the room—that if his services in the morning were useful, how indispensable, then, in the afternoon?

“With submission, sir,”* said Turkey, on this occasion, “I consider myself your right-hand man. In the morning I but marshal and deploy my columns; but in the afternoon I put myself at their head, and gallantly charge the foe, thus”—and he made a violent thrust with the ruler.

“But the blots, Turkey,” intimated I.

“True; but, with submission, sir, behold these hairs! I am getting old. Surely, sir, a blot or two of a warm afternoon is not to be severely urged against grey hairs. Old age—even if it blot the page—is honorable. With submission, sir, we *both* are getting old.”

This appeal to my fellow-feeling was hardly to be resisted. At all events, I saw that go he would not.* So, I made up my mind to let him stay, resolving, nevertheless, to see to it that, during the afternoon, he had to do with my less important papers.

Nippers, the second on my list, was a whiskered, sallow, and, upon the whole, rather piratical-looking young man, of about five-and-twenty. I always deemed him the victim of two evil powers—ambition and indigestion. The ambition was evinced by a certain impatience of the duties of a mere copyist,* and unwarrantable usurpation of strictly professional affairs, such as the original drawing up of legal documents. The indigestion seemed betokened* in an occasional nervous testiness* and grinning irritability, causing the teeth to audibly grind together over mistakes committed in copying; unnecessary maledictions, hissed, rather than spoken, in the heat of business; and especially by a continual discontent with the height of the table where he worked. Though of a very ingenious mechanical turn,* Nippers could never get this table to suit him. He put chips under it, blocks of various sorts, bits of pasteboard, and at last went so far as to attempt an exquisite adjustment, by final pieces of folded blotting-paper. But no invention would answer. If, for the sake of easing his back, he brought the table-lid at a sharp angle well up towards his chin, and wrote there like a man using the steep roof of a Dutch house* for his desk, then he declared that it stopped the

circulation in his arms. If now he lowered the table to his waistbands, and stooped over it in writing, then there was a sore aching in his back. In short, the truth of the matter was, Nippers knew not* what he wanted. Or, if he wanted anything, it was to be rid of a scrivener's table altogether. Among the manifestations of his diseased ambition was a fondness he had for receiving visits from certain ambiguous-looking fellows in seedy coats, whom he called his clients. Indeed, I was aware that not only was he, at times, considerable of a ward-politician,* but he occasionally did a little business at the Justices' courts,* and was not unknown on the steps of the Tombs.* I have good reason to believe, however, that one individual who called upon him at my chambers, and who, with a grand air, he insisted was his client, was no other than a dun, and the alleged title-deed, a bill. But, with all his failings, and the annoyances he caused me, Nippers, like his compatriot Turkey, was a very useful man to me; wrote a neat, swift hand; and, when he chose, was not deficient in a gentlemanly sort of deportment. Added to this, he always dressed in a gentlemanly sort of way; and so, incidentally, reflected credit upon my chambers. Whereas, with respect to Turkey, I had much ado to keep him from being a reproach to me. His clothes were apt to look oily, and smell of eating-houses. He wore his pantaloons very loose and baggy in summer. His coats were execrable; his hat not to be handled.* But while the hat was a thing of indifference to me, inasmuch as his natural civility and deference, as a dependent Englishman,* always led him to doff it the moment he entered the room, yet his coat was another matter. Concerning his coats, I reasoned with him; but with no effect. The truth was, I suppose, that a man with so small an income could not afford to sport such a lustrous face and a lustrous coat at one and the same time. As Nippers once observed, Turkey's money went chiefly for red ink. One winter day, I presented Turkey with a highly respectable-looking coat of my own—a padded grey coat, of a most comfortable warmth, and which buttoned straight up from the knee to the neck. I thought Turkey would appreciate the favor, and abate his rashness and obstreperousness of afternoons. But no; I verily believe that buttoning himself up in so downy and blanket-like a coat had a pernicious effect upon him—upon the same principle that too much oats are bad for horses. In fact, precisely as a rash, restive horse is said to feel his oats,* so Turkey felt his coat. It made him insolent. He was a man whom prosperity harmed.

Though, concerning the self-indulgent habits of Turkey, I had my own private surmises, yet, touching Nippers, I was well persuaded that, whatever might be his faults in other respects, he was, at least, a temperate young man. But, indeed, nature herself seemed to have

been his vintner, and, at his birth, charged him so thoroughly with an irritable, brandy-like disposition, that all subsequent potations were needless. When I consider how, amid the stillness of my chambers, Nippers would sometimes impatiently rise from his seat, and stooping over his table, spread his arms wide apart, seize the whole desk, and move it, and jerk it, with a grim, grinding motion on the floor, as if the table were a perverse voluntary agent,* intent on thwarting and vexing him, I plainly perceive that, for Nippers, brandy-and-water were altogether superfluous.

It was fortunate for me that, owing to its peculiar cause—indigestion—the irritability and consequent nervousness of Nippers were mainly observable in the morning, while in the afternoon he was comparatively mild. So that, Turkey's paroxysms only coming on about twelve o'clock, I never had to do with their eccentricities at one time. Their fits relieved each other, like guards. When Nippers's was on, Turkey's was off; and *vice versa*. This was a good natural arrangement, under the circumstances.

Ginger Nut, the third on my list, was a lad, some twelve years old. His father was a car-man,* ambitious of seeing his son on the bench instead of a cart, before he died. So he sent him to my office, as student at law, errand-boy, cleaner and sweeper, at the rate of one dollar a week. He had a little desk to himself, but he did not use it much. Upon inspection, the drawer exhibited a great array of the shells of various sorts of nuts. Indeed, to this quick-witted youth, the whole noble science of the law was contained in a nutshell.* Not the least among the employments of Ginger Nut, as well as one which he discharged with the most alacrity, was his duty as cake and apple purveyor for Turkey and Nippers. Copying law-papers being proverbially a dry, husky sort of business, my two scriveners were fain to moisten their mouths very often with Spitzenbergs,* to be had at the numerous stalls nigh the Custom House and Post Office. Also, they sent Ginger Nut very frequently for that peculiar cake—small, flat, round, and very spicy—after which he had been named by them. Of a cold morning,* when business was but dull, Turkey would gobble up scores of these cakes, as if they were mere wafers—indeed, they sell them at the rate of six or eight for a penny—the scrape of his pen blending with the crunching of the crisp particles in his mouth. Of all the fiery afternoon blunders and flurried rashnesses of Turkey, was his once moistening a gingercake between his lips, and clapping it on to a mortgage, for a seal. I came within an ace of dismissing him* then. But he mollified me by making an oriental bow, and saying—

“With submission, sir, it was generous of me to find you in stationery on my own account.”*

Now my original business—that of a conveyancer and title hunter, and drawer-up of recondite documents of all sorts*—was considerably increased by receiving the Master's office. There was now great work for scriveners. Not only must I push the clerks already with me, but I must have additional help.

In answer to my advertisement, a motionless young man one morning stood upon my office threshold, the door being open, for it was summer. I can see that figure now—pallidly neat, pitiably respectable, incurably forlorn! It was Bartleby.

After a few words touching his qualifications, I engaged him, glad to have among my corps of copyists a man of so singularly sedate an aspect, which I thought might operate beneficially* upon the flighty temper of Turkey, and the fiery one of Nippers.

I should have stated before that ground-glass folding-doors divided my premises into two parts, one of which was occupied by my scriveners, the other by myself. According to my humor, I threw open these doors, or closed them. I resolved to assign Bartleby a corner by the folding-doors, but on my side of them, so as to have this quiet man within easy call, in case any trifling thing was to be done. I placed his desk close up to a small side-window in that part of the room, a window which originally had afforded a lateral view of certain grimy backyards and bricks, but which, owing to subsequent erections, commanded at present no view at all, though it gave some light. Within three feet of the panes was a wall, and the light came down from far above, between two lofty buildings, as from a very small opening in a dome. Still further to a satisfactory arrangement, I procured a high green folding screen,* which might entirely isolate Bartleby from my sight, though not remove him from my voice. And thus, in a manner, privacy and society were conjoined.

At first, Bartleby did an extraordinary quantity of writing. As if long famishing for something to copy, he seemed to gorge himself on my documents. There was no pause for digestion. He ran a day and night line,* copying by sunlight and by candle-light. I should have been quite delighted with his application, had he been cheerfully industrious. But he wrote on silently, palely, mechanically.

It is, of course, an indispensable part of a scrivener's business to verify the accuracy of his copy, word by word. Where there are two or more scriveners in an office, they assist each other in this examination, one reading from the copy, the other holding the original. It is a very dull, wearisome, and lethargic affair. I can readily imagine that, to some sanguine temperaments, it would be altogether intolerable. For example, I cannot credit that the mettlesome poet, Byron, would have contentedly sat down with

Bartleby to examine* a law document of, say five hundred pages, closely written in a crimped hand.

Now and then, in the haste of business, it had been my habit to assist in comparing some brief document myself, calling Turkey or Nippers for this purpose. One object I had, in placing Bartleby so handy to me behind the screen, was, to avail myself of his services on such trivial occasions. It was on the third day, I think, of his being with me, and before any necessity had arisen for having his own writing examined, that, being much hurried to complete a small affair I had in hand, I abruptly called to Bartleby. In my haste and natural expectancy of instant compliance, I sat with my head bent over the original on my desk, and my right hand sideways, and somewhat nervously extended with the copy, so that, immediately upon emerging from his retreat, Bartleby might snatch it and proceed to business with out the least delay. In this very attitude did I sit when I called to him, rapidly stating what it was I wanted him to do—namely, to examine a small paper with me. Imagine my surprise, nay, my consternation, when, without moving from his privacy, Bartleby, in a singularly mild, firm voice, replied, “I would prefer not to.”

I sat awhile in perfect silence, rallying my stunned faculties.* Immediately it occurred to me that my ears had deceived me, or Bartleby had entirely misunderstood my meaning. I repeated my request in the clearest tone I could assume; but in quite as clear a one came the previous reply, “I would prefer not to.”

“Prefer not to,” echoed I, rising in high excitement, and crossing the room with a stride. “What do you mean? Are you moon-struck? I want you to help me compare this sheet here—take it,” and I thrust it towards him.

“I would prefer not to,” he said.

I looked at him steadfastly. His face was leanly composed;* his grey eye dimly calm. Not a wrinkle of agitation rippled him. Had there been the least uneasiness, anger, impatience or impertinence in his manner; in other words, had there been anything ordinarily human about him, doubtless I should have violently dismissed him from the premises. But as it was, I should have as soon thought of turning my pale plaster-of-paris bust of Cicero* out of doors. I stood gazing at him awhile, as he went on with his own writing, and then reseated myself at my desk. This is very strange, thought I. What had one best do? But my business hurried me. I concluded to forget the matter for the present, reserving it for my future leisure. So, calling Nippers from the other room, the paper was speedily examined.

A few days after this, Bartleby concluded four lengthy documents, being quadruplicates of a week’s testimony taken before me in my

High Court of Chancery. It became necessary to examine them. It was an important suit, and great accuracy was imperative. Having all things arranged, I called Turkey, Nippers and Ginger Nut, from the next room, meaning to place the four copies in the hands of my four clerks, while I should read from the original. Accordingly, Turkey, Nippers, and Ginger Nut had taken their seats in a row, each with his document in his hand, when I called to Bartleby to join this interesting group.

"Bartleby! quick, I am waiting."

I heard a slow scrape of his chair legs on the uncarpeted floor, and soon he appeared standing at the entrance of his hermitage.

"What is wanted?" said he, mildly.

"The copies, the copies," said I, hurriedly. "We are going to examine them. There"—and I held towards him the fourth quadruplicate.

"I would prefer not to," he said, and gently disappeared behind the screen.

For a few moments I was turned into a pillar of salt,* standing at the head of my seated column of clerks. Recovering myself, I advanced towards the screen, and demanded the reason for such extraordinary conduct.

"*Why* do you refuse?"

"I would prefer not to."

With any other man I should have flown outright into a dreadful passion, scorned all further words, and thrust him ignominiously from my presence. But there was something about Bartleby that not only strangely disarmed me, but, in a wonderful manner, touched and disconcerted me. I began to reason with him.

"These are your own copies we are about to examine. It is labor saving to you,* because one examination will answer for your four papers. It is common usage.* Every copyist is bound to help examine his copy. Is it not so? Will you not speak? Answer!"

"I prefer not to," he replied in a flute-like tone. It seemed to me that, while I had been addressing him, he carefully revolved every statement that I made; fully comprehended the meaning; could not gainsay the irresistible conclusion; but, at the same time, some paramount consideration prevailed with him to reply as he did.

"You are decided, then, not to comply with my request—a request made according to common usage and common sense?"*

He briefly gave me to understand, that on that point my judgment was sound. Yes: his decision was irreversible.

It is not seldom the case that, when a man is browbeaten in some unprecedented and violently unreasonable way, he begins to stagger in his own plainest faith. He begins, as it were, vaguely to surmise

that, wonderful as it may be, all the justice and all the reason is on the other side. Accordingly, if any disinterested persons are present, he turns to them for some reinforcement for his own faltering mind.

"Turkey," said I, "what do you think of this? Am I not right?"

"With submission, sir," said Turkey, in his blandest tone, "I think that you are."

"Nippers," said I, "what do you think of it?"

"I think I should kick him out of the office."

(The reader of nice perceptions* will here perceive that, it being morning, Turkey's answer is couched in polite and tranquil terms, but Nippers replies in ill-tempered ones. Or, to repeat a previous sentence, Nippers's ugly mood was on duty, and Turkey's off.)

"Ginger Nut," said I, willing to enlist the smallest suffrage in my behalf, "what do you think of it?"

"I think, sir, he's a little *luny*," replied Ginger Nut, with a grin.

"You hear what they say," said I, turning towards the screen, "come forth and do your duty."

But he vouchsafed no reply. I pondered a moment in sore perplexity. But once more business hurried me. I determined again to postpone the consideration of this dilemma to my future leisure. With a little trouble we made out to examine the papers without Bartleby, though at every page or two Turkey deferentially dropped his opinion, that this proceeding was quite out of the common; while Nippers, twitching in his chair with a dyspeptic nervousness, ground out, between his set teeth, occasional hissing maledictions against the stubborn oaf behind the screen.* And for his (Nippers's) part, this was the first and the last time he would do another man's business without pay.

Meanwhile Bartleby sat in his hermitage, oblivious to everything but his own peculiar business there.

Some days passed, the scrivener being employed upon another lengthy work. His late remarkable conduct led me to regard his ways narrowly. I observed that he never went to dinner; indeed, that he never went anywhere. As yet I had never, of my personal knowledge, known him to be outside of my office. He was a perpetual sentry in the corner. At about eleven o'clock though, in the morning, I noticed that Ginger Nut would advance toward the opening in Bartleby's screen, as if silently beckoned thither by a gesture invisible to me where I sat. The boy would then leave the office, jingling a few pence, and reappear with a handful of ginger-nuts, which he delivered in the hermitage, receiving two of the cakes for his trouble.

He lives, then, on ginger-nuts, thought I; never eats a dinner, properly speaking; he must be a vegetarian, then; but no; he never eats even vegetables, he eats nothing but ginger-nuts. My mind then

ran on in reveries concerning the probable effects upon the human constitution of living entirely on ginger-nuts. Ginger-nuts are so called, because they contain gingers as one of their peculiar constituents, and the final flavoring one. Now, what was ginger? A hot, spicy thing. Was Bartleby hot and spicy? Not at all. Ginger, then, had no effect upon Bartleby. Probably he preferred it should have none.

Nothing so aggravates an earnest person as a passive resistance. If the individual so resisted be of a not inhumane temper, and the resisting one perfectly harmless in his passivity, then, in the better moods of the former, he will endeavor charitably to construe to his imagination what proves impossible to be solved by his judgment. Even so, for the most part, I regarded Bartleby and his ways. Poor fellow! thought I, he means no mischief; it is plain he intends no insolence; his aspect sufficiently evinces that his eccentricities are involuntary. He is useful to me. I can get along with him. If I turn him away, the chances are he will fall in with some less indulgent employer, and then he will be rudely treated, and perhaps driven forth miserable to starve. Yes. Here I can cheaply purchase a delicious self-approval. To befriend Bartleby; to humor him in his strange wilfulness, will cost me little or nothing, while I lay up in my soul what will eventually prove a sweet morsel for my conscience. But this mood was not invariable with me. The passiveness of Bartleby sometimes irritated me. I felt strangely goaded on to encounter him in new opposition—to elicit some angry spark from him answerable to my own. But, indeed, I might as well have essayed to strike fire with my knuckles against a bit of Windsor soap. But one afternoon the evil impulse in me mastered me, and the following little scene ensued:

"Bartleby," said I, "when those papers are all copied, I will compare them with you."

"I would prefer not to."

"How? Surely you do not mean to persist in that mulish vagary?"

No answer.

I threw open the folding-doors near by, and turning upon Turkey and Nippers, exclaimed:

"Bartleby a second time says, he won't examine his papers. What do you think of it, Turkey?"

It was afternoon, be it remembered. Turkey sat glowing like a brass boiler; his bald head steaming; his hands reeling among his blotted papers.*

"Think of it?" roared Turkey. "I'll just step behind his screen, and black his eyes for him!"*

So saying, Turkey rose to his feet and threw his arms into a pugilistic position. He was hurrying away to make good his promise,

when I detained him, alarmed at the effect of incautiously rousing Turkey's combativeness after dinner.

"Sit down, Turkey," said I, "and hear what Nippers has to say. What do you think of it, Nippers? Would I not be justified in immediately dismissing Bartleby?"

"Excuse me, that is for you to decide, sir. I think his conduct quite unusual, and, indeed, unjust, as regards Turkey and myself. But it may only be a passing whim."

"Ah," exclaimed I, "you have strangely changed your mind, then—you speak very gently of him now."

"All beer," cried Turkey; "gentleness is effects of beer—Nippers and I dined together to-day. You see how gentle *I* am, sir. Shall I go and black his eyes?"

"You refer to Bartleby, I suppose. No, not to-day Turkey," I replied; "pray, put up your fists."*

I closed the doors, and again advanced towards Bartleby. I felt additional incentives tempting me to my fate. I burned to be rebelled against again.* I remembered that Bartleby never left the office.

"Bartleby," said I, "Ginger Nut is away; just step around to the Post Office, won't you?" (it was but a three minutes' walk) "and see if there is anything for me."

"I would prefer not to."

"You *will* not?"

"I *prefer* not."

I staggered to my desk, and sat there in a deep study. My blind inveteracy* returned. Was there any other thing in which I could procure myself to be ignominiously repulsed by this lean, penniless wight?—my hired clerk? What added thing is there, perfectly reasonable, that he will be sure to refuse to do?

"Bartleby!"

No answer.

"Bartleby," in a louder tone.

No answer.

"Bartleby," I roared.

Like a very ghost, agreeably to the laws of magical invocation at the third summons, he appeared at the entrance of his hermitage.

"Go to the next room, and tell Nippers to come to me."

"I prefer not to," he respectfully and slowly said, and mildly disappeared.

"Very good, Bartleby," said I, in a quiet sort of serenely severe, self-possessed tone, intimating the unalterable purpose of some terrible retribution very close at hand. At the moment I half intended something of the kind. But upon the whole, as it was

drawing towards my dinner-hour, I thought it best to put on my hat and walk home for the day, suffering much from perplexity and distress of mind.

Shall I acknowledge it? The conclusion of this whole business was, that it soon became a fixed fact of my chambers, that a pale young scrivener, by the name of Bartleby, had a desk there; that he copied for me at the usual rate of four cents a folio (one hundred words); but he was permanently exempt from examining the work done by him, that duty being transferred to Turkey and Nippers, out of compliment, doubtless, to their superior acuteness; moreover, said Bartleby was never, on any account, to be dispatched on the most trivial errand of any sort; and that even if entreated to take upon him such a matter, it was generally understood that he would "prefer not to"—in other words, that he would refuse point-blank.

As days passed on, I became considerably reconciled to Bartleby. His steadiness, his freedom from all dissipation, his incessant industry (except when he chose to throw himself into a standing reverie behind his screen), his great stillness, his unalterableness of demeanor under all circumstances, made him a valuable acquisition. One prime thing was this—*he was always there*—first in the morning, continually through the day, and the last at night. I had a singular confidence in his honesty. I felt my most precious papers perfectly safe in his hands. Sometimes, to be sure, I could not, for the very soul of me,* avoid falling into sudden spasmodic passions with him. For it was exceeding difficult to bear in mind all the time those strange peculiarities, privileges, and unheard-of exemptions, forming the tacit stipulations on Bartleby's part under which he remained in my office. Now and then, in the eagerness of dispatching pressing business, I would inadvertently summon Bartleby, in a short, rapid tone, to put his finger, say, on the incipient tie of a bit of red tape with which I was about compressing* some papers. Of course, from behind the screen the usual answer, "I prefer not to," was sure to come, and then, how could a human creature, with the common infirmities of our nature, refrain from bitterly exclaiming upon such perverseness—such unreasonableness? However, every added repulse of this sort which I received only tended to lessen the probability of my repeating the inadvertence.

Here it must be said, that, according to the custom of most legal gentlemen occupying chambers in densely-populated law buildings, there were several keys to my door. One was kept by a woman residing in the attic, which person weekly scrubbed and daily swept and dusted my apartments. Another was kept by Turkey for convenience sake. The third I sometimes carried in my own pocket. The fourth I knew not who had.

Now, one Sunday morning I happened to go to Trinity Church,* to hear a celebrated preacher, and finding myself rather early on the ground* I thought I would walk around to my chambers for a while. Luckily I had my key with me; but upon applying it to the lock, I found it resisted by something inserted from the inside. Quite surprised, I called out; when to my consternation a key was turned from within; and thrusting his lean visage at me, and holding the door ajar, the apparition of Bartleby appeared, in his shirt-sleeves, and otherwise in a strangely tattered *deshabille*, saying quietly that he was sorry, but he was deeply engaged just then, and—preferred not admitting me at present. In a brief word or two, he moreover added, that perhaps I had better walk round the block two or three times, and by that time he would probably have concluded his affairs.

Now, the utterly unsurmised appearance of Bartleby, tenanted my law-chambers of a Sunday morning, with his cadaverously gentlemanly *nonchalance*,* yet withal firm and self-possessed, had such a strange effect upon me, that incontinently I slunk away from my own door, and did as desired. But not without sundry twinges of impotent rebellion against the mild effrontery of this unaccountable scrivener. Indeed, it was his wonderful mildness chiefly, which not only disarmed me, but unmanned me,* as it were. For I consider that one, for the time, is a sort of unmanned when he tranquilly permits his hired clerk to dictate to him, and order him away from his own premises. Furthermore, I was full of uneasiness as to what Bartleby could possibly be doing in my office in his shirt-sleeves, and in an otherwise dismantled condition of a Sunday morning. Was anything amiss going on? Nay, that was out of the question. It was not to be thought of for a moment that Bartleby was an immoral person. But what could he be doing there?—copying? nay again, whatever might be his eccentricities. Bartleby was an eminently decorous person. He would be the last man to sit down to his desk in any state approaching to nudity. Besides, it was Sunday; and there was something about Bartleby that forbade the supposition that he would by any secular occupation violate the proprieties of the day.

Nevertheless, my mind was not pacified; and full of a restless curiosity, at last I returned to the door. Without hindrance I inserted my key, opened it, and entered. Bartleby was not to be seen. I looked round anxiously, peeped behind his screen; but it was very plain that he was gone. Upon more closely examining the place, I surmised that for an indefinite period Bartleby must have ate, dressed, and slept in my office, and that, too, without plate, mirror, or bed. The cushioned seat of a rickety old sofa in one corner bore the faint impress of a lean, reclining form. Rolled away under his desk, I found a blanket, under the empty grate, a blacking box* and brush;

on a chair, a tin basin, with soap and a ragged towel; in a newspaper a few crumbs of ginger-nuts and a morsel of cheese. Yes, thought I, it is evident enough that Bartleby has been making his home here, keeping bachelor's hall* all by himself. Immediately then the thought came sweeping across me, what miserable friendlessness and loneliness are here revealed! His poverty is great; but his solitude, how horrible! Think of it. Of a Sunday, Wall Street is deserted as Petra;* and every night of every day it is an emptiness. This building, too, which of week-days hums with industry and life, at nightfall echoes with sheer vacancy, and all through Sunday is forlorn. And here Bartleby makes his home; sole spectator of a solitude which he has seen all populous—a sort of innocent and transformed Marius brooding among the ruins of Carthage!*

For the first time in my life a feeling of overpowering stinging melancholy seized me. Before, I had never experienced aught but a not-unpleasing sadness. The bond of a common humanity now drew me irresistibly to gloom. A fraternal melancholy! For both I and Bartleby were sons of Adam. I remembered the bright silks and sparkling faces I had seen that day, in gala trim,* swan-like sailing down the Mississippi of Broadway;* and I contrasted them with the pallid copyist, and thought to myself, Ah, happiness courts the light, so we deem the world is gay; but misery hides aloof, so we deem that misery there is none. These sad fancyings—chimeras, doubtless, of a sick and silly brain—led on to other and more special thoughts, concerning the eccentricities of Bartleby. Presentiments of strange discoveries hovered round me. The scrivener's pale form appeared to me laid out, among uncaring strangers, in its shivering winding-sheet.

Suddenly I was attracted by Bartleby's closed desk, the key in open sight left in the lock.

I mean no mischief, seek the gratification of no heartless curiosity, thought I; besides, the desk is mine, and its contents, too, so I will make bold to look within. Everything was methodically arranged, the papers smoothly placed. The pigeon-holes were deep, and removing the files of documents, I groped into their recesses. Presently I felt something there, and dragged it out. It was an old bandanna handkerchief, heavy and knotted. I opened it and saw it was a savings bank.

I now recalled all the quiet mysteries which I had noted in the man. I remembered that he never spoke but to answer; that, though at intervals he had considerable time to himself, yet I had never seen him reading—no, not even a newspaper, that for long periods he would stand looking out, at his pale window behind the screen, upon the dead brick wall; I was quite sure he never visited any refectory or

eating-house; while his pale face clearly indicated that he never drank beer like Turkey, or tea and coffee even, like other men; that he never went anywhere in particular that I could learn; never went out for a walk, unless, indeed, that was the case at present; that he had declined telling who he was, or whence he came, or whether he had any relatives in the world; that though so thin and pale, he never complained of ill-health. And more than all, I remembered a certain unconscious air of pallid—how shall I call it?—of pallid haughtiness, say, or rather an austere reserve about him, which had positively awed me into my tame compliance with his eccentricities, when I had feared to ask him to do the slightest incidental thing for me, even though I might know, from his long-continued motionlessness, that behind his screen he must be standing in one of those dead-wall reveries of his.*

Revolving all these things, and coupling them with the recently discovered fact, that he made my office his constant abiding place and home, and not forgetful of his morbid moodiness; revolving all these things, a prudential feeling* began to steal over me. My first emotions had been those of pure melancholy and sincerest pity; but just in proportion as the forlornness of Bartleby grew and grew to my imagination, did that same melancholy merge into fear, that pity into repulsion. So true it is, and so terrible, too, that up to a certain point the thought or sight of misery enlists our best affections; but, in certain special cases, beyond that point it does not. They err who would assert that invariably this is owing to the inherent selfishness of the human heart. It rather proceeds from a certain hopelessness of remedying excessive and organic ill.* To a sensitive being, pity is not seldom pain. And when at last it is perceived that such pity cannot lead to effectual succour, common sense bids the soul be rid of it. What I saw that morning persuaded me that the scrivener was the victim of innate and incurable disorder. I might give alms to his body; but his body did not pain him; it was his soul that suffered, and his soul I could not reach.

I did not accomplish the purpose of going to Trinity Church that morning. Somehow, the things I had seen disqualified me for the time from church-going. I walked homeward, thinking what I would do with Bartleby. Finally, I resolved upon this—I would put certain calm questions to him the next morning, touching his history, etc., and if he declined to answer them openly and unreservedly (and I supposed he would prefer not), then to give him a twenty dollar bill over and above whatever I might owe him, and tell him his services were no longer required; but that if in any other way I could assist him, I would be happy to do so, especially if he desired to return to his native place, wherever that might be, I would willingly help to

defray the expenses. Moreover, if, after reaching home, he found himself at any time in want of aid, a letter from him would be sure of a reply.

The next morning came.

"Bartleby," said I, gently calling to him behind his screen.

No reply.

"Bartleby," said I, in a still gentler tone, "come here; I am not going to ask you to do anything you would prefer not to do—I simply wish to speak to you."

Upon this he noiselessly slid into view.

"Will you tell me, Bartleby, where you were born?"

"I would prefer not to."

"Will you tell me *anything* about yourself?"

"I would prefer not to."

"But what reasonable objection can you have to speak to me? I feel friendly towards you."

He did not look at me while I spoke, but kept his glance fixed upon my bust of Cicero, which, as I then sat, was directly behind me, some six inches above my head.

"What is your answer, Bartleby?" said I, after waiting a considerable time for a reply, during which his countenance remained immovable, only there was the faintest conceivable tremor of the white attenuated mouth.*

"At present I prefer to give no answer," he said, and retired into his hermitage.

It was rather weak in me I confess, but his manner, on this occasion, nettled me. Not only did there seem to lurk in it a certain calm disdain, but his perverseness seemed ungrateful, considering the undeniable good usage and indulgence he had received from me.

Again I sat ruminating what I should do. Mortified as I was at his behavior, and resolved as I had been to dismiss him when I entered my office, nevertheless I strangely felt something superstitious knocking at my heart, and forbidding me to carry out my purpose, and denouncing me for a villain if I dared to breathe one bitter word against this forlornest of mankind. At last, familiarly drawing my chair behind his screen, I sat down and said: "Bartleby, never mind, then, about revealing your history; but let me entreat you, as a friend, to comply as far as may be with the usages of this office. Say now, you will help to examine papers to-morrow or next day; in short, say now, that in a day or two you will begin to be a little reasonable—say so, Bartleby."

"At present I would prefer not to be a little reasonable," was his mildly cadaverous reply.

Just then the folding-doors opened, and Nippers approached. He seemed suffering from an unusually bad night's rest, induced by severer indigestion than common. He overheard those final words of Bartleby.

"*Prefer* not, eh?" gritted Nippers—"I'd *prefer* him, if I were you, sir," addressing me—"I'd *prefer* him; I'd give him preferences, the stubborn mule! What is it, sir, pray, that he *prefers* not to do now?"

Bartleby moved not a limb.

"Mr. Nippers," said I, "I'd prefer that you would withdraw for the present."

Somehow, of late, I had got into the way of involuntarily using this word "*prefer*" upon all sorts of not exactly suitable occasions. And I trembled to think that my contact with the scrivener had already and seriously affected me in a mental way. And what further and deeper aberration might it not yet produce? This apprehension had not been without efficacy in determining me to summary measures.*

As Nippers, looking very sour and sulky, was departing, Turkey blandly and deferentially approached.

"With submission, sir," said he, "yesterday I was thinking about Bartleby here, and I think that if he would but prefer to take a quart of good ale every day, it would do much towards mending him, and enabling him to assist in examining his papers."

"So you have got the word, too," said I, slightly excited.

"With submission, what word, sir?" asked Turkey, respectfully crowding himself into the contracted space behind the screen, and by so doing, making me jostle the scrivener. "What word, sir?"

"Would prefer to be left alone here," said Bartleby, as if offended at being mobbed in his privacy.

"*That's* the word, Turkey," said I—"that's it."

"Oh, *prefer*? oh, yes—queer word. I never use it myself. But, sir, as I was saying, if he would but prefer——"

"Turkey," interrupted I, "you will please withdraw."

"Oh certainly, sir, if you prefer that I should."

As he opened the folding-door to retire, Nippers at his desk caught a glimpse of me, and asked whether I would prefer to have a certain paper copied on blue paper or white. He did not in the least roguishly accent the word "*prefer*". It was plain that it involuntarily rolled from his tongue. I thought to myself, surely I must get rid of a demented man, who already has in some degree turned the tongues, if not the heads of myself and clerks. But I thought it prudent not to break the dismissal at once.

The next day I noticed that Bartleby did nothing but stand at his window in his dead-wall reverie. Upon asking him why he did not write, he said that he had decided upon doing no more writing.

"Why, how now? what next?" exclaimed I, "do no more writing?"

"No more."

"And what is the reason?"

"Do you not see the reason for yourself?" he indifferently replied.

I looked steadfastly at him, and perceived that his eyes looked dull and glazed. Instantly it occurred to me, that his unexampled diligence in copying by his dim window for the first few weeks of his stay with me might have temporarily impaired his vision.

I was touched. I said something in condolence with him. I hinted that of course he did wisely in abstaining from writing for a while; and urged him to embrace that opportunity of taking wholesome exercise in the open air. This, however, he did not do. A few days after this, my other clerks being absent, and being in a great hurry to dispatch certain letters by the mail, I thought that, having nothing else earthly to do, Bartleby would surely be less inflexible than usual, and carry these letters to the post-office. But he blankly declined. So, much to my inconvenience, I went myself.

Still added days went by. Whether Bartleby's eyes improved or not, I could not say. To all appearance, I thought they did. But when I asked him if they did, he vouchsafed no answer. At all events, he would do no copying. At last, in reply to my urgings, he informed me that he had permanently given up copying.

"What!" exclaimed I; "suppose your eyes should get entirely well—better than ever before—would you not copy then?"

"I have given up copying," he answered, and slid aside. He remained as ever, a fixture in my chamber. Nay—if that were possible—he became still more of a fixture than before. What was to be done? He would do nothing in the office; why should he stay there? In plain fact, he had now become a millstone to me, not only useless as a necklace, but afflictive to bear. Yet I was sorry for him. I speak less than truth when I say that, on his own account, he occasioned me uneasiness. If he would but have named a single relative or friend, I would instantly have written, and urged their taking the poor fellow away to some convenient retreat. But he seemed alone, absolutely alone in the universe. A bit of wreck in the mid-Atlantic. At length, necessities connected with my business tyrannized over all other considerations. Decently as I could, I told Bartleby that in six days' time he must unconditionally leave the office. I warned him to take measures, in the interval, for procuring some other abode. I offered to assist him in this endeavor, if he himself would but take the first step towards a removal. "And when you finally quit me, Bartleby," added I, "I shall see that you go not away entirely unprovided. Six days from this hour, remember."

At the expiration of that period, I peeped behind the screen, and lo! Bartleby was there.

I buttoned up my coat, balanced myself; advanced slowly towards him, touched his shoulder, and said, "The time has come; you must quit this place; I am sorry for you; here is money; but you must go."

"I would prefer not," he replied, with his back still towards me.

"You *must*."

He remained silent.

Now I had an unbounded confidence in this man's common honesty. He had frequently restored to me sixpences and shillings carelessly dropped upon the floor, for I am apt to be very reckless in such shirt-button affairs.* The proceeding, then, which followed will not be deemed extraordinary.

"Bartleby," said I, "I owe you twelve dollars on account; here are thirty-two; the odd twenty are yours—Will you take it?" and I handed the bills towards him.

But he made no motion.

"I will leave them here, then," putting them under a weight* on the table. Then taking my hat and cane and going to the door, I tranquilly turned and added—"After you have removed your things from these offices, Bartleby, you will of course lock the door—since every one is now gone for the day but you—and if you please, slip your key underneath the mat, so that I may have it in the morning. I shall not see you again; so good-bye to you. If, hereafter, in your new place of abode, I can be of any service to you, do not fail to advise me by letter. Good-bye, Bartleby, and fare you well."

But he answered not a word; like the last column of some ruined temple, he remained standing mute and solitary in the middle of the otherwise deserted room.

As I walked home in a pensive mood, my vanity got the better of my pity. I could not but highly plume myself on my masterly management in getting rid of Bartleby. Masterly I call it, and such it must appear to any dispassionate thinker. The beauty of my procedure seemed to consist in its perfect quietness. There was no vulgar bullying, no bravado of any sort, no choleric hectoring, and striding to and fro across the apartment, jerking out vehement commands for Bartleby to bundle himself off with his beggarly traps. Nothing of the kind. Without loudly bidding Bartleby depart—as an inferior genius might have done—I *assumed* the ground that depart he must; and upon that assumption built all I had to say. The more I thought over my procedure, the more I was charmed with it. Nevertheless, next morning, upon awakening, I had my doubts—I had somehow slept off the fumes of vanity.* One of the coolest and wisest hours a man has, is just after he awakes in the morning. My

procedure seemed as sagacious as ever—but only in theory. How it would prove in practice—there was the rub. It was truly a beautiful thought to have assumed Bartleby's departure; but, after all, the assumption was simply my own, and none of Bartleby's. The great point was, not whether I had assumed that he would quit me, but whether he would prefer so to do. He was more a man of preferences than assumptions.

After breakfast, I walked down town, arguing the probabilities *pro* and *con*. One moment I thought it would prove a miserable failure, and Bartleby would be found all alive at my office as usual; the next moment it seemed certain that I should find his chair empty. And so I kept veering about. At the corner of Broadway and Canal Street, I saw quite an excited group of people standing in earnest conversation.

"I'll take odds he doesn't,"* said a voice as I passed.

"Doesn't go?—done!" said I, "put up your money."*

I was instinctively putting my hand in my pocket to produce my own, when I remembered that this was an election day. The words I had overheard bore no reference to Bartleby, but to the success or non-success of some candidate for the mayoralty. In my intent frame of mind, I had, as it were, imagined that all Broadway shared in my excitement, and were debating the same question with me. I passed on, very thankful that the uproar of the street screened my momentary absent-mindedness.

As I had intended, I was earlier than usual at my office door. I stood listening for a moment. All was still. He must be gone. I tried the knob. The door was locked. Yes, my procedure had worked to a charm; he indeed must be vanished. Yet a certain melancholy mixed with this: I was almost sorry for my brilliant success. I was fumbling under the door mat for the key, which Bartleby was to have left there for me, when accidentally my knee knocked against a pannel, producing a summoning sound, and in response a voice came to me from within—"Not yet; I am occupied."

It was Bartleby.

I was thunderstruck. For an instant I stood like the man, who, pipe in mouth, was killed one cloudless afternoon long ago in Virginia, by summer lightning; at his own warm open window he was killed, and remained leaning out there upon the dreamy afternoon, till some one touched him, when he fell.

"Not gone!" I murmured at last. But again obeying that wondrous ascendancy which the inscrutable scrivener had over me, and from which ascendancy, for all my chafing, I could not completely escape, I slowly went downstairs and out into the street, and while walking round the block, considered what I should next do in this

unheard-of perplexity. Turn the man out by an actual thrusting I could not; to drive him away by calling him hard names would not do; calling in the police was an unpleasant idea; and yet, permit him to enjoy his cadaverous triumph over me—this, too, I could not think of. What was to be done? or, if nothing could be done, was there anything further that I could *assume* in the matter? Yes, as before I had prospectively assumed that Bartleby would depart, so now I might retrospectively assume that departed he was. In the legitimate carrying out of this assumption, I might enter my office in a great hurry, and pretending not to see Bartleby at all, walk straight against him as if he were air. Such a proceeding would in a singular degree have the appearance of a home-thrust. It was hardly possible that Bartleby could withstand such an application of the doctrine of assumptions. But upon second thoughts the success of the plan seemed rather dubious. I resolved to argue the matter over with him again.

"Bartleby," said I, entering the office, with a quietly severe expression, "I am seriously displeased. I am pained, Bartleby. I thought better of you. I had imagined you of such a gentlemanly organization, that in any delicate dilemma a slight hint would suffice—in short, an assumption. But it appears I am deceived. Why," I added, unaffectedly starting, "you have not even touched that money yet," pointing to it, just where I had left it the evening previous.

He answered nothing.

"Will you, or will you not, quit me?" I now demanded in a sudden passion, advancing close to him.

"I would prefer *not* to quit you," he replied, gently emphasizing the *not*.

"What earthly right have you to stay here? Do you pay any rent? Do you pay my taxes? Or is this property yours?"

He answered nothing.

"Are you ready to go on and write now? Are your eyes recovered? Could you copy a small paper for me this morning? or help examine a few lines? or step round to the post-office? In a word, will you do anything at all, to give a coloring to your refusal to depart the premises?"*

He silently retired into his hermitage.

I was now in such a state of nervous resentment that I thought it but prudent to check myself at present from further demonstrations. Bartleby and I were alone. I remembered the tragedy of the unfortunate Adams* and the still more unfortunate Colt in the solitary office of the latter; and how poor Colt, being dreadfully incensed by Adams, and imprudently permitting himself to get

wildly excited, was at unawares hurried into his fatal act—an act which certainly no man could possibly deplore more than the actor himself. Often it had occurred to me in my ponderings upon the subject that had that altercation taken place in the public street, or at a private residence, it would not have terminated as it did. It was the circumstance of being alone in a solitary office, up stairs, of a building entirely unhallowed by humanizing domestic associations—an uncarpeted office, doubtless, of a dusty, haggard sort of appearance—this it must have been, which greatly helped to enhance the irritable desperation of the hapless Colt.

But when this old Adam of resentment rose in me* and tempted me concerning Bartleby, I grappled him and threw him. How? Why, simply by recalling the divine injunction: "A new commandment give I unto you, that ye love one another."* Yes, this it was that saved me. Aside from higher considerations, charity often operates as a vastly wise and prudent principle—a great safeguard to its possessor. Men have committed murder for jealousy's sake, and anger's sake, and hatred's sake, and selfishness' sake, and spiritual pride's sake; but no man, that ever I heard of, ever committed a diabolical murder for sweet charity's sake. Mere self-interest, then, if no better motive can be enlisted, should, especially with high-tempered men, prompt all beings to charity and philanthropy. At any rate, upon the occasion in question, I strove to drown my exasperated feelings towards the scrivener by benevolently construing his conduct. Poor fellow, poor fellow! thought I, he doesn't mean anything; and besides, he has seen hard times, and ought to be indulged.

I endeavored, also, immediately to occupy myself, and at the same time to comfort my despondency. I tried to fancy, that in the course of the morning, at such time as might prove agreeable to him, Bartleby, of his own free accord, would emerge from his hermitage and take up some decided line of march in the direction of the door. But no. Half-past twelve o'clock came; Turkey began to glow in the face, overturn his inkstand, and become generally obstreperous; Nippers abated down into quietude and courtesy; Ginger Nut munched his noon apple; and Bartleby remained standing at his window in one of his profoundest dead-wall reveries. Will it be credited? Ought I to acknowledge it? That afternoon I left the office without saying one further word to him.

Some days now passed, during which, at leisure intervals I looked a little into "Edwards on the Will", and "Priestley on Necessity".* Under the circumstances, those books induced a salutary feeling. Gradually I slid into the persuasion that these troubles of mine, touching the scrivener, had been all predestinated from eternity, and

Bartleby was billeted upon me for some mysterious purpose of an all-wise Providence, which it was not for a mere mortal like me to fathom. Yes, Bartleby, stay there behind your screen, thought I; I shall persecute you no more; you are harmless and noiseless as any of these old chairs; in short, I never feel so private as when I know you are here. At last I see it, I feel it; I penetrate to the predestinated purpose of my life. I am content. Others may have loftier parts to enact; but my mission in this world, Bartleby, is to furnish you with office-room for such period as you may see fit to remain.

I believe that this wise and blessed frame of mind would have continued with me, had it not been for the unsolicited and uncharitable remarks obtruded upon me by my professional friends who visited the rooms. But thus it often is, that the constant friction of illiberal minds wears out at last the best resolves of the more generous. Though to be sure, when I reflected upon it, it was not strange that people entering my office should be struck by the peculiar aspect of the unaccountable Bartleby, and so be tempted to throw out some sinister observations concerning him. Sometimes an attorney, having business with me, and calling at my office, and finding no one but the scrivener there, would undertake to obtain some sort of precise information from him touching my whereabouts; but without heeding his idle talk, Bartleby would remain standing immovable in the middle of the room. So after contemplating him in that position for a time, the attorney would depart, no wiser than he came.

Also, when a reference was going on, and the room tull of lawyers and witnesses, and business driving fast, some deeply-occupied legal gentleman present, seeing Bartleby wholly unemployed, would request him to run round to his (the legal gentleman's) office and fetch some papers for him. Thereupon, Bartleby would tranquilly decline, and yet remain idle as before. Then the lawyer would give a great stare, and turn to me. And what could I say? At last I was made aware that all through the circle of my professional acquaintance, a whisper of wonder was running round, having reference to the strange creature I kept at my office. This worried me very much. And as the idea came upon me of his possibly turning out a long-lived man, and keep occupying my chambers, and denying my authority; and perplexing my visitors; and scandalizing my professional reputation; and casting a general gloom over the premises; keeping soul and body together to the last upon his savings (for doubtless he spent but half a dime a day), and in the end perhaps outlive me, and claim possession of my office by right of his perpetual occupancy:* as all these dark anticipations crowded upon me more and more, and my friends continually intruded their

relentless remarks upon the apparition in my room; a great change was wrought in me. I resolved to gather all my faculties together, and forever rid me of this intolerable incubus.

Ere revolving any complicated project, however, adapted to this end, I first simply suggested to Bartleby the propriety of his permanent departure. In a calm and serious tone, I commended the idea to his careful and mature consideration. But, having taken three days to meditate upon it, he apprised me, that his original determination remained the same; in short, that he still preferred to abide with me.

What shall I do? I now said to myself, buttoning up my coat to the last button. What shall I do? what ought I to do? what does conscience say I *should* do with this man, or, rather, ghost? Rid myself of him, I must; go, he shall. But how? You will not thrust him, the poor, pale passive mortal—you will not thrust such a helpless creature out of your door? you will not dishonor yourself by such cruelty? No, I will not, I cannot do that. Rather would I let him live and die here, and then mason up his remains in the wall. What, then, will you do? For all your coaxing, he will not budge. Bribes he leaves under your own paperweight on your table; in short, it is quite plain that he prefers to cling to you.

Then something severe, something unusual must be done. What! surely you will not have him collared by a constable, and commit his innocent pallor to the common jail? And upon what ground could you procure such a thing to be done?—a vagrant, is he? What! he a vagrant, a wanderer, who refuses to budge? It is because he will *not* be a vagrant, then, that you seek to count him *as* a vagrant. That is too absurd. No visible means of support: there I have him. Wrong again: for indubitably he *does* support himself, and that is the only unanswerable proof that any man can show of his possessing the means so to do. No more, then. Since he will not quit me, I must quit him. I will change my offices; I will move elsewhere, and give him fair notice, that if I find him on my new premises I will then proceed against him as a common trespasser.

Acting accordingly, next day I thus addressed him: "I find these chambers too far from the City Hall; the air is unwholesome. In a word, I propose to remove my offices next week, and shall no longer require your services. I tell you this now, in order that you may seek another place."

He made no reply, and nothing more was said.

On the appointed day I engaged carts and men, proceeded to my chambers, and, having but little furniture, everything was removed in a few hours. Throughout, the scrivener remained standing behind the screen, which I directed to be removed the last thing. It was

withdrawn; and, being folded up like a huge folio, left him the motionless occupant of a naked room. I stood in the entry watching him a moment, while something from within me upbraided me.

I re-entered, with my hand in my pocket—and—and my heart in my mouth.

“Good-bye, Bartleby; I am going—good-bye, and God some way bless you; and take that,” slipping something in his hand. But it dropped upon the floor, and then—strange to say—I tore myself from him whom I had so longed to be rid of.

Established in my new quarters, for a day or two I kept the door locked, and started at every footfall in the passages. When I returned to my rooms, after any little absence, I would pause at the threshold for an instant, and attentively listen, ere applying my key. But these fears were needless. Bartleby never came nigh me.

I thought all was going well, when a perturbed-looking stranger visited me, inquiring whether I was the person who had recently occupied rooms at No.—Wall Street.

Full of forebodings, I replied that I was.

“Then, sir,” said the stranger, who proved a lawyer, “you are responsible for the man you left there. He refuses to do any copying; he refuses to do anything; he says he prefers not to; and he refuses to quit the premises.”

“I am very sorry, sir,” said I, with assumed tranquillity, but an inward tremor, “but, really, the man you allude to is nothing to me—he is no relation or apprentice of mine, that you should hold me responsible for him.”

“In mercy’s name, who is he?”

“I certainly cannot inform you. I know nothing about him. Formerly I employed him as a copyist; but he had done nothing for me now for some time past.”

“I shall settle him, then—good morning, sir.”

Several days passed, and I heard nothing more; and, though I often felt charitable promptings to call at the place and see poor Bartleby, yet a certain squeamishness, of I know not what, withheld me.

All is over with him, by this time, thought I, at last, when, through another week, no further intelligence reached me. But, coming to my room the day after, I found several persons waiting at my door in a high state of nervous excitement.

“That’s the man—here he comes,” cried the foremost one, whom I recognized as the lawyer who had previously called upon me alone.

“You must take him away, sir, at once,” cried a portly person among them, advancing upon me, and whom I knew to be the landlord of No.—Wall Street. “These gentlemen, my tenants.

cannot stand it any longer; Mr. B——," pointing to the lawyer, "has turned him out of his room, and he now persists in haunting the building generally, sitting upon the banisters of the stairs by day, and sleeping in the entry by night. Everybody is concerned; clients are leaving the offices; some fears are entertained of a mob; something you must do, and that without delay."

Aghast at this torrent, I fell back before it, and would fain have locked myself in my new quarters. In vain I persisted that Bartleby was nothing to me—no more than to any one else. In vain—I was the last person known to have anything to do with him, and they held me to the terrible account. Fearful, then, of being exposed in the papers (as one person present obscurely threatened), I considered the matter, and, at length, said, that if the lawyer would give me a confidential interview with the scrivener, in his (the lawyer's) own room, I would, that afternoon, strive my best to rid them of the nuisance they complained of.

Going up stairs to my old haunt, there was Bartleby silently sitting upon the banister at the landing.

"What are you doing here, Bartleby?" said I.

"Sitting upon the banister," he mildly replied.

I motioned him into the lawyer's room, who then left us.

"Bartleby," said I, "are you aware that you are the cause of great tribulation to me, by persisting in occupying the entry after being dismissed from the office?"

No answer.

"Now one of two things must take place. Either you must do something, or something must be done to you. Now what sort of business would you like to engage in? Would you like to re-engage in copying for some one?"

"No; I would prefer not to make any change."

"Would you like a clerkship in a dry-goods store?"

"There is too much confinement about that. No, I would not like a clerkship; but I am not particular."

"Too much confinement," I cried, "why, you keep yourself confined all the time!"

"I would prefer not to take a clerkship," he rejoined, as if to settle that little item at once.

"How would a bar-tender's business suit you? There is no trying of the eye-sight in that."

"I would not like it at all; though, as I said before, I am not particular."

His unwonted wordiness inspirited me. I returned to the charge.

"Well, then, would you like to travel through the country collecting bills for the merchants? That would improve your health."

"No, I would prefer to be doing something else."

"How, then, would going as a companion to Europe, to entertain some young gentleman with your conversation,—how would that suit you?"

"Not at all. It does not strike me that there is anything definite about that. I like to be stationary. But I am not particular."

"Stationary you shall be, then," I cried, now losing all patience, and, for the first time in all my exasperating connection with him, fairly flying into a passion. "If you do not go away from these premises before night, I shall feel bound—indeed, I *am* bound—to—to—to quit the premises myself!" I rather absurdly concluded, knowing not with what possible threat to try to frighten his immobility into compliance. Despairing of all further efforts, I was precipitately leaving him, when a final thought occurred to me—one which had not been wholly unindulged before.*

"Bartleby," said I, in the kindest tone I could assume under such exciting circumstances, "will you go home with me now—not to my office, but my dwelling—and remain there till we can conclude upon some convenient arrangement for you at our leisure? Come, let us start now, right away."

"No: at present I would prefer not to make any change at all."

I answered nothing; but, effectually dodging every one by the suddenness and rapidity of my flight, rushed from the building, ran up Wall Street towards Broadway, and, jumping into the first omnibus, was soon removed from pursuit. As soon as tranquillity returned, I distinctly perceived that I had now done all that I possibly could, both in respect to the demands of the landlord and his tenants, and with regard to my own desire and sense of duty, to benefit Bartleby, and shield him from rude persecution. I now strove to be entirely care-free and quiescent; and my conscience justified me in the attempt; though, indeed, it was not so successful as I could have wished. So fearful was I of being again hunted out by the incensed landlord and his exasperated tenants, that, surrendering my business to Nippers, for a few days, I drove about the upper part of the town and through the suburbs, in my rockaway;* crossed over to Jersey City* and Hoboken,* and paid fugitive visits to Manhattanville and Astoria.* In fact, I almost lived in my rockaway for the time.

When again I entered my office, lo, a note from the landlord lay upon the desk. I opened it with trembling hands. It informed me that the writer had sent to the police, and had Bartleby removed to the Tombs as a vagrant. Moreover, since I knew more about him than any one else, he wished me to appear at that place, and make a suitable statement of the facts. These tidings had a conflicting effect

upon me. At first I was indignant; but, at last, almost approved. The landlord's energetic, summary disposition, had led him to adopt a procedure which I do not think I would have decided upon myself; and yet, as a last resort, under such peculiar circumstances, it seemed the only plan.

As I afterwards learned, the poor scrivener, when told that he must be conducted to the Tombs, offered not the slightest obstacle, but, in his pale, unmoving way, silently acquiesced.

Some of the compassionate and curious by-standers joined the party; and headed by one of the constables arm-in-arm with Bartleby, the silent procession filed its way through all the noise, and heat, and joy of the roaring thoroughfares at noon.

The same day I received the note, I went to the Tombs, or, to speak more properly, the Halls of Justice. Seeking the right officer, I stated the purpose of my call, and was informed that the individual I described was, indeed, within. I then assured the functionary that Bartleby was a perfectly honest man, and greatly to be compassionated,* however unaccountably eccentric. I narrated all I knew, and closed by suggesting the idea of letting him remain in as indulgent confinement as possible, till something less harsh might be done—though, indeed, I hardly knew what. At all events, if nothing else could be decided upon, the almshouse must receive him. I then begged to have an interview.

Being under no disgraceful charge, and quite serene and harmless in all his ways, they had permitted him freely to wander about the prison, and, especially, in the inclosed grass-platted yards thereof. And so I found him there, standing all alone in the quietest of the yards, his face towards a high wall, while all around, from the narrow slits of the jail windows, I thought I saw peering out upon him the eyes of murderers and thieves.

"Bartleby!"

"I know you," he said, without looking round—"and I want nothing to say to you."

"It was not I that brought you here, Bartleby," said I, keenly pained at his implied suspicion. "And to you, this should not be so vile a place. Nothing reproachful attaches to you by being here. And see, it is not so sad a place as one might think. Look, there is the sky, and here is the grass."

"I know where I am," he replied, but would say nothing more and so I left him.

As I entered the corridor again, a broad meat-like man, in an apron, accosted me, and, jerking his thumb over his shoulder, said—"Is that your friend?"

"Yes."

"Does he want to starve? If he does, let him live on the prison fare, that's all."

"Who are you?" asked I, not knowing what to make of such an unofficially speaking person in such a place.

"I am the grub-man.* Such gentlemen as have friends here, hire me to provide them with something good to eat."

"Is this so?" said I, turning to the turnkey.

He said it was.

"Well, then," said I, slipping some silver into the grub-man's hands (for so they called him), "I want you to give particular attention to my friend there; let him have the best dinner you can get. And you must be as polite to him as possible."

"Introduce me, will you?" said the grub-man, looking at me with an expression which seemed to say he was all impatience for an opportunity to give a specimen of his breeding.

Thinking it would prove of benefit to the scrivener, I acquiesced; and, asking the grub-man his name went up with him to Bartleby.

"Bartleby, this is a friend; you will find him very useful to you."

"Your servant, sir, your servant," said the grub-man, making a low salutation behind his apron. "Hope you find it pleasant here, sir; nice grounds—cool apartments—hope you'll stay with us some time—try to make it agreeable. What will you have for dinner to-day?"

"I prefer not to dine to-day," said Bartleby, turning away. "It would disagree with me; I am unused to dinners." So saying, he slowly moved to the other side of the inclosure, and took up a position fronting the dead-wall.

"How's this?" said the grub-man, addressing me with a stare of astonishment. "He's odd, ain't he?"

"I think he is a little deranged," said I, sadly.

"Deranged? deranged is it? Well, now, upon my word, I thought that friend of yours* was a gentleman forger;* they are always pale and genteel-like, them forgers. I can't help pity 'em—can't help it, sir. Did you know Monroe Edwards?" he added touchingly, and paused. Then, laying his hand piteously on my shoulder, sighed, "He died of consumption at Sing-Sing.* So you weren't acquainted with Monroe?"

"No, I was never socially acquainted with any forgers. But I cannot stop longer. Look to my friend yonder.* You will not lose by it. I will see you again."

Some few days after this, I again obtained admission to the Tombs, and went through the corridors in quest of Bartleby; but without finding him.

"I saw him coming from his cell not long ago," said a turnkey, "may be he's gone to loiter in the yards."

So I went in that direction.

"Are you looking for the silent man?" said another turnkey, passing me. "Yonder he lies—sleeping in the yard there. 'Tis not twenty minutes since I saw him lie down."

The yard was entirely quiet. It was not accessible to the common prisoners. The surrounding walls, of amazing thickness, kept off all sounds behind them. The Egyptian character of the masonry* weighed upon me with its gloom. But a soft imprisoned turf grew under foot. The heart of the eternal pyramids, it seemed, wherein, by some strange magic, through the clefts, grass-seed, dropped by birds, had sprung.

Strangely huddled at the base of the wall, his knees drawn up, and lying on his side, his head touching the cold stones, I saw the wasted Bartleby. But nothing stirred. I paused; then went close up to him; stooped over, and saw that his dim eyes were open; otherwise he seemed profoundly sleeping. Something prompted me to touch him. I felt his hand, when a tingling shiver ran up my arm and down my spine to my feet.

The round face of the grub-man peered upon me now. "His dinner is ready. Won't he dine to-day, either? Or does he live without dining?"

"Lives without dining," said I, and closed the eyes.

"Eh!—He's asleep, ain't he?"

"With kings and counsellors,"* murmured I.

*

There would seem little need for proceeding further in this history. Imagination will readily supply the meagre recital of poor Bartleby's interment. But, ere parting with the reader, let me say, that if this little narrative has sufficiently interested him, to awaken curiosity as to who Bartleby was, and what manner of life he led prior to the present narrator's making his acquaintance, I can only reply, that in such curiosity I fully share, but am wholly unable to gratify it. Yet here I hardly know whether I should divulge one little item of rumor, which came to my ear a few months after the scrivener's decease. Upon what basis it rested, I could never ascertain; and hence, how true it is I cannot now tell. But, inasmuch as this vague report has not been without a certain suggestive interest to me, however sad, it may prove the same with some others; and so I will briefly mention it. The report was this: that Bartleby had been a subordinate clerk in the Dead Letter Office* at Washington, from

which he had been suddenly removed by a change in the administration. When I think over this rumor, hardly can I express the emotions which seize me. Dead letters! does it not sound like dead men? Conceive a man by nature and misfortune prone to a pallid hopelessness, can any business seem more fitted to heighten it than that of continually handling these dead letters, and assorting them for the flames? For by the cart-load they are annually burned. Sometimes from out the folded paper the pale clerk takes a ring—the finger it was meant for, perhaps, moulders in the grave; a banknote sent in swiftest charity—he whom it would relieve, nor eats nor hungers any more; pardon for those who died despairing; hope for those who died unhoping; good tidings for those who died stifled by unrelieved calamities. On errands of life, these letters speed to death.

Ah, Bartleby! Ah, humanity!

The Lightning-Rod Man

W

hat grand irregular thunder, thought I, standing on my hearth-stone among the Acroceraunian hills,* as the scattered bolts boomed overhead, and crashed down among the valleys, every bolt followed by zigzag irradiations, and swift slants of sharp rain, which audibly rang, like a charge of spear-points, on my low shingled roof. I suppose, though, that the mountains hereabouts break and churn up the thunder, so that it is far more glorious here than on the plain. Hark!—some one at the door. Who is this that chooses a time of thunder for making calls? And why don't* he, man-fashion,* use the knocker, instead of making that doleful undertaker's clatter with his fist against the hollow panel? But let him in. Ah, here he comes. "Good day, sir:" an entire stranger. "Pray be seated." What is that strange-looking walking-stick he carries: "A fine thunder-storm, sir."

"Fine?—Awful!"

"You are wet. Stand here on the hearth before the fire."

"Not for worlds!"

The stranger still stood in the exact middle of the cottage, where he had first planted himself. His singularity impelled a closer scrutiny. A lean, gloomy figure. Hair dark and lank, mattedly streaked over his brow. His sunken pitfalls of eyes were ringed by indigo halos, and played with an innocuous sort of lightning: the

gleam without the bolt. The whole man was dripping. He stood in a puddle on the bare oak floor: his strange walking-stick vertically resting at his side.

It was a polished copper rod, four feet long, lengthwise attached to a neat wooden staff, by insertion into two balls of greenish glass, ringed with copper bands. The metal rod terminated at the top tripodwise, in three keen tines, brightly gilt. He held the thing by the wooden part alone.

"Sir," said I, bowing politely, "have I the honor of a visit from that illustrious god, Jupiter Tonans?*" So stood he in the Greek statue of old, grasping the lightning-bolt. If you be he, or his viceroy, I have to thank you for this noble storm you have brewed among our mountains. Listen: That was a glorious peal. Ah, to a lover of the majestic, it is a good thing to have the Thunderer himself in one's cottage. The thunder grows finer for that. But pray be seated. This old rush-bottomed arm-chair,* I grant, is a poor substitute for your evergreen throne on Olympus;* but, condescend to be seated."

While I thus pleasantly spoke, the stranger eyed me, half in wonder, and half in a strange sort of horror; but did not move a foot.

"Do, sir, be seated; you need to be dried ere going forth again."

I planted the chair invitingly on the broad hearth, where a little fire had been kindled that afternoon to dissipate the dampness, not the cold; for it was early in the month of September.

But without heeding my solicitation, and still standing in the middle of the floor, the stranger gazed at me portentously and spoke.

"Sir," said he, "excuse me; but instead of my accepting your invitation to be seated on the hearth there, I solemnly warn *you*, that you had best accept *mine*, and stand with me in the middle of the room. Good heavens!" he cried, starting—"there is another of those awful crashes. I warn you, sir, quit the hearth."

"Mr. Jupiter Tonans," said I, quietly rolling my body on the stone, "I stand very well here."

"Are you so horridly ignorant, then," he cried, "as not to know, that by far the most dangerous part of a house, during such a terrific tempest as this, is the fire-place?"

"Nay, I did not know that," involuntarily stepping upon the first board next to the stone.

The stranger now assumed such an unpleasant air of successful admonition, that—quite involuntarily again—I stepped back upon the hearth, and threw myself into the erectest, proudest posture I could command. But I said nothing.

"For Heaven's sake," he cried, with a strange mixture of alarm and intimidation—"for Heaven's sake, get off the hearth! Know you

not,* that the heated air and soot are conductors;—to say nothing of those immense iron fire-dogs? Quit the spot—I conjure—I command you.”

“Mr. Jupiter Tonans, I am not accustomed to be commanded in my own house.”

“Call me not by that pagan name. You are profane in this time of terror.”

“Sir, will you be so good as to tell me your business? If you seek shelter from the storm, you are welcome, so long as you be civil; but if you come on business, open it forthwith. Who are you?”

“I am a dealer in lightning-rods,” said the stranger, softening his tone; “my special business is—Merciful heaven! what a crash!—Have you ever been struck—your premises, I mean? No? It’s best to be provided;”—significantly rattling his metallic staff on the floor;—“by nature, there are no castles in thunder-storms; yet, say but the word, and of this cottage I can make a Gibraltar* by a few waves of this wand. Hark, what Himalayas of concussions!”*

“You interrupted yourself; your special business you were about to speak of.”

“My special business is to travel the country for orders for lightning-rods. This is my specimen-rod;” tapping his staff; “I have the best of references”—fumbling in his pockets. “In Criggan last month, I put up three-and-twenty rods on only five buildings.”

“Let me see. Was it not at Criggan last week, about midnight on Saturday, that the steeple, the big elm, and the assembly-room cupola were struck? Any of your rods there?”

“Not on the tree and cupola, but the steeple.”

“Of what use is your rod, then?”

“Of life-and-death use. But my workman was heedless. In fitting the rod at top to the steeple, he allowed a part of the metal to graze the tin sheeting. Hence the accident. Not my fault, but his. Hark!”

“Never mind. That clap burst quite loud enough to be heard without finger-pointing. Did you hear of the event at Montreal* last year? A servant girl struck at her bedside with a rosary in her hand; the beads being metal. Does your beat extend into the Canadas?”

“No. And I hear that there, iron rods only are in use. They should have *mine*, which are copper. Iron is easily fused. Then they draw out the rod so slender, that it has not body enough to conduct the full electric current. The metal melts; the building is destroyed. My copper rods never act so. Those Canadians are fools. Some of them knob* the rod at the top, which risks a deadly explosion, instead of imperceptibly carrying down the current into the earth, as this sort of rod does. *Mine* is the only true rod. Look at it. Only one dollar a foot.”

"This abuse of your own calling in another might make one distrustful with respect to yourself."*

"Hark! The thunder becomes less muttering. It is nearing us, and nearing the earth, too. Hark! One crammed crash! All the vibrations made one by nearness. Another flash. Hold!"

"What do you?"* I said, seeing him now, instantaneously relinquishing his staff, lean intently forward towards the window, with his right fore and middle fingers on his left wrist.

But ere the words had well escaped me, another exclamation escaped him.

"Crash! only three pulses—less than a third of a mile off—yonder, somewhere in that wood. I passed three stricken oaks there, ripped out new and glittering. The oak draws lightning more than other timber, having iron in solution in its sap. Your floor here seems oak."

"Heart-of-oak. From the peculiar time of your call upon me, I suppose you purposely select stormy weather for your journeys. When the thunder is roaring, you deem it an hour peculiarly favorable for producing impressions favorable to your trade."

"Hark!—Awful!"

"For one who would arm others with fearlessness, you seem unbecomingly timorous yourself. Common men choose fair weather for their travels: you choose thunderstorms; and yet—"

"That I travel in thunderstorms, I grant; but not without particular precautions, such as only a lightning-rod man may know. Hark! Quick—look at my specimen rod. Only one dollar a foot."

"A very fine rod, I dare say. But what are these particular precautions of yours? Yet first let me close yonder shutters; the slanting rain is beating through the sash. I will bar up."

"Are you mad? Know you not that yon iron bar is a swift conductor? Desist."

"I will simply close the shutters, then, and call my boy to bring me a wooden bar. Pray, touch the bell-pull there."

"Are you frantic? That bell-wire might blast you. Never touch bell-wire in a thunderstorm, nor ring a bell of any sort."

"Nor those in belfries? Pray, will you tell me where and how one may be safe in a time like this? Is there any part of my house I may touch with hopes of my life?"

"There is; but not where you now stand. Come away from the wall. The current will sometimes run down a wall, and—a man being a better conductor than a wall—it would leave the wall and run into him. Swoop! *That* must have fallen very nigh. *That* must have been globular lightning."

"Very probably. Tell me at once, which is, in your opinion, the safest part of this house?"

"This room, and this one spot in it where I stand. Come hither."

"The reasons first."

"Hark!—after the flash the gust—the sashes shiver—the house, the house!—Come hither to me!"

"The reasons, if you please."

"Come hither to me!"

"Thank you again, I think I will try my old stand—the hearth. And now, Mr. Lightning-rod man, in the pauses of the thunder, be so good as to tell me your reasons for esteeming this one room of the house the safest, and your own one stand-point there the safest spot in it."

There was now a little cessation of the storm for a while. The Lightning-rod man seemed relieved and replied:—

"Your house is a one-storied house, with an attic and a cellar; this room is between. Hence its comparative safety. Because lightning sometimes passes from the clouds to the earth, and sometimes from the earth to the clouds. Do you comprehend?—and I choose the middle of the room, because, if the lightning should strike the house at all, it would come down the chimney or walls; so, obviously, the further you are from them, the better. Come hither to me, now."

"Presently. Something you just said, instead of alarming me, has strangely inspired confidence."

"What have I said?"

"You said that sometimes lightning flashes from the earth to the clouds."

"Aye, the returning-stroke, as it is called; when the earth, being overcharged with the fluid, flashes its surplus upward."

"The returning-stroke; that is, from earth to sky. Better and better. But come here on the hearth and dry yourself."

"I am better here, and better wet."

"How?"

"It is the safest thing you can do—Hark, again!—to get yourself thoroughly drenched in a thunder-storm. Wet clothes are better conductors than the body; and so, if the lightning strike, it might pass down the wet clothes without touching the body. The storm deepens again. Have you a rug in the house? Rugs are non-conductors. Get one, that I may stand on it here, and you, too. The skies blacken—it is dusk at noon. Hark!—the rug, the rug!"

I gave him one; while the hooded mountains seemed closing and tumbling into the cottage.

"And now, since our being dumb will not help us," said I, resuming my place, "let me hear your precautions in traveling during thunder-storms."

"Wait till this one is passed."

"Nay, proceed with the precautions. You stand in the safest possible place according to your own account. Go on."

"Briefly, then. I avoid pine-trees, high houses, lonely barns, upland pastures, running water, flocks of cattle and sheep, a crowd of men. If I travel on foot—as to-day—I do not walk fast; if in my buggy, I touch not its back or sides; if on horseback, I dismount and lead the horse. But of all things, I avoid tall men."

"Do I dream? Man avoid man? and in danger-time, too."

"Tall men in a thunder-storm I avoid. Are you so grossly ignorant as not to know, that the height of a six-footer* is sufficient to discharge an electric cloud upon him? Are not lonely Kentuckians,* ploughing, smit* in the unfinished furrow? Nay, if the six-footer stand by running water, the cloud will sometimes *select* him as its conductor to that running water. Hark! Sure, yon black pinnacle is split. Yes, a man is a good conductor. The lightning goes through and through a man, but only peels a tree. But sir, you have kept me so long answering your questions, that I have not yet come to business. Will you order one of my rods? Look at this specimen one? See: it is of the best of copper. Copper's the best conductor. Your house is low; but being upon the mountains, that lowness does not one whit depress it. You mountaineers are most exposed. In mountainous countries the lightning-rod man should have most business. Look at the specimen, sir. One rod will answer for a house so small as this. Look over these recommendations. Only one rod, sir; cost, only twenty dollars. Hark! There go all the granite Taconics and Hoosics dashed together like pebbles.* By the sound, that must have struck something. An elevation of five feet above the house, will protect twenty feet radius all about the rod. Only twenty dollars, sir—a dollar a foot. Hark!—Dreadful!—Will you order? Will you buy? Shall I put down your name? Think of being a heap of charred offal, like a haltered horse burnt in his stall; and all in one flash!"

"You pretended envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to and from Jupiter Tonans," laughed I; "you mere man who come here to put you and your pipestem between clay and sky, do you think that because you can strike a bit of green light from the Leyden jar,* that you can thoroughly avert the supernal bolt? Your rod rusts, or breaks, and where are you? Who has empowered you, you Tetzels,* to peddle round your indulgences from divine ordinations? The hairs of our heads are numbered, and the days of

our lives. In thunder as in sunshine, I stand at ease in the hands of my God. False negotiator, away! see, the scroll of the storm is rolled back; the house is unharmed; and in the blue heavens I read in the rainbow, that the Deity will not, of purpose, make war on man's earth."

"Impious wretch!" foamed the stranger, blackening in the face as the rainbow beamed, "I will publish your infidel notions."

The scowl grew blacker on his face; the indigo-circles enlarged round his eyes as the storm-rings round the midnight moon. He sprang upon me; his tri-forked thing at my heart.

I seized it; I snapped it; I dashed it; I trod it; and dragging the dark lightning-king out of my door, flung his elbowed,* copper sceptre after him.

But spite* of my treatment, and spite of my dissuasive talk of him to my neighbors, the Lightning-rod man still dwells in the land; still travels in storm-time, and drives a brave trade with the fears of man.

The Piazza

"With fairest flowers,
Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele—"*

W

hen I removed into the country, it was to occupy an old-fashioned farm-house, which had no piazza—a deficiency the more regretted, because not only did I like piazzas, as somehow combining the coziness of in-doors with the freedom of out-doors, and it is so pleasant to inspect your thermometer there, but the country round about was such a picture, that in berry time* no boy climbs hill or crosses vale without coming upon easels planted in every nook, and sunburnt painters painting there. A very paradise of painters. The circle of the stars cut by the circle of the mountains. At least, so looks it from the house; though, once upon the mountains, no circle of them can you see. Had the site been chosen five rods off, this charmed ring would not have been.

The house is old. Seventy years since, from the heart of the Hearth Stone Hills,* they quarried the Kaaba,* or Holy Stone, to which, each Thanksgiving, the social pilgrims used to come. So long ago, that, in digging for the foundation, the workmen used both spade and axe, fighting the Troglydtes of those subterranean parts—sturdy roots of a sturdy wood, encamped upon what is now a long land-slide of sleeping meadow, sloping away off from my poppy-bed. Of that knit

wood, but one survivor stands—an elm, lonely through steadfastness.

Whoever built the house, he builded better than he knew; or else Orion in the zenith flashed down his Damocles' sword to him some starry night, and said, "Build there."* For how, otherwise, could it have entered the builder's mind, that, upon the clearing being made, such a purple prospect would be his?—nothing less than Greylock,* with all his hills about him, like Charlemagne* among his peers.

Now, for a house, so situated in such a country, to have no piazza for the convenience of those who might desire to feast upon the view, and take their time and ease about it, seemed as much of an omission as if a picture-gallery should have no bench; for what but picture-galleries are the marble halls of these same limestone hills?—galleries hung, month after month anew, with pictures ever fading into pictures ever fresh. And beauty is like piety—you cannot run and read it; tranquillity and constancy, with, now-a-days, an easy chair, are needed. For though, of old, when reverence was in vogue, and indolence was not, the devotees of Nature, doubtless, used to stand and adore—just as, in the cathedrals of those ages, the worshippers of a higher Power did—yet, in these times of failing faith and feeble knees, we have the piazza and the pew.

During the first year of my residence, the more leisurely to witness the coronation of Charlemagne (weather permitting, they crown him every sunrise and sunset),* I chose me,* on the hill-side bank near by, a royal lounge of turf—a green velvet lounge, with long, moss-padded back; while at the head, strangely enough, there grew (but, I suppose, for heraldry)* three tufts of blue violets in a field-argent* of wild strawberries; and a trellis, with honeysuckle, I set for canopy. Very majestic lounge, indeed. So much so, that here, as with the reclining majesty of Denmark in his orchard, a sly ear-ache invaded me.* But, if damps abound at times in Westminster Abbey, because it is so old, why not within this monastery of mountains, which is older?

A piazza must be had.

The house was wide—my fortune narrow;* so that, to build a panoramic piazza, one round and round, it could not be—although, indeed, considering the matter by rule and square,* the carpenters, in the kindest way, were anxious to gratify my furthest wishes, at I've forgotten how much a foot.*

Upon but one of the four sides would prudence grant me what I wanted. Now, which side?

To the east, that long camp of the Hearth Stone Hills, fading far away towards Quito;* and every fall, a small white flake of something peering suddenly, of a coolish morning,* from the

topmost cliff—the season's new-dropped lamb, its earliest fleece, and then the Christmas dawn, draping those dun highlands with red-barred plaids and tartans—goodly sight from your piazza, that. Goodly sight; but, to the north is Charlemagne—can't have the Hearth Stone Hills with Charlemagne.

Well, the south side. Apple-trees are there. Pleasant, of a balmy morning, in the month of May, to sit and see that orchard, white-budded, as for a bridal; and, in October, one green arsenal yard; such piles of ruddy shot. Very fine, I grant; but, to the north is Charlemagne.

The west side, look. An upland pasture, alleying away* into a maple wood at top. Sweet, in opening spring, to trace upon the hill-side, otherwise gray and bare—to trace, I say, the oldest paths by their streaks of earliest green. Sweet, indeed, I can't deny; but, to the north is Charlemagne.

So Charlemagne, he carried it.* It was not long after 1848;* and, somehow, about that time, all round the world, these kings, they had the casting vote, and voted for themselves.

No sooner was ground broken,* than all the neighborhood, neighbor Dives, in particular, broke, too—into a laugh. Piazza to the north! Winter piazza! Wants, of winter midnights, to watch the Aurora Borealis, I suppose; hope he's laid in good store of Polar muffs and mittens.

That was in the lion month of March.* Not forgotten are the blue noses of the carpenters, and how they scouted at the greenness of the cit,* who would build his sole piazza to the north. But March don't last forever; patience, and August comes. And then, in the cool elysium of my northern bower, I, Lazarus in Abraham's bosom,* cast down the hill a pitying glance on poor old Dives, tormented in the purgatory of his piazza to the south.

But, even in December, this northern piazza does not repel—nipping cold and gusty though it be,* and the north wind, like any miller, bolting by the snow, in finest flour—for then, once more, with frosted beard, I pace the sleety deck, weathering Cape Horn.*

In summer, too, Canute-like,* sitting here, one is often reminded of the sea. For not only do long ground-swells roll the slanting grain, and little wavelets of the grass ripple over upon the low piazza, as their beach, and the blown down of dandelions is wafted like the spray, and the purple of the mountains is just the purple of the billows, and a still August noon broods upon the deep meadows, as a calm upon the Line; but the vastness and the lonesomeness are so oceanic, and the silence and the sameness, too, that the first peep of a strange house, rising beyond the trees, is for all the world like* spying, on the Barbary coast,* an unknown sail.

And this recalls my inland voyage to fairyland. A true voyage; but, take it all in all, interesting as if invented.

From the piazza, some uncertain object I had caught, mysteriously snugged away, to all appearance, in a sort of purpled breast-pocket, high up in a hopper-like* hollow, or sunken angle, among the northwestern mountains—yet, whether, really, it was on a mountain-side, or a mountain-top, could not be determined; because, though, viewed from favorable points, a blue summit, peering up away behind the rest, will, as it were, talk to you over their heads, and plainly tell you, that, though he (the blue summit) seems among them, he is not of them (God forbid!), and, indeed, would have you know that he considers himself—as, to say truth, he has good right—by several cubits their superior, nevertheless, certain ranges, here and there double-filed,* as in platoons, so shoulder and follow up upon one another,* with their irregular shapes and heights, that, from the piazza, a nigher and lower mountain will, in most states of the atmosphere, effacingly shade itself away into a higher and further one;* that an object, bleak on the former's crest, will, for all that, appear nested in the latter's flank. These mountains, somehow, they play at hide-and-seek, and all before one's eyes.

But, be that as it may, the spot in question was, at all events, so situated as to be only visible, and then but vaguely, under certain witching conditions of light and shadow.

Indeed, for a year or more, I knew not* there was such a spot, and might, perhaps, have never known, had it not been for a wizard afternoon in autumn—late in autumn—a mad poet's afternoon; when the turned maple woods* in the broad basin below me, having lost their first vermilion tint, dully smoked, like smouldering towns, when flames expire upon their prey; and rumor had it,* that this smokiness in the general air was not all Indian summer—which was not used to be so sick a thing, however mild—but, in great part, was blown from far-off forests, for weeks on fire, in Vermont;* so that no wonder the sky was ominous as Hecate's cauldron*—and two sportsmen, crossing a red stubble buckwheat field, seemed guilty Macbeth and foreboding Banquo;* and the hermit-sun, huddled in an Adullam cave,* well towards the south, according to his* season, did little else but, by indirect reflection of narrow rays shot down a Simplon pass among the clouds,* just steadily paint one small, round, strawberry mole* upon the wan cheek of north-western hills. Signal as a candle. One spot of radiance, where all else was shade.

Fairies there, thought I; some haunted ring* where fairies dance.

Time passed; and the following May, after a gentle shower upon the mountains—a little shower islanded in misty seas of sunshine; such as distant shower—and sometimes two, and three, and four of

them, all visible together in different parts—as I love to watch from the piazza, instead of thunderstorms, as I used to, which wrap old Greylock, like a Sinai,* till one thinks swart Moses must be climbing among scathed hemlocks there; after, I say, that gentle shower, I saw a rainbow, resting its further end just where, in autumn, I had marked the mole. Fairies there, thought I; remembering that rainbows bring out the blooms, and that, if one can but get to the rainbow's end his fortune is made in a bag of gold. Yon rainbow's end, would I were there,* thought I. And none the less I wished it, for now first noticing what seemed some sort of glen, or grotto, in the mountain side; at least, whatever it was, viewed through the rainbow's medium, it glowed like the Potosi mine.* But a work-a-day* neighbor said, no doubt it was but some old barn—an abandoned one, its broadside beaten in, the acclivity its background. But I, though I had never been there, I knew better.*

A few days after, a cherry sunrise kindled a golden sparkle in the same spot as before. The sparkle was of that vividness, it seemed as if it could only come from glass. The building, then—if building, after all, it was—could, at least, not be a barn, much less an abandoned one; stale hay ten years musting in it. No; if aught built by mortal, it must be a cottage; perhaps long vacant and dismantled, but this very spring magically fitted up and glazed.

Again, one noon, in the same direction, I marked, over dimmed tops of terraced foliage, a broader gleam, as of a silver buckler, held sunwards over some croucher's head; which gleam, experience in like cases taught, must come from a roof newly shingled. This, to me, made pretty sure the recent occupancy of that far cot in fairy land.

Day after day, now, full of interest in my discovery, what time I could spare from reading the *Midsummer Night's Dream*,* and all about Titania,* wishfully I gazed off towards the hills: but in vain. Either troops of shadows, an imperial guard, with slow pace and solemn,* defiled along the steep; or, routed by pursuing light, fled broadcast from east to west—old wars of Lucifer and Michael;* or the mountains, though unvexed by these mirrored sham fights in the sky, had an atmosphere otherwise unfavorable for fairy views, I was sorry; the more so, because I had to keep my chamber for some time after—which chamber did not face those hills.

At length, when pretty well again, and sitting out, in the September morning, upon the piazza, and thinking to myself, when, just after a little flock of sheep, the farmer's banded children passed, n-nutting,* and said, "How sweet a day"—it was, after all, but what heir fathers call a weather-breeder*—and, indeed, was become* so sensitive through my illness, as that* I could not bear to look upon a

Chinese creeper of my adoption,* and which, to my delight, climbing a post of the piazza, had burst out in starry bloom, but now, if you removed the leaves a little, showed millions of strange, cankerous worms, which, feeding upon those blossoms, so shared their blessed hue, as to make it unblessed evermore—worms, whose germs had doubtless lurked in the very bulb which, so hopefully, I had planted: in this ingrate peevishness of my weary convalescence, was I sitting there; when, suddenly looking off, I saw the golden mountain-window, dazzling like a deep-sea dolphin. Fairies there, thought I, once more; the queen of fairies at her fairy-window; at any rate, some glad mountain-girl; it will do me good, it will cure this weariness, to look on her. No more; I'll launch my yawl—ho, cheerly, heart! and push away for fairy-land—for rainbow's end, in fairy-land.*

How to get to fairy-land, by what road, I did not know; nor could any one inform me; not even one Edmund Spenser,* who had been there—so he wrote me—further than that to reach fairy-land, it must be voyaged to, and with faith. I took the fairy-mountain's bearings, and the first fine day, when strength permitted, got into my yawl—high-pommeled, leather one*—cast off the fast, and away I sailed, free voyager as an autumn leaf. Early dawn; and, sallying westward, I sowed the morning before me.

Some miles brought me nigh the hills; but out of present sight of them. I was not lost; for road-side golden-rods,* as guide-posts, pointed, I doubted not, the way to the golden window. Following then, I came to a lone and languid region, where the grass-grown ways were traveled but by drowsy cattle, that, less waked than stirred by day, seemed to walk in sleep. Browse, they did not—the enchanted never eat. At least, so says Don Quixote, that sagest sage that ever lived.

On I went, and gained at last the fairy mountain's base, but saw yet no fairy ring. A pasture rose before me. Letting down five mouldering bars—so moistly green, they seemed fished up from some sunken wreck—a wiggled old Aries,* long-visaged, and with crumpled horn, came snuffing up; and then, retreating, decorously led on along a milky-way* of white-weed, past dim-clustering Pleiades and Hyades, of small forget-me-nots; and would have led me further still his astral path, but for golden flights of yellow-birds*—pilots, surely, to the golden window, to one side flying before me, from bush to bush, towards deep woods—which woods themselves were luring—and, somehow, lured, too, by their fence, banning a dark road, which, however dark, led up. I pushed through; when Aries, renouncing me now for some lost soul, wheeled, and went his wiser way. Forbidding and forbidden ground—to him.

A winter wood road, matted all along with winter-green. By the side of pebbly waters—waters the cheerier for their solitude; beneath swaying fir-boughs, petted by no season, but still green in all, on—I journeyed—my horse and I; on, by an old saw-mill, bound down and hushed with vines, that his* grating voice no more was heard; on, by a deep flume clove through snowy marble,* vernal-tinted, where freshet eddies had, on each side, spun out empty chapels in the living rock; on, where Jacks-in-the-pulpit,* like their Baptist namesake, preached but to the wilderness; on, where a huge, cross-grained block, fern-bedded,* showed where, in forgotten times, man after man had tried to split it, but lost his wedges for his pains—which wedges yet rusted in their holes; on, where, ages past, in step-like ledges of a cascade, skull-hollow pots had been churned out by ceaseless whirling of a flint-stone—ever wearing, but itself unworn; on, by wild rapids pouring into a secret pool, but soothed by circling there awhile, issued forth serenely; on, to less broken ground, and by a little ring, where, truly, fairies must have danced, or else some wheel-tire* been heated—for all was bare; still on, and up, and out into a hanging orchard, where maidenly looked down upon me a crescent moon, from morning.

My horse hitched low his head. Red apples rolled before him; Eve's apples; seek-no-further.* He tasted one, I another; it tasted of the ground. Fairy-land not yet, thought I, flinging my bridle to a humped old tree, that crooked out an arm to catch it. For the way now lay where path was none, and none might go but by himself, and only go by daring. Through blackberry brakes that tried to pluck me back, though I but strained towards fruitless growths of mountain-laurel; up slippery steeps to barren heights, where stood none to welcome. Fairy-land not yet, thought I, though the morning is here before me.

Foot-sore enough and weary, I gained not then my journey's end, but came ere long to a craggy pass, dipping towards growing regions still beyond. A zigzag road, half overgrown with blueberry bushes, here turned among the cliffs. A rent was in their ragged sides; through it a little track branched off, which, upwards threading that short defile, came breezily out above, to where the mountain-top, part sheltered northward, by a taller brother, sloped gently off a space, ere darkly plunging; and here, among fantastic rocks, reposing in a herd, the foot-track wound, half beaten, up to a little, low-storied, grayish cottage, capped, nun-like, with a peaked roof.

On one slope, the roof was deeply weather-stained, and, nigh the turfy eaves-trough, all velvet-napped;* no doubt the snail-monks founded mossy priories there. The other slope was newly shingled. On the north side, doorless and windowless, the clapboards,

innocent of paint, were yet green as the north side of lichened pines, or copperless hulls of Japanese junks, becalmed. The whole base, like those of the neighbouring rocks, was rimmed about with shaded streaks of richest sod; for, with hearth-stones in fairy-land, the natural rock, though housed, preserves to the last, just as in open fields, its fertilising charm; only, by necessity, working now at a remove, to the sward without. So, at least, says Oberon,* grave authority in fairy lore. Though setting Oberon aside, certain it is, that, even in the common world, the soil, close up to farm-houses, as close up to pasture rocks, is, even though untended, ever richer than it is a few rods off—such gentle, nurturing heat is radiated there.

But with this cottage, the shaded streaks were richest in its front and about its entrance, where the ground-sill, and especially the door-sill had, through long eld, quietly settled down.

No fence was seen, no inclosure. Near by—ferns, ferns, ferns; further—woods, woods, woods; beyond—mountains, mountains, mountains; then—sky, sky, sky. Turned out in aerial commons,* pasture for the mountain moon. Nature, and but nature, house and all; even a low cross-pile of silver birch, piled openly, to season; up among whose silvery sticks, as through the fencing of some sequestered grave, sprang vagrant raspberry bushes—willful assertors of their right of way.

The foot-track, so dainty narrow, just like a sheep-track, led through long ferns that lodged. Fairy-land, at last, thought I; Una and her lamb* dwell here. Truly, a small abode—mere palanquin, set down on the summit, in a pass between two worlds, participant of neither.

A sultry hour, and I wore a light hat, of yellow sinnet, with white duck trousers—both relics of my tropic seagoing. Clogged in the muffling ferns, I softly stumbled, staining the knees a sea-green.

Pausing at the threshold, or rather where threshold once had been, I saw, through the open door-way, a lonely girl, sewing at a lonely window. A pale-cheeked girl, and flyspecked window, with wasps about the mended upper panes. I spoke. She shyly started, like some Tahiti girl, secreted for a sacrifice, first catching sight, through palms, of Captain Cook.* Recovering, she bade me enter; with her apron brushed off a stool; then silently resumed her own. With thanks I took the stool; but now, for a space, I, too, was mute. This, then, is the fairy-mountain house, and here, the fairy queen sitting at her fairy window.

I went up to it. Downwards, directed by the tunneled pass, as through a leveled telescope, I caught sight of a far-off, soft, azure world. I hardly knew it, though I came from it.

"You must find this view very pleasant," said I, at last.

"Oh, sir," tears starting in her eyes, "the first time I looked out of this window, I said 'never, never shall I weary of this.'"

"And what wearies you of it now?"

"I don't know," while a tear fell; "but it is not the view, it is Marianna."

Some months back, her brother, only seventeen, had come hither, a long way from the other side, to cut wood and burn coal, and she, elder sister, had accompanied him. Long had they been orphans, and now, sole inhabitants of the sole house upon the mountain. No guest came, no traveler passed. The zigzag, perilous road was only used at seasons by the coal wagons. The brother was absent the entire day, sometimes the entire night. When at evening, fagged out, he did come home, he soon left his bench, poor fellow, for his bed; just as one, at last, wearily quits that, too, for still deeper rest. The bench, the bed, the grave.

Silent I stood by the fairy window, while these things were being told.

"Do you know," said she at last, as stealing from her story, "do you know who lives yonder?—I have never been down into that country—away off there, I mean; that house, that marble one," pointing far across the lower landscape; "have you not caught it? there, on the long hill-side: the field before, the woods behind; the white shines out against their blue; don't you mark it? the only house in sight."

I looked; and after a time, to my surprise, recognized, more by its position than its aspect, or Marianna's description, my own abode, glimmering much like this mountain one from the piazza. The mirage haze made it appear less a farm-house than King Charming's* palace.

"I have often wondered who lives there; but it must be some happy one; again this morning was I thinking so."

"Some happy one," returned I, starting; "and why do you think that? You judge some rich one lives there?"

"Rich or not, I never thought; but it looks so happy, I can't tell how; and it is so far away. Sometimes I think I do but dream it is there. You should see it in a sunset."

"No doubt the sunset gilds it finely; but not more than the sunrise does this house, perhaps."

"This house? The sun is a good sun, but it never gilds this house. Why should it? This old house is rotting. That makes it so mossy. In the morning, the sun comes in at this old window, to be sure—boarded up, when first we came; a window I can't keep clean, do what I may—and half burns, and nearly blinds me at my sewing, besides setting the flies and wasps astir—such flies and wasps as only

lone mountain houses know. See, here is the curtain—this apron—I try to shut it out with them. It fades it, you see. Sun gild this house? not that ever Marianna saw."

"Because when this roof is gilded most, then you stay here within."

"The hottest, weariest hour of day, you mean? Sir, the sun gilds not this roof. It leaked so, brother newly shingled all one side. Did you not see it? The north side, where the sun strikes most on what the rain has wetted. The sun is a good sun; but this roof, it first scorches, and then rots. An old house. They went West, and are long dead, they say, who built it. A mountain house. In winter no fox could den in it. That chimney-place has been blocked up with snow, just like a hollow stump."

"Yours are strange fancies, Marianna."

"They but reflect the things."

"Then I should have said, 'These are strange things,' rather than, 'Yours are strange fancies.'"

"As you will;" and took up her sewing.

Something in those quiet words, or in that quiet act, it made me mute again; while, nothing, through the fairy window, a broad shadow stealing on, as cast by some gigantic condor, floating at brooding poise on outstretched wings, I marked how, by its deeper and inclusive dusk, it wiped away into itself all lesser shades of rock or fern.

"You watch the cloud," said Marianna.

"No, a shadow; a cloud's, no doubt—though that I cannot see. How did you know it? Your eyes are on your work."

"It dusked my work. There, now the cloud is gone, Tray comes back."

"How?"

"The dog, the shaggy dog. At noon, he steals off, of himself, to change his shape—returns, and lies down awhile, nigh the door. Don't you see him? His head is turned round at you; though, when you came, he looked before him."

"Your eyes rest but on your work; what do you speak of?"

"By the window, crossing."

"You mean this shaggy shadow—the nigh one? And, yes, now that I mark it, it is not unlike a large, black Newfoundland dog. The invading shadow gone, the invaded one returns. But I do not see what casts it."

"For that, you must go without."

"One of those grassy rocks, no doubt."

"You see his head, his face?"

"The shadow's? You speak as if you saw it, and all the time your eyes are on your work."

"Tray looks at you," still without glancing up; "this is his hour; I see him."

"Have you, then, so long sat at this mountain-window, where but clouds and vapors pass, that, to you, shadows are as things, though you speak of them as of phantoms; that, by familiar knowledge, working like a second sight, you can, without looking for them, tell just where they are, though, as having mice-like feet, they creep about, and come and go; that, to you, these lifeless shadows are as living friends, who, though out of sight, are not out of mind, even in their faces—is it so?"

"That way I never thought of it. But the friendliest one, that used to soothe my weariness so much, coolly quivering on the ferns, it was taken from me, never to return, as Tray did just now. The shadow of a birch. The tree was struck by lightning, and brother cut it up. You saw the cross-pile out-doors—the buried root lies under it; but not the shadow. That is flown, and never will come back, nor ever anywhere stir again."

Another cloud here stole along, once more blotting out the dog, and blackening all the mountain; while the stillness was so still, deafness might have forgot itself, or else believed that noiseless shadow spoke.

"Birds, Marianna, singing-birds, I hear none; I hear nothing. Boys and bob-o-links, do they never come a-berrying* up here?"

"Birds, I seldom hear; boys, never. The berries mostly ripe and fall—few, but me, the wiser."

"But yellow-birds showed me the way—part way, at least."

"And then flew back. I guess they play about the mountain-side, but don't make the top their home. And no doubt you think that, living so lonesome here, knowing nothing, hearing nothing—little, at least, but sound of thunder and the fall of trees—never reading, seldom speaking, yet ever waketul, this is what gives me my strange thoughts—for so you call them—this weariness and wakefulness together. Brother, who stands and works in open air, would I could rest like him; but mine is mostly but dull woman's work—sitting, sitting, restless sitting."

"But, do you not go walk at times? These woods are wide."

"And lonesome; lonesome, because so wide. Sometimes, 'tis true, of afternoons, I go a little way; but soon come back again. Better feel lone by hearth, than rock. The shadows hereabouts I know—those in the woods are strangers."

"But the night?"

"Just like the day. Thinking, thinking—a wheel I cannot stop; pure want of sleep it is that turns it."

"I have heard that, for this wakeful weariness, to say one's prayers, and then lay one's head upon a fresh hop pillow—"

"Look!"

Through the fairy window, she pointed down the steep to a small garden patch near by—mere pot of rifled loam, half rounded in by sheltering rocks—where, side by side, some feet apart, nipped and puny, two hop-vines climbed two poles, and, gaining their tip-ends, would have then joined over in an upward clasp, but the baffled shoots, groping awhile in empty air, trailed back whence they sprung.

"You have tried the pillow, then?"

"Yes."

"And prayer?"

"Prayer and pillow."

"Is there no other cure, or charm?"

"Oh, if I could but once get to yonder house, and but look upon whoever the happy being is that lives there! A foolish thought: why do I think it? Is it that I live so lonesome, and know nothing?"

"I, too, know nothing; and, therefore, cannot answer; but, for your sake, Marianna, well could wish that I were that happy one of the happy house you dream you see; for then you would behold him now, and, as you say, this weariness might leave you now."

— Enough. Launching my yawl no more for fairy-land, I stick to the piazza. It is my box-royal;* and this amphitheatre, my theatre of San Carlo.* Yes, the scenery is magical—the illusion so complete. And Madam Meadow Lark, my prima donna, plays her grand engagement here; and, drinking in her sunrise note, which, Memnon-like,* seems struck from the golden window, how far from me the weary face behind it.

But, every night, when the curtain falls, truth comes in with darkness. No light shows from the mountain. To and fro I walk the piazza deck, haunted by Marianna's face, and many as real a story.

David Crockett

Mike Fink Beats Davy Crockett at a Shooting Match

Anonymous



I expect, stranger, you think old Davy Crockett war never beat at the long rifle; but he war tho. I expect there's no man so strong, but what he will find some one stronger. If you havent heerd tell of one Mike Fink, I'll tell you something about him, for he war a helliferocious* fellow, and made an almighty fine shot. Mike was a boatman on the Mississip, but he had a little cabbn on the head of the Cumberland,* and a horrid handsome wife,* that loved him the wickedest that ever you see. Mike only worked enough to find his wife in rags, and himself in powder, and lead, and whiskey,* and the rest of the time he spent in nocking over bar and turkeys, and bouncing deer,* and sometimes drawing a lead* on an injun. So one night I fell in with him* in the woods, where him and his wife shook down a blanket for me* in his wigwam. In the morning sez Mike to me, 'I've got the handsomest wife, and the fastest horse, and the sharpest shooting iron* in all Kentuck, and if any man dare doubt it, I'll be in his hair* quicker than hell could scorch a feather.' This put my dander up,* and sez I, 'I've nothing to say agin your wife, Mike, for it cant be denied she's a shocking handsome woman, and Mrs. Crockett's in Tennessee, and I've got no horses. Mike, I dont exactly like to tell you lie about what you say about your rifle, but I'm d——d* if you speak the truth, and I'll prove it. Do you see that are cat sitting on the top rail of your potato patch, about a hundred and fifty yards off? If she ever hears again, I'll be shot if it shant be without ears.' So I plazed away,* and I'll bet you a horse, the ball cut

off both the old tom cat's ears close to his head, and shaved the hair off clean across the skull, as slick as if I'd done it with a razor, and the critter never stirred, nor knew he'd lost his ears till he tried to scratch 'em. 'Talk about your rifle after that, Mike!' sez I. 'Do you see that are sow away off further than the eend of the world,' sez Mike 'with a litter of pigs round her,' and he lets fly.* The old sow give a grunt, but never stirred in her tracks, and Mike falls to loading and firing for dear life,* till he hadn't left one of them are pigs enough tail to made a tooth-pick on. 'Now,' sez he, 'Col.* Crockett, I'll be pretticularly ableedged to you if you'll put them are pig's tails on again,' sez he. 'That's onpossible, Mike,' sez I, 'but you've left one o' 'em about an inch to steer by, and if it had a-been my work, I wouldn't have done it so wasteful. I'll mend your host,* and so I lets fly, and cuts off the apology he'd left the poor cretur for decency. I wish I may drink the whole of Old Mississip, without a drop of the rale stuff* in it, if you wouldn't have thort the tail had been drove in with a hammer. That made Mike a kinder sorter wrothy, and he sends a ball after his wife as she was going to the spring after a gourd full of water, and nocked half her koom out of her head, without stirring a hair, and calls out to her to stop for me to take a plizzard' at what was left on it. The angeliferous* critter stood still as a scarecrow in a cornfield, for she'd got used to Mike's tricks by long practiss. 'No, no, Mike,' sez I, 'Davy Crockett's hand would be sure to shake, if his iron* war pointed within a hundred mile of a shemale,' and I give up beat,* Mike, and as we've had our eye-openers' a-ready, we'll now take a flem-cutter,* by way of an anti-formatic,' and then we'll disperse.'

Sunrise in His Pocket

Anonymous

One January morning it was so all screwen* cold that the forestrees were stiff and they couldn't shake, and the very daybreak froze fast as it was trying to dawn. The tinder box in my cabin would no more ketch fire than a sunk raft at the bottom of the sea. Well seein' daylight war so far behind time I thought creation war in a fair way for freezen fast: so, thinks I, I must strike a little fire from my fingers, light my pipe, an' travel out a few leagues, and see about it

Then I brought my knuckles together like two thunderclouds, but the sparks froze up afore I could begin to collect 'em, so out I walked, whistlin' "Fire in the mountains!" as I went along in three double quick time.* Well, arter I had walked about twenty miles up the Peak O'Day and Daybreak Hill* I soon discovered what war the matter. The airth had actually friz fast on her axes, and couldn't turn round; the sun had got jammed between two cakes o' ice under the wheels, an' thar he had been shinin' an' workin' to get loose till he friz fast in his cold sweat. C-r-e-a-t-i-o-n! thought I, this ar* the toughest sort of suspension, an' it mustn't be endured. Somethin' must be done, or human creation is done for. It war then so anteluvian* an' premature* cold that my upper and lower teeth an' tongue war all collapsed together as tight as a friz oyster; but I took a fresh twenty-pound bear off my back that I'd picked up on my road, and beat the animal agin the ice till the hot ile began to walk out on him at all sides. I then took an' held him over the airth's axes an' squeezed him till I'd thawed 'em loose, poured about a ton on't over the sun's face, give the airth's cog-wheel one kick backward till I got the sun loose—whistled "Push along, keep movin'!" an' in about fifteen seconds the airth gave a grunt, an' began movin'. The sun walked up beautiful, salutin' me with sich a wind o' gratitude that it made me sneeze. I lit my pipe by the blaze o' his top-knot, shouldered my bear, an' walked home, introducin' people to the fresh daylight with a piece of sunrise in my pocket.

Artemus Ward

Interview with President Lincoln



I hav no politics.* Nary a one. I'm not in the bizniss. If I was I spose I should holler versiffrusly* in the streets at nite, and go home to Betsy Jane smellen of coal ile and gin in the mornin. I should go to the Poles arly. I should stay there all day. I should see to it that my nabers was thar. I should git carriges to take the kripples, the infirm, and the indignant thar. I should be on guard agin frauds and sich. I should be on the look out for the infamus lise of the enemy, got up jest be4 elecshun for perlitical effeck. When all was over, and my candydate was elected, I should move heving & arth—so to speak—until I got orfice, which if I didn't git a orfice* I should turn round and abooze the Administration with all my mite and maine.* But I'm not in the bizniss. I'm in a far more respectful* bizniss nor what pollertics is. I wouldn't giv two cents to be a Congressser.* The wus insult I ever received was when sertin citizens of Baldinsville axed me to run fur the Leglislater. Sez I, "My frends, dostest* think I'd stoop to that there?"* They turned as white as a sheet. I spoke in my most orfulest tones, & they knowd I wasn't to be trifled with. They slunked out of site to onct.

There4, havin no politics, I made bold to visit Old Abe* at his humstid in Springfield. I found the old feller in his parler, surrounded by a perfect swarm of orfice seekers. Knowin he had been capting of a flat boat on the roarin Mississippi I thought I'd address him in sailor lingo, so sez I, "Old Abe, ahoy! Let out yer

main-suls, reef hum the forecastle & throw yer jib-poop board!* Shiver my timbers, my harty!" (N.B.*—This is gi mariner langwidge. I know, becawz I've seen sailor plays acted out by them New York theater fellers.) Old Abe lookt up quite cross & sez, "Send in yer petition by & by. I can't possibly look at it now. Indeed I can't. It's onpossible, sir!"

"Mr. Linkin, who do you spect I air?" sed I.

"A orfice-seeker, to be sure!" sed he.

"Wall, sir," sed I, "you's never more mistaken in your life. You hain't gut a orfiss I'd take under no circumstances. I'm A. Ward. Wax figgers is my perfeshun. I'm the father of Twins, and they look like me—both of them. I cum to pay a frendly visit to the President eleck of the United States. If so be* you wants to see me, say so—if not, say so, & I'm orf like a jug handle."

"Mr. Ward, sit down. I am glad to see you, sir."

"Repose in Abraham's Buzzum!"* sed one of the orfice seekers, his idee bein to git orf a goak at my expense.

"Wall," sez I, "ef all you fellers repose in that there Buzzum thare'll be mity poor nussin for sum of you!" whereupon Old Abe buttoned his weskit clear up and blusht like a maidin of sweet 16. Jest at this pint of the conversation another swarm of orfice-seekers arrove & cum pilin into the parler. Sum wanted post-orfices, sum wanted collectorships, sum wanted furrin missions, and all wanted sumthin. I thought Old Abe would go crazy. He hadn't more than had time to shake hands with 'em, before* another tremenjis crowd cum porein onto his premises. His house and dooryard was now perfectly overflowed* with orfice-seekers, all clameruss for a immejit interview with Old Abe. One man from Ohio, who had about seven inches of corn whisky into him,* mistook me for Old Abe, and addrest me as "The Pra-hayrie Flower of the West!"* Thinks I, *you* want a offiss putty bad. Another man with a gold heded cane and a red nose, told Old Abe he was "a seckind Washington & the Pride of the Boundless West."

Sez I, "Square, you wouldn't take a small post-offiss if you could git it, would you?"

Sez he, "A patrit is abuv them things, sir!"

"There's a putty big crop of patrits this season, aint there, Squire?" sez I, when *another* crowd of offiss-seekers pored in. The house, dooryard, barn, & woodshed was now all full, and when *another* crowd cum I told 'em not to go away for want of room, as the hog-pen was still empty. One patrit from a small town in Michygan went up on top the house,* got into the chimney and slid down into the parler where Old Abe was endeeverin to keep the hungry pack of orfice-seekers, from chawin him up alive without benefit of clergy.*

The minit he reached the fire-place, he jumpt up, brusht the soot out of his eyes, and yelled: "Don't make eny pintment at the Spunkville post-offiss till you've read my papers. All the respectful men in our town is signers to that there dockymment!"

"Good God!" cride Old Abe, "they cum upon me from the skize—down the chimneys, and from the bowels of the yearth!" He hadn't more'n got them words out of his delikit mouth before two fat offiss-seekers from Wisconsin, in endeeverin to crawl atween his legs for the purpuss of applyin for the tollgateship at Milwawky, upshot the President eleck, & he would hev gone sprawlin into the fire-place if I hadn't caught him in these arms. But I hadn't morn'n stood him up strate, before another man cum crashin down the chimney, his head strikin me vilently agin the inards and prostrating my voluptuous form onto the floor. "Mr. Linkin," shoutid the infatooated being, "my papers is signed by every clergyman in our town, and likewise the skoolmaster!"

Sez I, "You egrejis ass," gitting up & brushin the dust from my eyes, "I'll sign your papers with this bunch of bones,* if you don't be a little more keerful how you make my bread-basket * a depot in the futer. How do you like that air perfumery?" sez I, shuving my fist under his nose. "Them's the kind of papers I'll giv you! Them's the papers *you* want!"

"But I workt hard for the ticket;* I toiled night and day! The patrit should be rewarded!"

"Virtoo," sed I, holdin the infatooated man by the coatcollar, "virtoo, sir, is its own reward.* Look at me!" He did look at me, and qualed be4 my gase. "The fact is," I continued, lookin round on the hungry crowd, "there is scacely a offiss for every ile lamp carrid round durin this campane. I wish thare was. I wish thare was furrin missions to be filled on * varis lonely Islands where eppydemics rage incessantly, and if I was in Old Abe's place I'd send every mother's son of you * to them. What air you here for?" I continnered, warmin up considerable, "cant't you giv Abe a minit's peace? Don't you see he's worrid most to death? Go home, you miserable men, go home & till the sile! Go to peddlin tinware—go to choppin wood—go to bilin sope—stuff sassengers—black boots—git a clerkship on sum respectable manure cart—go round as original Swiss Bell Ringers*—becum 'origenal and only' Campbell Minstrels*—go to lecturin at 50 dollars a nite—imbark in the peanut bizniss—*write for the Ledger*—saw off your legs and go round givin concerts, with techin appeals to a charitable public, printed on your hand-bills—anything for a honest livin, but don't come round here drivin Old Abe crazy by your outrajis cuttings up!* Go home. 'Stand not upon the order of your goin,'* but go to onct! Ef in five minits from

this time," sez I, pullin out my new sixteen dollar huntin cased watch, and brandishin it before their eyes,—“Ef in five minits from this time a single sole of you remains on these here premises, I'll go out to my cage near by, and let my Boy Constructor* loose! & ef he gits ammung you, you'll think old Solferino* has cum again and no mistake!” You ought to hev seen them scamper, Mr. Fair. They run orf as though Satun hisself was after them with a red hot ten pronged pitchfork.* In five minits the premises was clear.

“How kin I ever repay you, Mr. Ward, for your kindness?” sed Old Abe, advancin and shakin me warmly by the hand. “How kin I ever repay you, sir?”

“By givin the whole country a good, sound administration. By poerin ile upon the troubled watur, North and South.* By pursuoin a patriotic, firm, and just course, and then, if any State wants to secede, let 'em sesesh!”*

“How 'bout my Cabinit, Mister Ward?” sed Abe.

“Fill it up with Showmen, sir! Showmen is devoid of politics. They hain't got any principles! They know how to cater for the public. They know what the public wants, North & South. Showmen, sir, is honest men. Ef you doubt their literary ability, look at their posters, and see small bills! Ef you want a Cabinit as is a Cabinit, fill it up with showmen, but don't call on me. The moral wax figger perfeshun musn't be permitted to go down while there's a drop of blood in these vains! A. Linkin, I wish you well! Ef Powers or Walcutt* wus to pick out a model for a beautiful man, I scacely think they'd sculp you; but ef you do the fair thing by your country,* you'll make as putty an angel as any of us! A. Linkin, use the talents which Nature has put into you judishusly and firmly, and all will be well! A. Linkin, adoo!”

He shook me cordyully by the hand—we exchanged picters, so we could gaze upon each other' liniments when far away from one another—he at the hellum of the ship of State, and I at the hellum of the show bizniss—admittance only 15 cents.

The Show Is Confiscated

You hav perhaps wondered whareabouts I was for these many dase gone and past.* Perchans you sposed I'd gone to the Tomb of the Cappylets,* tho I don't know what those is. It's a popler noospaper frase.

Listen to my tail, and be silent that ye may here. I've been among the Seseshers, a earnin my daily peck* by my legitimit perfeshun, and havn't had no time to weeld my facile quill for "the Grate Komick paper," if you'll allow me to kote from your troothful advertisement.

My success was skaly, and I likewise had a narrer scape of my life. If what I've bin threw is "Suthern hossipality," 'bout which we've hearn so much, then I feel bound to obsarve that they made two much of me.* They was altogether too lavish with their attenshuns.

I went among the Seseshers with no feelins of annernessity. I went in my perfeshernal capacity. I was actooated by one of the most Loftiest desires which can swell the human Buzzum, viz.:—to giv the peple their money's worth,* by showin them Sagashus Beests, and Wax Statoots, which I venter to say air onsurpast by any other statoots anywheres. I will not call that man who sez my statoots is humbugs a lier and a hoss thief, but bring him be4 me and I'll wither him with one of my scornful frowns.

But to proceed with my tail. In my travels threw the Sonny South I heared a heap of talk about Seseshon and bustin* up the Union, but didn't think it mounted to nothin. The politicians in all the villages was swearin that Old Abe* (sometimes called the Prahayrie flower*) shouldn't never be noggerated. They also made fools of themselves in varis ways, but as they was used to that I didn't let it worry me much, and the Stars and Stripes continued for to wave over my little tent. Moor over, I was a Son of Malty* and a member of several other Temperance Societies, and my wife she was a Dawter of Malty, an I sposed these fax would secoor me the infloonz and pertectiun of all the fust families. Alas! I was dispinted. State arter State seseshed,* and it growed hotter and hotter for the undersined. Things came to a climbmacks in a small town in Alabamy, where I was premtorally ordered to haul down the Stars & Stripes. A depptyashun of red-faced men cum up to the door of my tent ware I was standin takin money (the arternoon exhibishun had commenst, an' my Italyun organist was jerkin his sole-stirrin chimes). "We air cum, Sir," said a millingtary man in a cockt hat, "upon a hi and holy mishun. The Southern Eagle* is screamin threwout this sunny land—proudly and defiantly screamin, Sir!"

"What's the matter with him?" sez I; "don't his vittles sit well on his stummick?"*

"That Eagle, Sir, will continner to scream all over this Brite and tremenjus land!"

"Wall, let him *scream*. If your Eagle can amuse hissself by screamin, let him went!"* The men annoyed me, for I was Bizzy makin change.

"We are cum, Sir, upon a matter of dooty—"

"You're right, Captin'. It's every man's dooty to visit my show," sed I.

"We air cum—"

"And that's the reason you are here!" sez I, larfin one of my silvery larfs. I thawt if he wanted to goak I'd giv him sum of my sparklin eppygrams.

"Sir, you're inserlent. The plain question is, will you haul down the Star-Spangled Banner, and hist the Southern flag!"

"Nary hist!"* Those* was my reply.

"Your wax works and beests is then confiscated, & you air arrested as a Spy!"

Sez I, "My fragrant roses of the Southern clime and Bloomin daffodils, what's the price of whisky in this town, and how many cubic feet of that seductive flooid can you individooally hold?"

They made no reply to that, but said my wax figgers was confiscated. I axed them if that was ginerally the stile among thieves in that country, to which they also made no reply, but sed I was arrested as a Spy, and must go to Montgomry* in iuns.* They was by this time jined by a large crowd of other Southern patrits, who commenst hollerin* "Hang the bald-headed aberlitionist, and bust up* his immoral exhibition!" I was ceased and tied to a stump, and the crowd went for my tent—that water-proof pavilion, wherein instruction and amoosment had been so muchly* combined, at 15 cents per head—and tore it all to pieces. Meanwhile dirty faced boys was throwin stuns and empty beer bottles at my massive brow, and takin other improper liberties with my person. Resistance was useless, for a variety of reasons, as I readily obsarved.

The Seseshers confiscated my statoots by smashin them to attums. They then went to my money box and confiscated all the loose change therein contaned. They then went and bust in* my cages, lettin all the animils loose, a small but helthy tiger among the rest. This tiger has a excentric way of tearin dogs to peaces, and I allers sposed from his ginerall conduct that he'd hav no hesitashun in servin human beins in the same way if he could git at them. Excuse me if I was crooil, but I larfed boysterrusly when I see that tiger spring in among the people. "Go it, my sweet cuss!" I inardly exclaimed; "I forgive you for bitin off my left thum with all my heart! Rip 'em up like a bully tiger whose Lare has bin invaded by Seseshers!"

I can't say for certain that the tiger serisly injured any of them, but as he was seen a few days after, sum miles distant, with a large and well selected assortment of seats of trowsis in his mouth, and as he lookt as tho he'd bin havin sum vilent exercise, I rayther guess he

did. You will therefore perceive that they didn't confiscate him much.

I was carried to Montgomery in irons and placed in a duran's vial.* The jail was a ornery edifice, but the table was liberally supplied with Bakin an Cabbage. This was a good variety, for when I didn't hanker after Bakin I could help myself to the cabbage.

I had nobody to talk to nor nothing to talk about, howsever, and I was very lonely, specially on the first day; so when the jailer parst my lonely sell I put the few stray hairs on the back part of my hed (I'm bald now, but thare was a time when I wore sweet auburn ringlets) into as dish-hevild a state as possible, & rollin my eyes like a manyyuck, I cride: "Stay, jaler, stay! I am not mad, but soon shall be if you don't bring me suthing to Talk!" He brung me sum noospapers, for which I thanked him kindly.

At larst I got a interview with Jefferson Davis,* the President of the Southern Conthievery.* He was quite perlite, and axed me to sit down and state my case. I did it, when he larfed and said his gallunt men had been a little 2 enthoosiastic in confiscatin my show.

"Yes," sez I, "they confiscated me too muchly. I had sum hosses confiscated in the same way onct, but the confiscaters air now poundin stun in the States Prison in Injinnapylus."*

"Wall, wall, Mister Ward, you air at liberty to depart; you air frendly to the South, I know. Even now we hav many fre in the North, who sympathise with us, and won't mingle with this ight."

"J. Davis, there's your grate mistaik. Many of us was you sincere frends, and thought certain parties amung us was fussin abut you and meddlin with your consarns intirely too much. But J. I is, the minit you fire a gun at the piece of dry-goods* call'd the Star-Spangled Banner, the North gits up and rises en massy,* in defence of that banner. Not agin you as individooals,—not again the South even—but to save the flag. We should indeed be weak in the knees, unsound in the heart, milk-white in the liver, and soft in the hed, if we stood quietly by and saw this glorus Govymment smashed to pieces, either by a furrin or a intestine foe. The gentle-harted mother hates to take her naughty child across her knee,* but she knows it is her dooty to do it. So we shall hate to whip the naughty South, but we must do it if you don't make back tracks* at onct, and we shall wallup you out of your boots!* J. Davis, it is my decided opinion that the Sonny South is makin a egrejus mutton-hed of herself!"

"Go on, sir, you're safe enuff. You're too small powder for me!" sed the President of the Southern Conthievery.

"Wait till I go home and start out the Baldinsvill Mounted Hoss Cavalry! I'm Captin of that Corpse, I am, and J. Davis, beware!"

Jefferson D., I now leave you! Farewell, my gay Saler Boy!* Good bye, my bold buccanner! Pirut of the deep blue sea, adoo! adoo!"

My tower threw the Southern Conthieveracy on my way home was thrillin enuff for yeller covers.* It will form the subjeck of my next. Betsy Jane and the progeny air well.—Yours respectively,*

A. Ward.

Soliloquy of a Low Thief

My name is Jim Griggins. I'm a low thief. My parients was ignorant folks, and as poor as the shadder of a bean pole. My advantages for gettin' a eddycation was exceedin' limited. I grewed up in the street, quite loose and permiskis, you see, and took to vice because I had nothing else to take to, and because nobody had never given me a sight at virtue.

I'm in the penitentiary. I was sent here onct before for priggin' a watch.* I served out my time, and now I'm here agin, this time for stealin' a few insignificant clothes.

I shall always blame my parients for not eddycatin' me. Had I been liberally eddycated* I could, with my brilliant native talents, have bin a big thief—I b'leeve they call 'em defaulters. Instead of confinin' myself to priggin' clothes, watches, spoons, and sich like, I could have plundered princely sums—thousands and hundreds of thousands of dollars—and that old humbug, the Law, wouldn't have harmed a hair of my head! For, you see, I should be smart enough to get elected state treasurer, or have something to do with Banks or Railroads, and perhaps a little of both. Then, you see, I could ride in my carriage, live in a big house with a free stun frunt, drive a fast team, and drink as much gin and sugar as I wanted. An inwestation might be made, and some of the noosepapers might come down on me heavy, but what the d—— I* would I care about that, havin' previously taken precious good care of the stolen money? Besides, my "party" would swear stout that I was as innersunt as the new-born babe, and a great many people would wink very pleasant, and say, "Well, Griggins understands what *he's* 'bout, HE does!"

But havin' no eddycation, I'm only a low thief—a stealer of watches and spoons and sich—a low wretch, anyhow—and the Law puts me through without mercy.

It's all right, I s'pose, and yet I sometimes think it's wery hard to be shut up here, a wearin' checkered clothes,* a livin' on cold vittles, a sleepin' on iron beds, a lookin' out upon the world through iron muskeeter bars, and poundin' stun like a galley slave, day after day, week after week, and year after year, while my brother thieves (for to speak candid, there's no difference between a thief and a defaulter, except that the latter is forty times wuss), who have stolen thousands of dollars to my one cent, are walkin' out there in the bright sunshine—dressed up to kill,* new clothes upon their backs and piles of gold* in their pockets! But the Law don't tech 'em. They are too big game for the Law to shoot at. It's as much as the Law can do to take care of us ignorant thieves.

Who said there was no difference 'tween tweedledum and tweedledee? He lied in his throat, like a villain as he was! I tell ye there's a tremendous difference.

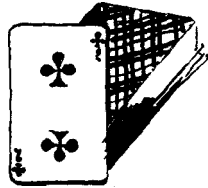
Oh that I had been liberally eddycated!

Jim Griggins.

Sing-Sing, 1860.*

Francis Bret Harte

The Outcasts of Poker Flat



As Mr. John Oakhurst, gambler, stepped into the main street of Poker Flat on the morning of the twenty-third of November, 1850, he was conscious of a change in its moral atmosphere since the preceding night. Two or three men, conversing earnestly together, ceased* as he approached, and exchanged significant glances. There was a Sabbath lull* in the air which, in a settlement unused to Sabbath influences, looked ominous.

Mr. Oakhurst's calm, handsome face betrayed small concern in these indications.* Whether he was conscious of any predisposing cause* was another question. "I reckon they're after somebody," he reflected; "likely it's me." He returned to his pocket the handkerchief with which he had been whipping away the red dust of Poker Flat from his neat boots, and quietly discharged his mind of any further conjecture.*

In point of fact, Poker Flat was "after somebody." It had lately suffered the loss of several thousand dollars, two valuable horses, and a prominent citizen. It was experiencing a spasm of virtuous reaction, quite as lawless and ungovernable as any of the acts that had provoked it. A secret committee had determined to rid the town of all improper persons. This was done permanently in regard of* two men who were then hanging from the boughs of a sycamore in the gulch, and temporarily in the banishment of certain other objectionable characters. I regret to say that some of these were ladies. It is but due to the sex, however, to state* that their

impropriety was professional, and it was only in such easily established standards of evil that Poker Flat ventured to sit in judgment.*

Mr. Oakhurst was right in supposing that he was included in this category. A few of the committee had urged hanging him as a possible example, and a sure method of reimbursing themselves from his pockets of the sums he had won from them. "It's agin justice," said Jim Wheeler, "to let this yer young man from Roaring Camp—an entire stranger—carry away our money." But a crude sentiment of equity residing in the breasts of those who had been fortunate enough to win from Mr. Oakhurst overruled this narrower local prejudice.

Mr. Oakhurst received his sentence with philosophic calmness, none the less coolly that he was aware of the hesitation of his judges. He was too much of a gambler not to accept Fate. With him life was at best an uncertain game, and he recognized the usual percentage in favor of the dealer.

A body of armed men accompanied the deported wickedness of Poker Flat to the outskirts of the settlement. Besides Mr. Oakhurst, who was known to be a coolly desperate man, and for whose intimidation the armed escort was intended, the expatriated party consisted of a young woman familiarly known as the "Duchess;" another, who had won the title of "Mother Shipton;" and "Uncle Billy," a suspected sluice-robber* and confirmed drunkard. The cavalcade provoked no comments from the spectators, nor was any word uttered by the escort. Only, when the gulch which marked the uttermost limit of Poker Flat was reached, the leader spoke briefly and to the point. The exiles were forbidden to return at the peril of their lives.*

As the escort disappeared, their pent-up feelings* found vent in a few hysterical tears from the Duchess, some bad language from Mother Shipton, and a Parthian volley of expletives from Uncle Billy. The philosophic Oakhurst alone remained silent. He listened calmly to Mother Shipton's desire to cut somebody's heart out, to the repeated statements of the Duchess that she would die in the road, and to the alarming oaths that seemed to be bumped out of Uncle Billy as he rode forward. With the easy good humor characteristic of his class, he insisted upon exchanging his own riding horse, "Five Spot,"* for the sorry mule which the Duchess rode. But even this act did not draw the party into any closer sympathy. The young woman readjusted her somewhat draggled plumes with a feeble, faded coquetry; Mother Shipton eyed the possessor of "Five Spot" with malevolence, and Uncle Billy included the whole party in one sweeping anathema.*

The road to Sandy Bar—a camp that, not having as yet experienced the regenerating influences of Poker Flat, consequently seemed to offer some invitation to the emigrants—lay over a steep mountain range. It was distant a day's severe travel. In that advanced season,* the party soon passed out of the moist, temperate regions of the foothills into the dry, cold, bracing air of the Sierras. The trail was narrow and difficult. At noon the Duchess, rolling out of her saddle upon the ground, declared her intention of going no farther, and the party halted.

The spot was singularly wild and impressive. A wooded amphitheater, surrounded on three sides by precipitous cliffs of naked granite, sloped gently toward the crest of another precipice that overlooked the valley. It was, undoubtedly, the most suitable spot for a camp, had camping been advisable. But Mr. Oakhurst knew that scarcely half the journey to Sandy Bar was accomplished, and the party were not equipped or provisioned for delay. This fact he pointed out to his companions curtly, with a philosophic commentary on the folly of "throwing up their hand before the game was played out."* But they were furnished with liquor, which in this emergency stood them in place of food, fuel, rest, and prescience. In spite of his remonstrances, it was not long before they were more or less under its influence. Uncle Billy passed rapidly from a bellicose state into one of stupor, the Duchess became maudlin, and Mother Shipton snored. Mr. Oakhurst alone remained erect, leaning against a rock, calmly surveying them.

Mr. Oakhurst did not drink. It interfered with a profession which required coolness, impassiveness, and presence of mind, and, in his own language, he "couldn't afford it."

As he gazed at his recumbent fellow exiles, the loneliness begotten of his pariah trade, his habits of life, his very vices, for the first time seriously oppressed him. He bestirred himself in dusting his black clothes, washing his hands and face, and other acts characteristic of his studiously neat habits, and for a moment forgot his annoyance. The thought of deserting his weaker and more pitiable companions never perhaps occurred to him. Yet he could not help feeling the want of that excitement which, singularly enough, was most conducive to that calm equanimity for which he was notorious. He looked at the gloomy walls that rose a thousand feet sheer above the circling pines around him; at the sky, ominously clouded; at the valley below, already deepening into shadow. And, doing so, suddenly he heard his own name called.

A horseman slowly ascended the trail. In the fresh, open face of the newcomer Mr. Oakhurst recognized Tom Simson, otherwise known as the "Innocent" of Sandy Bar. He had met him some

months before over a "little game," and had, with perfect equanimity, won the entire fortune—amounting to some forty dollars—of that guileless youth. After the game was finished, Mr. Oakhurst drew the youthful speculator behind the door and thus addressed him: "Tommy, you're a good little man, but you can't gamble worth a cent.* Don't try it over again." He then handed him his money back, pushed him gently from the room, and so made a devoted slave of Tom Simson.

There was a remembrance of this in his boyish and enthusiastic greeting of Mr. Oakhurst. He had started, he said, to go to Poker Flat to seek his fortune. "Alone?" No, not exactly alone; in fact (a giggle), he had run away with Piney Woods. Didn't Mr. Oakhurst remember Piney? She that used to wait on the table at the Temperance House?* They had been engaged a long time, but old Jake Woods had objected, and so they had run away, and were going to Poker Flat to be married, and here they were. And they were tired out and how lucky it was they had found a place to camp and company. All this the Innocent delivered rapidly, while Piney, a stout, comely damsel of fifteen, emerged from behind the pine tree, where she had been blushing unseen, and rode to the side of her lover.

Mr. Oakhurst seldom troubled himself with sentiment, still less with propriety; but he had a vague idea that the situation was not fortunate. He retained, however, his presence of mind sufficiently to kick Uncle Billy, who was about to say something, and Uncle Billy was sober enough to recognize in Mr. Oakhurst's kick a superior power that would not bear trifling. He then endeavored to dissuade Tom Simson from delaying further, but in vain. He even pointed out the fact that there was no provision, nor means of making a camp. But, unluckily, the Innocent met this objection by assuring the party that he was provided with an extra mule loaded with provisions and by the discovery of a rude attempt at a log house* near the trail. "Piney can stay with Mrs. Oakhurst," said the Innocent, pointing to the Duchess, "and I can shift for myself."

Nothing but Mr. Oakhurst's admonishing foot saved Uncle Billy from bursting into a roar of laughter. As it was, he felt compelled to retire up the cañon until he could recover his gravity. There he confided the joke to the tall pine trees, with many slaps of his leg, contortions of his face, and the usual profanity. But when he returned to the party, he found them seated by a fire—for the air had grown strangely chill and the sky overcast—in apparently amicable conversation. Piney was actually talking in an impulsive, girlish fashion to the Duchess, who was listening with an interest and animation she had not shown for many days. The Innocent was holding forth, apparently with equal effect, to Mr. Oakhurst and

Mother Shipton, who was actually relaxing into amiability. "Is this or a damned picnic?" said Uncle Billy with inward scorn as he surveyed the sylvan group, the glancing firelight, and the tethered animals in the foreground. Suddenly an idea mingled with the alcoholic fumes that disturbed his brain. It was apparently of a ocular nature, for he felt impelled to slap his leg again and cram his fist into his mouth.

As the shadows crept slowly up the mountain, a slight breeze rocked the tops of the pine trees, and moaned through their long and gloomy aisles. The ruined cabin, patched and covered with pine boughs, was set apart for the ladies. As the lovers parted, they unaffectedly exchanged a kiss, so honest and sincere that it might have been heard above the swaying pines. The frail Duchess and the malevolent Mother Shipton were probably too stunned to remark upon this last evidence of simplicity, and so turned without a word to the hut. The fire was replenished, the men lay down before the door, and in a few minutes were asleep.

Mr. Oakhurst was a light sleeper. Toward morning he awoke numb and cold. As he stirred the dying fire, the wind, which was now blowing strongly, brought to his cheek that which caused the blood to leave it—snow!

He started to his feet with the intention of awakening the sleepers, or there was no time to lose. But turning to where Uncle Billy had been lying, he found him gone. A suspicion leaped to his brain and a curse to his lips. He ran to the spot where the mules had been ethered; they were no longer there. The tracks were already rapidly disappearing in the snow.

The momentary excitement brought Mr. Oakhurst back to the fire with his usual calm. He did not waken the sleepers. The Innocent lumbered peacefully, with a smile on his good-humored, freckled face; the virgin Piney slept beside her frailer sisters as sweetly as though attended by celestial guardians; and Mr. Oakhurst, drawing his blanket over his shoulders, stroked his mustaches and waited for the dawn. It came slowly in a whirling mist of snowflakes that dazzled and confused the eye. What could be seen of the landscape appeared magically changed. He looked over the valley, and summed up the present and future in two words—"snowed in!"

A careful inventory of the provisions, which, fortunately for the party, had been stored within the hut and so escaped the felonious fingers of Uncle Billy, disclosed the fact that with care and prudence they might last ten days longer. "That is," said Mr. Oakhurst, sotto voce to the Innocent, "if you're willing to board us. If you ain't—and perhaps you'd better not—you can wait till Uncle Billy gets back with provisions." For some occult reason, Mr. Oakhurst could not bring

himself to disclose Uncle Billy's rascality, and so offered the hypothesis that he had wandered from the camp and had accidentally stampeded the animals. He dropped a warning to the Duchess and Mother Shipton, who of course knew the facts of their associate's defection. "They'll find out the truth about us *all* when they find out anything," he added, significantly, "and there's no good frightening them now."

Tom Simson not only put all his worldly store at the disposal of Mr. Oakhurst, but seemed to enjoy the prospect of their enforced seclusion. "We'll have a good camp for a week, and then the snow'll melt, and we'll all go back together." The cheerful gaiety of the young man, and Mr. Oakhurst's calm, infected the others. The Innocent with the aid of pine boughs extemporized a thatch for the roofless cabin, and the Duchess directed Piney in the rearrangement of the interior with a taste and tact that opened the blue eyes of that provincial maiden to their fullest extent. "I reckon now you're used to fine things at Poker Flat," said Piney. The Duchess turned away sharply to conceal something that reddened her cheeks through its professional tint, and Mother Shipton requested Piney not to "chatter." But when Mr. Oakhurst returned from a weary search for the trail, he heard the sound of happy laughter echoed from the rocks. He stopped in some alarm, and his thoughts first naturally reverted to the whisky, which he had prudently cached. "And yet it don't somehow sound like whisky," said the gambler. It was not until he caught sight of the blazing fire through the still-blinding storm and the group around it that he settled to the conviction that it was "square fun."*

Whether Mr. Oakhurst had cached his cards with the whisky as something debarred the free access of the community, I cannot say. It was certain that, in Mother Shipton's words, he "didn't say cards once" during that evening. Haply the time was beguiled by an accordion,* produced somewhat ostentatiously by Tom Simson from his pack. Notwithstanding some difficulties attending the manipulation of this instrument, Piney Woods managed to pluck several reluctant melodies from its keys, to an accompaniment by the Innocent on a pair of bone castanets. But the crowning festivity of the evening was reached in a rude camp-meeting hymn, which the lovers, joining hands, sang with great earnestness and vociferation. I fear that a certain defiant tone and Covenanters' swing* to its chorus, rather than any devotional quality, caused it speedily to infect the others, who at last joined in the refrain:

*"I'm proud to live in the service of the Lord,
And I'm bound to die in His army."*

The pines rocked, the storm eddied and whirled above the miserable group, and the flames of their altar leaped heavenward as if in token of the vow.

At midnight the storm abated, the rolling clouds parted, and the stars glittered keenly above the sleeping camp. Mr. Oakhurst, whose professional habits had enabled him to live on the smallest possible amount of sleep, in dividing the watch with Tom Simson somehow managed to take upon himself the greater part of that duty. He excused himself to the Innocent by saying that he had "often been a week without sleep." "Doing what?" asked Tom. "Poker!" replied Oakhurst, sententiously; "when a man gets a streak of luck,—nigger luck,*—he don't get tired. The luck gives in first. Luck," continued the gambler, reflectively, "is a mighty queer thing. All you know about it for certain is that it's bound to change. And it's finding out when it's going to change that makes you.* We've had a streak of bad luck since we left Poker Flat—you come along, and slap you get into it, too. If you can hold your cards right along you're all right. For," added the gambler, with cheerful irrelevance,

*"I'm proud to live in the service of the Lord,
And I'm bound to die in His army."*

The third day came, and the sun, looking through the white-curtained valley, saw the outcasts divide their slowly decreasing store of provisions for the morning meal. It was one of the peculiarities of that mountain climate that its rays diffused a kindly warmth over the wintry landscape, as if in regretful commiseration of the past. But it revealed drift on drift of snow piled high around the hut—a hopeless, uncharted, trackless sea of white lying below the rocky shores to which the castaways still clung. Through the marvelously clear air the smoke of the pastoral village of Poker Flat rose miles away. Mother Shipton saw it, and from a remote pinnacle of her rocky fastness hurled in that direction a final malediction. It was her last vituperative attempt, and perhaps for that reason was invested with a certain degree of sublimity. It did her good, she privately informed the Duchess. "Just you go out there and cuss, and see." She then set herself to the task of amusing "the child," as she and the Duchess were pleased to call Piney. Piney was no chicken, but it was a soothing and original theory of the pair thus to account for the fact that she didn't swear and wasn't improper.

When night crept up again through the gorges, the reedy notes of the accordion rose and fell in fitful spasms and long-drawn gasps by the flickering campfire. But music failed to fill entirely the aching

void left by insufficient food, and a new diversion was proposed by Piney—storytelling. Neither Mr. Oakhurst nor his female companions caring to relate their personal experiences, this plan would have failed too but for the Innocent. Some months before he had chanced upon a stray copy of Mr. Pope's ingenious translation of the *Iliad*.^{*} He now proposed to narrate the principal incidents of that poem—having thoroughly mastered the argument^{*} and fairly forgotten the words—in the current vernacular of Sandy Bar. And so for the rest of that night the Homeric demigods again walked the earth. Trojan bully and wily Greek^{*} wrestled in the winds, and the great pines in the cañon seemed to bow to the wrath of the son of Peleus.^{*} Mr. Oakhurst listened with quiet satisfaction. Most especially was he interested in the fate of "Ash-heels," as the Innocent persisted in denominating the "swift-footed Achilles."^{*}

So with small food and much of Homer and the accordion a week passed over the heads of the outcasts. The sun again forsook them, and again from leaden skies the snowflakes were sifted over the land. Day by day closer around them drew the snowy circle, until at last they looked from their prison over drifted walls of dazzling white that towered twenty feet above their heads. It became more and more difficult to replenish their fires, even from the fallen trees beside them, now half-hidden in the drifts. And yet no one complained. The lovers turned from the dreary prospect and looked into each other's eyes, and were happy. Mr. Oakhurst settled himself coolly to the losing game before him. The Duchess, more cheerful than she had been, assumed the care of Piney. Only Mother Shipton—once the strongest of the party—seemed to sicken and fade. At midnight on the tenth day she called Oakhurst to her side. "I'm going," she said, in a voice of querulous weakness, "but don't say anything about it. Don't waken the kids. Take the bundle from under my head and open it." Mr. Oakhurst did so. It contained Mother Shipton's rations for the last week, untouched. "Give 'em to the child," she said pointing to the sleeping Piney. "You've starved yourself," said the gambler. "That's what they call it," said the woman, querulously, as she lay down again and, turning her face to the wall, passed quietly away.

The accordion and the bones were put aside that day, and Homer was forgotten. When the body of Mother Shipton had been committed to the snow, Mr. Oakhurst took the Innocent aside, and showed him a pair of snowshoes, which he had fashioned from the old pack saddle. "There's one chance in a hundred to save her yet," he said, pointing to Piney; "but it's there," he added, pointing toward Poker Flat. "If you can reach there in two days she's

safe." "And you?" asked Tom Simson. "I'll stay here," was the curt reply.

The lovers parted with a long embrace. "You are not going, too?" said the Duchess as she saw Mr. Oakhurst apparently waiting to accompany him. "As far as the cañon," he replied. He turned suddenly, and kissed the Duchess, leaving her pallid face aflame and her trembling limbs rigid with amazement.

Night came, but not Mr. Oakhurst. It brought the storm again and the whirling snow. Then the Duchess, feeding the fire, found that someone had quietly piled beside the hut enough fuel to last a few days longer. The tears rose to her eyes, but she hid them from Piney.

The women slept but little. In the morning, looking into each other's faces, they read their fate. Neither spoke; but Piney, accepting the position of the stronger, drew near and placed her arm around the Duchess's waist. They kept this attitude for the rest of the day. That night the storm reached its greatest fury, and, rending asunder the protecting pines, invaded the very hut.

Toward morning they found themselves unable to feed the fire, which gradually died away. As the embers slowly blackened, the Duchess crept closer to Piney, and broke the silence of many hours: "Piney, can you pray?" "No, dear," said Piney, simply. The Duchess, without knowing exactly why, felt relieved, and, putting her head upon Piney's shoulder, spoke no more. And so reclining the younger and purer pillowing the head of her soiled sister upon her virgin breast, they fell asleep.

The wind lulled as if it feared to waken them. Feathery drifts of snow, shaken from the long pine boughs, flew like white-winged birds, and settled about them as they slept. The moon through the rifted clouds looked down upon what had been the camp. But all human stain, all trace of earthly travail, was hidden beneath the spotless mantle mercifully flung from above.

They slept all that day and the next, nor did they waken when voices and footsteps broke the silence of the camp. And when pitying fingers brushed the snow from their wan faces, you could scarcely have told from the equal peace that dwelt upon them which was she that had sinned. Even the law of Poker Flat recognized this, and turned away, leaving them still locked in each other's arms.

But at the head of the gulch, on one of the largest pine trees, they found the deuce of clubs pinned to the bark with a bowie knife. It bore the following, written in pencil, in a firm hand:

Beneath this tree
lies the body
of
JOHN OAKHURST,
who struck a streak of bad luck
on the 23rd of November, 1850,
and
handed in his checks*
on the 7th December, 1850.

And pulseless and cold, with a Derringer* by his side and a bullet in his heart, though still calm as in life, beneath the snow lay he who was at once the strongest and yet the weakest of the outcasts of Poker Flat.

The Luck of Roaring Camp

There was commotion in Roaring Camp. It could not have been a fight, for in 1850 that was not novel enough to have called together the entire settlement. The ditches and claims were not only deserted, but "Tuttle's grocery" had contributed its gamblers, who, it will be remembered, calmly continued their game the day that French Pete and Kanaka Joe shot each other to death over the bar in the front room. The whole camp was collected before a rude cabin on the outer edge of the clearing. Conversation was carried on in a low tone, but the name of a woman was frequently repeated. It was a name familiar enough in the camp—"Cherokee Sal."*

Perhaps the less said of her, the better. She was a coarse and it is to be feared a very sinful woman. But at that time she was the only woman in Roaring Camp, and was just then lying in sore extremity,* when she most needed the ministrations of her own sex. Dissolute, abandoned, and irreclaimable, she was yet suffering a martyrdom hard enough to bear even when veiled by sympathizing womanhood, but now terrible in her loneliness. The primal curse had come to her in that original isolation which must have made the punishment of the first transgression so dreadful.* It was, perhaps, part of the expiation of her sin that, at a moment when she most lacked her sex's intuitive tenderness and care, she met only the half-contemptuous faces of her masculine associates. Yet a few of the spectators were, I think, touched by her sufferings. Sandy Tipton thought it was

"rough on Sal," and, in the contemplation of her condition, for a moment rose superior to the fact that he had an ace and two bowers in his sleeve.

It will be seen, also, that the situation was novel. Deaths were by no means uncommon in Roaring Camp, but a birth was a new thing. People had been dismissed the camp effectively, finally, and with no possibility of return; but this was the first time that anybody had been introduced *ab initio*.^{*} Hence the excitement.

"You go in there, Stumpy," said a prominent citizen known as "Kentuck," addressing one of the loungers. "Go in there, and see what you kin do. You've had experience in them things."

Perhaps there was a fitness in the selection. Stumpy, in other climes, had been the putative head of two families; in fact, it was owing to some legal informality in these proceedings that Roaring Camp—a city of refuge—was indebted to his company. The crowd approved the choice, and Stumpy was wise enough to bow to the majority. The door closed on the extempore surgeon and midwife, and Roaring Camp sat down outside, smoked its pipe, and awaited the issue.

The assemblage numbered about a hundred men. One or two of these were actual fugitives from justice, some were criminal, and all were reckless. Physically, they exhibited no indication of their past lives and character. The greatest scamp had a Raphael face,^{*} with a profusion of blond hair; Oakhurst, a gambler, had the melancholy air and intellectual abstraction of a Hamlet; the coolest and most courageous man was scarcely over five feet in height, with a soft voice and an embarrassed, timid manner. The term "roughs" applied to them was a distinction rather than a definition.^{*} Perhaps in the minor details of fingers, toes, ears, etc., the camp may have been deficient, but these slight omissions did not detract from their aggregate force. The strongest man had but three fingers on his right hand; the best shot had but one eye.

Such was the physical aspect of the men that were dispersed around the cabin. The camp lay in a triangular valley, between two hills and a river. The only outlet was a steep trail over the summit of a hill that faced the cabin, now illuminated by the rising moon. The suffering woman might have seen it from the rude bunk whereon she lay—seen it winding like a silver thread until it was lost in the stars above.

A fire of withered pine boughs added sociability to the gathering. By degrees the natural levity of Roaring Camp returned. Bets were freely offered and taken regarding the result. Three to five that "Sal would get through with it;"^{*} even, that the child would survive; side bets^{*} as to the sex and complexion of the coming stranger. In the

midst of an excited discussion an exclamation came from those nearest the door, and the camp stopped to listen. Above the swaying and moaning of the pines, the swift rush of the river, and the crackling of the fire, rose a sharp, querulous cry,—a cry unlike anything heard before in the camp. The pines stopped moaning, the river ceased to rush, and the fire to crackle. It seemed as if Nature had stopped to listen too.

The camp rose to its feet as one man! It was proposed to explode a barrel of gunpowder, but in consideration of the situation of the mother, better counsels prevailed, and only a few revolvers were discharged; for, whether owing to the rude surgery of the camp or some other reason, Cherokee Sal was sinking fast. Within an hour she had climbed, as it were, that rugged road that led to the stars, and so passed out of Roaring Camp, its sin and shame, forever. I do not think that the announcement disturbed them much, except in speculation as to the fate of the child. "Can he live now?" was asked of Stumpy. The answer was doubtful. The only other being of Cherokee Sal's sex and maternal condition in the settlement was an ass. There was some conjecture as to fitness, but the experiment was tried. It was less problematical than the ancient treatment of Romulus and Remus,* and apparently as successful.

When these details were completed, which exhausted another hour, the door was opened, and the anxious crowd of men, who had already formed themselves into a queue, entered in single file. Beside the low bunk or shelf on which the figure of the mother was starkly outlined below the blankets stood a pine table. On this a candle box was placed, and within it, swathed in staring red flannel, lay the last arrival at Roaring Camp. Beside the candle box was placed a hat. Its use was soon indicated. "Gentlemen," said Stumpy, with a singular mixture of authority and *ex-officio* complacency,—“Gentlemen will please pass in at the front door, round the table, and out at the back door. Them as wishes* to contribute anything toward the orphan will find a hat handy.” The first man entered with his hat on; he uncovered, however, as he looked about him, and so, unconsciously, set an example to the next. In such communities good and bad actions are catching. As the procession filed in, comments were audible—criticisms addressed, perhaps, rather to Stumpy, in the character of showman—“Is that him?”; “mighty small specimen”; “hasn’t mor’n got the color”;* “ain’t bigger nor a derringer.”* The contributions were as characteristic: A silver tobacco box; a doubloon; a navy revolver, silver-mounted; a gold specimen; a very beautifully embroidered lady’s handkerchief (from Oakhurst the gambler); a diamond breastpin; a diamond ring (suggested by the pin, with the remark from the giver that he “saw

that pin and went two diamonds better");* a slung shot; a Bible (contributor not detected); a golden spur; a silver teaspoon (the initials, I regret to say, were not the giver's); a pair of surgeon's shears; a lancet; a Bank of England note for £5; and about \$200 in loose gold and silver coin. During these proceedings Stumpy maintained a silence as impassive as the dead on his left, a gravity as inscrutable as that of the newly born on his right. Only one incident occurred to break the monotony of the curious procession. As Kentuck bent over the candle box half curiously, the child turned, and, in a spasm of pain, caught at his groping finger, and held it fast for a moment. Kentuck looked foolish and embarrassed. Something like a blush tried to assert itself in his weather-beaten cheek. "The damned little cuss!" he said as he extricated his finger, with, perhaps, more tenderness and care than he might have been deemed capable of showing. He held that finger a little apart from its fellows as he went out, and examined it curiously. The examination provoked the same original remark in regard to the child. In fact, he seemed to enjoy repeating it. "He rastled* with my finger," he remarked to Tipton, holding up the member, "the damned little cuss!"

It was four o'clock before the camp sought repose. A light burned in the cabin where the watchers sat, for Stumpy did not go to bed that night. Nor did Kentuck. He drank quite freely, and related with great gusto his experience, invariably ending with his characteristic condemnation of the newcomer. It seemed to relieve him of any unjust implication of sentiment, and Kentuck had the weaknesses of the nobler sex. When everybody else had gone to bed, he walked down to the river, and whistled reflectingly. Then he walked up the gulch, past the cabin, still whistling with demonstrative unconcern. At a large redwood tree he paused and retraced his steps, and again passed the cabin. Halfway down to the river's bank he again paused, and then returned and knocked at the door. It was opened by Stumpy. "How goes it?" said Kentuck, looking past Stumpy toward the candle box. "All serene," replied Stumpy. "Anything up?" "Nothing." There was a pause—an embarrassing one—Stumpy still holding the door. Then Kentuck had recourse to his finger, which he held up to Stumpy. "Rastled with it—the damned little cuss," he said, and retired.

The next day Cherokee Sal had such rude sepulture as Roaring Camp afforded. After her body had been committed to the hillside, there was a formal meeting of the camp to discuss what should be done with her infant. A resolution to adopt it was unanimous and enthusiastic. But an animated discussion in regard to the manner and feasibility of providing for its wants at once sprung up. It was remarkable that the argument partook of none of those fierce

personalities with which discussions were usually conducted at Roaring Camp. Tipton proposed that they should send the child to Red Dog—a distance of forty miles—where female attention could be procured. But the unlucky suggestion met with fierce and unanimous opposition. It was evident that no plan which entailed parting from their new acquisition would for a moment be entertained. “Besides,” said Tom Ryder, “them fellows at Red Dog would swap it, and ring in somebody else on us.”* A disbelief in the honesty of other camps prevailed at Roaring Camp, as in other places.

The introduction of a female nurse in the camp also met with objection. It was argued that no decent woman could be prevailed to accept Roaring Camp as her home, and the speaker urged that “they didn’t want any more of the other kind.” This unkind allusion to the defunct mother, harsh as it may seem, was the first spasm of propriety—the first symptom of the camp’s regeneration. Stumpy advanced nothing. Perhaps he felt a certain delicacy in interfering with the selection of a possible successor in office. But when questioned, he averred stoutly that he and “Jinny”—the mammal before alluded to—could manage to rear the child. There was something original, independent, and heroic about the plan that pleased the camp. Stumpy was retained. Certain articles were sent for to Sacramento. “Mind,” said the treasurer, as he pressed a bag of gold dust into the expressman’s hand, “the best that can be got—lace, you know, and filigree-work and frills—damn the cost!”

Strange to say, the child thrived. Perhaps the invigorating climate of the mountain camp was compensation for material deficiencies. Nature took the foundling to her broader breast. In that rare atmosphere of the Sierra foothills*—that air pungent with balsamic odor, that ethereal cordial at once bracing and exhilarating—he may have found food and nourishment, or a subtle chemistry that transmuted asses’ milk to lime and phosphorus. Stumpy inclined to the belief that it was the latter and good nursing. “Me and that ass,” he would say, “has been father and mother to him! Don’t you,” he would add, apostrophizing the helpless bundle before him, “never go back on us.”*

By the time he was a month old, the necessity of giving him a name became apparent. He had generally been known as “the Kid,” “Stumpy’s boy,” “the Coyote” (an allusion to his vocal powers), and even by Kentuck’s endearing diminutive of “the damned little cuss.” But these were felt to be vague and unsatisfactory, and were at last dismissed under another influence. Gamblers and adventurers are generally superstitious, and Oakhurst one day declared that the

baby had brought "the luck" to Roaring Camp. It was certain that of late they had been successful. "Luck" was the name agreed upon, with the prefix of Tommy for greater convenience. No allusion was made to the mother, and the father was unknown. "It's better," said the philosophical Oakhurst, "to take a fresh deal all round. Call him Luck, and start him fair."* A day was accordingly set apart for the christening. What was meant by this ceremony the reader may imagine who has already gathered some idea of the reckless irreverence of Roaring Camp. The master of ceremonies was one "Boston," a noted wag, and the occasion seemed to promise the greatest facetiousness. This ingenious satirist had spent two days in preparing a burlesque of the church service, with pointed local allusions.* The choir was properly trained, and Sandy Tipton was to stand godfather. But after the procession had marched to the grove with music and banners, and the child had been deposited before a mock altar, Stumpy stepped before the expectant crowd. "It ain't my style to spoil fun, boys," said the little man, stoutly, eying the faces around him, "but it strikes me that this thing ain't exactly on the squar. It's playing it pretty low down* on this yer baby to ring in fun on him that he ain't going to understand.* And ef there's going to be any godfathers round, I'd like to see who's got any better rights than me." A silence followed Stumpy's speech. To the credit of all humorists be it said that the first man to acknowledge its justice was the satirist, thus stopped of his fun. "But," said Stumpy, quickly, following up his advantage, "we're here for a christening, and we'll have it. I proclaim you Thomas Luck, according to the laws of the United States and the State of California, so help me God." It was the first time that the name of the Deity had been uttered otherwise than profanely in the camp. The form of christening was perhaps even more ludicrous than the satirist had conceived; but, strangely enough, nobody saw it and nobody laughed. "Tommy" was christened as seriously as he would have been under a Christian roof, and cried and was comforted in as orthodox fashion.

And so the work of regeneration began in Roaring Camp. Almost imperceptibly a change came over the settlement. The cabin assigned to "Tommy Luck"—or "The Luck," as he was more frequently called—first showed signs of improvement. It was kept scrupulously clean and whitewashed. Then it was boarded, clothed, and papered.* The rosewood cradle—packed eighty miles by mule—had, in Stumpy's way of putting it, "sorter killed the rest of the furniture."* So the rehabilitation of the cabin became a necessity. The men who were in the habit of lounging in at Stumpy's to see "how The Luck got on" seemed to appreciate the change, and, in self-defence, the rival establishment of "Tuttle's grocery" bestirred itself, and

imported a carpet and mirrors. The reflections of the latter on the appearance of Roaring Camp tended to produce stricter habits of personal cleanliness. Again, Stumpy imposed a kind of quarantine upon those who aspired to the honor and privilege of holding "The Luck." It was a cruel mortification to Kentuck—who, in the carelessness of a large nature and the habits of frontier life, had begun to regard all garments as a second cuticle, which, like a snake's, only sloughed off through decay—to be debarred this privilege from certain prudential reasons. Yet such was the subtle influence of innovation that he thereafter appeared regularly every afternoon in a clean shirt, and face still shining from his ablutions. Nor were moral and social sanitary laws neglected. "Tommy," who was supposed to spend his whole existence in a persistent attempt to repose, must not be disturbed by noise. The shouting and yelling which had gained the camp its infelicitous title were not permitted within hearing distance of Stumpy's. The men conversed in whispers, or smoked with Indian gravity. Profanity was tacitly given up in these sacred precincts, and throughout the camp a popular form of expletive, known as "Damn the luck!" and "Curse the luck!" was abandoned, as having a new personal bearing. Vocal music was not interdicted, being supposed to have a soothing, tranquilizing quality, and one song, sung by "Man-o'-War Jack," an English sailor, from Her Majesty's Australian colonies,* was quite popular as a lullaby. It was a lugubrious recital of the exploits of "the *Arethusa*, Seventy-four,"* in a muffled minor, ending with a prolonged dying fall at the burden of each verse, "On b-o-o-o-ard of the *Arethusa*." It was a fine sight to see Jack holding The Luck, rocking from side to side as if with the motion of a ship, and crooning forth this naval ditty. Either through the peculiar rocking of Jack or the length of his song—it contained ninety stanzas, and was continued with conscientious deliberation to the bitter end—the lullaby generally had the desired effect. At such times the men would lie at full length under the trees in the soft summer twilight, smoking their pipes and drinking in the melodious utterances. An indistinct idea that this was pastoral happiness pervaded the camp. "This 'ere kind o' think," said the Cockney Simmons, meditatively reclining on his elbow, "is evingly."* It reminded him of Greenwich.*

On the long summer days The Luck was usually carried to the gulch, from whence the golden store of Roaring Camp was taken. There, on a blanket spread over pine boughs, he would lie while the men were working in the ditches below. Latterly, there was a rude attempt to decorate this bower with flowers and sweet-smelling shrubs, and generally someone would bring him a cluster of wild honeysuckles, azaleas, or the painted blossoms of *las mariposas*.* The

men had suddenly awakened to the fact that there were beauty and significance in these trifles, which they had so long trodden carelessly beneath their feet. A flake of glittering mica, a fragment of variegated quartz, a bright pebble from the bed of the creek, became beautiful to eyes thus cleared and strengthened, and were invariably put aside for "The Luck." It was wonderful how many treasures the woods and hillsides yielded that "would do for Tommy." Surrounded by play things such as never child out of fairyland had before, it is to be hoped that Tommy was content. He appeared to be securely happy, albeit there was an infantine gravity about him, a contemplative light in his round gray eyes, that sometimes worried Stumpy. He was always tractable and quiet, and it is recorded that once, having crept beyond his "corral"—a hedge of tessellated pine boughs* which surrounded his bed—he dropped over the bank on his head in the soft earth, and remained with his mottled legs in the air in that position for at least five minutes with unflinching gravity. He was extricated without a murmur. I hesitate to record the many other instances of his sagacity, which rest, unfortunately, upon the statements of prejudiced friends. Some of them were not without a tinge of superstition. "I crep' up the bank just now," said Kentuck one day, in a breathless state of excitement, "and dern my skin* if he wasn't a talking to a jay bird as was a sittin' on his lap. There they was, just as free and sociable as anything you please, a jawin' at each other just like two cherry-bums."* Howbeit, whether creeping over the pine boughs or lying lazily on his back blinking at the leaves above him, to him the birds sang, the squirrels chattered, and the flowers bloomed. Nature was his nurse and playfellow. For him she would let slip between the leaves golden shafts of sunlight that fell just within his grasp; she would send wandering breezes to visit him with the balm of bay and resinous gums; to him the tall redwoods nodded familiarly and sleepily, the bumblebees buzzed, and the rocks cawed a slumberous accompaniment.

Such was the golden summer of Roaring Camp. They were "flush times"—and the Luck was with them. The claims had yielded enormously.* The camp was jealous of its privileges and looked suspiciously on strangers. No encouragement was given to immigration, and to make their seclusion more perfect, the land on either side of the mountain wall that surrounded the camp they duly pre-empted. This, and a reputation for singular proficiency with the revolver, kept the reserve of Roaring Camp inviolate. The expressman—their only connecting link with the surrounding world—sometimes told wonderful stories of the camp. He would say: "They've a street up there in 'Roaring' that would lay over* any street in Red Dog. They've got vines and flowers round their houses,

and they wash themselves twice a day. But they're mighty rough on strangers, and they worship an Ingin baby."

With the prosperity of the camp came a desire for further improvement. It was proposed to build a hotel in the following spring, and to invite one or two decent families to reside there for the sake of "The Luck"—who might perhaps profit by female companionship. The sacrifice that this concession to the sex cost these men, who were fiercely skeptical in regard to its general virtue and usefulness, can only be accounted for by their affection for Tommy. A few still held out. But the resolve could not be carried into effect for three months, and the minority meekly yielded in the hope that something might turn up to prevent it. And it did.

The winter of 1851 will long be remembered in the foothills. The snow lay deep on the Sierras, and every mountain creek became a river, and every river a lake. Each gorge and gulch was transformed into a tumultuous watercourse that descended the hillsides, tearing down giant trees and scattering its drift and debris along the plain. Red Dog had been twice under water, and Roaring Camp had been forewarned. "Water put the gold into them gulches," said Stumpy. "It's been here once and will be here again!" And that night the North Fork* suddenly leaped over its banks and swept up the triangular valley of Roaring Camp.

In the confusion of rushing water, crushing trees and crackling timber, and the darkness which seemed to flow with the water and blot out the fair valley, but little could be done to collect the scattered camp. When the morning broke, the cabin of Stumpy nearest the riverbank was gone. Higher up the gulch they found the body of its unlucky owner; but the pride, the hope, the joy, the Luck of Roaring Camp had disappeared. They were returning with sad hearts when a shout from the bank recalled them.

It was a relief boat from down the river. They had picked up, they said, a man and an infant, nearly exhausted, about two miles below. Did anybody know them, and did they belong here?

It needed but a glance to show them Kentuck lying there, cruelly crushed and bruised, but still holding the Luck of Roaring Camp in his arms. As they bent over the strangely assorted pair, they saw that the child was cold and pulseless. "He is dead," said one. Kentuck opened his eyes. "Dead?" he repeated feebly. "Yes, my man, and you are dying too." A smile lit the eyes of the expiring Kentuck. "Dying," he repeated, "he's a taking me with him—tell the boys I've got the Luck with me now"; and the strong man, clinging to the frail babe as a drowning man is said to cling to a straw, drifted away into the shadowy river that flows forever to the unknown sea.

Miggles

We were eight, including the driver. We had not spoken during the passage of the last six miles, since the jolting of the heavy vehicle over the roughening road had spoiled the judge's last poetical quotation. The tall man beside the judge was asleep, his arm passed through the swaying strap and his head resting upon it—together a limp, helpless-looking object, as if he had hanged himself and been cut down* too late. The French lady on the back seat was asleep, too, yet in a half-conscious propriety of attitude, shown even in the disposition of the handkerchief which she held to her forehead and which partially veiled her face. The lady from Virginia City, traveling with her husband, had long since lost all individuality in a wild confusion of ribbons, veils, furs, and shawls. There was no sound but the rattling of wheels and the dash of rain upon the roof. Suddenly the stage stopped and we became dimly aware of voices. The driver was evidently in the midst of an exciting colloquy with someone in the road—a colloquy of which such fragments as "bridge gone," "twenty feet of water," "can't pass," were occasionally distinguishable above the storm. Then came a lull, and a mysterious voice from the road shouted the parting adjuration:

"Try Miggles's."

We caught a glimpse of our leaders as the vehicle slowly turned, of a horseman vanishing through the rain, and we were evidently on our way to Miggles's.

Who and where was Miggles? The Judge, our authority, did not remember the name, and he knew the country thoroughly. The Washoe traveler* thought Miggles must keep a hotel. We only knew that we were stopped by high water in front and rear, and that Miggles was our rock of refuge. A ten minutes' splashing through a tangled by-road, scarcely wide enough for the stage, and we drew up before a barred and boarded gate in a wide stone wall or fence about eight feet high. Evidently Miggles's, and evidently Miggles did not keep a hotel.

The driver got down and tried the gate. It was securely locked.

"Miggles! O Miggles!"

No answer.

"Migg-ells! You Miggles!" continued the driver, with rising wrath.

"Migglesy!" joined the expressman, persuasively. "O Miggy! Mig!"

But no reply came from the apparently insensate Miggles. The Judge, who had finally got the window down, put his head out and propounded a series of questions, which if answered categorically

would have undoubtedly elucidated the whole mystery, but which the driver evaded by replying that "if we didn't want to sit in the coach all night, we had better rise up and sing out for Miggles."

So we rose up and called on Miggles in chorus; then separately. And when we had finished, a Hibernian fellow-passenger from the roof* called for "Maygells!" whereat we all laughed. While we were laughing, the driver cried "Shool!"

We listened. To our infinite amazement the chorus of "Miggles" was repeated from the other side of the wall, even to the final and supplemental "Maygells."

"Extraordinary echo," said the Judge.

"Extraordinary damned skunk!" roared the driver, contemptuously. "Come out of that, Miggles, and show yourself! Be a man, Miggles! Don't hide in the dark; I wouldn't if I were you, Miggles," continued Yuba Bill, now dancing about in an excess of fury.

"Miggles!" continued the voice. "O Miggles!"

"My good man! Mr. Myghail!" said the Judge, softening the asperities of the name as much as possible. "Consider the inhospitality of refusing shelter from the inclemency of the weather to helpless females. Really, my dear sir—" But a succession of "Miggles," ending in a burst of laughter, drowned his voice.

Yuba Bill hesitated no longer. Taking a heavy stone from the road, he battered down the gate, and with the expressman entered the enclosure. We followed. Nobody was to be seen. In the gathering darkness all that we could distinguish was that we were in a garden—from the rosebushes that scattered over us a minute spray from their dripping leaves—and before a long, rambling wooden building.

"Do you know this Miggles?" asked the Judge of Yuba Bill.

"No, nor don't want to," said Bill, shortly, who felt the Pioneer Stage Company* insulted in his person by the contumacious Miggles.

"But, my dear sir," expostulated the Judge as he thought of the barred gate.

"Lookee here," said Yuba Bill, with fine irony, "hadn't you better go back and sit in the coach till yer introduced? I'm going in," and he pushed open the door of the building.

A long room lighted only by the embers of a fire that was dying on the large hearth at its farther extremity; the walls curiously papered, and the flickering firelight bringing out its grotesque pattern; somebody sitting in a large armchair by the fireplace. All this we saw as we crowded together into the room, after the driver and expressman.

"Hello, be you Miggles?" said Yuba Bill to the solitary occupant.

The figure neither spoke nor stirred. Yuba Bill walked wrathfully toward it, and turned the eye of his coach lantern upon its face. It

was a man's face, prematurely old and wrinkled, with very large eyes, in which there was that expression of perfectly gratuitous solemnity which I had sometimes seen in an owl's. The large eyes wandered from Bill's face to the lantern, and finally fixed their gaze on that luminous object, without further recognition.

Bill restrained himself with an effort.

"Miggles! Be you deaf? You ain't dumb anyhow, you know;" and Yuba Bill shook the insensate figure by the shoulder.

To our great dismay, as Bill removed his hand, the venerable stranger apparently collapsed—sinking into half his size and an undistinguishable heap of clothing.

"Well, dern my skin," said Bill, looking appealingly at us, and hopelessly retiring from the contest.

The Judge now stepped forward, and we lifted the mysterious invertebrate back into his original position. Bill was dismissed with the lantern to reconnoitre outside, for it was evident that from the helplessness of this solitary man there must be attendants near at hand, and we all drew around the fire. The Judge, who had regained his authority, and had never lost his conversational amiability—standing before us with his back to the hearth—charged us, as an imaginary jury, as follows:

"It is evident that either our distinguished friend here has reached that condition described by Shakespeare as 'the sere and yellow leaf,'* or has suffered some premature abatement of his mental and physical faculties. Whether he is really the Miggles—"

Here he was interrupted by "Miggles! O Miggles! Migglesy! Mig!" and, in fact, the whole chorus of Miggles in very much the same key as it had once before been delivered unto us.

We gazed at each other for a moment in some alarm. The Judge, in particular, vacated his position quickly, as the voice seemed to come directly over his shoulder. The cause, however, was soon discovered in a large magpie who was perched upon a shelf over the fireplace, and who immediately relapsed into a sepulchral silence which contrasted singularly with his previous volubility. It was, undoubtedly, his voice which we had heard in the road, and our friend in the chair was not responsible for the discourtesy. Yuba Bill, who re-entered the room after an unsuccessful search, was loath to accept the explanation, and still eyed the helpless sitter with suspicion. He had found a shed in which he had put up his horses, but he came back dripping and skeptical. "Thar ain't nobody but him within ten mile of the shanty, and that 'ar damned old skeesicks knows it."*

But the faith of the majority proved to be securely based. Bill had scarcely ceased growling before we heard a quick step upon the

porch, the trailing of a wet skirt, the door was flung open, and with a flash of white teeth, a sparkle of dark eyes, and an utter absence of ceremony or diffidence, a young woman entered, shut the door, and, panting, leaned back against it.

"Oh, if you please, I'm Miggles!"

And this was Miggles! this bright-eyed, full-throated young woman, whose wet gown of coarse blue stuff could not hide the beauty of the feminine curves to which it clung; from the chestnut crown of whose head, topped by a man's oilskin sou'wester,* to the little feet and ankles, hidden somewhere in the recesses of her boy's brogans,* all was grace—this was Miggles, laughing at us, too, in the most airy, frank, offhand manner imaginable.

"You see, boys," said she, quite out of breath, and holding one little hand against her side, quite unheeding the speechless discomfiture of our party, or the complete demoralization of Yuba Bill, whose features had relaxed into an expression of gratuitous and imbecile cheerfulness—"you see, boys, I was mor'n two miles away when you passed down the road. I thought you might pull up here, and so I ran the whole way, knowing nobody was home but Jim,—and—and—I'm out of breath—and—that lets me out."*

And here Miggles caught her dripping oilskin hat from her head, with a mischievous swirl that scattered a shower of raindrops over us; attempted to put back her hair; dropped two hairpins in the attempt; laughed and sat down beside Yuba Bill, with her hands crossed lightly on her lap.

The Judge recovered himself first, and essayed an extravagant compliment.

"I'll trouble you for that thar har-pin," said Miggles, gravely. Half a dozen hands were eagerly stretched forward; the missing hairpin was restored to its fair owner; and Miggles, crossing the room, looked keenly in the face of the invalid. The solemn eyes looked back at hers with an expression we had never seen before. Life and intelligence seemed to struggle back into the rugged face. Miggles laughed again—it was a singularly eloquent laugh—and turned her black eyes and white teeth once more toward us.

"This afflicted person is—" hesitated the Judge.

"Jim," said Miggles.

"Your father?"

"No."

"Brother?"

"No."

"Husband?"

Miggles darted a quick, half-defiant glance at the two lady passengers who I had noticed did not participate in the general

masculine admiration of Miggles, and said gravely, "No; it's Jim."

There was an awkward pause. The lady passengers moved closer to each other; the Washoe husband looked abstractedly at the fire; and the tall man apparently turned his eyes inward for self-support at this emergency. But Miggles's laugh, which was very infectious, broke the silence. "Come," she said briskly, "you must be hungry. Who'll bear a hand to help me get tea?"

She had no lack of volunteers. In a few moments Yuba Bill was engaged like Caliban* in bearing logs for this Miranda;* the expressman was grinding coffee on the veranda; to myself the arduous duty of slicing bacon was assigned; and the Judge lent each man his good-humored and voluble counsel. And when Miggles, assisted by the Judge and our Hibernian "deck passenger," set the table with all the available crockery, we had become quite joyous, in spite of the rain that beat against windows, the wind that whirled down the chimney, the two ladies who whispered together in the corner, or the magpie who uttered a satirical and croaking commentary on their conversation from his perch above. In the now bright, blazing fire we could see that the walls were papered with illustrated journals, arranged with feminine taste and discrimination. The furniture was extemporized, and adapted from candle boxes and packing-cases,* and covered with gay calico, or the skin of some animal. The armchair of the helpless Jim was an ingenious variation of a flour barrel. There was neatness, and even a taste for the picturesque, to be seen in the few details of the long low room.

The meal was a culinary success. But more, it was a social triumph—chiefly, I think, owing to the rare tact of Miggles in guiding the conversation, asking all the questions herself, yet bearing throughout a frankness that rejected the idea of any concealment on her own part, so that we talked of ourselves, of our prospects, of the journey, of the weather, of each other—of everything but our host and hostess. It must be confessed that Miggles's conversation was never elegant, rarely grammatical, and that at times she employed expletives the use of which had generally been yielded to our sex. But they were delivered with such a lighting-up of teeth and eyes, and were usually followed by a laugh—a laugh peculiar to Miggles—so frank and honest that it seemed to clear the moral atmosphere.

Once during the meal we heard a noise like the rubbing of a heavy body against the outer walls of the house. This was shortly followed by a scratching and sniffing at the door. "That's Joaquin," said Miggles, in reply to our questioning glances; "would you like to see him?" Before we could answer she had opened the door, and disclosed a half-grown grizzly, who instantly raised himself on his

haunches, with his forepaws hanging down in the popular attitude of mendicancy, and looked admiringly at Miggles, with a very singular resemblance in his manner to Yuba Bill. "That's my watchdog," said Miggles, in explanation. "Oh, he don't bite," she added as the two lady passengers fluttered into a corner. "Does he, old Toppy?"* (the latter remark being addressed directly to the sagacious Joaquin). "I tell you what, boys," continued Miggles after she had fed and closed the door on *Ursa Minor*,* "you were in big luck that Joaquin wasn't hanging round when you dropped in tonight." "Where was he?" asked the Judge. "With me," said Miggles. "Lord love you, he trots round with me nights like as if* he was a man."

We were silent for a few moments, and listened to the wind. Perhaps we all had the same picture before us—of Miggles walking through the rainy woods, with her savage guardian at her side. The Judge, I remember, said something about Una and her lion;* but Miggles received it as she did other compliments, with quiet gravity. Whether she was altogether unconscious of the admiration she excited—she could hardly have been oblivious of Yuba Bill's adoration—I know not; but her very frankness suggested a perfect sexual equality that was cruelly humiliating to the younger members of our party.

The incident of the bear did not add anything in Miggles's favor to the opinions of those of her own sex who were present. In fact, the repast over, a chillness radiated from the two lady passengers that no pine brought in by Yuba Bill and cast as a sacrifice upon the hearth could wholly overcome. Miggles felt it; and, suddenly declaring that it was time to "turn in," offered to show the ladies to their bed in an adjoining room. "You boys will have to camp out here by the fire as well as you can," she added, "for thar ain't but the one room."

Our sex—by which, my dear sir, I allude of course to the stronger portion of humanity—has been generally relieved from the imputation of curiosity, or a fondness for gossip. Yet I am constrained to say that hardly had the door closed on Miggles than we crowded together, whispering, snickering, smiling, and exchanging suspicions, surmises, and a thousand speculations in regard to our pretty hostess and her singular companion. I fear that we even hustled that imbecile paralytic, who sat like a voiceless Memnon* in our midst, gazing with the serene indifference of the Past in his passionate eyes upon our wordy counsels. In the midst of an exciting discussion the door opened again, and Miggles re-entered.

But not, apparently, the same Miggles who a few hours before had flashed upon us. Her eyes were downcast, and as she hesitated for a moment on the threshold, with a blanket on her arm, she seemed to have left behind her the frank fearlessness which had charmed us a

moment before. Coming into the room, she drew a low stool beside the paralytic's chair, sat down, drew the blanket over her shoulders, and saying, "If it's all the same to you, boys, as we're rather crowded, I'll stop here tonight," took the invalid's withered hand in her own, and turned her eyes upon the dying fire. An instinctive feeling that this was only premonitory to more confidential relations, and perhaps some shame at our previous curiosity, kept us silent. The rain still beat upon the roof, wandering gusts of wind stirred the embers into momentary brightness, until, in a lull of the elements, Miggles suddenly lifted up her head, and, throwing her hair over her shoulder, turned her face upon the group and asked:

"Is there any of you that knows me?"

There was no reply.

"Think again! I lived at Marysville in '53. Everybody knew me there, and everybody had the right to know me. I kept the Polka saloon until I came to live with Jim. That's six years ago. Perhaps I've changed some."

The absence of recognition may have disconcerted her. She turned her head to the fire again, and it was some seconds before she again spoke, and then more rapidly:

"Well, you see I thought some of you must have known me. There's no great harm done, anyway. What I was going to say was this: Jim here"—she took his hand in both of hers as she spoke—"used to know me, if you didn't, and spent a heap of money upon me. I reckon he spent all he had. And one day—it's six years ago this winter—Jim came into my back room, sat down on my sofa, like as you see him in that chair, and never moved again without help. He was struck all of a heap, and never seemed to know what ailed him.* The doctors came and said as how it was caused all along of his way of life—for Jim was mighty free and wild-like—and that he would never get better, and couldn't last long anyway. They advised me to send him to Frisco to the hospital, for he was no good to anyone and would be a baby all his life. Perhaps it was something in Jim's eye, perhaps it was that I never had a baby, but I said 'No.' I was rich then, for I was popular with everybody—gentlemen like yourself, sir, came to see me—and I sold out my business and bought this yer place, because it was sort of out of the way of travel, you see, and I brought my baby here."

With a woman's intuitive tact and poetry, she had, as she spoke, slowly shifted her position so as to bring the mute figure of the ruined man between her and her audience, hiding in the shadow behind it, as if she offered it as a tacit apology for her actions. Silent and expressionless, it yet spoke for her; helpless, crushed, and smitten with the Divine thunderbolt, it still stretched an invisible arm around her.

Hidden in the darkness, but still holding his hand, she went on:

"It was a long time before I could get the hang of things about yer, for I was used to company and excitement. I couldn't get any woman to help me, and a man I dursen't* trust; but what with the Indians hereabout, who'd do odd jobs for me, and having everything sent from the North Fork, Jim and I managed to worry through.* The Doctor would run up from Sacramento once in a while. He'd ask to see 'Miggles's baby,' as he called Jim, and when he'd go away, he'd say, 'Miggles, you're a trump—God bless you'; and it didn't seem so lonely after that. But the last time he was here he said, as he opened the door to go, 'Do you know, Miggles, your baby will grow up to be a man yet and honor to his mother; but not here, Miggles, not here!' And I thought he went away sad—and—and—" and here Miggles's voice and head were somehow both lost completely in the shadow.

"The folks about here are very kind," said Miggles, after a pause, coming a little into the light again. "The men from the Fork used to hang around here, until they found they wasn't* wanted, and the women are kind—and don't call. I was pretty lonely until I picked up Joaquin in the woods yonder one day, when he wasn't so high, and taught him to beg for his dinner; and then thar's Polly—that's the magpie—she knows no end of tricks, and makes it quite sociable of evenings* with her talk, and so I don't feel like as* I was the only living being about the ranch. And Jim here," said Miggles, with her old laugh again, and coming out quite into the firelight. "Jim—why, boys, you would admire to see how much he knows for a man like him. Sometimes I bring him flowers, and he looks at 'em just as natural as if he knew 'em; and times, when we're sitting alone, I read him those things on the wall. Why, Lord!" said Miggles, with her frank laugh, "I've read him that whole side of the house this winter. There never was such a man for reading as Jim."*

"Why," asked the Judge, "do you not marry this man to whom you have devoted your youthful life?"

"Well, you see," said Miggles, "it would be playing it rather low down on Jim,* to take advantage of his being so helpless. And then, too, if we were man and wife, now, we'd both know that I was bound to do what I do now of my own accord."

"But you are young yet and attractive—"

"It's getting late," said Miggles, gravely, "and you'd better all turn in. Good night, boys;" and, throwing the blanket over her head, Miggles laid herself down beside Jim's chair, her head pillowed on the low stool that held his feet, and spoke no more. The fire slowly faded from the hearth; we each sought our blankets in silence; and presently there was no sound in the long room but the pattering of the rain upon the roof and the heavy breathing of the sleepers.

It was nearly morning when I awoke from a troubled dream. The storm had passed, the stars were shining, and through the shutterless window the full moon, lifting itself over the solemn pines without, looked into the room. It touched the lonely figure in the chair with an infinite compassion, and seemed to baptize with a shining flood the lowly head of the woman whose hair, as in the sweet old story, bathed the feet of him she loved. It even lent a kindly poetry to the rugged outline of Yuba Bill, half-reclining on his elbow between them and his passengers, with savagely patient eyes keeping watch and ward.* And then I fell asleep and only woke at broad day, with Yuba Bill standing over me, and "All aboard" ringing in my ears.

Coffee was waiting for us on the table, but Miggles was gone. We wandered about the house and lingered long after the horses were harnessed, but she did not return. It was evident that she wished to avoid a formal leave-taking, and had so left us to depart as we had come. After we had helped the ladies into the coach, we returned to the house and solemnly shook hands with the paralytic Jim, as solemnly settling him back into position after each handshake. Then we looked for the last time around the long low room, at the stool where Miggles had sat, and slowly took our seats in the waiting coach. The whip cracked, and we were off!

But as we reached the highroad, Bill's dexterous hand laid the six horses back on their haunches, and the stage stopped with a jerk. For there, on a little eminence beside the road, stood Miggles, her hair flying, her eyes sparkling, her white handkerchief waving, and her white teeth flashing a last "good-by." We waved our hats in return. And then Yuba Bill, as if fearful of further fascination, madly lashed his horses forward, and we sank back in our seats. We exchanged not a word until we reached the North Fork, and the stage drew up at the Independence House. Then, the Judge leading, we walked into the barroom and took our places gravely at the bar.

"Are your glasses charged, gentlemen?" said the Judge, solemnly taking off his white hat.

They were.

"Well, then, here's to *Miggles*. GOD BLESS HER!"

Perhaps He had. Who knows?

Tennessee's Partner

I do not think that we ever knew his real name. Our ignorance of it certainly never gave us any social inconvenience, for at Sandy Bar in 1854 most men were christened anew. Sometimes these appella-

tives were derived from some distinctiveness of dress, as in the case of "Dungaree Jack;" or from some peculiarity of habit, as shown in "Saleratus Bill,"* so called from an undue proportion of that chemical in his daily bread; or for some unlucky slip, as exhibited in "The Iron Pirate," a mild, inoffensive man, who earned that baleful title by his unfortunate mispronunciation of the term "iron pyrites."* Perhaps this may have been the beginning of a rude heraldry; but I am constrained to think that it was because a man's real name in that day rested solely upon his own unsupported statement. "Call yourself Clifford, do you?" said Boston, addressing a timid newcomer with infinite scorn; "hell is full of such Cliffords!" He then introduced the unfortunate man, whose name happened to be really Clifford, as "Jay-bird Charley"*—an unhallowed inspiration of the moment that clung to him ever after.

But to return to Tennessee's Partner, whom we never knew by any other than this relative title; that he had ever existed as a separate and distinct individuality we only learned later. It seems that in 1853 he left Poker Flat to go to San Francisco, ostensibly to procure a wife. He never got any farther than Stockton. At that place he was attracted by a young person who waited upon the table at the hotel where he took his meals. One morning he said something to her which caused her to smile not unkindly, to somewhat coquettishly break a plate of toast over his upturned, serious simple face, and to retreat to the kitchen. He followed her, and emerged a few moments later, covered with more toast and victory.* That day week* they were married by a justice of the peace, and returned to Poker Flat. I am aware that something more might be made of this episode, but I prefer to tell it as it was current* at Sandy Bar—in the gulches and barrooms—where all sentiment was modified by a strong sense of humor.

Of their married felicity but little is known, perhaps for the reason that Tennessee, then living with his Partner, one day took occasion to say something to the bride on his own account, at which, it is said she smiled not unkindly and chastely retreated—this time as far as Marysville, where Tennessee followed her, and where they went to housekeeping without the aid of a justice of the peace. Tennessee's Partner took the loss of his wife simply and seriously, as was his fashion. But to everybody's surprise, when Tennessee one day returned from Marysville, without his Partner's wife—she having smiled and retreated with somebody else—Tennessee's Partner was the first man to shake his hand and greet him with affection. The boys who had gathered in the cañon to see the shooting* were naturally indignant. Their indignation might have found vent in sarcasm but for a certain look in Tennessee's Partner's eye that

indicated a lack of humorous appreciation. In fact, he was a grave man, with a steady application to practical detail which was unpleasant in a difficulty.*

Meanwhile a popular feeling against Tennessee had grown up on the Bar. He was known to be a gambler; he was suspected to be a thief. In these suspicions Tennessee's Partner was equally compromised; his continued intimacy with Tennessee after the affair above quoted could only be accounted for on the hypothesis of a copartnership of crime. At last Tennessee's guilt became flagrant. One day he overtook a stranger on his way to Red Dog. The stranger afterward related that Tennessee beguiled the time with interesting anecdote and reminiscence, but illogically concluded the interview in the following words: "And now, young man, I'll trouble you for your knife, your pistols, and your money. You see your weppings* might get you into trouble at Red Dog, and your money's a temptation to the evilly disposed, I think you said your address was San Francisco. I shall endeavour to call." It may be stated here that Tennessee had a fine flow of humor, which no business preoccupation could wholly subdue.

This exploit was his last. Red Dog and Sandy Bar made common cause against the highwayman. Tennessee was hunted in very much the same fashion as his prototype, the grizzly. As the toils closed around him, he made a desperate dash through the Bar, emptying his revolver at the crowd before the Arcade Saloon, and so on up Grizzly Cañon; but at its farther extremity he was stopped by a small man on a gray horse. The men looked at each other a moment in silence. Both were fearless, both self-possessed and independent; and both types of a civilization that in the seventeenth century would have been called heroic, but, in the nineteenth, simply "reckless." "What have you got there?—I call,"* said Tennessee, quietly. "Two bowers and an ace," said the stranger, as quietly, showing two revolvers and a bowie knife. "That takes me,"* returned Tennessee; and with this gamblers' epigram, he threw away his useless pistol, and rode back with his captor.

It was a warm night. The cool breeze which usually sprang up with the going down of the sun behind the chaparral-crested mountain was that evening withheld from Sandy Bar. The little cañon was stifling with heated resinous odors, and the decaying driftwood on the Bar sent forth faint, sickening exhalations. The feverishness of day, and its fierce passions, still filled the camp. Lights moved restlessly along the bank of the river, striking no answering reflection from its tawny current. Against the blackness of the pines the windows of the old loft above the express office stood out staringly

bright; and through their curtainless panes the loungers below could see the forms of those who were even then deciding the fate of Tennessee. And above all this, etched on the dark firmament, rose the Sierra, remote and passionless, crowned with remoter passionless stars.

The trial of Tennessee was conducted as fairly as was consistent with a judge and jury who felt themselves to some extent obliged to justify, in their verdict, the previous irregularities of arrest and indictment. The law of Sandy Bar was implacable, but not vengeful. The excitement and personal feeling of the chase were over; with Tennessee safe in their hands they were ready to listen patiently to any defense, which they were already satisfied was insufficient. There being no doubt in their own minds, they were willing to give the prisoner the benefit of any that might exist.* Secure in the hypothesis that he ought to be hanged, on general principles,* they indulged him with more latitude of defense than his reckless hardihood seemed to ask. The Judge appeared to be more anxious than the prisoner, who otherwise unconcerned, evidently took a grim pleasure in the responsibility he had created.* "I don't take any hand in this yer game,"* had been his invariable but good-humored reply to all questions. The Judge—who was also his captor—for a moment vaguely regretted that he had not shot him "on sight"* that morning, but presently dismissed this human weakness as unworthy of the judicial mind. Nevertheless, when there was a tap at the door, and it was said that Tennessee's Partner was there on behalf of the prisoner, he was admitted at once without question. Perhaps the younger members of the jury, to whom the proceedings were becoming irksomely thoughtful, hailed him as a relief.

For he was not, certainly, an imposing figure. Short and stout, with a square face sunburned into a preternatural redness, clad in a loose duck "jumper"* and trousers streaked and splashed with red soil, his aspect under any circumstances would have been quaint, and was now even ridiculous. As he stooped to deposit at his feet a heavy carpetbag he was carrying, it became obvious, from partially developed legends and inscriptions, that the material with which his trousers had been patched had been originally intended for a less ambitious covering. Yet he advanced with great gravity, and after having shaken the hand of each person in the room with labored cordiality, he wiped his serious, perplexed face on a red bandanna handkerchief, a shade lighter than his complexion, laid his powerful hand upon the table to steady himself, and thus addressed the Judge:

"I was passin' by," he began, by way of apology, "and I thought I'd just step in and see how things was gittin' on with Tennessee

thar—my pardner. It's a hot night. I disremember any sich weather before on the Bar."

He paused a moment, but nobody volunteering any other meteorological recollection, he again had recourse to his pocket handkerchief, and for some moments mopped his face diligently.

"Have you anything to say in behalf of the prisoner?" said the Judge, finally.

"Thet's it,"* said Tennessee's Partner, in a tone of relief. "I come yar as Tennessee's pardner—knowing him nigh on four year, off and on, wet and dry, in luck and out o' luck. His ways ain't allers my ways, but that ain't any p'int in that young man, thar ain't any liveliness as he's been up to, as I don't know.* And you sez to me, sez you—confidential-like, and between man and man*—sez you, 'Do you know anything in his behalf?' and I sez to you, sez I—confidential-like, as between man and man—'What should a man know of his pardner?'"

"Is this all you have to say?" asked the Judge impatiently, feeling, perhaps, that a dangerous sympathy of humor was beginning to humanize the Court.

"That's so," continued Tennessee's Partner. "It ain't for me to say anything agin' him. And now, what's the case? Here's Tennessee wants money, wants it bad, and doesn't like to ask it of his old pardner. Well, what does Tennessee do? He lays for a stranger, and he fetches that stranger.* And you lays for *him*, and you fetches *him*; and the honors is easy.* And I put it to you, bein' a far-minded man, and to you, gentlemen, all, as far-minded men, ef this isn't so."

"Prisoner," said the Judge, interrupting, "have you any questions to ask this man?"

"No! no!" continued Tennessee's Partner, hastily. "I play this yer hand alone.* To come down to the bedrock, it's just this: Tennessee, thar, has played it pretty rough and expensive-like on a stranger, and on this yer camp.* And now, what's the fair thing? Some would say more; some would say less. Here's seventeen hundred dollars in coarse gold and a watch—it's about all my pile—and call it square!"* And before a hand could be raised to prevent him, he had emptied the contents of the carpetbag upon the table.

For a moment his life was in jeopardy. One or two men sprang to their feet, several hands groped for hidden weapons, and a suggestion to "throw him from the window" was only overridden by a gesture from the Judge. Tennessee laughed. And apparently oblivious of the excitement, Tennessee's Partner improved the opportunity to mop his face again with his handkerchief.

When order was restored, and the man was made to understand, by the use of forcible figures and rhetoric, that Tennessee's offense

could not be condoned by money, his face took a more serious and sanguinary hue, and those who were nearest to him noticed that his rough hand trembled slightly on the table. He hesitated a moment as he slowly returned the gold to the carpetbag, as if he had not yet entirely caught the elevated sense of justice which swayed the tribunal, and was perplexed with the belief that he had not offered enough. Then he turned to the Judge, and saying, "This yer is a lone hand, played alone, and without my pardner," he bowed to the jury and was about to withdraw when the Judge called him back. "If you have anything to say to Tennessee, you had better say it now." For the first time that evening the eyes of the prisoner and his strange advocate met. Tennessee smiled, showed his white teeth, and, saying, "Euchred, old man!" held out his hand. Tennessee's Partner took it in his own, and saying, "I just dropped in as I was passin' to see how things was gettin' on," let the hand passively fall, and adding that it was a warm night, again mopped his face with his handkerchief, and without another word withdrew.

The two men never again met each other alive. For the unparalleled insult of a bribe offered to Judge Lynch—who, whether bigoted, weak, or narrow, was at least incorruptible—firmly fixed in the mind of that mythical personage any wavering determination of Tennessee's fate; and at the break of day he was marched, closely guarded, to meet it at the top of Marley's Hill.

How he met it, how cool he was, how he refused to say anything, how perfect were the arrangements of the committee, were all duly reported, with the addition of a warning moral and example to all future evildoers, in the *Red Dog Clarion*,* by its editor, who was present, and to whose vigorous English I cheerfully refer the reader. But the beauty of that midsummer morning, the blessed amity of earth and air and sky, the awakened life of the free woods and hills, the joyous renewal and promise of Nature, and above all, the infinite Serenity that thrilled through each, was not reported, as not being a part of the social lesson. And yet, when the weak and foolish deed was done, and a life, with its possibilities and responsibilities, had passed out of the misshapen thing that dangled between earth and sky, the birds sang, the flowers bloomed, the sun shone, as cheerily as before; and possibly the *Red Dog Clarion* was right.

Tennessee's Partner was not in the group that surrounded the ominous tree. But as they turned to disperse attention was drawn to the singular appearance of a motionless donkey cart halted at the side of the road. As they approached, they at once recognized the venerable "Jenny" and the two-wheeled cart as the property of Tennessee's Partner—used by him in carrying dirt from his claim; and a few paces distant the owner of the equipage himself, sitting

under a buckeye tree, wiping the perspiration from his glowing face. In answer to an inquiry, he said he had come for the body of the "diseased,"* "if it was all the same to the committee." He didn't wish to "hurry anything"; he could "wait." He was not working that day; and when the gentlemen were done with the "diseased," he would take him. "Ef thar is any present," he added, in his simple, serious way, "as would care to jine in the fun'l, they kin come." Perhaps it was from a sense of humor, which I have already intimated was a feature of Sandy Bar—perhaps it was from something even better than that; but two-thirds of the loungers accepted the invitation at once.

It was noon when the body of Tennessee was delivered into the hands of his Partner. As the cart drew up to the fatal tree, we noticed that it contained a rough, oblong box—apparently made from a section of sluicing* and half-filled with bark and the tassels of pine. The cart was further decorated with slips of willow, and made fragrant with buckeye blossoms. When the body was deposited in the box, Tennessee's Partner drew over it a piece of tarred canvas, and gravely mounting the narrow seat in front, with his feet upon the shafts, urged the little donkey forward. The equipage moved slowly on, at that decorous pace which was habitual with "Jenny" even under less solemn circumstances. The men—half curiously, half justingly, but all good-humoredly—strolled along beside the cart; some in advance, some a little in the rear of the homely catafalque. But, whether from the narrowing of the road or some present sense of decorum, as the cart passed on, the company fell to the rear in couples, keeping step, and otherwise assuming the external show of a formal procession. Jack Folinsbee, who had at the outset played a funeral march in dumb show upon an imaginary trombone, desisted, from a lack of sympathy and appreciation—not having, perhaps, your true humorist's capacity to be content with the enjoyment of his own fun.

The way led through Grizzly Cañon—by this time clothed in funereal drapery and shadows. The redwoods, burying their moccasined feet in the red soil, stood in Indian file along the track, trailing an uncouth benediction from their bending boughs upon the passing bier. A hare, surprised into helpless inactivity, sat upright and pulsating in the ferns by the roadside as the cortege went by. Squirrels hastened to gain a secure outlook from higher boughs; and the bluejays, spreading their wings, fluttered before them like outriders, until the outskirts of Sandy Bar were reached, and the solitary cabin of Tennessee's Partner.

Viewed under more favorable circumstances, it would not have been a cheerful place. The unpicturesque site, the rude and unlovely

outlines, the unsavory details, which distinguish the nest-building of the California miner, were all here, with the dreariness of decay superadded. A few paces from the cabin there was a rough enclosure, which in the brief days of Tennessee's Partner's matrimonial felicity had been used as a garden, but was now overgrown with fern. As we approached it we were surprised to find that what we had taken for a recent attempt at cultivation was the broken soil about an open grave.

The cart was halted before the enclosure; and rejecting the offers of assistance with the same air of simple self-reliance he had displayed throughout, Tennessee's Partner lifted the rough coffin on his back and deposited it, unaided, within the shallow grave. He then nailed down the board which served as a lid; and mounting the little mound of earth beside it, took off his hat, and slowly mopped his face with his handkerchief. This the crowd felt was a preliminary to speech; and they disposed themselves variously on stumps and boulders, and sat expectant.

"When a man," began Tennessee's Partner, slowly, "has been running free all day, what's the natural thing for him to do? Why, to come home. And if he ain't in a condition to go home, what can his best friend do? Why, bring him home! And here's Tennessee has been running free, and we brings him home from his wandering." He paused, and picked up a fragment of quartz, rubbed it thoughtfully on his sleeve, and went on: "It ain't the first time that I've packed him on my back, as you see'd me now. It ain't the first time that I brought him to this yer cabin when he couldn't help himself; it ain't the first time that I and 'Jinny' have waited for him on yon hill, and picked him up and so fetched him home, when he couldn't speak, and didn't know me. And now that it's the last time, why"—he paused, and rubbed the quartz gently on his sleeve—"you see it's sort of rough on his pardner. And now, gentlemen," he added, abruptly, picking up his long-handled shovel, "the fun'll's over; and my thanks and Tennessee's thanks, to you for your trouble."

Resisting any proffers of assistance, he began to fill in the grave, turning his back upon the crowd that after a few moments' hesitation gradually withdrew. As they crossed the little ridge that hid Sandy Bar from view, some, looking back, thought they could see Tennessee's Partner, his work done, sitting upon the grave, his shovel between his knees, and his face buried in his red bandanna handkerchief. But it was argued by others that you couldn't tell his face from his handkerchief at that distance; and this point remained undecided.

In the reaction that followed the feverish excitement of that day, Tennessee's Partner was not forgotten. A secret investigation had cleared him of any complicity in Tennessee's guilt, and left only a suspicion of his general sanity. Sandy Bar made a point of calling on him, and proffering various uncouth, but well-meant kindnesses. But from that day his rude health and great strength seemed visibly to decline; and when the rainy season fairly set in, and the tiny grassblades were beginning to peep from the rocky mound above Tennessee's grave, he took to his bed.

One night, when the pines beside the cabin were swaying in the storm, and trailing their slender fingers over the roof, and the roar and rush of the swollen river were heard below, Tennessee's Partner lifted his head from the pillow, saying, "It is time to go for Tennessee; I must put 'Jinny' in the cart;" and would have risen from his bed but for the restraint of his attendant. Struggling, he still pursued his singular fancy: "There, now, steady, 'Jinny'—steady, old girl. How dark it is! Look out for the ruts—and look out for him, too, old gal. Sometimes, you know, when he's blind-drunk, he drops down right in the trail. Keep on straight up to the pine on the top of the hill. Thar—I told you so!—thar he is—coming this way, too—all by himself, sober, and his face a-shining. Tennessee! Pardner!"

And so they met.

The Man from Solano

JHC e came toward me out of an opera lobby between the acts,—a figure as remarkable as anything in the performance. His clothes, no two articles of which were of the same color, had the appearance of having been purchased and put on only an hour or two before,—a fact more directly established by the clothes-dealer's ticket which still adhered to his coat-collar, giving the number, size, and general dimensions of that garment somewhat obtrusively to an uninterested public. His trousers had a straight line down each leg, as if he had been born flat but had since developed; and there was another crease down his back, like those figures children cut out of folded paper. I may add that there was no consciousness of this in his face, which was

good-natured, and, but for a certain squareness in the angle of his lower jaw, utterly uninteresting and commonplace.

"You disremember me," he said, briefly, as he extended his hand, "but I'm from Solano, in Californy. I met you there in the spring of '57. I was tendin' sheep, and you was burnin' charcoal."

There was not the slightest trace of any intentional rudeness in the reminder. It was simply a statement of fact, and as such to be accepted.

"What I hailed ye for was only this," he said, after I had shaken hands with him. "I saw you a minnit ago standin' over in yon box—chirpin' with a lady—a young lady, peart and pretty. Might you be telling me her name?"

I gave him the name of a certain noted belle of a neighboring city, who had lately stirred the hearts of the metropolis, and who was especially admired by the brilliant and fascinating young Dashboard, who stood beside me.

The Man from Solano mused for a moment, and then said, "Thet's so! thet's the name! It's the same gal!"

"You have met her, then?" I asked, in surprise.

"Ye-es," he responded, slowly: "I met her about fower months ago. She'd bin makin' a tour of Californy with some friends, and I first saw her aboard the cars this side of Reno.* She lost her baggage checks, and I found them on the floor and gave 'em back to her, and she thanked me. I reckon now it would be about the square thing* to go over thar and sorter recognize her." He stopped a moment, and looked at us inquiringly.

"My dear sir," struck in the brilliant and fascinating Dashboard, "if your hesitation proceeds from any doubt as to the propriety of your attire, I beg you to dismiss it from your mind at once. The tyranny of custom, it is true, compels your friend and myself to dress peculiarly, but I assure you nothing could be finer than the way that the olive green of your coat melts in the delicate yellow of your cravat, or the pearl gray of your trousers blends with the bright blue of your waistcoat, and lends additional brilliancy to that massive oroide watch-chain which you wear."

To my surprise, the Man from Solano did not strike him. He looked at the ironical Dashboard with grave earnestness, and then said quietly:—

"Then I reckon you would n't mind showin' me in thar?"

Dashboard was, I admit, a little staggered at this. But he recovered himself, and bowing ironically, led the way to the box. I followed him and the Man from Solano.

Now, the belle in question happened to be a gentlewoman—descended from gentlewomen—and after Dashboard's ironical intro-

duction, in which the Man from Solano was not spared, she comprehended the situation instantly. To Dashboard's surprise she drew a chair to her side, made the Man from Solano sit down, quietly turned her back on Dashboard, and in full view of the brilliant audience and the focus of a hundred lorgnettes, entered into conversation with him.

Here, for the sake of romance, I should like to say he became animated, and exhibited some trait of excellence,—some rare wit or solid sense. But the fact is he was dull and stupid to the last degree. He persisted in keeping the conversation upon the subject of the lost baggage-checks, and every bright attempt of the lady to divert him failed signally. At last, to everybody's relief, he rose, and leaning over her chair, said:—

"I calklate to stop over here some time, miss, and you and me bein' sorter strangers here, maybe when there's any show like this goin' on you'll let me"—

Miss X. said somewhat hastily that the multiplicity of her engagements and the brief limit of her stay in New York she feared would, etc., etc. The two other ladies had their handkerchiefs over their mouths, and were staring intently on the stage, when the Man from Solano continued:—

"Then, maybe, miss, whenever there is a show goin' on that you'll attend, you'll just drop me word to Earle's Hotel, to this yer address," and he pulled from his pocket a dozen well-worn letters, and taking the buff envelope from one, handed it to her with something like a bow.

"Certainly," broke in the facetious Dashboard, "Miss X. goes to the Charity Ball to-morrow night. The tickets are but a trifle to an opulent Californian, and a man of your evident means, and the object a worthy one. You will, no doubt, easily secure an invitation."

Miss X. raised her handsome eyes for a moment to Dashboard. "By all means," she said, turning to the Man from Solano; "and as Mr. Dashboard is one of the managers and you are a stranger, he will, of course, send you a complimentary ticket. I have known Mr. Dashboard long enough to know that he is invariably courteous to strangers and a gentleman." She settled herself in her chair again and fixed her eyes upon the stage.

The Man from Solano thanked the Man of New York, and then, after shaking hands with everybody in the box, turned to go. When he had reached the door he looked back to Miss X., and said,—

"It *was* one of the queerest things in the world, miss, that my findin' them checks"—

But the curtain had just then risen on the garden scene in "Faust," and Miss X. was absorbed. The Man from Solano carefully shut the box door and retired. I followed him.

He was silent until he reached the lobby, and then he said, as if renewing a previous conversation, "She is a mighty peart gal—that's so. She's just my kind, and will make a stavin' good wife."

I thought I saw danger ahead for the Man from Solano, so I hastened to tell him that she was beset by attentions, that she could have her pick and choice of the best of society, and finally, that she was, most probably, engaged to Dashboard.

"That's so," he said quietly, without the slightest trace of feeling. "It would be mighty queer if she wasn't. But I reckon I'll steer down to the ho-tel. I don't care much for this yellin'." (He was alluding to a cadenza of that famous cantatrice, Signora Batti Batti.) "What's the time?"

He pulled out his watch. It was such a glaring chain, so obviously bogus, that my eyes were fascinated by it. "You're looking at that watch," he said; "it's purty to look at, but she don't go worth a cent.* And yet her price was \$125, gold. I gobbled her up in Chatham Street* day before yesterday, where they were selling 'em very cheap at auction."

"You have been outrageously swindled," I said, indignantly. "Watch and chain are not worth twenty dollars."

"Are they worth fifteen?" he asked, gravely.

"Possibly."

"Then I reckon it's a fair trade. Ye see, I told 'em I was a Californian from Solano, and hadn't anything about me of greenbacks. I had three slugs with me. Ye remember them slugs?" (I did; the "slug"* was a "token"* issued in the early days—a hexagonal piece of gold a little over twice the size of a twenty-dollar gold piece—worth and accepted for fifty dollars.)

"Well, I handed them that, and they handed me the watch. You see them slugs I had made myself outer brass filings and iron pyrites, and used to slap 'em down on the boys for a bluff* in a game of draw poker.* You see, not being reg'ler gov'ment money, it was n't counterfeiting. I reckon they cost me, counting time and anxiety, about fifteen dollars. So, if this yer watch is worth that, it's about a square game, ain't it?"*

I began to understand the Man from Solano, and said it was. He returned his watch to his pocket, toyed playfully with the chain, and remarked, "Kinder makes a man look fash'nable and wealthy, don't it?"

I agreed with him. "But what do you intend to do here?" I asked.

"Well, I've got a cash capital of nigh on seven hundred dollars. I guess until I get into reg'lar business I'll skirmish round Wall Street, and sorter lay low."* I was about to give him a few words of warning, but I remembered his watch, and desisted. We shook hands and parted.

A few days after I met him on Broadway. He was attired in another new suit, but I think I saw a slight improvement in his general appearance. Only five distinct colors were visible in his attire. But this, I had reason to believe afterwards, was accidental.

I asked him if he had been to the ball. He said he had. "That gal, and a mighty peart gal she was too, was there, but she sorter fought shy of me. I got this new suit to go in, but those waiters sorter run me into a private box, and I did n't get much chance to continner our talk about them checks. But that young feller, Dashboard, was mighty perlite. He brought lots of fellers and young women round to the box to see me, and he made up a party that night to take me round Wall Street and in them Stock Boards.* And the next day he called for me and took me, and I invested about five hundred dollars in them stocks—may be more. You see, we sorter swopped stocks. You know I had ten shares in the Peacock Copper Mine, that you was once secretary of."

"But those shares are not worth a cent. The whole thing exploded ten years ago."

"That's so, may be; *you* say so. But then I did n't know anything more about Communipaw Central, or the Naphtha Gaslight Company, and so I thought it was a square game.* Only I realised on the stocks I bought,* and I kem up outer Wall Street about four hundred dollars better.* You see it was a sorter risk, after all, for them. Peacock stocks *might* come up!"*

I looked into his face: it was immeasurably serene and commonplace. I began to be a little afraid of the man, or, rather, of my want of judgment of the man; and after a few words we shook hands and parted.

It was some months before I again saw the Man from Solano. When I did, I found that he had actually become a member of the Stock Board and had a little office on Broad Street, where he transacted a fair business. My remembrance going back to the first night I met him, I inquired if he had renewed his acquaintance with Miss X. "I heerd that she was in Newport* this summer, and I ran down there fur a week."

"And you talked with her about the baggage-checks?"

"No," he said, seriously; "she gave me a commission to buy some stocks for her. You see, I guess them fash'nable fellers sorter got to runnin' her about me,* and so she put our acquaintance on a square

business footing.* I tell you, she's a right peart gal. Did ye hear of the accident that happened to her?"

I had not.

"Well, you see, she was out yachting, and I managed through one of those fellers to get an invite,* too. The whole thing was got up by a man* that they say is going to marry her. Well, one afternoon the boom swings round in a little squal and knocks her overboard. There was an awful excitement,—you've heard about it, may be?"

"No!" But I saw it all with a romancer's instinct in a flash of poetry! This poor fellow, debarred through uncouthness from expressing his affection for her, had at last found his fitting opportunity. He had—

"Thar was an awful row," he went on. "I ran out on the taffrail, and there a dozen yards away was that purty creature, that peart gal, and—I"—

"You jumped for her," I said, hastily.

"No!" he said gravely. "I let the other man do the jumping. I sorter looked on."

I stared at him in astonishment.

"No," he went on, seriously. "He was the man who jumped—that was just then his 'put'*—his line of business. You see, if I had waltzed over the side of that ship, and cavoorted in, and flummuxed round and finally flopped to the bottom, that other man would have jumped nateral-like and saved her; and ez he was going to marry her any way, I don't exactly see where *I'd* hev been represented in the transaction. But don't you see, ef, after he'd jumped and had n't got her, he'd gone down himself, I'd hev had the next best chance, and the advantage of heving him outer the way. You see, you don't understand me—I don't think you did in Californy."

"Then he did save her?"

"Of course. Don't you see she was all right. If he'd missed her, I'd have chipped in. Thar war n't no sense in my doing his duty onless he failed."

Somehow the story got out. The Man from Solano as a butt became more popular than ever, and of course received invitations to burlesque receptions,* and naturally met a great many people whom otherwise he would not have seen. It was observed also that his seven hundred dollars were steadily growing, and that he seemed to be getting on in his business. Certain California stocks which I had seen quietly interred in the old days in the tombs of their fathers were magically revived; and I remember, as one who has seen a ghost, to have been shocked as I looked over the quotations one morning to have seen the ghostly face of the "Dead Beat Beach Mining Co.," rouged and piastered, looking out from the columns of

the morning paper. At last a few people began to respect, or suspect, the Man from Solano. At last, suspicion culminated with this incident:—

He had long expressed a wish to belong to a certain “fash’n’ble” club, and with a view of burlesque he was invited to visit the club, where a series of ridiculous entertainments were given him, winding up with a card party. As I passed the steps of the club-house early next morning I overheard two or three members talking excitedly,—

“He cleaned everybody out.” “Why, he must have raked in high on \$40,000.”

“Who?” I asked.

“The Man from Solano.”

As I turned away, one of the gentlemen, a victim, noted for his sporting propensities, followed me, and laying his hand on my shoulder, asked:—

“Tell me fairly now. What business did your friend follow in California?”

“He was a shepherd.”

“A what?”

“A shepherd. Tended his flocks on the honeyscented hills of Solano.”

“Well, all I can say is, d——n* your California pastorals!”

Mark Twain

The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County



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

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

Simon Wheeler backed me into a corner and blockaded me there with his chair, and then sat me down and reeled off the monotonous

narrative which follows this paragraph. He never smiled, he never frowned, he never changed his voice from the gentle-flowing key to which he tuned the initial sentence, he never betrayed the slightest suspicion of enthusiasm, but all through the interminable narrative there ran a vein of impressive earnestness and sincerity, which showed me plainly that, so far from his imagining that there was anything ridiculous or funny about his story, he regarded it as a really important matter, and admitted its two heroes as men of transcendent genius in *finesse*. To me, the spectacle of a man drifting serenely along through such a queer yarn without ever smiling, was exquisitely absurd. As I said before, I asked him to tell me what he knew of Rev. Leonidas W. Smiley, and he replied as follows. I let him go on in his own way, and never interrupted him once:

There was a feller here once by the name of *Jim Smiley*, in the winter of '49—or maybe it was the spring of '50—I don't recollect exactly, somehow, though what makes me think it was one or the other is because I remember the big flume wasn't finished when he first came to the camp; but anyway, he was the curiousest man about always betting on anything that turned up you ever see,* if he could get anybody to bet on the other side and if he couldn't, he'd change sides. Any way what suited the other man would suit him—any way just so's he got a bet, *he* was satisfied. But still he was lucky, uncommon lucky—he most always come out winner. He was always ready and laying for a chance;* there couldn't be no solit'ry thing mentioned but that feller'd offer to bet on it, and take any side you please,* as I was just telling you. If there was a horse-race, you'd find him flush, or you'd find him busted at the end of it; if there was a dog-fight, he'd bet on it; if there was a cat-fight, he'd bet on it; if there was a chicken-fight, he'd bet on it, why, if there was two birds setting on a fence, he would bet you which one would fly first; or if there was a camp meeting, he would be there reg'lar, to bet on Parson Walker, which he judged to be the best exhorter* about here, and so he was, too, and a good man. If he even seen a straddle-bug* start to go anywheres, he would bet you how long it would take him to get wherever he was going to, and if you took him up,* he would foller that straddle-bug to Mexico but what he would find out* where he was bound for and how long he was on the road. Lots of the boys here had seen that Smiley, and can tell you about him. Why, it never made no difference to *him*—he would bet on anything—the dangdest feller.* Parson Walker's wife laid very sick once, for a good while, and it seemed as if they warn's going to save her; but one morning he came in, and Smiley asked how she was, and he said she was considerable better—thank the Lord his inf'nit mercy—and coming on so smart* that, with the blessing of Prov'dence, she'd get

well yet; and Smiley, before he thought, says, "Well, I'll risk two-and-a-half that she don't anyway."*

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

And he had a little small bull pup,* that to look at him you'd think he warn't worth a cent but to set around and look ornery and lay for a chance to steal something. But as soon as money was up on him,* he was a different dog; his under-jaw'd begin to stick out like the fo'castle of a steamboat, and his teeth would uncover, and shine savage like the furnaces. And a dog might tackle him, and bullyrag* him, and bite him, and throw him over his shoulder two or three times, and Andrew Jackson*—which was the name of the pup—Andrew Jackson would never let on but what *he* was satisfied,* and hadn't expected nothing else—and the bets being doubled and doubled on the other side all the time, till the money was all up;* and then all of a sudden he would grab that other dog jest by the j'int of his hind leg and freeze to it—not claw, you understand, but only jest grip and hang on till they throwed up the sponge, if it was a year.* Smiley always come out winner on that pup, till he harnessed a dog once* that didn't have no hind legs, because they'd been sawed off by a circular saw, and when the thing had gone along far enough, and the money was all up, and he come to make a snatch for his pet holt,* he saw in a minute how he'd been imposed on, and how the other dog had him in the door, so to speak,* and he 'peared surprised, and then he looked sorter discouraged-like, and didn't try no more to win the fight, and so he got shucked out bad.* He give Smiley a look, as much to say* his heart was broke and it was *his* fault for putting up a dog that hadn't no hind legs for him to take holt of, which was his main dependence in a fight, and these he limped off a piece* and laid down and died. It was a good pup, was that Andrew Jackson, and would have made a name for himself if he'd lived, for the stuff was in him,* and he had genuis—I know it, because he hadn't no opportunities to speak of, and it don't stand to reason that a dog

could make such a fight as he could under them circumstances, if he hadn't no talent. It always makes me feel sorry when I think of that last fight of his'n, and the way it turned out.

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

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

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

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

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

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

The feller took the box again, and took another long, particular look, and gave it back to Smiley, and says, very deliberate, "Well, I don't see no p'int about that frog that's any better'n any other frog."

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

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

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

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

"Now, if you're ready, set him alongside of Dan'l, with his forepaws just even with Dan'l, and I'll give the word." Then he says, "One—two—three—jump!" and him and the feller touched up the frogs from behind, and the new frog hopped off, but Dan'l give a heave, and hysted up his shoulders—so—like a Frenchman, but it wasn't no use—he couldn't budge; he was planted as solid as an anvil, and he couldn't no more stir than if he was anchored out. Smiley was a good deal surprised, and he was disgusted too, but he didn't have no idea what the matter was, of course.

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

Smiley he stood scratching his head and looking down at Dan'l a long time, and at last he says, "I do wonder what in the nation that frog throw'd off for*—I wonder if there ain't something the matter with him—he 'pears to look mighty baggy,* somehow." And he ketched Dan'l by the nap of the neck, and lifted him up and says, "Why, blame my cats,* if he don't weigh five pounds!" and turned him upside down, and he belched out a double handful of shot. And then he see how it was, and he was the meddest man—he set the frog

down and took out after that feller,* but he never ketched him. And—

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

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

At the door I met the sociable Wheeler returning, and he buttonholed me and recommenced: "Well, thish-yer Smiley had a yellor one-eyed cow that didn't have no tail, only jest a short stump like a bannanner, and—"

"Oh, hang Smiley and his afflicted cow!" I muttered, good-naturedly, and bidding the old gentleman good-day, I departed.

The Story of the Good Little Boy

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

When he got well he was a little discouraged, but he resolved to keep on trying anyhow. He knew that so far his experiences wouldn't do to go in a book, but he hadn't yet reached the allotted term of life for good little boys, and he hoped to be able to make a record yet if he could hold on till his time was fully up. If everything else failed he had his dying speech to fall back on.

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

This boy always had a hard time of it. Nothing ever came out according to the authorities with him. At last, one day, when he was around hunting up bad little boys to admonish, he found a lot of them in the old iron-foundry fixing up a little joke on fourteen or fifteen dogs, which they had tied together in long procession, and were going to ornament with empty nitroglycerin cans made fast to their tails. Jacob's heart was touched. He sat down on one of those cans (for he never minded grease when duty was before him), and he took hold of the foremost dog by the collar, and turned his reproving eye upon wicked Tom Jones. But just at that moment Alderman McWelter, full of wrath, stepped in. All the bad boys ran away, but Jacob Blivens rose in conscious innocence and began one of those stately little Sunday-school-book speeches which always commence with "Oh, sir!" in dead opposition to the fact that no boy, good or bad, ever starts a remark with "Oh, sir." But the alderman never waited to hear the rest. He took Jacob Blivens by the ear and turned him around, and hit him a whack in the rear with the flat of his hand; and in an instant that good little boy shot out through the roof and soared away toward the sun, with the fragments of those fifteen dogs stringing after him like the tail of a kite. And there wasn't a sign of that alderman or that old iron-foundry left on the face of the earth; and, as for young Jacob Blivens, he never got a chance to make his last dying speech after all his trouble fixing it up, unless he made it to the birds; because, although the bulk of him came down all right in a tree-top in an adjoining county, the rest of him was apportioned around among four town-ships, and so they had to hold five inquests on him to find out whether he was dead or not, and how it occurred. You never saw a boy scattered so.¹

¹ The glycerin catastrophe is borrowed from a floating newspaper item, whose author's name I would give if I knew it.—*M. T.*

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

How I Edited an Agricultural Paper

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

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

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

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

I said I was.

"Have you ever edited an agricultural paper before?"

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

"Very likely. Have you had any experience in agriculture practically?"

"No; I believe I have not."

"Some instinct told me so," said the old gentleman, putting on his spectacles, and looking over them at me with asperity, while he folded his paper into a convenient shape. "I wish to read you what must have made me have that instinct. It was this editorial. Listen, and see if it was you that wrote it:—'Turnips should never be pulled, it injures them. It is much better to send a boy up and let him shake the tree.' Now, what do you think of that?—for I really suppose you wrote it?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The editor was looking sad and perplexed and dejected.

He surveyed the wreck which that old rioter and those two young farmers had made, and then said: "This is a sad business—a very sad business. There is the mucilage-bottle broken, and six panes of glass, and a spittoon, and two candlesticks. But that is not the worst. The reputation of the paper is injured—and permanently, I fear. True, there never was such a call for the paper before, and it never sold such a large edition or soared to such celebrity;—but does one want to be famous for lunacy, and prosper upon the infirmities of his mind? My friend, as I am an honest man, the street out here is full of people, and others are roosting on the fences, waiting to get a glimpse of you, because they think you are crazy. And well they might after reading your editorials. They are a disgrace to journalism. Why, what put it into your head that you could edit a paper of this nature? You do not seem to know the first rudiments of agriculture. You speak of a furrow and harrow as being the same thing; you talk of the moulting season* for cows; and you recommend the domestication of the pole-cat on account of its playfulness and its excellence as a ratter! Your remark that clams will lie quiet if music be played to them was superfluous—entirely superfluous. Nothing disturbs clams. Clams *always* lie quiet. Clams care nothing whatever about music. Ah, heavens and earth, friend! if you had made the acquiring of ignorance the study of your life, you could not have graduated with higher honor than you could to-day. I never saw anything like it. Your observation that the horse-chestnut as an article of commerce is steadily gaining in favor is simply calculated to destroy this journal. I want you to throw up your situation and go. I want no more holiday—I could not enjoy it if I had it. Certainly not with you in my chair. I would always stand in dread of what you might be going to recommend next. It makes me lose all patience every time I think of your discussing oyster-beds under the head of 'Landscape Gardening.' I want you to go. Nothing on earth could persuade me to take another holiday. Oh! why didn't you *tell* me you didn't know anything about agriculture?"

"*Tell* you, you corn-stalk, you cabbage, you son of a cauliflower? It's the first time I ever heard such an unfeeling remark. I tell you I have been in editorial business going on fourteen years, and it is the first time I ever heard of a man's having to know anything in order to edit a newspaper. You turnip! Who write the dramatic critiques for the second-rate papers? Why, a parcel of promoted shoemakers and apprentice apothecaries, who know just as much about good acting as I do about good farming and no more. Who review the books? People who never wrote one. Who do up the heavy leaders on finance? Parties* who have had the largest opportunities for

knowing nothing about it. Who criticize the Indian campaigns? Gentlemen who do not know a war-whoop from a wigwam, and who never have had to run a foot-race with a tomahawk, or pluck arrows out of the several members of their families to build the evening camp-fire with. Who write the temperance appeals, and clamor about the flowing bowl? Folks who will never draw another sober breath till they do it in the grave. Who edit the agricultural papers, you—yam? Men, as a general thing, who fail in the poetry line,* yellow-colored novel* line, sensation-drama line, city-editor* line, and finally fall back on agriculture as a temporary reprieve from the poor-house. *You* try to tell *me* anything about the newspaper business! Sir, I have been through it from Alpha to Omaha,* and I tell you that the less a man knows the bigger noise he makes and the higher the salary he commands. Heaven knows if I had but been ignorant instead of cultivated, and impudent instead of diffident, I could have made a name for myself in this cold, selfish world. I take my leave, sir. Since I have been treated as you have treated me, I am perfectly willing to go. But I have done my duty. I have fulfilled my contract as far as I was permitted to do it. I said I could make your paper of interest to all classes—and I have. I said I could run your circulation up to twenty thousand copies, and if I had had two more weeks, I'd have done it. And I'd have given you the best class of readers that ever an agricultural paper had—not a farmer in it, nor a solitary individual who could tell a watermelon-tree from a peach-vine to save his life. *You* are the loser by this rupture, not me, Pie-plant. *Adios.*”*

I then left.

Joel Chandler Harris



Uncle Remus Initiates the Little Boy

One evening recently, the lady whom Uncle Remus calls "Miss Sally" missed her little seven-year-old boy. Making search for him through the house and through the yard, she heard the sound of voices in the old man's cabin, and, looking through the window, saw the child sitting by Uncle Remus. His head rested against the old man's arm, and he was gazing with an expression of the most intense interest into the rough, weather-beaten face, that beamed so kindly upon him. This is what "Miss Sally" heard:

"Bimeby, one day, atter Brer Fox bin doin' all dat he could fer ter ketch Brer Rabbit, en Brer Rabbit bin doin' all he could fer to keep 'im fum it, Brer Fox say to hisse'f dat he'd put up a game on Brer Rabbit,* en he ain't mo'n got de wuds out'n his mouf twel Brer Rabbit come a lopin' up de big road, lookin' des ez plump, en ez fat, en ez sassy ez a Moggin hoss in a barley-patch.

"'Hol' on dar, Brer Rabbit,' sez Brer Fox, sezee.

"'I ain't got time, Brer Fox,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee, sorter mendin' his licks.*

"'I wanter have some confab wid you, Brer Rabbit,' sez Brer Fox, sezee.

"'All right, Brer Fox, but you better holler fum whar you stan'. I'm monstus full er fleas dis mawnin',' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee.

"'I seed Brer B'ar yistiddy,' sez Brer Fox, sezee, 'en he sorter rake me over de coals* kaze you en me ain't make fr'en's en live neighborly, en I tole 'im dat I'd see you.'

"Den Brer Rabbit scratch one year wid his off hinefoot sorter jubbously, en den he ups en sez,* sezee:

"All a settin',* Brer Fox. Spose'n you drap roun' termorrer en take dinner wid me. We ain't got no great doin's at our house,* but I speck de old 'oman en de chilluns kin sorter scramble roun' en git up sump'n fer ter stay yo' stummick.' *

"I'm 'gree'ble, Brer Rabbit,' sez Brer Fox, sezee.

"Den I'll 'pen' on you,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee.

"Nex' day, Mr. Rabbit en Miss Rabbit got up soon,* 'fo' day, en raided on a gyarden like Miss Sally's out dar, en got some cabbiges en some roas'n-years, en some sparrergrass, en dey fix up a smashin' dinner. Bimeby one er de little Rabbits, playin' out in de backyard, come runnin' in hollerin', 'Oh, ma! oh, ma! I seed Mr. Fox a comin'!' En den Brer Rabbit he tuck de chilluns by der years en make um set down, en den him and Miss Rabbit sorter dally roun' waitin' for Brer Fox. En dey keep on waitin', but no Brer Fox ain't come. Atter 'while Brer Rabbit goes to de do', easy like, en peep out, en dar, stickin' fum behime de cornder, wuz de tip-eeen' er Brer Fox tail. Den Brer Rabbit shot de do' en sot down, en put his paws behime his years en begin fer ter sing:

"De place wharbouts you spill de grease,
Right dar you er boun' ter slide,
An' what you fin' a bunch er ha'r,
You'll sholy fine de hide.'

"Nex' day, Brer Fox sont word by Mr. Mink, en skuze hisse'f kaze he wuz too sick fer ter come, en he ax Brer Rabbit fer to come en take dinner wid him, en Brer Rabbit say he wuz 'gree'ble.

"Bimeby, w'en de shadders wuz at der shorts', Brer Rabbit he sorter brush up en sa'nter down ter Brer Fox's house, en w'en he got dar, he hear somebody groanin', en he look in de do' en dar he see Brer Fox settin' up in a rockin' cheer all wrop up wid flannil, en he look mighty weak. Brer Rabbit look all 'roun', he did, but he ain't see no dinner. De dishpan wuz settin' on de table, en close by wuz a kyarvin' knife.

"Look like you gwine ter have chicken fer dinner, Brer Fox,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee.

"Yes, Brer Rabbit, dey er nice, en fresh, en tender,' sez Brer Fox, sezee.

"Den Brer Rabbit sorter pull his mustash, en say: 'You ain't got no calamus root, is you, Brer Fox? I done got so* now dat I can't eat no chicken ceppin' she's seasoned up* wid calamus root.' En wid dat Brer Rabbit lipt out er de do' and dodge 'mong de bushes, en sot dar watchin' fer Brer Fox; en he ain't watch long, nudder, kaze Brer Fox

flung off de flannil en crope out er de house en got what he could cloze in on Brer Rabbit, en bimeby Brer Rabbit holler out: 'Oh, Brer Fox! I'll des put yo' calamus root out yer on dish yer stump. Better come git it while hit's fresh,' and wid dat Brer Rabbit gallop off home. En Brer Fox ain't never cotch 'im yit, en w'at's mo', honey, he ain't gwine ter."

Brother Rabbit Takes Some Exercise

One night while the little boy was sitting in Uncle Remus's cabin, waiting for the old man to finish his hoe-cake, and refresh his memory as to the further adventures of Brother Rabbit, his friends and his enemies, something dropped upon the top of the house with a noise like the crack of a pistol. The little boy jumped, but Uncle Remus looked up and exclaimed, "Ah-yi!" in a tone of triumph.

"What was that, Uncle Remus?" the child asked, after waiting a moment to see what else would happen.

"New fum Jack Fros',* honey. W'en dat hick'y-nut tree out dar year 'im comin' she 'gins ter drap w'at she got. I mighty glad," he continued, scraping the burnt crust from his hoe-cake with an old case-knife, "I mighty glad hick'y-nuts ain't big en heavy ez grimestones."

He waited a moment to see what effect this queer statement would have on the child.

"Yasser, I mighty glad—dat I is. Kaze ef hick'y-nuts uz big ez grimestones dish yer ole callyboose* 'ud be aleakin' long fo' Chirs'mus."

Just then another hickory-nut dropped upon the roof, and the little boy jumped again. This seemed to amuse Uncle Remus, and he laughed until he was near to choking himself with his smoking hoe-cake.

"You does des zackly lak ole Brer Rabbit done, I 'clar' to gracious ef you don't!"* the old man cried, as soon as he could get his breath; "dez zackly fer de worl'."*

The child was immensely flattered, and at once he wanted to know how Brother Rabbit did. Uncle Remus was in such good humor that he needed no coaxing. He pushed his spectacles back on his forehead, wiped his mouth on his sleeve, and began:

"Hit come 'bout dat soon* one mawnin' todes de fall er de year, Brer Rabbit wuz stirrin' 'roun' in de woods* atter some bergamot* fer ter make 'im some ha'r-grease. De win' blow so col' dat it make 'im feel right frisky, en eve'y time he year de bushes rattle he make lak he skeer'd.* He 'uz gwine on dis away, hoppity-skippity,* w'en bimeby he year Mr. Mann cuttin' on a tree way off in de woods. He fotch up,* Brer Rabbit did, en lissen fus' wid one year en den wid de yuther.

"Man, he cut en cut, en Brer Rabbit, he lissen en lissen. Bimeby, w'iles all dis was gwine on, down come de tree—*kubber-lang-bang-blam!** Brer Rabbit, he tuck'n jump* des lak you jump, en let 'lone dat, he make a break,* he did, en he lipt out fum dar lak de dogs wuz atter 'im."

"Was he scared, Uncle Remus?" asked the little boy.

"Skeer'd! Who? *Him?* Shoo! don't you fret 'yo'se'f 'bout Brer Rabbit, honey. In dem days dey wa'n't nothin' gwine dat kin skeer Brer Rabbit. Tooby sho, he tuck keer hisse'f, en ef you know de man w'at 'fuse ter take keer hisse'f, I lak mighty well ef you p'int 'im out. Deed'n dat I would!"*

Uncle Remus seemed to boil over with argumentative indignation.

"Well, den," he continued, "Brer Rabbit run twel he git sorter het up like,* en des 'bout de time he makin' ready fer ter squot en ketch he win', who should he meet but Brer Coon gwine home atter settin' up wid ole Brer Bull-Frog. Brer Coon see 'im runnin', en he hail 'im.

"'W'at yo' hurry, Brer Rabbit?"

"'Ain't got time ter tarry.'

"'Folks sick?"

"'No, my Lord! Ain't got time ter tarry!"

"'Tryin' yo' soopleness?"

"'No, my Lord! Ain't got time ter tarry!"

"'Do pray, Brer Rabbit, tell me de news!"

"'Mighty big fuss back dar in de woods. Ain't got time ter tarry!"

"Dis make Brer Coon feel mighty skittish, kaze he fur ways fum home, en he des lipt out, he did, en went a-b'ilin' thoo de woods. Brer Coon ain't gone fur twel he meet Brer Fox.

"'Hey, Brer Coon, whar you gwine?"

"'Ain't got time ter tarry!"

"'Gwine at' de doctor?"

"'No, my Lord! Ain't got time ter tarry.'

"'Do pray, Brer Coon, tell me de news.'

"'Mighty quare racket back dar in de woods! Ain't got time ter tarry!"

"Wid dat, Brer Fox lipt out, he did, en fa'rly split de win'. He ain't gone fur twel he meet Brer Wolf.

“‘Hey, Brer rox! Stop en res’ you’s’e’f!’

“‘Ain’t got time ter tarry!’

“‘Who bin want de doctor?’*’

“‘No’ne, my Lord! Ain’t got time ter tarry!’

“‘Do pray, Brer Fox, good er bad, tell me de news.’

“‘Mighty kuse fuss back dar in de woods! Ain’t got time ter tarry!’

“Wid dat, Brer Wolf shuck hisse’f loose fum de face er de yeth,* en he ain’t git fur twel he meet Brer B’ar. Brer B’ar he ax, en Brer Wolf make ans’er, en bimeby Brer B’ar he fotch a snort* en run’d off; en, bless gracious!* ‘twa’n’t long ‘fo’ de las’ one er de creeturs wuz a-skaddlin’ thoo de woods* lak de Ole Boy* was atter um—en all kaze Brer Rabbit year Mr. Man cut tree down.

“Dey run’d en dey run’d,” Uncle Remus went on, “twel dey come ter Brer Tarrypin house, en day sorter slack up kaze dey done mighty nigh los’ der win’.* Brer Tarrypin, he up’n ax um* whar’bouts dey gwine, en dey ‘low* dey wuz a monstus tarryfyin’ racket back dar in de woods. Brer Tarrypin, he ax w’at she soun’ lak. One say he dunno, n’en he say he dunno, den dey all say dey dunno. Den Brer Tarrypin, he up’n ax who year dis monstus racket. One say he dunno, n’er say he dunno, den day all say dey dunno. Dis make ole Brer Tarrypin laff ‘way down in he insides, en he up’n say,* sezee:

“‘You all kin run ‘long ef you fell skittish,’ sezee. ‘Atter I cook my brekkus en wash up de dishes, ef I gits win’ er any ‘spicious racket* maybe I mought take down my pairsol en foller long atter you,’ sezee.

“W’en de creeturs come ter make inquirements* ‘mungs one er n’er ‘bout who start de news, hit went right spang back ter Brer Rabbit, but, lo en beholes!* Brer Rabbit ain’t dar, en it* tu’n out dat Brer Coon is de man w’at seed ‘im las’. Den dey got ter layin’ de blame un it on one er n’er, en little mo’ en dey’d er fit dar scan’lous,* but ole Brer Tarrypin, he up’n ‘low* dat ef dey want ter git de straight un it,* day better go see Brer Rabbit.

“All de creeturs wuz ‘gree’ble, en dey put out* ter Brer Rabbit house. W’en dey git dar, Brer Rabbit wuz a-settin’ cross-legged in de front po’ch winkin’ he eye at de sun. Brer B’ar, he speak up:

“‘W’at make you fool me, Brer Rabbit?’

“‘Fool who, Brer B’ar?’

“‘Me, Brer Rabbit, dat’s who.’

”‘Dish yer de fus’ time I seed you dis day, Brer B’ar, en you er mo’ dan welcome ter dat.’

“Dey all ax ‘im en git de same ans’er, en den Brer Coon put in:

“‘What make you fool me, Brer Rabbit?’

“‘How I fool you, Brer Coon?’

"'You make lak dey wuz a big racket,* Brer Rabbit.'

"'Dey sholy wuz a big racket, Brer Coon.'

"'W'at kinder racket, Brer Rabbit?'

"'Ah-yi! You oughter ax me dat fus', Brer Coon.'

"'I axes you now, Brer Rabbit.'

"'Mr. Man cut tree down, Brer Coon.'

"'Co'se dis make Brer Coon feel lak a nat'al-born Slink, en 'twa'n't long 'fo' all de creeturs make der bow der Brer Rabbit en mosey off home."

"'Brother Rabbit had the best of it all along,"* said the little boy, after waiting to see whether there was a sequel to the story.

"'Oh, he did dat a-way!'"* exclaimed Uncle Remus. "Brer Rabbit was a mighty man in dem days."

Henry James

THE REAL THING
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When the porter's wife (she used to answer the housebell) announced "A gentleman—with a lady, sir," I had, as I often had in those days, for the wish was father to the thought,* an immediate vision of sitters. Sitters my visitors in this case proved to be; but not in the sense I should have preferred. However, there was nothing at first to indicate that they might not have come for a portrait. The gentleman, a man of fifty, very high and very straight, with a moustache slightly grizzled and a dark grey walking-coat admirably fitted, both of which I noted professionally—I don't mean as a barber or yet as a tailor—would have struck me as a celebrity if celebrities often were striking. It was a truth of which I had for some time been conscious that a figure with a good deal of frontage was, as one might say, almost never a public institution.* A glance at the lady helped to remind me of this paradoxical law: she also looked too distinguished to be a "personality." Moreover one would scarcely come across two variations together.

Neither of the pair spoke immediately—they only prolonged the preliminary gaze which suggested that each wished to give the other a chance. They were visibly shy; they stood there letting me take them in*—which, as I afterwards perceived, was the most practical thing they could have done. In this way their embarrassment served their cause. I had seen people painfully reluctant to mention that they desired anything so gross as to be represented on canvas; but

the scruples of my new friends appeared almost insurmountable. Yet the gentleman might have said "I should like a portrait of my wife," and the lady might have said "I should like a portrait of my husband." Perhaps they were not husband and wife—this naturally would make the matter more delicate. Perhaps they wished to be done together—in which case they ought to have brought a third person to break the news.

"We come from Mr. Rivet," the lady said at last, with a dim smile which had the effect of a moist sponge passed over a "sunk" piece of painting,* as well as of a vague allusion to vanished beauty. She was as tall and straight, in her degree,* as her companion, and with ten years less to carry.* She looked as sad as a woman could look whose face was not charged with expression; that is her tinted oval mask showed friction as an exposed surface shows it. The hand of time had played over her freely, but only to simplify. She was slim and stiff, and so well dressed, in dark blue cloth, with lappets and pockets and buttons, that it was clear she employed the same tailor as her husband. The couple had an indefinable air of prosperous thrift—they evidently got a good deal of luxury for their money. If I was to be one of their luxuries it would behove me to consider my terms.

"Ah, Claude Rivet recommended me," I inquired; and I added that it was very kind of him, though I could reflect that, as he only painted landscape, this was not a sacrifice.

The lady looked very hard at the gentleman, and the gentleman looked round the room. Then staring at the floor a moment and stroking his moustache, he rested his pleasant eyes on me with the remark: "He said you were the right one."

"I try to be, when people want to sit."

"Yes, we should like to," said the lady anxiously.

"Do you mean together?"

My visitors exchanged a glance. "If you could do anything with *me*, I suppose it would be double," the gentleman stammered.

"Oh yes, there's naturally a higher charge for two figures than for one."

"We would like to make it pay," the husband confessed.

"That's very good of you," I returned, appreciating so unwonted a sympathy—for I supposed he meant pay the artist.

A sense of strangeness seemed to dawn on the lady. "We mean for the illustrations—Mr. Rivet said you might put one in."

"Put one in—an illustration?" I was equally confused.

"Sketch her off, you know," said the gentleman, coloring.

It was only then that I understood the service Claude Rivet had rendered me; he had told them that I worked in black and white, for

magazines, for story-books, for sketches of contemporary life, and consequently had frequent employment for models. These things were true, but it was not less true (I may confess it now—whether because the aspiration was to lead to everything or to nothing I leave the reader to guess), that I couldn't get the honors, to say nothing of the emoluments, of a great painter of portraits out of my head.* My "illustrations" were my pot-boilers; I looked to* a different branch of art (far and away the most interesting it had always seemed to me), to perpetuate my fame. There was no shame in looking to it also to make my fortune; but that fortune was by so much further from being made from the moment my visitors wished to be "done" for nothing.* I was disappointed, for in the pictorial sense I had immediately *seen* them. I had seized their type—I had already settled what I would do with it. Something that wouldn't absolutely have pleased them, I afterwards reflected.

"Ah, you're—you're—a—?" I began, as soon as I had mastered my surprise. I couldn't bring out the dingy word "models;" it seemed to fit the case so little.

"We haven't had much practice," said the lady.

"We've got to *do* something, and we've thought that an artist in your line might perhaps make something of us," her husband threw off.* He further mentioned that they didn't know many artists and that they had gone first, on the off-chance (he painted views of course, but sometimes put in figures—perhaps I remembered), to Mr. Rivet, whom they had met a few years before at a place in Norfolk where he was sketching.

"We used to sketch a little ourselves," the lady hinted.

"It's very awkward, but we absolutely *must* do something," her husband went on.

"Of course, we're not so *very* young," she admitted, with a wan smile.

With the remark that I might as well know something more about them, the husband had handed me a card extracted from a neat new pocket-book (their appurtenances were all of the freshest) and inscribed with the words "Major Monarch." Impressive as these words were they didn't carry my knowledge much further; but my visitor presently added: "I've left the army, and we've had the misfortune to lose our money. In fact our means are dreadfully small."

"It's an awful bore," said Mrs. Monarch.

They evidently wished to be discreet—to take care not to swagger because they were gentlefolks. I perceived they would have been willing to recognize this as something of a drawback, at the same time that I guessed at an underlying sense—their consolation in

adversity—that they *had* their points. They certainly had; but these advantages struck me as preponderantly social; such for instance as would help to make a drawing-room look well. However, a drawing-room was always, or ought to be, a picture.

In consequence of his wife's allusion to their age Major Monarch observed: "Naturally, it's more for the figure that we thought of going in.* We can still hold ourselves up." On the instant I saw that the figure was indeed their strong point. His "naturally" didn't sound vain, but it lighted up the question. "*She* has got the best," he continued, nodding at his wife, with a pleasant after-dinner absence of circumlocution. I could only reply, as if we were in fact sitting over our wine, that this didn't prevent his own from being very good; which led him in turn to rejoin: "We thought that if you ever have to do people like us,* we might be something like it. *She*, particularly—for a lady in a book, you know."

I was so amused by them that, to get more of it, I did my best to take their point of view; and though it was an embarrassment to find myself appraising physically, as if they were animals on hire or useful blacks, a pair of whom I should have expected to meet only in one of the relations in which criticism is tacit, I looked at Mrs. Monarch judiciously enough to be able to exclaim, after a moment, with conviction: "Oh yes, a lady in a book!" She was singularly like a bad illustration.

"We'll stand up, if you like," said the Major; and he raised himself before me with a really grand air.

I could take his measure at a glance—he was six feet two and a perfect gentleman. It would have paid any club in process of formation and in want of a stamp* to engage him at a salary to stand in the principal window. What struck me immediately was that in coming to me they had rather missed their vocation; they could surely have been turned to better account for advertising purposes. I couldn't of course see the thing in detail, but I could see them make someone's fortune—I don't mean their own. There was something in them for a waistcoat-maker, an hotel-keeper, or a soap-vendor. I could imagine "We always use it" pinned on their bosoms with the greatest effect; I had a vision of the promptitude with which they would launch a *table d'hôte*.*

Mrs. Monarch sat still, not from pride but from shyness, and presently her husband said to her: "Get up my dear and show how smart* you are." She obeyed, but she had no need to get up to show it. She walked to the end of the studio, and then she came back blushing, with her fluttered eyes on her husband. I was reminded of an incident I had accidentally had a glimpse of in Paris—being with a friend there, a dramatist about to produce a play—when an actress

came to him to ask to be intrusted with a part. She went through the paces before him,* walked up and down as Mrs. Monarch was doing. Mrs. Monarch did it quite as well, but I abstained from applauding. It was very odd to see such people apply for such poor pay. She looked as if she had ten thousand a year. Her husband had used the word that described her: she was, in the London current jargon, essentially and typically "smart." Her figure was, in the same order of ideas, conspicuously and irreproachably "good." For a woman of her age her waist was surprisingly small; her elbow moreover had the orthodox crook. She held her head at the conventional angle; but why did she come to *me*? She ought to have tried on jackets at a big shop.* I feared my visitors were not only destitute, but "artistic"—which would be a great complication. When she sat down again I thanked her, observing that what a draughtsman most valued in his model was the faculty of keeping quiet.

"Oh, *she* can keep quiet," said Major Monarch. Then he added, jocosely: "I've always kept her quiet."

"I'm not a nasty fidget, am I?" Mrs. Monarch appealed to her husband.

He addressed his answer to me. "Perhaps it isn't out of place to mention—because we ought to be quite businesslike, oughtn't we?—that when I married her she was known as the Beautiful Statue."

"Oh dear!" said Mrs. Monarch, ruefully.

"Of course I should want a certain amount of expression," I rejoined.

"Of *course*!" they both exclaimed.

"And then I suppose you know that you'll get awfully tired."

"Oh, we *never* get tired!" they eagerly cried.

"Have you had any kind of practice?"

They hesitated—they looked at each other. "We've been photographed, *immensely*," said Mrs. Monarch.

"She means the fellows have asked us," added the Major.

"I see—because you're so good-looking."

"I don't know what they thought, but they were always after us."

"We always got our photographs for nothing," smiled Mrs. Monarch.

"We might have brought some, my dear," her husband remarked.

"I'm not sure we have any left. We've given quantities away," she explained to me.

"With our autographs and that sort of thing," said the Major.

"Are they to be got in the shops?" I inquired, as a harmless pleasantry.

"Oh, yes; *hers*—they used to be."

"Not now," said Mrs. Monarch, with her eyes on the floor.

2

I could fancy the "sort of thing" they put on the presentation-copies of their photographs,* and I was sure they wrote a beautiful hand. It was odd how quickly I was sure of everything that concerned them. If they were now so poor as to have to earn shillings and pence, they never had had much of a margin. Their good looks had been their capital, and they had good-humoredly made the most of the career that this resource marked out for them. It was in their faces, the blankness, the deep intellectual repose of the twenty years of country-house visiting which had given them pleasant intonations. I could see the sunny drawing-rooms, sprinkled with periodicals she didn't read, in which Mrs. Monarch had continuously sat; I could see the wet shrubberies in which she had walked, equipped to admiration for either exercise. I could see the rich covers the Major had helped to shoot* and the wonderful garments in which, late at night, he repaired to the smoking-room to talk about them. I could imagine their leggings and waterproofs, their knowing tweeds* and rugs, their rolls of sticks and cases of tackle and neat umbrellas; and I could evoke the exact appearance of their servants and the compact variety of their luggage on the platforms of country stations.

They gave small tips, but they were liked; they didn't do anything themselves, but they were welcomed. They looked so well everywhere; they gratified the general relish for stature, complexion, and "form." They knew it without fatuity or vulgarity, and they respected themselves in consequence. They were not superficial; they were thorough and kept themselves up—it had been their line. People with such a taste for activity had to have some line. I could feel how, even in a dull house, they could have been counted upon for cheerfulness. At present something had happened—it didn't matter what, their little income had grown less, it had grown least—and they had to do something for pocket-money. Their friends liked them, but didn't like to support them. There was something about them that represented credit—their clothes, their manners, their type; but if credit is a large empty pocket in which an occasional chink reverberates, the chink at least must be audible. What they wanted of me was to help to make it so. Fortunately they had no children—I soon divined that. They would also perhaps wish our relations to be kept secret: this was why it was

"for the figure"—the reproduction of the face would betray them.

I liked them—they were so simple; and I had no objection to them if they would suit. But, somehow, with all their perfections I didn't easily believe in them. After all they were amateurs, and the ruling passion of my life was the detestation of the amateur. Combined with this was another perversity—an innate preference for the represented subject over the real one: the defect of the real one was so apt to be a lack of representation. I liked things that appeared; then one was sure. Whether they *were* or not was a subordinate and almost always a profitless question. There were other considerations, the first of which was that I already had two or three people in use, notably a young person with big feet, in alpaca, from Kilburn,* who for a couple of years had come to me regularly for my illustrations and with whom I was still—perhaps ignobly—satisfied. I frankly explained to my visitors how the case stood; but they had taken more precautions than I supposed. They had reasoned out their opportunity, for Claude Rivet had told them of the projected *édition de luxe** of one of the writers of our day—the rarest of the novelists—who, long neglected by the multitudinous vulgar and dearly prized by the attentive (need I mention Philip Vincent?)* had had the happy fortune of seeing, late in life, the dawn and then the full light of a higher criticism—an estimate in which, on the part of the public, there was something really of expiation. The edition in question, planned by a publisher of taste, was practically an act of high reparation; the woodcuts with which it was to be enriched were the homage of English art to one of the most independent representatives of English letters. Major and Mrs. Monarch confessed to me that they had hoped I might be able to work *them* into my share of the enterprise. They knew I was to do the first of the books, *Rutland Ramsay*,* but I had to make clear to them that my participation in the rest of the affair—this first book was to be a test—was to depend on the satisfaction I should give. If this should be limited my employers would drop me without a scruple.* It was therefore a crisis for me, and naturally I was making special preparation, looking about for new people, if they should be necessary, and securing the best types. I admitted however that I should like to settle down to two or three good models who would do for everything.

"Should we have often to—a—put on special clothes?" Mrs. Monarch timidly demanded.

"Dear, yes—that's half the business."

"And should we be expected to supply our own costumes?"

"Oh, no; I've got a lot of things. A painter's models put on—or put off—anything he likes."

"And do you mean—a—the same?"

"The same?"

Mrs. Monarch looked at her husband again.

"Oh, she was just wondering," he explained, "if the costumes are in *general* use." I had to confess that they were, and I mentioned further that some of them (I had a lot of genuine, greasy last-century things) had served their time, a hundred years ago, on living, world-stained men and women.* "We'll put on anything that *fits*," said the Major.

"Oh, I arrange that—they fit in the pictures."

"I'm afraid I should do better for the modern books, I would come as you like," said Mrs. Monarch.

"She has got a lot of clothes at home: they might do for contemporary life," her husband continued.

"Oh, I can fancy scenes in which you'd be quite natural." And indeed I could see the slipshod rearrangements of state properties—the stories I tried to produce pictures for without the exasperation of reading them—whose sandy tracts the good lady might help to people. But I had to return to the fact for this sort of work—the daily mechanical grind—I was already equipped; the people I was working with were fully adequate.

"We only thought we might be more like *some* characters," said Mrs. Monarch mildly, getting up.

Her husband also rose; he stood looking at me with a dim wistfulness that was touching in so fine a man. "Wouldn't it be rather a pull sometimes to have*—a—to have—?" He hung fire;* he wanted me to help him by phrasing what he meant. But I couldn't—I didn't know. So he brought it out, awkwardly: "The *real* thing; a gentleman, you know, or a lady." I was quite ready to give a general assent—I admitted that there was a great deal in that. This encouraged Major Monarch to say, following up his appeal with an unacted gulp: "It's awfully hard—we've tried everything." The gulp was communicative; it proved too much for his wife. Before I knew it Mrs. Monarch had dropped again upon a divan and burst into tears. Her husband sat down beside her, holding one of her hands; whereupon she quickly dried her eyes with the other, while I felt embarrassed as she looked up at me. "There isn't a confounded job I haven't applied for—waited for—prayed for. You can fancy we'd be pretty bad at first. Secretaryships and that sort of thing? You might as well ask for a peerage. I'd be *anything*—I'm strong; a messenger or a coalheaver. I'd put on a gold-laced cap and open carriage doors in front of the haberdasher's; I'd hang about a station, to carry portmanteaux; I'd be a postman. But they won't *look* at you; there are thousands, as good as yourself, already on the ground.* *Gentlemen*,

poor beggars, who have drunk their wine, who have kept their hunters!"

I was as reassuring as I knew how to be, and my visitors were presently on their feet again while, for the experiment, we agreed on an hour. We were discussing it when the door opened and Miss Churm came in with a wet umbrella. Miss Churm had to take the omnibus to Maida Vale* and then walk half a mile. She looked a trifle blowsy and slightly splashed. I scarcely ever saw her come in without thinking afresh how odd it was that, being so little in herself, she should yet be so much in others.* She was a meagre little Miss Churm, but she was an ample heroine of romance. She was only a freckled cockney, but she could represent everything from a fine lady to a shepherdess; she had the faculty, as she might have had a fine voice or long hair. She couldn't spell, and she loved beer, but she had two or three "points," and practice, and a knack, and mother-wit, and a kind of whimsical sensibility, and a love of the theatre, and seven sisters, and not an ounce of respect, especially for the "h".* The first thing my visitors saw was that her umbrella was wet, and in their spotless perfection they visibly winced at it. The rain had come on since their arrival.

"I'm all in a soak; * there *was* a mess of people in the bus. I wish you lived near a station," said Miss Churm. I requested her to get ready as quickly as possible, and she passed into the room in which she always changed her dress. But before going out she asked me what she was to get into this time.

"It's the Russian princess, don't you know?" I answered; "the one with the 'golden eyes', in black velvet, for the long thing in the *Cheapside*."*

"Golden eyes? I *say*!" cried Miss Churm, while my companions watched her with intensity as she withdrew. She always arranged herself, when she was late, before I could turn round; and I kept my visitors a little, on purpose, so that they might get an idea, from seeing her, what would be expected of themselves. I mentioned that she was quite my notion of an excellent model—she was really very clever.

"Do you think she looks like a Russian princess?" Major Monarch asked, with lurking alarm.

"When I make her, yes."

"Oh, if you have to *make* her—!" He reasoned, acutely.

"That's the most you can ask. There are so many that are not makeable."*

"Well now, *here's* a lady"—and with a persuasive smile he passed his arm into his wife's—"who's already made!"

"Oh, I'm not a Russian princess," Mrs. Monarch protested, a little

coldly. I could see that she had known some and didn't like them. There, immediately, was a complication of a kind that I never had to fear with Miss Churm.

This young lady came back in black velvet—the gown was rather rusty and very low on her lean shoulders—and with a Japanese fan in her hands. I reminded her that in the scene I was doing she had to look over someone's head. "I forget whose it is; but it doesn't matter. Just look over a head."

"I'd rather look over a stove," said Miss Churm; and she took her station near the fire. She fell into position, settled herself into a tall attitude, gave a certain backward inclination to her head and a certain forward drop to her fan, and looked, at least to my prejudiced sense, distinguished and charming, foreign and dangerous. We left her looking so, while I went downstairs with Major and Mrs. Monarch.

"I think I could come about as near it as that," said Mrs. Monarch.

"Oh, you think she's shabby, but you must allow for the alchemy of art."

However, they went off with an evident increase of comfort, founded on their demonstrable advantage in being the real thing.* I could fancy them shuddering over Miss Churm. She was very droll about them when I went back, for I told her what they wanted.

"Well, if *she* can sit I'll tyke to book-keeping," said my model.

"She's very lady-like," I replied, as an innocent form of aggravation.

"So much the worse for *you*. That means she can't turn round!"

"She'll do for the fashionable novels."

"Oh yes, she'll *do* for them!" my model humorously declared. "Ain't they bad enough without her?" I had often sociably denounced them to Miss Churm.

3

It was for the elucidation of a mystery in one of these works that I first tried Mrs. Monarch. Her husband came with her, to be useful if necessary—it was sufficiently clear that as a general thing he would prefer to come with her. At first I wondered if this were for "propriety's" sake—if he were going to be jealous and meddling. The idea was too tiresome, and if it had been confirmed it would speedily have brought our acquaintance to a close. But I soon saw there was nothing in it and that if he accompanied Mrs. Monarch it was (in addition to the chance of being wanted) simply because he had nothing else to do. When she was away from him his occupation was gone—she never *had* been away from him. I judged, rightly,

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that in their awkward situation their close union was their main comfort and that this union had no weak spot. It was a real marriage, an encouragement for the hesitating, a nut for pessimists to crack. Their address was humble* (I remembered afterwards thinking it had been the only thing about them that was really professional), and I could fancy the lamentable lodgings in which the Major would have been left alone. He could bear them with his wife—he couldn't bear them without her.

He had too much tact to try and make himself agreeable when he couldn't be useful; so he simply sat and waited, when I was too absorbed in my work to talk. But I liked to make him talk—it made my work, when it didn't interrupt it, less sordid, less special. To listen to him was to combine the excitement of going out with the economy of staying at home. There was only one hindrance: that I seemed not to know any of the people he and his wife had known. I think he wondered extremely, during the term of our intercourse, whom the deuce I *did* know. He hadn't a stray sixpence of an idea to fumble for; so we didn't spin it very fine*—we confined ourselves to questions of leather and even of liquor (saddlers and breeches-makers and how to get good claret cheap), and matters like "good trains" and the habits of small game. His lore on these last subjects was astonishing, he managed to interweave the stationmaster with the ornithologist. When he couldn't talk about greater things he could talk cheerfully about smaller, and since I couldn't accompany him into reminiscences of the fashionable world he could lower the conversation without a visible effort to my level.

So earnest a desire to please was touching in a man who could so easily have knocked one down. He looked after the fire and had an opinion on the draught of the stove, without my asking him, and I could see that he thought many of my arrangements not half clever enough.* I remember telling him that if I were only rich I would offer him a salary to come and teach me how to live. Sometimes he gave a random sight, of which the essence was: "Give me, even such a bare old barrack as *this*, and I'd do something with it!" When I wanted to use him he came alone; which was an illustration of the superior courage of women. His wife could bear her solitary second floor, and she was in general more discreet; showing by various small reserves that she was alive to the propriety of keeping our relations markedly professional—not letting them slide into sociability. She wished it to remain clear that she and the Major were employed, not cultivated, and if she approved of me as a superior, who could be kept in his place, she never thought me quite good enough for an equal.

She sat with great intensity, giving the whole of her mind to it, and was capable of remaining for an hour almost as motionless as if she

were before a photographer's lens. I could see she had been photographed often, but somehow the very habit that made her good for that purpose unfitted her for mine. At first I was extremely pleased with her ladylike air, and it was a satisfaction, on coming to follow her lines, to see how good they were and how far they could lead the pencil. But after a few times I began to find her too insurmountably stiff; do what I would with it my drawing looked like a photograph or a copy of a photograph. Her figure had no variety of expression—she herself had no sense of variety. You may say that this was my business, was only a question of placing her. I placed her in every conceivable position, but she managed to obliterate their differences. She was always a lady certainly, and into the bargain was always the same lady. She was the real thing, but always the same thing. There were moments when I was oppressed by the serenity of her confidence that she *was* the real thing. All her dealings with me and all her husband's were an implication that this was lucky for *me*. Meanwhile I found myself trying to invent types that approached her own, instead of making her own transform itself—in the clever way that was not impossible, for instance, to poor Miss Churm. Arrange as I would and take the precautions I would, she always, in my pictures, came out too tall—landing me in the dilemma of having represented a fascinating woman as seven feet high, which, out of respect perhaps to my own very much scantier inches, was far from my idea of such a personage.

The case was worse with the Major—nothing I could do would keep *him* down, so that he became useful only for the representation of brawny giants. I adored variety and range, I cherished human accidents, the illustrative note; I wanted to characterize closely, and the thing in the world I most hated was the danger of being ridden by a type.* I had quarrelled with some of my friends about it—I had parted company with them for maintaining that one *had* to be, and that if the type was beautiful (witness Raphael and Leonardo),* the servitude was only a gain. I was neither Leonardo nor Raphael; I might only be a presumptuous young modern searcher, but I held that everything was to be sacrificed sooner than character. When they averred that the haunting type in question could easily *be* character, I retorted, perhaps superficially: "Whose?" It couldn't be everybody's—it might end in being nobody's.

After I had drawn Mrs. Monarch a dozen times I perceived more clearly than before that the value of such a model as Miss Churm resided precisely in the fact that she had no positive stamp, combined of course with the other fact that what she did have was a curious and inexplicable talent for imitation. Her usual appearance was like a curtain which she could draw up at a request for a capital

performance. This performance was simply suggestive; but it was word to the wise*—it was vivid and pretty. Sometimes, even, thought it, though she was plain herself, too insipidly pretty; I made it a reproach to her that the figures drawn from her were monotonously (*bêtement*,* as we used to say) graceful. Nothing made her more angry: it was so much her pride to feel that she could sit for characters that had nothing in common with each other. She would accuse me at such moments of taking away her "reputytion."

It suffered a certain shrinkage, this queer quality, from the repeated visits of my new friends. Miss Churm was greatly in demand, never in want of employment, so I had no scruple in putting her off occasionally, to try them more at my ease. It was certainly amusing at first to do the real thing—it was amusing to do Major Monarch's trousers. They *were* the real thing, even if he did come out colossal. It was amusing to do his wife's black hair (it was so mathematically neat) and the particular "smart" tension of her tight stays. She lent herself especially to positions in which the face was somewhat averted or blurred; she abounded in ladylike back view and *profils perdus*.* When she stood erect she took naturally one of the attitudes in which court painters represent queens and princesses; so that I found myself wondering whether, to draw out this accomplishment, I couldn't get the editor of the *Cheapside* to publish a really royal romance, "A Tale of Buckingham Palace. Sometimes, however, the real thing and the make-believe came into contact; by which I mean that Miss Churm, keeping an appointment or coming to make one on days when I had much work in hand, encountered her invidious rivals. The encounter was not on their part, for they noticed her no more than if she had been the housemaid; not from intentional loftiness, but simply because, as yet professionally, they didn't know how to fraternize as I could guess that they would have liked—or at least that the Major would. They couldn't talk about the omnibus—they always walked; and they didn't know what else to try—she wasn't interested in good trains or cheap claret. Besides, they must have felt—in the air—that she was amused at them, secretly derisive of their ever knowing how.* She was not a person to conceal her scepticism if she had had a chance to show it. On the other hand Mrs. Monarch didn't think her tidy; for why else did she take pains to say to me (it was going out of the way for Mrs. Monarch) that she didn't like dirty women?

One day when my young lady happened to be present with many other sitters (she even dropped in, when it was convenient, for chat), I asked her to be as good as to lend a hand in getting tea—service with which she was familiar and which was one of a class that living as I did in a small way, with slender domestic resources, I often

appeal to my models to render. They liked to lay hands on my property, to break the sitting, and sometimes the china*—I made them feel Bohemian.* The next time I saw Miss Churm after this incident she surprised me greatly by making a scene about it—she accused me of having wished to humiliate her. She had not resented the outrage at the time, but had seemed obliging and amused, enjoying the comedy of asking Mrs. Monarch, who sat vague and silent, whether she would have cream and sugar, and putting an exaggerated simper into the question. She had tried intonations—as if she too wished to pass for the real thing; till I was afraid my other visitors would take offence.

Oh, *they* were determined not to do this; and their touching patience was the measure of their great need. They would sit by the hour, uncomplaining, till I was ready to use them; they would come back on the chance of being wanted and would walk away cheerfully if they were not. I used to go to the door with them to see in what magnificent order they retreated. I tried to find other employment for them—I introduced them to several artists. But they didn't "take,"* for reasons I could appreciate, and I became conscious, rather anxiously, that after such disappointments they fell back upon me with a heavier weight. They did me the honor to think that it was I who was most *their* form.* They were not picturesque enough for the painters, and in those days there were not so many serious workers in black and white. Besides, they had an eye to* the great job I had mentioned to them—they had secretly set their hearts on supplying the right essence for my pictorial vindication of our fine novelist. They knew that for this undertaking I should want no costume-effects, none of the frippery of past ages—that it was a case in which everything would be contemporary and satirical and, presumably, genteel. If I could work them into it their future would be assured, for the labor would of course be long and the occupation steady.

One day Mrs. Monarch came without her husband—she explained his absence by his having had to go to the City. While she sat there in her usual anxious stiffness there came, at the door, a knock which I immediately recognized as the subdued appeal of a model out of work. It was followed by the entrance of a young man whom I easily perceived to be a foreigner and who proved in fact an Italian acquainted with no English word but my name, which he uttered in a way that made it seem to include all others. I had not then visited his country, nor was I proficient in his tongue; but as he was not so nearly constituted—what Italian is?—as to depend only on that member for expression he conveyed to me, in familiar but graceful mimicry, that he was in search of exactly the employment in which

the lady before me was engaged. I was not struck with him at first, and while I continued to draw I emitted rough sounds of discouragement and dismissal. He stood his ground, however, not importunately, but with a dumb, dog-like fidelity in his eyes which amounted to innocent impudence—the manner of a devoted servant (he might have been in the house for years) unjustly suspected. Suddenly I saw that this very attitude and expression made a picture, whereupon I told him to sit down and wait till I should be free. There was another picture in the way he obeyed me, and I observed as I worked that there were others still in the way he looked wonderingly, with his head thrown back, about the high studio. He might have been crossing himself in St. Peter's.* Before I finished I said to myself: "The fellow's a bankrupt orange-monger, but he's a treasure."

When Mrs. Monarch withdrew he passed across the room like a flash to open the door for her, standing there with the rapt, pure gaze of the young Dante spellbound by the young Beatrice.* As I never insisted, in such situations, on the blankness* of the British domestic, I reflected that he had the making of a servant (and I needed one, but couldn't pay him to be only that), as well as of a model; in short I made up my mind to adopt my bright adventurer if he would agree to officiate in the double capacity. He jumped at my offer, and in the event my rashness (for I had known nothing about him) was not brought home to me. He proved a sympathetic though a desultory ministrant,* and had in a wonderful degree the *sentiment de la pose*.* It was uncultivated, instinctive; a part of the happy instinct which had guided him to my door and helped him to spell out my name on the card nailed to it. He had had no other introduction to me than a guess, from the shape of my high north window, seen outside, that my place was a studio and that as a studio it would contain an artist. He had wandered to England in search of fortune, like other itinerants, and had embarked, with a partner and a small green handcart, on the sale of penny ices. The ices had melted away and the partner had dissolved in their train. My young man wore tight yellow trousers with reddish stripes and his name was Oronte. He was sallow but fair, and when I put him into some old clothes of my own he looked like an Englishman. He was as good a Miss Churm, who could look, when required, like an Italian.

4

I thought Mrs. Monarch's face slightly convulsed when, on her coming back with her husband, she found Oronte installed. It was strange to have to recognize in a scrap of a *lazzarone** a competitor to

her magnificent Major. It was she who scented danger first, for the Major was anecdotically unconscious. But Oronte gave us tea, with a hundred eager confusions (he had never seen such a queer process), and I think she thought better of me for having at last an "establishment." They saw a couple of drawings that I had made of the establishment, and Mrs. Monarch hinted that it never would have struck her that he had sat for them. "Now the drawings you make from us, they look exactly like us," she reminded me, smiling in triumph; and I recognized that this was indeed just their defect. When I drew the Monarchs I couldn't, somehow, get away from them—get into the character I wanted to represent; and I had not the least desire my model should be discoverable in my picture. Miss Churm never was, and Mrs. Monarch thought I hid her, very properly because she was vulgar; whereas if she was lost it was only as the dead who go to heaven are lost—in the gain of an angel the more.*

By this time I had got a certain start with *Rutland Ramsay*, the first novel in the great projected series; that is I had produced a dozen drawings, several with the help of the Major and his wife, and I had sent them in for approval. My understanding with the publishers, as I have already hinted, had been that I was to be left to do my work, in this particular case, as I liked, with the whole book committed to me; but my connexion with the rest of the series was only contingent. There were moments when, frankly, it *was* a comfort to have the real thing under one's hand; for there were characters in *Rutland Ramsay* that were very much like it. There were people presumably as straight as the Major and women of as good a fashion as Mrs. Monarch. There was a great deal of country-house life—treated, it is true, in a fine, fanciful, ironical, generalized way—and there was a considerable implication of knickerbockers and kilts. There were certain things I had to settle at the outset; such things for instance as the exact appearance of the hero, the particular bloom of the heroine. The author of course gave me a lead, but there was a margin for interpretation. I took the Monarchs into my confidence, I told them frankly what I was about, I mentioned my embarrassments and alternatives. "Oh, take *him*!" Mrs. Monarch murmured sweetly, looking at her husband; and "What could you want better than my wife?" the Major inquired, with the comfortable candor that now prevailed between us.

I was not obliged to answer these remarks—I was only obliged to place my sitters. I was not easy in mind, and I postponed, a little timidly perhaps, the solution of the question. The book was a large canvas, the other figures were numerous, and I worked off at first some of the episodes in which the hero and the heroine were not

concerned. When once I had set *them* up I should have to stick to them—I couldn't make my young man seven feet high in one place and five feet nine in another. I inclined on the whole to the latter measurements, though the major more than once reminded me that *he* looked about as young as anyone. It was indeed quite impossible to arrange him, for the figure, so that it would have been difficult to detect his age. After the spontaneous Oronte had been with me a month, and after I had given him to understand several different times that his native exuberance would presently constitute an insurmountable barrier to our further intercourse, I walked to a sense of his heroic capacity. He was only five feet seven, but the remaining inches were latent. I tried him almost secretly at first, for I was really rather afraid of the judgment my other models would pass on such a choice. If they regarded Miss Churm as little better than a snare, what would they think of the representation by a person so little the real thing as an Italian street-vendor of a protagonist formed by a public school?

If I went a little in fear of them it was not because they bullied me, because they had got an oppressive foothold, but because in their really pathetic decorum and mysteriously permanent newness they counted on me so intensely. I was therefore very glad when Jack Hawley came home; he was always of such good counsel. He painted badly himself, but there was no one like him for putting his finger on the place.* He had been absent from England for a year; he had been somewhere—I don't remember where—to get a fresh eye.* I was in a good deal of dread of any such organ, but we were old friends; he had been away for months and a sense of emptiness was creeping into my life. I hadn't dodged a missile for a year.*

He came back with a fresh eye, but with the same old black velvet blouse, and the first evening he spent in my studio we smoked cigarettes till the small hours. He had done no work himself, he had only got the eye; so the field was clear for the production of my little things. He wanted to see what I had done for the *Cheapside*, but he was disappointed in the exhibition. That at least seemed the meaning of two or three comprehensive groans which, as he lounged on my big divan, on a folded leg, looking at my latest drawings, issued from his lips with the smoke of the cigarette.

"What's the matter with you?" I asked.

"What's the matter with *you*?"

"Nothing save that I'm mystified."

"You are indeed. You're quite off the hinge.* What's the meaning of this new fad?" And he tossed me, with visible irreverence, a drawing in which I happened to have depicted both my majestic

models. I asked if he didn't think it good, and he replied that it struck him as execrable, given the sort of thing I had always represented myself to him as wishing to arrive at;* but I let that pass, I was so anxious to see exactly what he meant. The two figures in the picture looked colossal, but I supposed this was *not* what he meant, inasmuch as, for aught he knew to the contrary, I might have been trying for that. I maintained that I was working exactly in the same way as when he last had done me the honor to commend me. "Well, there's a big hole somewhere,"* he answered; "wait a bit and I'll discover it." I depended upon him to do so: where else was the fresh eye? But he produced at last nothing more luminous than "I don't know—I don't like your types." This was lame, for a critic who had never consented to discuss with me anything but the question of execution, the direction of strokes, and the mystery of values.*

"In the drawings you've been looking at I think my types are very handsome."

"Oh, they won't do!"

"I've had a couple of new models."

"I see you have. *They* won't do."

"Are you very sure of that?"

"Absolutely—they're stupid."

"You mean *I* am—for I ought to get round that."

"You *can't*—with such people. Who are they?"

I told him, as far as was necessary, and he declared, heartlessly: "*Ce sont des gens qu'il faut mettre à la porte.*"*

"You've never seen them; they're awfully good," I compassionately objected.

"Not seen them. Why, all this recent work of yours drops to pieces with them. It's all I want to see of them."

"No one else has said anything against it—the *Cheapside* people are pleased."

"Everyone else is an ass, and the *Cheapside* people the biggest asses of all. Come, don't pretend, at this time of day, to have pretty illusions about the public, especially about publishers and editors. It's not for *such* animals you work—it's for those who know, *coloro che sanno*;* so keep straight for *me* if you can't keep straight for yourself. There's a certain sort of thing you tried for from the first—and a very good thing it is. But this twaddle isn't *in* it." When I talked with Hawley later about *Rutland Ramsay* and its possible successors he declared that I must get back into my boat again or I would go to the bottom. His voice in short was the voice of warning.

I noted the warning, but I didn't turn my friends out of doors. They bored me a good deal; but the very fact that they bored me admonished me not to sacrifice them—if there was anything to be

concerned. When once I had set *them* up I should have to stick to them—I couldn't make my young man seven feet high in one place and five feet nine in another. I inclined on the whole to the latter measurements, though the major more than once reminded me that *he* looked about as young as anyone. It was indeed quite impossible to arrange him, for the figure, so that it would have been difficult to detect his age. After the spontaneous Oronte had been with me a month, and after I had given him to understand several different times that his native exuberance would presently constitute an insurmountable barrier to our further intercourse, I walked to a sense of his heroic capacity. He was only five feet seven, but the remaining inches were latent. I tried him almost secretly at first, for I was really rather afraid of the judgment my other models would pass on such a choice. If they regarded Miss Churm as little better than a snare, what would they think of the representation by a person so little the real thing as an Italian street-vendor of a protagonist formed by a public school?

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done with them—simply to irritation. As I look back at this phase they seem to me to have pervaded my life not a little. I have a vision of them as most of the time in my studio, seated, against the wall, on an old velvet bench to be out of the way, and looking like a pair of patient courtiers in a royal antechamber. I am convinced that during the coldest weeks of the winter they held their ground because I saved them fire. Their newness was losing its gloss, and it was impossible not to feel that they were objects of charity. Whenever Miss Churm arrived they went away, and after I was fairly launched in *Rutland Ramsay* Miss Churm arrived pretty often. They managed to express to me tacitly that they supposed I wanted her for the low life of the book, and I let them suppose it, since they had attempted to study the work—it was lying about the studio—without discovering that it dealt only with the highest circles. They had dipped into the most brilliant of our novelists without deciphering many passages. I still took an hour from them, now and again, in spite of Jack Hawley's warning: it would be time enough to dismiss them, if dismissal should be necessary, when the rigor of the season was over. Hawley had made their acquaintance—he had met them at my fireside—and thought them a ridiculous pair. Learning that he was a painter they tried to approach him, to show him too that they were the real thing; but he looked at them, across the big room, as if they were miles away: they were a compendium of everything that he most objected to in the social system of his country. Such people as that, all convention and patent-leather, with ejaculations that stopped conversation, had no business in a studio. A studio was a place to learn to see, and how could you see through a pair of feather beds?

The main inconvenience I suffered at their hands was that, at first, I was shy of letting them discover how my artful little servant had begun to sit for me for *Rutland Ramsay*. They knew that I had been odd enough (they were prepared by this time to allow oddity to artists) to pick a foreign vagabond out of the streets, when I might have had a person with whiskers and credentials; but it was some time before they learned how high I rated his accomplishments. They found him in an attitude more than once, but they never doubted I was doing him as an organ-grinder. There were several things they never guessed, and one of them was that for a striking scene in the novel, in which a footman briefly figured, it occurred to me to make use of Major Monarch as the menial. I kept putting this off, I didn't like to ask him to don the livery—besides the difficulty of finding a livery to fit him. At last, one day late in the winter, when I was at work on the despised *Oronte* (he caught one's idea in an instant), and was in the glow of feeling that I was going very straight,

they came in, the Major and his wife, with their society laugh about nothing (there was less and less to laugh at), like country-allers—they always reminded me of that—who have walked across the park after church and are presently persuaded to stay to luncheon. Luncheon was over, but they could stay to tea—I knew they wanted it. The fit was on me, however, and I couldn't let my ardor cool and my work wait, with the fading daylight, while my model prepared it. So I asked Mrs. Monarch if she would mind pitying it out—a request which, for an instant, brought all the blood to her face. Her eyes were on her husband's for a second, and some mute telegraphy passed between them. Their folly was over the next instant; his cheerful shrewdness put an end to it. So far from pitying their wounded pride, I must add, I was moved to give it as complete a lesson as I could. They bustled about together and got out the cups and saucers and made the kettle boil. I know they felt as if they were waiting on my servant, and when the tea was prepared I said: "He'll have a cup, please—he's tired." Mrs. Monarch brought him one where he stood, and he took it from her as if he had been a gentleman at a party, squeezing a crush-hat with an elbow.

Then it came over me that she had made a great effort for me—made it with a kind of nobleness—and that I owed her a compensation. Each time I saw her after this I wondered what the compensation could be. I couldn't go on doing the wrong thing to oblige them. Oh, it *was* the wrong thing, the stamp of the work for which they sat—Hawley was not the only person to say it now. I sent in a large number of the drawings I had made for *Rutland Ramsay*, and I received a warning that was more to the point than Hawley's. The artistic adviser of the house for which I was working was of opinion that many of my illustrations were not what had been looked for. Most of these illustrations were the subjects in which the Monarchs had figured. Without going into the question of what *had* been looked for, I saw at this rate I shouldn't get the other books to do. I hurled myself in despair upon Miss Churm, I put her through all her paces. I not only adopted Oronte publicly as my hero, but one morning when the Major looked in to see if I didn't require him to finish a figure for the *Cheapside*, for which he had begun to sit the week before, I told him that I had changed my mind—I would do the drawing from my man. At this my visitor turned pale and stood looking at me. "Is *he* your idea of an English gentleman?" he asked.

I was disappointed, I was nervous, I wanted to get on with my work; so I replied with irritation: "Oh, my dear Major—I can't be ruined for *you*!"

He stood another moment; then, without a word, he quitted the studio. I drew a long breath when he was gone, for I said to myself

done with them—simply to irritation. As I look back at this phase they seem to me to have pervaded my life not a little. I have a vision of them as most of the time in my studio, seated, against the wall, on an old velvet bench to be out of the way, and looking like a pair of patient courtiers in a royal antechamber. I am convinced that during the coldest weeks of the winter they held their ground because they saved them fire. Their newness was losing its gloss, and it was impossible not to feel that they were objects of charity. Whenever Miss Churm arrived they went away, and after I was fairly launched in *Rutland Ramsay* Miss Churm arrived pretty often. They managed to express to me tacitly that they supposed I wanted her for the love of the book, and I let them suppose it, since they had attempted to study the work—it was lying about the studio—without discovering that it dealt only with the highest circles. They had dipped into the most brilliant of our novelists without deciphering many passages. I still took an hour from them, now and again, in spite of Jack Hawley's warning: it would be time enough to dismiss them, if dismissal should be necessary, when the rigor of the season was over. Hawley had made their acquaintance—he had met them at my fireside—and thought them a ridiculous pair. Learning that he was a painter they tried to approach him, to show him too that they were the real thing; but he looked at them, across the big room, as if they were miles away: they were a compendium of everything that he most objected to in the social system of his country. Such people as that, all convention and patent-leather, with ejaculations that stopped conversation, had no business in a studio. A studio was a place to learn to see, and how could you see through a pair of feather beds?

The main inconvenience I suffered at their hands was that, at first, I was shy of letting them discover how my artful little servant had begun to sit for me for *Rutland Ramsay*. They knew that I had been odd enough (they were prepared by this time to allow oddity to artists) to pick a foreign vagabond out of the streets, when I might have had a person with whiskers and credentials; but it was some time before they learned how high I rated his accomplishments. They found him in an attitude more than once, but they never doubted I was doing him as an organ-grinder. There were several things they never guessed, and one of them was that for a striking scene in the novel, in which a footman briefly figured, it occurred to me to make use of Major Monarch as the menial. I kept putting this off, I didn't like to ask him to don the livery—besides the difficulty of finding a livery to fit him. At last, one day late in the winter, when I was at work on the despised *Oronte* (he caught one's idea in an instant), and was in the glow of feeling that I was going very straight,

they came in, the Major and his wife, with their society laugh about nothing (there was less and less to laugh at), like country-callers—they always reminded me of that—who have walked across the park after church and are presently persuaded to stay to luncheon. Luncheon was over, but they could stay to tea—I knew they wanted it. The fit was on me, however, and I couldn't let my ardor cool and my work wait, with the fading daylight, while my model prepared it. So I asked Mrs. Monarch if she would mind laying it out—a request which, for an instant, brought all the blood to her face. Her eyes were on her husband's for a second, and some mute telegraphy passed between them. Their folly was over the next instant; his cheerful shrewdness put an end to it. So far from pitying their wounded pride, I must add, I was moved to give it as complete a lesson as I could. They bustled about together and got out the cups and saucers and made the kettle boil. I know they felt as if they were waiting on my servant, and when the tea was prepared I said: "He'll have a cup, please—he's tired." Mrs. Monarch brought him one where he stood, and he took it from her as if he had been a gentleman at a party, squeezing a crush-hat with an elbow.

Then it came over me that she had made a great effort for me—made it with a kind of nobleness—and that I owed her a compensation. Each time I saw her after this I wondered what the compensation could be. I couldn't go on doing the wrong thing to oblige them. Oh, it *was* the wrong thing, the stamp of the work for which they sat—Hawley was not the only person to say it now. I sent in a large number of the drawings I had made for *Rutland Ramsay*, and I received a warning that was more to the point than Hawley's. The artistic adviser of the house for which I was working was of opinion that many of my illustrations were not what had been looked for. Most of these illustrations were the subjects in which the Monarchs had figured. Without going into the question of what *had* been looked for, I saw at this rate I shouldn't get the other books to do. I hurled myself in despair upon Miss Churm, I put her through all her paces. I not only adopted Oronte publicly as my hero, but one morning when the Major looked in to see if I didn't require him to finish a figure for the *Cheapside*, for which he had begun to sit the week before, I told him that I had changed my mind—I would do the drawing from my man. At this my visitor turned pale and stood looking at me. "Is *he* your idea of an English gentleman?" he asked.

I was disappointed, I was nervous, I wanted to get on with my work; so I replied with irritation: "Oh, my dear Major—I can't be ruined for *you*!"

He stood another moment; then, without a word, he quitted the studio. I drew a long breath when he was gone, for I said to myself

that I shouldn't see him again. I had not told him definitely that I was in danger of having my work rejected, but I was vexed at his not having felt the catastrophe in the air, read with me the moral of our fruitless collaboration, the lesson that, in the deceptive atmosphere of art, even the highest respectability may fail of being plastic.

I didn't owe my friends money, but I did see them again. They re-appeared together, three days later, and under the circumstances there was something tragic in the fact. It was a proof to me that they could find nothing else in life to do. They had threshed the matter out in a dismal conference—they had digested the bad news that they were not in for the series. If they were not useful to me even for the *Cheapside* their function seemed difficult to determine, and I could only judge at first that they had come, forgivingly, decorously, to take a last leave. This made me rejoice in secret that I had little leisure for a scene; for I had placed both my other models in position together and I was pegging away at a drawing from which I hoped to derive glory. It had been suggested by the passage in which Rutland Ramsay, drawing up a chair to Artemisia's piano-stool, says extraordinary things to her while she ostensibly fingers out a difficult piece of music. I had done Miss Churm at the piano before—it was an attitude in which she knew how to take on an absolutely poetic grace. I wished the two figures to "compose" together, intensely, and my little Italian had entered perfectly into my conception. The pair were vividly before me, the piano had been pulled out; it was a charming picture of blended youth and murmured love, which I had only to catch and keep. My visitors stood and looked at it, and I was friendly to them over my shoulder.

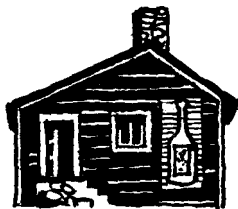
They made no response, but I was used to silent company and went on with my work, only a little disconcerted (even though exhilarated by the sense that *this* was at last the ideal thing) at not having got rid of them after all. Presently I heard Mrs. Monarch's sweet voice beside, or rather above me: "I wish her hair was a little better done." I looked up and she was staring with a strange fixedness at Miss Churm, whose back was turned to her, "Do you mind my just touching it?" she went on—a question which made me spring up for an instant, as with the instinctive fear that she might do the young lady a harm. But she quieted me with a glance I shall never forget—I confess I should like to have been able to paint *that*—and went for a moment to my model. She spoke to her softly, laying a hand upon her shoulder and bending over her; and as the girl, understanding, gratefully assented, she disposed her rough curls, with a few quick passes, in such a way as to make Miss Churm's head twice as charming. It was one of the most heroic personal services I have ever seen rendered. Then Mrs. Monarch turned away

with a low sigh and, looking about her as if for something to do, stooped to the floor with a noble humility and picked up a dirty rag that had dropped out of my paint-box.

The Major meanwhile had also been looking for something to do and, wandering to the other end of the studio, saw before him my breakfast things, neglected, unremoved, "I say, can't I be useful *here?*" he called out to me with an irrepressible quaver. I assented with a laugh that I fear was awkward and for the next ten minutes, while I worked, I heard the light clatter of china and the tinkle of spoons and glass. Mrs. Monarch assisted her husband—they washed up my crockery, they put it away. They wandered off into my little scullery, and I afterwards found that they had cleaned my knives and that my slender stock of plate had an unprecedented surface. When it came over me, the latent eloquence of what they were doing, I confess that my drawing was blurred for a moment—the picture swam. They had accepted their failure, but they couldn't accept their fate. They had bowed their heads in bewilderment to the perverse and cruel law in virtue of which the real thing could be so much less precious than the unreal; but they didn't want to starve. If my servants were my models, my models might be my servants. They would reverse the parts—the others would sit for the ladies and gentlemen, and *they* would do the work. They would still be in the studio—it was an intense dumb appeal to me not to turn them out. "Take us on," they wanted to say—"we'll do *anything*."

When all this hung before me the *afflatus* vanished—my pencil dropped from my hand. My sitting was spoiled and I got rid of my sitters, who were also evidently rather mystified and awestruck. Then, alone with the Major and his wife, I had a most uncomfortable moment. He put their prayer into a single sentence: "I say, you know—just let us do for you,* can't you?" I couldn't—it was dreadful to see them emptying my slops; but I pretended I could to oblige them for about a week. Then I gave them a sum of money to go away; and I never saw them again. I obtained the remaining books, but my friend Hawley repeats that Major and Mrs. Monarch did me a permanent harm, got me into a second-rate trick. If it be true I am content to have paid the price—for the memory.

Hamlin Garland



Uncle Ethan Ripley

Uncle Ethan had a theory that a man's character could be told by the way he sat in a wagon seat.

"A mean man sets right plumb in the *middle o'* the seat, as much as to say,* 'Walk, gol darn yeh,* who cares!' But a man that sets in the corner o' the seat, much as to say, 'Jump in—cheaper t' ride 'n to walk,' you can jest tie to."*

Uncle Ripley was prejudiced in favor of the stranger, therefore, before he came opposite the potato patch, where the old man was "bugging his vines."* The stranger drove a jaded-looking pair of calico ponies,* hitched to a clattering democrat wagon,* and he sat on the extreme end of the seat, with the lines in his right hand, while his left rested on his thigh, with his little finger gracefully crooked and his elbows akimbo. He wore a blue shirt, with gay-colored armlets just above the elbows, and his vest hung unbuttoned down his lank ribs. It was plain he was well pleased with himself.

As he pulled up and threw one leg over the end of the seat, Uncle Ethan observed that the left spring was much more worn than the other, which proved that it was not accidental, but that it was the driver's habit to sit on that end of the seat.

"Good afternoon," said the stranger, pleasantly.

"Good afternoon, sir." a soft voice called from the door.

"Bugs purty plenty?"*

"Plenty enough, I gol!* I don't see where they all come fum."

"Early Rose?"* inquired the man, as if referring to the bugs.

"No; Peachblows an' Carter Reds. My Early Rose is over near the house. The old woman wants 'em near. See the darned things!" he pursued, rapping savagely on the edge of the pan to rattle the bugs back.

"How do yeh kill 'em—scald 'em?"

"Mostly. Sometimes I——"

"Good piece of oats," yawned the stranger, listlessly.

"That's barley."

"So 'tis. Didn't notice."

Uncle Ethan was wondering who the man was. He had some pots of black paint in the wagon, and two or three square boxes.

"What do yeh think o' Cleveland's chances for a second term?"* continued the man, as if they had been talking politics all the while.

Uncle Ripley scratched his head. "Waal—I dunno—bein' a Republican—I think——"

"That's so—it's a purty scaly outlook.* I don't believe in second terms myself," the man hastened to say.

"Is that your new barn across there?" he asked, pointing with his whip.

"Yes, sir, it is," replied the old man, proudly. After years of planning and hard work he had managed to erect a little wooden barn, costing possibly three hundred dollars. It was plain to be seen he took a childish pride in the fact of its newness.

The stranger mused. "A lovely place for a sign," he said, as his eyes wandered across its shining yellow broadside.*

Uncle Ethan stared, unmindful of the bugs* crawling over the edge of his pan. His interest in the pots of paint deepened.

"Couldn't think o' lettin' me paint a sign on that barn?" the stranger continued, putting his locked hands around one knee, and gazing away across the pig-pen at the building.

"What kind of a sign? Gol darn your skins!" Uncle Ethan pounded the pan with his paddle and scraped two or three crawling abominations off his leathery wrist.

It was a beautiful day, and the man in the wagon seemed unusually loath to attend to business. The tired ponies slept in the shade of the lombardies.* The plain was draped in ; warm mist, and shadowed by vast, vaguely defined masses of clouds—a lazy June day.

“Dodd’s Family Bitters,”* said the man, waking out of his abstraction with a start, and resuming his working manner. “The best bitter* in the market.” He alluded to it in the singular. “Like to look at it? No trouble to show goods, as the fellah says,” he went on hastily, seeing Uncle Ethan’s hesitation.

He produced a large bottle of triangular shape, like a bottle for pickled onions. It had a red seal on top, and a strenuous caution in red letters on the neck, “None genuine unless ‘Dodd’s Family Bitters’ is blown in the bottom.”

“Here’s what it cures,” pursued the agent, pointing at the side, where, in an inverted pyramid, the names of several hundred diseases were arranged, running from “gout” to “pulmonary complaints,” etc.

“I gol! she cuts a wide swath,* don’t she?” exclaimed Uncle Ethan, profoundly impressed with the list.

“They ain’t no better bitter in the world,” said the agent, with a conclusive inflection.

“What’s its speshy-ality? Most of ’em have some speshy-ality.”

“Well—summer complaints—an’—an’—spring an’ fall troubles—tones yeh up, sort of.”

Uncle Ethan’s forgotten pan was empty of his gathered bugs. He was deeply interested in this man. There was something he liked about him.

“What does it sell fur?”* he asked, after a pause.

“Same price as them cheap medicines—dollar a bottle—big bottles, too. Want one?”

“Wal, mother ain’t to home,* an’, I don’t know as* she’d like this kind. We ain’t been sick fr years. Still, they’s no tellin’,” he added, seeing the answer to his objection in the agent’s eyes. “Times is purty close to, with us,* y’ see; we’ve jest built that stable——”

“Say I’ll tell yeh what I’ll do,” said the stranger, waking up and speaking in a warmly generous tone. “I’ll give you ten bottles of the bitter if you’ll let me paint a sign on that barn. It won’t hurt the barn a bit, and if you want ’o you can paint it out a year from date.* Come, what d’ey say?”

"I guess I hadn't better."*

The agent thought that Uncle Ethan was after more pay, but in reality he was thinking of what his little old wife would say.

"It simply puts a family bitter in your home that may save you fifty dollars this comin' fall. You can't tell."

Just what the man said after that Uncle Ethan didn't follow. His voice had a confidential purring sound as he stretched across the wagon-seat and talked on, eyes half shut. He straightend up at last, and concluded in the tone of one who has carried his point:

"So! If you didn't want to use the whole twenty-five bottles y'rself, why! sell it to your neighbors. You can get twenty dollars out of it easy, and still have five bottles of the best family bitter that ever went into a bottle."

It was the thought of this opportunity to get a buffalo-skin coat that consoled Uncle Ethan as he saw the hideous black letters appearing under the agent's lazy brush.

It was the hot side of the barn, and painting was no light work. The agent was forced to mop his forehead with his sleeve.

"Say, hain't got a cooky or anything, and a cup o' milk, handy?" he said at the end of the first enormous word, which ran the whole length of the barn.

Uncle Ethan got him the milk and cooky, which he ate with an exaggeratedly dainty action of his fingers, seated meanwhile on the staging which Uncle Ripley had helped him to build. This lunch infused new energy into him, and in a short time "Dodd's Family Bitters, Best in the Market," disfigured the sweet-smelling pine boards.

Ethan was eating his self-obtained supper of bread and milk when his wife came home.

"Who's been a-paintin' on that barn?" she demanded, her bead-like eyes flashing, her withered little face set in an ominous frown. "Ethan Ripley, what you been doin'?"

"Nawthin'," he replied feebly.

"Who painted that sign on there?"

"A man come along an' he wanted to paint that on there, and I let 'im; and it's my barn anyway. I guess I can do what I'm a min' to* with it," he ended, defiantly; but his eyes wavered.

Mrs. Ripley ignored the defiance. "What under the sun p'sessed you to do such a thing* as that, Ethan Ripley? I declare I don't see! You git fooler an' fooler* ev'ry day you live, I *do* believe."

Uncle Ethan attempted a defence.

"Wal, he paid me twenty-five dollars f'r it, anyway."

"Did 'e?" She was visibly affected by this news.

"Wal, anyhow, it amounts to that; he give me twenty-fi bottles——"

Mrs. Ripley sank back in her chair. "Wal, I swan to Bungay!* Ethan Ripley—wal, you beat all I *ever* see!" she added, in despair of expression. "I thought you had *some* sense left; but you hadn't, not one blessed scimpton.* Where is the stuff?"

"Down cellar, an' you needn't take on no airs, ol' woman. I've known you to buy things you didn't need time an' time an' agin—tins an' things,* an' I guess you wish you had back that ten dollars you paid for that illustrated Bible."

"Go 'long an' bring that stuff up here. I never see such a man in my life. It's a wonder he didn't do it f'r two bottles." She glared out at the sign, which faced directly upon the kitchen window.

Uncle Ethan tugged the two cases up and set them down on the floor of the kitchen. Mrs. Ripley opened a bottle and smelled of it like a cautious cat.

"Ugh! Merciful sakes,* what stuff! It ain't fit f'r a hog to take. What'd you think you was goin' to do with it?" she asked in poignant disgust.

"I expected to take it—if I was sick. Whaddy ye s'pose?" He defiantly stood his ground, towering above her like a leaning tower.

"The hull cartload of it?"

"No. I'm goin' to sell part of it an' git me an overcoat——"

"Sell it!" she shouted. "Nobuddy'll buy that sick'nin' stuff but an old numskull like you. Take that slop out o' the house this minute! Take it right down to the sink-hole* an' smash every bottle on the stones."

Uncle Ethan and the cases of medicine disappeared, and the old woman addressed her concluding remarks to little Tewksbury, her grandson, who stood timidly on one leg in the doorway, like an intruding pullet.

"Everything around this place 'ud go to rack an' ruin if I didn't keep a watch on that soft-pated old dummy.* I thought that lightnin'-rod man had give him a lesson he'd remember; but no, he must go an' make a reg'lar——"

She subsided in a tumult of banging pans, which helped her out in the matter of expression and reduced her to a grim sort of quiet. Uncle Ethan went about the house like a

convict on shipboard. Once she caught him looking out of the window.

"I should *think* you'd feel proud o' that."

Uncle Ethan had never been sick a day in his life. He was bent and bruised with never-ending toil, but he had nothing especial the matter with him.

He did not smash the medicine, as Mrs. Ripley commanded, because he had determined to sell it. The next Sunday morning, after his chores were done, he put on his best coat of faded diagonal, and was brushing his hair into a ridge across the centre of his high, narrow head, when Mrs. Ripley came in from feeding the calves.

"Where you goin' now?"

"None o' your business," he replied. "It's darn funny if I can't stir without you wantin' to know all about it. Where's Tukey?"*

"Feedin' the chickens. You ain't goin' to take him off this mornin' now! I don't care where you go."

"Who's a-goin' to take him off. I ain't said nothin' about takin' him off."

"Wal, take y'rself off, an' if y' ain't here f'r dinner, I ain't goin' to get no supper."

Ripley took a water-pail and put four bottles of "the bitter" into it, and trudged away up the road with it in a pleasant glow of hope. All nature seemed to declare the day a time of rest, and invited men to disassociate ideas of toil from the rustling green wheat, shining grass, and tossing blooms. Something of the sweetness and buoyancy of all nature permeated the old man's work-calloused body, and he whistled little snatches of the dance tunes he played on his fiddle.

But he found neighbor Johnson to be supplied with another variety of bitter, which was all he needed for the present. He qualified his refusal to buy with a cordial invitation to go out and see his shoats, in which he took infinite pride. But Uncle Ripley said: "I guess I'll haf t' be goin'; I want 'o git up to Jennings' before dinner."

He couldn't help feeling a little depressed when he found Jennings away. The next house along the pleasant lane was inhabited by a "newcomer." He was sitting on the horsetrough, holding a horse's halter, while his hired man dashed cold water upon the galled spot on the animal's shoulder.

After some preliminary talk Ripley presented his medicine.

"Hell, no! What do I want of such stuff? When they's anything the matter with me, I take a lunkin' ol' swig of popple-bark and bourbon!* That fixes me."

Uncle Ethan moved off up the lane. He hardly felt like whistling now. At the next house he set his pail down in the weeds beside the fence, and went in without it. Doudney came to the door in his bare feet, buttoning his suspenders over a clean boiled shirt. He was dressing to go out.

"Hello, Ripley. I was just goin' down your way. Jest wait a minute, an' I'll be out."

When he came out, fully dressed, Uncle Ethan grappled him.

"Say, what d' you think o' paytent med——"

"Some of 'em are boss.* But y' want 'o know what y're gittin'."

"What d' ye think o' Dodd's——"

"Best in the market."

Uncle Ethan straightened up and his face lighted. Doudney went on:

"Yes, sir; best bitter that ever went into a bottle. I know, I've tried it. I don't go much on patent medicines, but when I get a good——"

"Don't want 'o buy a bottle?"

Doudney turned and faced him.

"Buy! No. I've got nineteen bottles I want 'o sell." Ripley glanced up at Doudney's new granary and there read "Dodd's Family Bitters." He was stricken dumb. Doudney saw it all, and roared.

"Wal, that's a good one! We two tryin' to sell each other bitters. Ho—ho—ho—har, whoop! wal, this is rich!* How many bottles did you git?"

"None o' your business," said Uncle Ethan, as he turned and made off, while Doudney screamed with merriment.

On his way home Uncle Ethan grew ashamed of his burden. Doudney had canvassed the whole neighborhood, and he practically gave up the struggle. Everybody he met seemed determined to find out what he had been doing, and at last he began lying about it.

"Hello, Uncle Ripley, what y' got there in that pail?"

"Goose eggs f'r settin'."

He disposed of one bottle to old Gus Peterson. Gus never paid his debts, and he would only promise fifty cents "on tick" for the bottle, and yet so desperate was Ripley that this questionable sale cheered him up not a little.

As he came down the road, tired, dusty, and hungry, he climbed over the fence in order to avoid seeing that sign on the barn, and slunk into the house without looking back.

He couldn't have felt meaner about it if he had allowed a Democratic poster* to be pasted there.

The evening passed in grim silence, and in sleep he saw that sign wriggling across the side of the barn like boa-constrictors hung on rails. He tried to paint them out, but every time he tried it the man seemed to come back with a sheriff, and savagely warned him to let it stay till the year was up. In some mysterious way the agent seemed to know every time he brought out the paint-pot, and he was no longer the pleasant-voiced individual who drove the calico ponies.

As he stepped out into the yard next morning that abominable, sickening, scrawling advertisement was the first thing that claimed his glance—it blotted out the beauty of the morning.

Mrs. Ripley came to the window, buttoning her dress at the throat, a wisp of her hair sticking assertively from the little knob at the back of her head.

"Lovely, ain't it! An' I've got to see it all day long. I can't look out the window but that thing's right in my face." It seemed to make her savage. She hadn't been in such a temper since her visit to New York. "I hope you feel satisfied with it."

Ripley walked off to the barn. His pride in its clean sweet newness was gone. He slyly tried the paint to see if it couldn't be scraped off, but it was dried in thoroughly. Whereas before he had taken delight in having his neighbors turn and look at the building, now he kept out of sight whenever he saw a team coming. He hoed corn away in the back of the field, when he should have been bugging potatoes by the roadside.

Mrs. Ripley was in a frightful mood about it, but she held herself in check for several days. At last she burst forth:

"Ethan Ripley, I can't stand that thing any longer, and I ain't goin' to, that's all! You've got to go and paint that thing out, or I will. I'm just about crazy with it."

"But, mother, I promised——"

"I don't care *what* you promised, it's got to be painted out. I've got the nightmare now, seein' it. I'm goin' to send f'r a pail o' red paint, and I'm goin' to paint that out if it takes the last breath I've got to do it."

"I'll tend to it, mother, if you won't hurry me——"

"I can't stand it another day. It makes me boil every time I look out the window."

Uncle Ethan hitched up his team and drove gloomily off to town, where he tried to find the agent. He lived in some other part of the county, however, and so the old man gave up and bought a pot of red paint, not daring to go back to his desperate wife without it.

"Goin' to paint y'r new barn?" inquired the merchant, with friendly interest.

Uncle Ethan turned with guilty sharpness; but the merchant's face was grave and kindly.

"Yes, I thought I'd tech it up a little—don't cost much."

"It pays—always," the merchant said emphatically.

"Will it—stick jest as well put on evenings?" inquired Uncle Ethan, hesitatingly.

"Yes—won't make any difference. Why? Ain't goin' to have——"

"Wal,—I kind o' thought I'd do it odd times night an' mornin'—kind o' odd times——"

He seemed oddly confused about it, and the merchant looked after him anxiously as he drove away.

After supper that night he went out to the barn, and Mrs. Ripley heard him sawing and hammering. Then the noise ceased, and he came in and sat down in his usual place.

"What y' ben makin'?" she inquired. Tewksbury had gone to bed. She sat darning a stocking.

"I jest thought I'd git the stagin' ready f'r paintin'," he said, evasively.

"Wal! I'll be glad when it's covered up." When she got ready for bed, he was still seated in his chair, and after she had dozed off two or three times she began to wonder why he didn't come. When the clock struck ten, and she realized that he had not stirred, she began to get impatient. "Come, are y' goin' to sit there all night?" There was no reply. She rose up in bed and looked about the room. The broad moon flooded it with light, so that she could see he was not asleep in his chair, as she had supposed. There was something ominous in his disappearance.

"Ethan! Ethan Ripley, where are yeh!" There was no reply to her sharp call. She rose and distractedly looked about among the furniture, as if he might somehow be a cat and be hiding in a corner somewhere. Then she went upstairs where the boy slept, her hard little heels making a curious *tunking*

noise on the bare boards. The moon fell across the sleeping boy like a robe of silver. He was alone.

She began to be alarmed. Her eyes widened in fear. Sorts of vague horrors sprang unbidden into her brain. She still had the mist of sleep in her brain.

She hurried down the stairs and out into the fragrant night. The katydids were singing in infinite peace under the solemn splendor of the moon. The cattle sniffed and sighed, pangling their bells now and then, and the chickens in the coop stirred uneasily as if overheated. The old woman stood there in her bare feet and long nightgown, horror-stricken. The ghastly story of a man who had hung himself in the barn because his wife deserted him came into her mind, and stayed there with frightful persistency. Her throat filled chokingly.

She felt a wild rush of loneliness. She had a sudden realization of how dear that gaunt old figure was, with his grizzled face and ready smile. Her breath came quick and quicker, and she was at the point of bursting into a wailing cry to Tewksbury, when she heard a strange noise. It came from the barn, a creaking noise. She looked that way, and saw in the shadowed side a deeper shadow moving and fro. A revulsion to astonishment and anger took place in her.

"Land o' Bungay!* If he ain't paintin' that barn, like a perfect old idiot, in the night."

Uncle Ethan, working desperately, did not hear her feet pattering down the path, and was startled by her sudden voice.

"Well, Ethan Ripley, whaddy y' think you're doin' now?"

He made two or three slapping passes with the brush, and then snapped out, "I'm a-paintin' this barn—whaddy s'pose? If ye had eyes y' wouldn't ask."

"Well, you come right straight to bed. What d'you mean by actin' so?"

"You go back into the house an' let me be. I know what I'm a-doin'. You've pestered me about this sign jest about enough." He dabbed his brush to and fro as he spoke. His gaunt figure towered above her in shadow. His slapping brush had a vicious sound.

Neither spoke for some time. At length she said more gently, "Ain't you comin' in?"

"No—not till I get a-ready. You go 'long an' tend to your own business. Don't stan' there an' ketch cold."

She moved off slowly toward the house. His shout subdued her. Working alone out there had rendered him savage; he was not to be pushed any further. She knew by the tone of his voice that he must now be respected. She slipped on her shoes and a shawl, and came back where he was working, and took a seat on a saw-horse.

"I'm goin' to set right here till you come in, Ethan Ripley," she said, in a firm voice, but gentler than usual.

"Wal, you'll set a good while," was his ungracious reply, but each felt a furtive tenderness for the other. He worked on in silence. The boards creaked heavily as he walked to and fro, and the slapping sound of the paint-brush sounded loud in the sweet harmony of the night. The majestic moon swung slowly round the corner of the barn, and fell upon the old man's grizzled head and bent shoulders. The horses inside could be heard stamping the mosquitoes away, and chewing their hay in pleasant chorus.

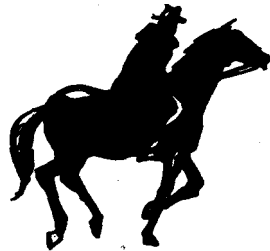
The little figure seated on the saw-horse drew the shawl closer about her thin shoulders. Her eyes were in shadow, and her hands were wrapped in her shawl. At last she spoke in a curious tone.

"Wal, I don't know as you *was* so very much to blame. I *didn't* want that Bible myself—I held out I did,* but I didn't."

Ethan worked on until the full meaning of this unprecedented surrender penetrated his head, and then he threw down his brush.

"Wal, I guess I'll let 'er go at that. I've covered up the most of it, anyhow. Guess we better go in."

Ambrose Gwinett Pierce



A Horseman in the Sky

One sunny afternoon in the autumn of the year 1861 a soldier lay in a clump of laurel by the side of a road in Western Virginia. He lay at full length, upon his stomach, his feet resting upon the toes, his head upon the left forearm. His extended right hand loosely grasped his rifle. But for the somewhat methodical disposition of his limbs and a slight rhythmic movement of the cartridge box at the back of his belt, he might have been thought to be dead. He was asleep at his post of duty. But if detected he would be dead shortly afterward, death being the just and legal penalty of his crime.

The clump of laurel in which the criminal lay was in the angle of a road which, after ascending, southward, a steep acclivity to that point, turned sharply to the west, running along the summit for perhaps one hundred yards. There it turned southward again and went zigzagging downward through the forest. At the salient of that second angle was a large flat rock, jutting out from the ridge to the northward, overlooking the deep valley from which the road ascended. The rock capped a high cliff; a stone dropped from its outer edge would have fallen sheer downward one thousand feet to the tops of the pines. The angle where the soldier lay was on another spur of the same cliff. Had he been awake he would have commanded a view, not only of the short arm

of the road and the jutting rock but of the entire profile of the cliff below it. It might well have made him giddy to look.

The country was wooded everywhere except at the bottom of the valley to the northward, where there was a small natural meadow, through which flowed a stream scarcely visible from the valley's rim. This open ground looked hardly larger than an ordinary door-yard, but was really several acres in extent. Its green was more vivid than that of the enclosing forest. Away beyond it rose a line of giant cliffs similar to those upon which we are supposed to stand in our survey of the savage scene, and through which the road had somehow made its climb to the summit. The configuration of the valley, indeed, was such that from our point of observation it seemed entirely shut in, and one could not but have wondered how the road which found a way out of it had found a way into it, and whence came and whither went the waters of the stream that parted the meadow two thousand feet below.

No country is so wild and difficult but men will make it a theatre of war;* concealed in the forest at the bottom of that military rat-trap, in which half a hundred men in possession of the exits might have starved an army to submission, lay five regiments of Federal infantry. They had marched all the previous day and night and were resting. At nightfall they would take to the road again, climb to the place where their unfaithful sentinel now slept, and, descending the other slope of the ridge, fall upon a camp of the enemy at about midnight. Their hope was to surprise it, for the road led to the rear of it. In case of failure their position would be perilous in the extreme; and fail they surely would should accident or vigilance apprise the enemy of the movement.

The sleeping sentinel in the clump of laurel was a young Virginian named Carter Druse. He was the son of wealthy parents, an only child, and had known such ease and cultivation and high living as wealth and taste were able to command in the mountain country of Western Virginia.* His home was but a few miles from where he now lay. One morning he had risen from the breakfast table and said, quietly but gravely: "Father, a Union regiment* has arrived at Crafton. I am going to join it."

The father lifted his leonine head, looked at the son a moment in silence, and replied: "Go, Carter, and, whatever may occur, do what you conceive to be your duty. Virginia, to which you are a traitor, must get on without you. Should we both live to the end of the war,

we will speak further to the matter. Your mother, as the physician has informed you, is in a most critical condition; at the best she cannot be with us longer than a few weeks, but that time is precious. It would be better not to disturb her."

So Carter Druse, bowing reverently to his father, who returned the salute with a stately courtesy which masked a breaking heart, left the home of his childhood to go soldiering. By conscience and courage, by deeds of devotion and daring, he soon commended himself to his fellows and his officers; and it was to these qualities and to some knowledge of the country that he owed his selection for his present perilous duty at the extreme outpost. Nevertheless, fatigue had been stronger than resolution, and he had fallen asleep. What good or bad angel came in a dream to rouse him from his state of crime, who shall say? Without a movement, without a sound, in the profound silence and the languor of the later afternoon, some invisible messenger of fate touched with unsealing finger the eyes of his consciousness—whispered into the ear of his spirit the mysterious awakening word which no human lips have ever spoken, no human memory ever has recalled. He quietly raised his forehead from his arm and looked between the masking stems of the laurels, instinctively closing his right hand about the stock of his rifle.

His first feeling was a keen artistic delight. On a colossal pedestal, the cliff, motionless at the extreme edge of the capping rock and sharply outlined against the sky, was an equestrian statue of impressive dignity. The figure of the man sat the figure of the horse, straight and soldierly, but with the repose of a Grecian god carved in the marble which limits the suggestion of activity. The grey costume* harmonised with its aerial back ground; the metal of accoutrement and caparison was softened and subdued by the shadow; the animal's skin had no points of high light. A carbine, strikingly foreshortened, lay across the pommel of the saddle, kept in place by the right hand grasping it at the "grip;"* the left hand, holding the bridle rein, was invisible. In silhouette against the sky, the profile of the horse was cut with the sharpness of a cameo; it looked across the heights of air to the confronting cliffs beyond. The face of the rider, turned slightly to the left, showed only an outline of temple and beard; he was looking downward to the bottom of the valley. Magnified by its lift against the sky and by the soldier's testifying sense of the formidableness of a near enemy, the group appeared of heroic, almost colossal, size.

For an instant Druse had a strange, half-defined feeling that he had slept to the end of the war and was looking upon a noble work of art reared upon that commanding eminence to commemorate the deeds of an heroic past of which he had been an inglorious part. The

feeling was dispelled by a slight movement of the group; the horse, without moving its feet, had drawn its body slightly backward from the verge; the man remained immobile as before. Broad awake and keenly alive to the significance of the situation, Druse now brought the butt of his rifle against his cheek by cautiously pushing the barrel forward through the bushes, cocked the piece, and, glancing through the sights, covered a vital spot of the horseman's breast. A touch upon the trigger and all would have been well with Carter Druse. At that instant the horseman turned his head and looked in the direction of his concealed foe—seemed to look into his very face, into his eyes, into his brave, compassionate heart.

Is it, then, so terrible to kill an enemy in war—an enemy who has surprised a secret vital to the safety of one's self and comrades—an enemy more formidable for his knowledge than all his army for its numbers? Carter Druse grew deathly pale; he shook in every limb, turned faint, and saw the statuesque group before him as black figures, rising, falling, moving unsteadily in arcs of circles in a fiery sky. His hand fell away from his weapon, his head slowly dropped until his face rested on the leaves in which he lay. This courageous gentleman and hardy soldier was near swooning from intensity of emotion.

It was not for long; in another moment his face was raised from earth, his hands resumed their places on the rifle, his forefinger sought the trigger; mind, heart, and eyes were clear conscience and reason sound. He could not hope to capture that enemy; to alarm him would but send him dashing to his camp with his fatal news. The duty of the soldier was plain: the man must be shot dead from ambush—without warning, without a moment's spiritual preparation, with never so much as an unspoken prayer, he must be sent to his account.* But no—there is a hope; he may have discovered nothing—perhaps he is but admiring the sublimity of the landscape. If permitted he may turn and ride carelessly away in the direction whence he came. Surely it will be possible to judge at the instant of his withdrawing whether he knows. It may well be that fixity of attention—Druse turned his head and looked below, through the deeps of air downward, as from the surface to the bottom of a translucent sea. He saw creeping across the green meadow a sinuous line of figures of men and horses—some foolish commander was permitting the soldiers of his escort to water their beasts in the open, in plain view from a hundred summits!

Druse withdrew his eyes from the valley and fixed them again upon the group of man and horse in the sky, and again it was through the sights of his rifle. But this time his aim was at the horse. In his memory, as if they were a divine mandate, rang the words of

his father at their parting: "Whatever may occur, conceive to be your duty." He was calm now. His teeth but not rigidly closed; his nerves were as tranquil as a babe's—not a tremor affected any muscle of his body; until suspended in the act of taking aim, was regular as a had conquered; the spirit had said to the body: "Peace fired.

At that moment an officer of the Federal force, who adventure or in quest of knowledge, had left the hide the valley, and, with aimless feet, had made his way to the foot of a small open space near the foot of the cliff, was cornered he had to gain by pushing his exploration further. At a quarter-mile before him, but apparently at a stone's throw, its fringe of pines the gigantic face of rock, towering height above him that it made him giddy to look up to, cut a sharp, rugged line against the sky. At some distance right it presented a clean, vertical profile against a blue sky to a point half of the way down, and of distance less thence to the trees at its base. Lifting his eyes to the altitude of its summit, the officer saw an astonishing sight on horseback riding down into the valley through the

Straight upright sat the rider, in military fashion, well in the saddle, a strong clutch upon the rein to hold his horse from too impetuous a plunge. From his bare head his long hair upward, waving like a plume. His right hand was close to the cloud of the horse's lifted mane. The animal's body was every hoof stroke encountered the resistant earth. Its motion those of a wild gallop, but even as the officer looked the all the legs thrown sharply forward as in the act of a leap. But this was a flight!

Filled with amazement and terror by this apparition in the sky—half believing himself the chosen scribe of the Apocalypse,* the officer was overcome by the intense emotions; his legs failed him and he fell. Almost at that time he heard a crashing sound in the trees—a sound that was an echo, and all was still.

The officer rose to his feet, trembling. The familiar, abraded shin recalled his dazed faculties. Pulling himself up, he ran rapidly obliquely away from the cliff to a point of his foot; thereabout he expected to find his man; and naturally failed. In the fleeting instant of his vision his imagination had been so wrought upon by the apparent grace and ease and intention of the marvellous performance that it did not occur to him that the line of march of aerial cavalry is directed downward, and

that he could find the objects of his search at the very foot of the cliff. A half hour later he returned to camp.

This officer was a wise man; he knew better than to tell an incredible truth. He said nothing of what he had seen. But when the commander asked him if in his scout he had learned anything of advantage to the expedition, he answered:—

“Yes, sir; there is no road leading down into this valley from the southward.”

The commander, knowing better, smiled.

After firing his shot Private Carter Druse reloaded his rifle and resumed his watch. Ten minutes had hardly passed when a Federal sergeant crept cautiously to him on hands and knees. Druse neither turned his head nor looked at him, but lay without motion or sign of recognition.

“Did you fire?” the sergeant whispered.

“Yes.”

“At what?”

“A horse. It was standing on yonder rock—pretty far out. You see it is no longer there. It went over the cliff.”

The man’s face was white but he showed no other sign of emotion. Having answered, he turned away his face and said no more. The sergeant did not understand.

“See here, Druse,” he said, after a moment’s silence, “it’s no use making a mystery. I order you to report. Was there anybody on the horse?”

“Yes.”

“Who?”

“My father.”

The sergeant rose to his feet and walked away. “Good God!” he said.

An Occurrence at Owl Creek Bridge

I

A man stood upon a railroad bridge in Northern Alabama, looking down into the swift waters twenty feet below. The man’s hands were behind his back, the wrists bound with a cord. A rope loosely encircled his neck. It was attached to a stout cross-timber above his head, and the slack fell to the level of his knees. Some loose

boards laid upon the sleepers supporting the metals of the railway supplied a footing for him and his executioners—two private soldiers of the Federal army, directed by a sergeant, who in civil life may have been a deputy sheriff. At a short remove upon the same temporary platform was an officer in the uniform of his rank armed. He was a captain. A sentinel at each end of the bridge stood with his rifle in the position known as "support,"* that is to say, vertical in front of the left shoulder, the hammer resting on the forearm thrown straight across the chest—a formal and unnatural position, enforcing an erect carriage of the body. It did not appear to be the duty of these two men to know what was occurring at the centre of the bridge; they merely blockaded the two ends of the foot plank which traversed it.

Beyond one of the sentinels nobody was in sight; the railroad ran straight away into a forest for a hundred yards, then, curving, was lost to view. Doubtless there was an outpost farther along. The other bank of the stream was open ground—a gentle acclivity crowned with a stockade of vertical tree trunks, loop-holed for rifles,* with a single embrasure through which protruded the muzzle of a brass cannon commanding the bridge.* Midway of the slope between bridge and fort were the spectators—a single company of infantry in line, at "parade rest,"* the butts of the rifles on the ground, the barrels inclining slightly backward against the right shoulder, the hands crossed upon the stock. A lieutenant stood at the right of the line, the point of his sword upon the ground, his left hand resting upon his right. Excepting the group of four at the centre of the bridge not a man moved. The company faced the bridge, staring stonily, motionless. The sentinels, facing the banks of the stream, might have been statues to adorn the bridge. The captain stood with folded arms, silent, observing the work of his subordinates but making no sign. Death is a dignitary who, when he comes announced, is to be received with formal manifestations of respect, even by those most familiar with him. In the code of military etiquette silence and fixity are forms of deference.

The man who was engaged in being hanged was apparently about thirty-five years of age. He was a civilian, if one might judge from his dress, which was that of a planter. His features were good—a straight nose, firm mouth, broad forehead, from which his long, dark hair was combed straight back, falling behind his ears to the collar of his well-fitting frock coat. He wore a moustache and pointed beard, but no whiskers; his eyes were large and dark grey and had a kindly expression which one would hardly have expected in one whose neck was in the hemp. Evidently this was no vulgar assassin.

The liberal military code makes provision for hanging many kinds of people, and gentlemen are not excluded.

The preparations being complete, the two private soldiers stepped aside and each drew away the plank upon which he had been standing. The sergeant turned to the captain, saluted and placed himself immediately behind that officer, who in turn moved apart one pace. These movements left the condemned man and the sergeant standing on the two ends of the same plank, which spanned three of the crossties of the bridge. The end upon which the civilian stood almost, but not quite, reached a fourth. This plank had been held in place by the weight of the captain; it was now held by that of the sergeant. At a signal from the former, the latter would step aside, the plank would tilt and the condemned man go down between two ties. The arrangement commended itself to his judgment as simple and effective. His face had not been covered nor his eyes bandaged. He looked a moment at his "unsteadfast footing,"* then let his gaze wander to the swirling water of the stream racing madly beneath his feet. A piece of dancing driftwood caught his attention and his eyes followed it down the current. How slowly it appeared to move! What a sluggish stream!

He closed his eyes in order to fix his last thoughts upon his wife and children. The water, touched to gold by the early sun, the brooding mists under the banks at some distance down the stream, the fort, the soldiers, the piece of drift—all had distracted him. And now he became conscious of a new disturbance. Striking through the thought of his dear ones was a sound which he could neither ignore nor understand, a sharp, distinct, metallic percussion like the stroke of a blacksmith's hammer upon the anvil; it had the same ringing quality. He wondered what it was, and whether immeasurably distant or near by—it seemed both. Its recurrence was regular, but as slow as the tolling of a death knell. He awaited each stroke with impatience and—he knew not why—apprehension. The intervals of silence grew progressively longer; the delays became maddening. With their greater infrequency the sounds increased in strength and sharpness. They hurt his ear like the thrust of a knife: he feared he would shriek. What he heard was the ticking of his watch.

He unclosed his eyes and saw again the water below him. "If I could free my hands," he thought, "I might throw off the noose and spring into the stream. By diving I could evade the bullets, and, swimming vigorously, reach the bank, take to the woods, and get away home. My home, thank God, is as yet outside their lines; my wife and little ones are still beyond the invader's farthest advance."

As these thoughts, which have here to be set down in words, were flashed into the doomed man's brain rather than evolved from it, the captain nodded to the sergeant. The sergeant stepped aside.

II

Peyton Farquhar* was a well-to-do planter, of an old and highly-respected Alabama family. Being a slave owner, and, like other slave owners, a politician, he was naturally an original secessionist* and ardently devoted to the Southern cause. Circumstances of an imperious nature which it is unnecessary to relate here, had prevented him from taking service with the gallant army which had fought the disastrous campaigns ending with the fall of Corinth,* and he chafed under the inglorious restraint, longing for the release of his energies, the larger life of the soldier, the opportunity for distinction. That opportunity, he felt, would come, as it comes to all in war time. Meanwhile he did what he could. No service was too humble for him to perform in aid of the South, no adventure too perilous for him to undertake if consistent with the character of a civilian who was at heart a soldier, and who in good faith and without too much qualification assented to at least a part of the frankly villainous dictum that all is fair in love and war.

One evening while Farquhar and his wife were sitting on a rustic bench near the entrance to his grounds, a grey-clad soldier* rode up to the gate and asked for a drink of water. Mrs. Farquhar was only too happy to serve him with her own white hands. While she was gone to fetch the water, her husband approached the dusty horseman and inquired eagerly for news from the front.

"The Yanks are repairing the railroads," said the man, "and are getting ready for another advance. They have reached the Owl Creek bridge, put it in order, and built a stockade on the other bank. The commandant has issued an order, which is posted everywhere, declaring that any civilian caught interfering with the railroad, its bridges, tunnels, or trains, will be summarily hanged. I saw the order."

"How far is it to the Owl Creek bridge?" Farquhar asked.

"About thirty miles."

"Is there no force on this side the creek?"

"Only a picket post half a mile out, on the railroad, and a single sentinel at the end of the bridge."

"Suppose a man—a civilian and student of hanging*—should elude the picket post and perhaps get the better of the sentinel," said Farquhar, smiling, "what could he accomplish?"

The soldier reflected. "I was there a month ago," he replied. "I observed that the flood of last winter had lodged a great quantity of driftwood against the wooden pier at this end of the bridge. It is now dry and would burn like tow."

The lady had now brought the water, which the soldier drank. He thanked her ceremoniously, bowed to her husband, and rode away. An hour later, after nightfall, he repassed the plantation, going northward in the direction from which he had come. He was a Federal scout.

III

As Peyton Farquhar fell straight downward through the bridge, he lost consciousness and was as one already dead. From this state he was awakened—ages later, it seemed to him—by the pain of a sharp pressure upon his throat, followed by a sense of suffocation. Keen, poignant agonies seemed to shoot from his neck downward through every fibre of his body and limbs. These pains appeared to flash along well-defined lines of ramification, and to beat with an inconceivable rapid periodicity. They seemed like streams of pulsating fire heating him to an intolerable temperature. As to his head, he was conscious of nothing but a feeling of fullness—of congestion. These sensations were unaccompanied by thought. The intellectual part of his nature was already effaced; he had power only to feel, and feeling was torment. He was conscious of motion. Encompassed in a luminous cloud, of which he was now merely the fiery heart, without material substance, he swung through unthinkable arcs of oscillation, like a vast pendulum. Then all at once, with terrible suddenness, the light about him shot upward with the noise of a loud plash; a frightful roaring was in his ears, and all was cold and dark. The power of thought was restored; he knew that the rope had broken and he had fallen into the stream. There was no additional strangulation; the noose about his neck was already suffocating him, and kept the water from his lungs. To die of hanging at the bottom of a river!—the idea seemed to him ludicrous. He opened his eyes in the blackness and saw above him a gleam of light, but how distant, how inaccessible! He was still sinking, for the light became fainter and fainter until it was a mere glimmer. Then it began to grow and brighten, and he knew that he was rising toward the surface—knew it with reluctance, for he was now very comfortable. "To be hanged and drowned," he thought, "that is not so bad; but I do not wish to be shot. No: I will not be shot; that is not fair."

He was not conscious of an effort, but a sharp pain in his wrists

apprised him that he was trying to free his hands. He gave the struggle his attention, as an idler might observe the feat of a juggler, without interest in the outcome. What splendid effort!—what magnificent, what superhuman strength! Ah, that was a fine endeavor! Bravo! The cord fell away; his arms parted and floated upward, the hands dimly seen on each side in the growing light. He watched them with a new interest as first one and then the other pounced upon the noose at his neck. They tore it away and thrust it fiercely aside, its undulations resembling those of a water-snake. "Put it back, put it back!" He thought he shouted these words to his hands, for the undoing of the noose had been succeeded by the direst pang which he had yet experienced. His neck ached horribly; his brain was on fire; his heart, which had been fluttering faintly, gave a great leap, trying to force itself out at his mouth. His whole body was racked and wrenched with an insupportable anguish! But his disobedient hands gave no heed to the command. They beat the water vigorously with quick, downward strokes, forcing him to the surface. He felt his head emerge; his eyes were blinded by the sunlight; his chest expanded convulsively, and with a supreme and crowning agony his lungs engulfed a great draught of air, which instantly he expelled in a shriek!

He was now in full possession of his physical senses. They were, indeed, preternaturally keen and alert. Something in the awful disturbance of his organic system had so exalted and refined them that they made record of things never before perceived. He felt the ripples upon his face and heard their separate sounds as they struck. He looked at the forest on the bank of the stream, saw the individual trees, the leaves and the veining of each leaf*—saw the very insects upon them, the locusts, the brilliant-bodied flies, the grey spiders stretching their webs from twig to twig. He noted the prismatic colors* in all the dewdrops upon a million blades of grass. The humming of the gnats that danced above the eddies of the stream, the beating of the dragon flies' wings, the strokes of the water spiders' legs, like oars which had lifted their boat—all these made audible music. A fish slid along beneath his eyes and he heard the rush of its body parting the water.

He had come to the surface facing down the stream; in a moment the visible world seemed to wheel slowly round, himself the pivotal point, and he saw the bridge, the fort, the soldiers upon the bridge, the captain, the sergeant, the two privates, his executioners. They were in silhouette against the blue sky. They shouted and gesticulated, pointing at him; the captain had drawn his pistol, but did not fire; the others were unarmed. Their movements were grotesque and horrible, their forms gigantic.

Suddenly he heard a sharp report and something struck the water smartly within a few inches of his head, spattering his face with spray. He heard a second report, and saw one of the sentinels with his rifle at his shoulder, a light cloud of blue smoke rising from the muzzle. The man in the water saw the eye of the man on the bridge gazing into his own through the sights of the rifle. He observed that it was a grey eye, and remembered having read that grey eyes were keenest and that all famous marksmen had them. Nevertheless, this one had missed.

A counter-swirl* had caught Farquhar and turned him half round; he was again looking into the forest on the bank opposite the fort. The sound of a clear, high voice in a monotonous sing-song now rang out behind him and came across the water with a distinctness that pierced and subdued all other sounds, even the beating of the ripples in his ears. Although no soldier, he had frequented camps enough to know the dread significance of that deliberate, drawling, aspirated chant; the lieutenant on shore was taking a part in the morning's work. How coldly and pitilessly—with what an even, calm intonation, presaging and enforcing tranquillity in the men—with what accurately measured intervals fell those cruel words:

“Attention, company... Shoulder arms... Ready... Aim... Fire.”

Farquhar dived—dived as deeply as he could. The water roared in his ears like the voice of Niagara, yet he heard the dulled thunder of the volley, and rising again toward the surface, met shining bits of metal, singularly flattened, oscillating slowly downward. Some of them touched him on the face and hands, then fell away, continuing their descent. One lodged between his collar and neck; it was uncomfortably warm, and he snatched it out.

As he rose to the surface, gasping for breath, he saw that he had been a long time under water; he was perceptibly farther down stream—nearer to safety. The soldiers had almost finished reloading; the metal ramrods flashed all at once in the sunshine as they were drawn from the barrels, turned in the air, and thrust into their sockets. The two sentinels fired again, independently and ineffectually.

The hunted man saw all this over his shoulder; he was now swimming vigorously with the current. His brain was as energetic as his arms and legs; he thought with the rapidity of lightning.

“The officer,” he reasoned, “will not make that martinet's error* a second time. It is as easy to dodge a volley as a single shot. He has probably already given the command to fire at will.* God help me, I cannot dodge them all!”

An appalling splash within two yards of him, followed by a loud rushing sound, *diminuendo*,* which seemed to travel back through

the air to the fort and died in an explosion which stirred the very river to its depths! A rising sheet of water, which curved over him, fell down upon him, blinded him, strangled him! The cannon had taken a hand in the game.* As he shook his head free from the commotion of the smitten water, he heard the deflected shot humming through the air ahead, and in an instant it was cracking and smashing the branches in the forest beyond.

"They will not do that again," he thought; "the next time they will use a charge of grape.* I must keep my eye upon the gun; the smoke will apprise me—the report arrives too late; it lags behind the missile. It is a good gun."

Suddenly he felt himself whirled round and round—spinning like a top. The water, the banks, the forest, the now distant bridge, fort and men—all were commingled and blurred. Objects were represented by their colors only; circular horizontal streaks of color—that was all he saw. He had been caught in a vortex and was being whirled on with a velocity of advance and gyration which made him giddy and sick. In a few moments he was flung upon the gravel at the foot of the left bank of the stream—the southern bank—and behind a projecting point which concealed him from his enemies. The sudden arrest of his motion, the abrasion of one of his hands on the gravel, restored him and he wept with delight. He dug his fingers into the sand, threw it over himself in handfuls and audibly blessed it. It looked like gold, like diamonds, rubies, emeralds; he could think of nothing beautiful which it did not resemble. The trees upon the bank were giant garden plants; he noted a definite order in their arrangement, inhaled the fragrance of their blooms. A strange, roseate light shone through the spaces among their trunks, and the wind made in their branches the music of æolian harps.* He had no wish to perfect his escape, was content to remain in that enchanting spot until retaken.

A whizz and rattle of grapeshot among the branches high above his head roused him from his dream. The baffled cannoneer had fired him a random farewell. He sprang to his feet, rushed up the sloping bank, and plunged into the forest.

All that day he traveled, laying his course by the rounding sun. The forest seemed interminable; nowhere did he discover a break in it, not even a woodman's road. He had not known that he lived in so wild a region. There was something uncanny in the revelation.

By nightfall he was fatigued, footsore, famishing. The thought of his wife and children urged him on. At last he found a road which led him in what he knew to be the right direction. It was as wide, and straight as a city street, yet it seemed untraveled. No fields bordered it, no dwelling anywhere. Not so much as the barking of a dog

suggested human habitation. The black bodies of the great trees formed a straight wall on both sides, terminating on the horizon in a point, like a diagram in a lesson in perspective. Overhead, as he looked up through this rift in the wood, shone great golden stars looking unfamiliar and grouped in strange constellations. He was sure they were arranged in some order which had a secret and malign significance. The wood on either side was full of singular noises, among which—once, twice, and again—he distinctly heard whispers in an unknown tongue.

His neck was in pain, and, lifting his hands to it, he found it horribly swollen. He knew that it had a circle of black where the rope had bruised it. His eyes felt congested; he could no longer close them. His tongue was swollen with thirst; he relieved its fever by thrusting it forward from between his teeth into the cool air. How softly the turf had carpeted the untraveled avenue! He could no longer feel the roadway beneath his feet!

Doubtless, despite his suffering, he fell asleep while walking, for now he sees another scene—perhaps he has merely recovered from a delirium. He stands at the gate of his own home. All is as he left it, and all bright and beautiful in the morning sunshine. He must have traveled the entire night. As he pushes open the gate and passes up the wide white walk, he sees a flutter of female garments; his wife, looking fresh and cool and sweet, steps down from the verandah to meet him. At the bottom of the steps she stands waiting, with a smile of ineffable joy, an attitude of matchless grace and dignity. Ah, how beautiful she is! He springs forward with extended arms. As he is about to clasp her, he feels a stunning blow upon the back of the neck; a blinding white light blazes all about him, with a sound like the shock of a cannon—then all is darkness and silence!

Peyton Farquhar was dead; his body, with a broken neck, swung gently from side to side beneath the timbers of the Owl Creek bridge.

The Applicant

Pushing his adventurous shins through the deep snow that had fallen overnight, and encouraged by the glee of his little sister, following in the open way that he made, a sturdy small boy, the son of Grayville's most distinguished citizen, struck his foot against something of which there was no visible sign on the surface of the

snow. It is the purpose of this narrative to explain how it came to be there.

No one who has had the advantage of passing through Grayville by day can have failed to observe the large stone building crowning the low hill to the north of the railway station—that is to say, to the right in going toward Great Mowbray.* It is a somewhat dull-looking edifice, of the Early Comatose order,* and appears to have been designed by an architect who shrank from publicity, and although unable to conceal his work—even compelled, in this instance, to set it on an eminence in the sight of men—did what he honestly could to insure it against a second look. So far as concerns its outer and visible aspect, the Abersush Home for Old Men is unquestionably inhospitable to human attention.* But it is a building of great magnitude, and cost its benevolent founder the profit of many a cargo of the teas and silks and spices that his ships brought up from the under-world* when he was in trade in Boston; though the main expense was its endowment.* Altogether, this reckless person had robbed his heirs-at-law* of no less a sum than half a million dollars and flung it away in riotous giving.* Possibly it was with a view to get out of sight of the silent big witness to his extravagance that he shortly afterward disposed of all his Grayville property that remained to him, turned his back upon the scene of his prodigality and went off across the sea in one of his own ships. But the gossips who got their inspiration most directly from Heaven declared that he went in search of a wife—a theory not easily reconciled with that of the village humorist, who solemnly averred that the bachelor philanthropist had departed this life (left Grayville, to wit) because the marriageable maidens had made it too hot to hold him.* However this may have been, he had not returned, and although at long intervals there had come to Grayville, in a desultory way, vague rumors of his wanderings in strange lands, no one seemed certainly to know about him, and to the new generation he was no more than a name. But from above the portal of the Home for Old Men the name shouted in stone.

Despite its unpromising exterior, the Home is a fairly commodious place of retreat from the ills that its inmates have incurred by being poor and old and men. At the time embraced in this brief chronicle they were in number about a score, but in acerbity, querulousness, and general ingratitude they could hardly be reckoned at fewer than a hundred; at least that was the estimate of the superintendent, Mr. Silas Tilbody. It was Mr. Tilbody's steadfast conviction that always, in admitting new old men to replace those who had gone to another and a better Home,* the trustees had distinctly in will* the infraction of his peace, and the trial of his patience. In truth, the longer the

institution was connected with him, the stronger was his feeling that the founder's scheme of benevolence was sadly impaired by providing any inmates at all. He had not much imagination, but with what he had he was addicted to the reconstruction of the Home for Old Men into a kind of "castle in Spain," with himself as castellan, hospitably entertaining about a score of sleek and prosperous middle-aged gentlemen, consummately good-humored and civilly willing to pay for their board and lodging. In this revised project of philanthropy the trustees, to whom he was indebted for his office and responsible for his conduct, had not the happiness to appear. As to them, it was held by the village humorist aforementioned that in their management of the great charity Providence had thoughtfully supplied an incentive to thrift.* With the inference which he expected to be drawn from that view we have nothing to do; it had neither support nor denial from the inmates, who certainly were most concerned. They lived out their little remnant of life, crept into graves neatly numbered, and were succeeded by other old men alike them as could be desired by the Adversary of Peace.* If the Home was a place of punishment for the sin of unthrift the veteran offenders sought justice with a persistence that attested the sincerity of their penitence. It is to one of these that the reader's attention is now invited.

In the matter of attire this person was not altogether engaging. But for this season, which was midwinter, a careless observer might have looked upon him as a clever device of the husbandman indisposed to share the fruits of his toil with the crows that toil not, neither spin*—an error that might not have been dispelled without longer and closer observation than he seemed to court; for his progress up Abersush Street, toward the Home in the gloom of the winter evening, was not visibly faster than what might have been expected of a scarecrow blessed with youth, health, and discontent. The man was indisputably ill-clad, yet not without a certain fitness and good taste, withal; for he was obviously an applicant for admittance to the Home, where poverty was a qualification. In the army of indigence the uniform is rags; they serve to distinguish the rank and file from the recruiting officers.

As the old man, entering the gate of the grounds, shuffled up the broad walk, already white with the fast-falling snow, which from time to time he feebly shook from its various coigns of vantage on his person, he came under inspection of the large globe lamp that burned always by night over the great door of the building. As if unwilling to incur its revealing beams, he turned to the left and, passing a considerable distance along the face of the building, rang at a smaller door emitting a dimmer ray that came from within,

through the fanlight, and expended itself incuriously overhead. The door was opened by no less a personage than the great Mr. Tilbody himself. Observing his visitor, who at once uncovered,* and somewhat shortened the radius of the permanent curvature of his back, the great man gave visible token of neither surprise nor displeasure. Mr. Tilbody was, indeed, in an uncommonly good humor, a phenomenon ascribable doubtless to the cheerful influence of the season; for this was Christmas Eve, and the morrow would be that blessed 365th part of the year that all Christian souls set apart for mighty feats of goodness and joy. Mr. Tilbody was so full of the spirit of the season that his fat face and pale blue eyes, whose ineffectual fire served to distinguish it from an untimely summer squash,* effused so genial a glow that it seemed a pity that he could not have lain down in it, basking in the consciousness of his own identity. He was hatted, booted, overcoated, and umbrellaed,* as became a person who was about to expose himself to the night and the storm on an errand of charity; for Mr. Tilbody had just parted from his wife and children to go "down town" and purchase the wherewithal to confirm the annual falsehood about the hunchbellied saint* who frequents the chimneys to reward little boys and girls who are good, and especially truthful. So he did not invite the old man in, but saluted him cheerily:

"Hello! just in time; a moment later and you would have missed me. Come, I have no time to waste; we'll walk a little way together."

"Thank you," said the old man, upon whose thin and white but not ignoble face the light from the open door showed an expression that was perhaps disappointment; "but if the trustees—if my application—"

"The trustees," Mr. Tilbody said, closing more doors than one, and cutting off two kinds of light,* "have agreed that your application disagrees with them."

Certain sentiments are inappropriate to Christmastide, but Humor, like Death, has all seasons for his own.

"Oh, my God!" cried the old man, in so thin and husky a tone that the invocation was anything but impressive, and to at least one of his two auditors sounded, indeed, somewhat ludicrous. To the Other*—but that is a matter which laymen are devoid of the light to expound.

"Yes," continued Mr. Tilbody, accommodating his gait to that of his companion, who was mechanically, and not very successfully, retracing the track that he had made through the snow; "they have decided that, under the circumstances—under the very peculiar circumstances, you understand—it would be inexpedient to admit you. As superintendent and *ex officio* secretary of the honorable

board”—as Mr. Tilbody “read his title clear” * the magnitude of the big building, seen through its veil of falling snow, appeared to suffer somewhat in comparison—“it is my duty to inform you that, in the words of Deacon Byram, the chairman, your presence in the Home would—under the circumstances—be peculiarly embarrassing. I felt it my duty to submit to the honorable board the statement that you made to me yesterday of your needs, your physical condition, and the trials which it has pleased Providence to send upon you in your very proper effort to present your claims in person; but, after careful, and I may say prayerful, consideration of your case—with something too, I trust, of the large charitableness appropriate to the season—it was decided that we would not be justified in doing anything likely to impair the usefulness of the institution intrusted (under Providence) to our care.”

They had now passed out of the grounds; the street lamp opposite the gate was dimly visible through the snow. Already the old man's former track was obliterated, and he seemed uncertain as to which way he should go. Mr. Tilbody had drawn a little away from him, but paused and turned half toward him, apparently reluctant to forego the continuing opportunity.*

“Under the circumstances,” he resumed, “the decision—”

But the old man was inaccessible to the suasion of his verbosity; he had crossed the street into a vacant lot and was going forward, rather deviously toward nowhere in particular—which, he having nowhere in particular to go to, was not so reasonless a proceeding as it looked.

And that is how it happened that the next morning, when the church bells of all Grayville were ringing with an added unction appropriate to the day, the sturdy little son of Deacon Byram, breaking a way through the snow to the place of worship, struck his foot against the body of Amasa* Abersush, philanthropist.

The Famous Gilson Bequest

It was rough on Gilson.* Such was the terse, cold, but not altogether unsympathetic judgment of the better public opinion at Mammon Hill—the dictum of respectability. The verdict of the opposite, or rather the opposing, element*—the element that lurked red-eyed and restless about Moll Gurney's “deadfall,” while

respectability took it with sugar* at Mr. Jo. Bentley's gorgeous "saloon"—was to pretty much the same general effect, though somewhat more ornately expressed by the use of picturesque expletives, which it is needless to quote. Virtually, Mammon Hill was a unit on the Gilson question. And it must be confessed that in a merely temporal sense all was not well with Mr. Gilson.* He had that morning been led into town by Mr. Brentshaw and publicly charged with horse stealing; the sheriff meantime busying himself about The Tree with a new manila rope and Carpenter Pete being actively employed between drinks upon a pine box about the length and breadth of Mr. Gilson. Society having rendered its verdict, there remained between Gilson and eternity only the decent formality of a trial.

These are the short and simple annals* of the prisoner: He had recently been a resident of New Jerusalem, on the north fork of the Little Stony, but had come to the newly discovered places of Mammon Hill immediately before the "rush"* by which the former place was depopulated. The discovery of the new diggings had occurred opportunely for Mr. Gilson, for it had only just before been intimated to him by a New Jerusalem vigilance committee that it would better his prospects in, and for, life to go somewhere; and the list of places of which he could safely go did not include any of the older camps; so he naturally established himself at Mammon Hill. Being eventually followed thither by all his judges, he ordered his conduct with considerable circumspection, but as he has never been known to do an honest day's work at any industry sanctioned by the stern local code of morality except draw poker* he was still an object of suspicion. Indeed, it was conjectured that he was the author of the many daring depredations that had recently been committed with pan and brush on the sluice boxes.*

Prominent among those in whom this suspicion had ripened into a steadfast conviction was Mr. Brentshaw. At all seasonable and unseasonable times Mr. Brentshaw avowed his belief in Mr. Gilson's connection with these unholy midnight enterprises, and his own willingness to prepare a way for the solar beams through the body of any one who might think it expedient to utter a different opinion—which, in his presence, no one was more careful not to do than the peace-loving person most concerned. Whatever may have been the truth of the matter, it is certain that Gilson frequently lost more "clean dust"* at Jo. Bentley's faro* table than it was recorded in local history that he had ever honestly earned at draw poker in all the days of the camp's existence. But at last Mr. Bentley—fearing, it may be, to lose the more profitable patronage of Mr. Brentshaw—peremptorily refused to let Gilson copper the queen,*

intimating at the same time, in his frank, forthright way, that the privilege of losing money at "this bank" was a blessing appertaining to, proceeding logically from, and coterminous with,* a condition of notorious commercial righteousness and social good repute.

The Hill thought it high time to look after a person whom its most honored citizen had felt it his duty to rebuke at a considerable personal sacrifice. The New Jerusalem contingent, particularly, began to abate something of the toleration begotten of amusement at their own blunder in exiling an objectionable neighbor from the place which they had left to the place whither they had come. Mammon Hill was at last of one mind. Not much was said, but that Gilson must hang was "in the air." But at this critical juncture in his affairs he showed signs of an altered life if not a changed hearth. Perhaps it was only that "the bank" being closed against him* he had no further use for gold dust. Anyhow the sluice boxes were molested no more forever. But it was impossible to repress the abounding energies of such a nature as his, and he continued, possibly from habit, the tortuous courses which he had pursued for profit of Mr. Bentley. After a few tentative and resultless undertakings in the way of highway robbery—if one may venture to designate road-agency* by so harsh a name—he made one or two modest essays in horse-herding,* and it was in the midst of a promising enterprise of this character, and just as he had taken the tide in his affairs at its flood, that he made shipwreck.* For on a misty, moonlight night Mr. Brentshaw rode up alongside a person who was evidently leaving that part of the country, laid a hand upon the halter connecting Mr. Gilson's wrist with Mr. Harper's bay mare, tapped him familiarly on the cheek with the barrel of a navy revolver and requested the pleasure of his company in a direction opposite to that in which he was traveling.

It was indeed rough on Gilson.

On the morning after his arrest he was tried, convicted, and sentenced. It only remains, so far as concerns his earthly career, to hang him, reserving for more particular mention his last will and testament, which, with great labor, he contrived in prison, and in which, probably from some confused and imperfect notion of the rights of captors, he bequeathed everything he owned to his "lawfle execketer",* Mr. Brentshaw. The bequest, however, was made conditional on the legatee taking the testator's body from The Tree and "planting it white."*

So Mr. Gilson was—I was about to say "swung off",* but I fear there has been already something too much of slang in this straightforward statement of facts; besides, the manner in which the law took its course is more accurately described in the

terms employed by the judge in passing sentence: Mr. Gilson was "strung up."

In due season Mr. Brentshaw, somewhat touched, it may well be, by the empty compliment of the bequest, repaired to The Tree to pluck the fruit thereof. When taken down the body was found to have in its waistcoat pocket a duly attested codicil to the will already noted. The nature of its provisions accounted for the manner in which it had been withheld, for had Mr. Brentshaw previously been made aware of the conditions under which he was to succeed to the Gilson estate he would indubitably have declined the responsibility. Briefly stated, the purport of the codicil was as follows:

Whereas, at divers times and in sundry places, certain persons had asserted that during his life the testator had robbed their sluice boxes; therefore, if during the five years next succeeding the date of this instrument any one should make proof of such assertion before a court of law, such person was to receive as reparation the entire personal and real estate of which the testator died seized and possessed, minus the expenses of court and a stated compensation to the executor, Henry Clay Brentshaw; provided, that if more than one person made such proof the estate was to be equally divided between or among them. But in case none should succeed in so establishing the testator's guilt, then the whole property, minus court expenses, as aforesaid, should go to the said Henry Clay Brentshaw for his own use, as stated in the will.

The syntax of this remarkable document was perhaps open to critical objection, but that was clearly enough the meaning of it. The orthography conformed to no recognized system, but being mainly phonetic it was not ambiguous. As the probate judge* remarked, it would take five aces to beat it. Mr. Brentshaw smiled good-humoredly, and after performing the last sad rites with amusing ostentation, had himself duly sworn as executor and conditional legatee under the provisions of a law hastily passed (at the instance of the member from the Mammon Hill district)* by a facetious legislature; which law was afterward discovered to have created also three or four lucrative offices and authorized the expenditure of a considerable sum of public money for the construction of a certain railway bridge that with greater advantage might perhaps have been erected on the line of some actual railway.

Of course Mr. Brentshaw expected neither profit from the will nor litigation in consequence of its unusual provisions; Gilson, although frequently "flush",* had been a man whom assessors and tax collectors were well satisfied to lose no money by.* But a careless and merely formal search among his papers revealed title deeds to valuable estates in the East and certificates of deposit* for incredible

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The Hill thought it high time to look after a person whom its most honored citizen had felt it his duty to rebuke at a considerable personal sacrifice. The New Jerusalem contingent, particularly, began to abate something of the toleration begotten of amusement at their own blunder in exiling an objectionable neighbor from the place which they had left to the place whither they had come. Mammon Hill was at last of one mind. Not much was said, but that Gilson must hang was "in the air." But at this critical juncture in his affairs he showed signs of an altered life if not a changed hearth. Perhaps it was only that "the bank" being closed against him* he had no further use for gold dust. Anyhow the sluice boxes were molested no more forever. But it was impossible to repress the abounding energies of such a nature as his, and he continued, possibly from habit, the tortuous courses which he had pursued for profit of Mr. Bentley. After a few tentative and resultless undertakings in the way of highway robbery—if one may venture to designate road-agency* by so harsh a name—he made one or two modest essays in horse-herding,* and it was in the midst of a promising enterprise of this character, and just as he had taken the tide in his affairs at its flood, that he made shipwreck.* For on a misty, moonlight night Mr. Brentshaw rode up alongside a person who was evidently leaving that part of the country, laid a hand upon the halter connecting Mr. Gilson's wrist with Mr. Harper's bay mare, tapped him familiarly on the cheek with the barrel of a navy revolver and requested the pleasure of his company in a direction opposite to that in which he was traveling.

It was indeed rough on Gilson.

On the morning after his arrest he was tried, convicted, and sentenced. It only remains, so far as concerns his earthly career, to hang him, reserving for more particular mention his last will and testament, which, with great labor, he contrived in prison, and in which, probably from some confused and imperfect notion of the rights of captors, he bequeathed everything he owned to his "lawfle execketer",* Mr. Brentshaw. The bequest, however, was made conditional on the legatee taking the testator's body from The Tree and "planting it white."*

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Whereas, at divers times and in sundry places, certain persons had asserted that during his life the testator had robbed their sluice boxes; therefore, if during the five years next succeeding the date of this instrument any one should make proof of such assertion before a court of law, such person was to receive as reparation the entire personal and real estate of which the testator died seized and possessed, minus the expenses of court and a stated compensation to the executor, Henry Clay Brentshaw; provided, that if more than one person made such proof the estate was to be equally divided between or among them. But in case none should succeed in so establishing the testator's guilt, then the whole property, minus court expenses, as aforesaid, should go to the said Henry Clay Brentshaw for his own use, as stated in the will.

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sums in banks* less severely scrupulous than that of Mr. Jo. Bentley.

The astounding news got abroad directly, throwing the Hill into a fever of excitement. The Mammon Hill *Patriot*,* whose editor had been a leading spirit in the proceedings that resulted in Gilson's departure from New Jerusalem, published a most complimentary obituary notice of the deceased, and was good enough to call attention to the fact that his degraded contemporary, the Squaw Gulch *Clarion*, was bringing virtue into contempt by beslaving with flattery the memory of one who in life had spurned the ville sheet as a nuisance from his door. Undeterred by the press, however, claimants under the will were not slow in presenting themselves with their evidence; and great as was the Gilson estate it appeared conspicuously paltry considering the vast number of sluice boxes from which it was averred to have been obtained. The country rose as one man!

Mr. Brentshaw was equal to the emergency. With a shrewd application of humble auxiliary devices, he at once erected above the bones of his benefactor a costly monument, overtopping every rough headboard in the cemetery, and on this he judiciously caused to be inscribed an epitaph of his own composing, eulogizing the honesty, public spirit and cognate virtues of him who slept beneath, "a victim to the unjust aspersions of Slander's viper brood."

Moreover, he employed the best legal talent in the Territory to defend the memory of his departed friend, and for five long years the Territorial courts were occupied with litigation growing out of the Gilson bequest. To fine forensic abilities Mr. Brentshaw opposed abilities more finely forensic; in bidding for purchasable favors* he offered prices which utterly deranged the market; the judges found at his hospitable board entertainment for man and beast, the like of which had never been spread in the Territory; with mendacious witnesses he confronted witnesses of superior mendacity.

Nor was the battle confined to the temple of the Blind goddess*—it invaded the press, the pulpit, the drawing-room. It raged in the mart, the exchange, the school; in the gulches, and on the street corners. And upon the last day of the memorable period to which legal action under the Gilson will was limited, the sun went down upon a region in which the moral sense was dead, the social conscience callous, the intellectual capacity dwarfed, enfeebled, and confused! But Mr. Brentshaw was victorious all along the line.

On that night it so happened that the cemetery in one corner of which lay the now honored ashes of the late Milton Gilson, Esq.,* was partly under water. Swollen by incessant rains, Cat Creek had spilled over its banks an angry flood which, after scooping out unsightly

hollows wherever the soil had been disturbed, had partly subsided, as if ashamed of the sacrilege, leaving exposed much that had been piously concealed. Even the famous Gilson monument, the pride and glory of Mammon Hill, was no longer a standing rebuke to the "viper brood"; succumbing to the sapping current it had toppled prone to earth. The ghoulish flood had exhumed the poor, decayed pine coffin, which now lay half-exposed, in pitiful contrast to the pompous monolith which, like a giant note of admiration, emphasized the disclosure.

To this depressing spot, drawn by some subtle influence he had sought neither to resist nor analyze, came Mr. Brentshaw. An altered man was Mr. Brentshaw. Five years of toil, anxiety, and wakefulness had dashed his black locks with streaks and patches of gray, bowed his fine figure, drawn sharp and angular his face, and debased his walk to a doddering shuffle. Nor had this lustrum of fierce contention wrought less upon his heart and intellect. The careless good humor that had prompted him to accept the trust of the dead man had given place to a fixed habit of melancholy. The firm vigorous intellect had overripened into the mental mellowness of second childhood. His broad understanding had narrowed to the accommodation of a single idea; and in place of the quiet, cynical incredulity of former days, there was in him a haunting faith in the supernatural, that flitted and fluttered about his soul, shadowy batlike, ominous of insanity.* Unsettled in all else, his understanding clung to one conviction with the tenacity of a wrecked intellect. That was an unshaken belief in the entire blamelessness of the dead Gilson. He had so often sworn to this in court and asserted it in private conversation—had so frequently and so triumphantly established it by testimony that had come expensive to him (for that very day he had paid the last dollar of the Gilson estate to Mr. Jo Bentley, the last witness to the Gilson good character)—that it had become to him a sort of religious faith. It seemed to him the one great central and basic truth of life—the sole serene verity in a world of lies.

On that night, as he seated himself pensively upon the prostrate monument, trying by the uncertain moonlight to spell out the epitaph which five years before he had composed with a chuckle that memory had not recorded, tears of remorse came into his eyes as he remembered that he had been mainly instrumental in compassing by a false accusation this good man's death; for during some of the legal proceedings, Mr. Harper, for a consideration (forgotten) had come forward and sworn that in the little transaction with his bay mare the deceased had acted in strict accordance with the Harperian wishes confidentially communicated to the deceased and by him faithfully

concealed at the cost of his life. All that Mr. Brentshaw had since done for the dead man's memory seemed pitifully inadequate—most mean, paltry, and debased with selfishness!

As he sat there, torturing himself with futile regrets, a faint shadow fell across his eyes. Looking toward the moon, hanging low in the west, he saw what seemed a vague, watery cloud obscuring her; but as it moved so that her beams lit up one side of it he perceived the clear, sharp outline of a human figure. The apparition became momentarily more distinct, and grew, visibly; it was drawing near. Dazed as were his senses, half locked up with terror and confounded with dreadful imaginings, Mr. Brentshaw yet could but perceive, or think he perceived, in this unearthly shape a strange similitude to the mortal part* of the late Milton Gilson, as that person had looked when taken from The Tree five years before. The likeness was indeed complete, even to the full, stony eyes, and a certain shadowy circle about the neck. It was without coat or hat, precisely as Gilson had been when laid in his poor, cheap casket by the not ungentle hands of Carpenter Pete—for whom some one had long since performed the same neighborly office. The spectre, if such it was, seemed to bear something in its hands which Mr. Brentshaw could not clearly make out. It drew nearer, and paused at last beside the coffin containing the ashes of the late Mr. Gilson, the lid of which was awry, half disclosing the uncertain interior. Bending over this, the phantom seemed to shake into it from a basin some dark substance of dubious consistency, then glided stealthily back to the lowest part of the cemetery. Here the retiring flood had stranded a number of open coffins, about and among which it gurgled with low sobbings and stilly whispers. Stooping over one of these, the apparition carefully brushed its contents into the basin, then returning to its own casket, emptied the vessel into that, as before. This mysterious operation was repeated at every exposed coffin, the ghost sometimes dipping its laden basin into the running water, and gently agitating it to free it of the baser clay, always hoarding the residuum in its own private box. In short, the immortal part of the late Milton Gilson was cleaning up the dust of its neighbors and providently adding the same to its own.

Perhaps it was a phantasm of a disordered mind in a fevered body. Perhaps it was a solemn farce enacted by pranking existences that throng the shadows lying along the border of another world. God knows; to us is permitted only the knowledge that when the sun of another day touched with a grace of gold the ruined cemetery of Mammon Hill his kindest beam fell upon the white, still face of Henry Brentshaw, dead among the dead.

Stephen Crane



The Open Boat

A Tale Intended
to be after the Fact:
Being the Experience
of Four Men from
the Sunk Steamer *Commodore*

I

No one of them knew the color of the sky. Their eyes glanced level, and were fastened upon the waves that swept toward them. These waves were of the hue of slate, save for the tops, which were of foaming white, and all of the men knew the colors of the sea. The horizon narrowed and widened, and dipped and rose, and at all times its edge was jagged with waves that seemed thrust up in points like rocks.

Many a man ought to have a bathtub larger than the boat which here rode upon the sea. These waves were most wrongfully and barbarously abrupt and tall, and each frothtop was a problem in small-boat navigation.

The cook squatted in the bottom, and looked with both eyes at the six inches of gunwale which separated him from the ocean. His sleeves were rolled over his fat forearms, and the two flaps of his unbuttoned vest dangled as he bent to bail out the boat. Often he said, "Gawd! that was a narrow clip."* As he remarked it he invariably gazed eastward over the broken sea.

The oiler, steering with one of the two oars in the boat, sometimes raised himself suddenly to keep clear of water that swirled in over the stern. It was a thin little oar, and it seemed often ready to snap.

The correspondent, pulling at the other oar, watched the waves and wondered why he was there.

The injured captain, lying in the bow, was at this time buried in that profound dejection and indifference which comes, temporarily at least, to even the bravest and most enduring when, willy-nilly, the firm fails, the army loses, the ship goes down. The mind of the master of a vessel is rooted deep in the timbers of her, though he command for a day or a decade; and this captain had on him the stern impression of a scene in the grays of dawn of seven turned faces, and later a stump of a topmast with a white ball on it, that slashed to and fro at the waves, went low and lower, and down. Thereafter there was something strange in his voice. Although steady, it was deep with mourning, and of a quality beyond oration or tears.

"Keep 'er* a little more south, Billie," said he.

"A little more south, sir," said the oiler in the stern.

A seat in this boat was not unlike a seat upon a bucking broncho, and by the same token a broncho is not much smaller. The craft pranced and reared and plunged like an animal. As each wave came, and she rose for it, she seemed like a horse making at a fence outrageously high. The manner of her scramble over these walls of water is a mystic thing, and, moreover, at the top of them were ordinarily these problems in white water, the foam racing down from the summit of each wave requiring a new leap, and a leap from the air. Then, after scornfully bumping a crest, she would slide and race and splash down a long incline, and arrive bobbing and nodding in front of the next menace.

A singular disadvantage of the sea lies in the fact that after successfully surmounting one wave you discover that there is another behind it just as important and just as nervously anxious to do something effective in the way of swamping boats. In a ten-foot dinghy one can get an idea of the resources of the sea in the line of waves that is not probable to the average experience, which is never at sea in a dinghy. As each slaty wall of water approached, it shut all else from the view of the men in the boat, and it was not difficult to imagine that this particular wave was the final outburst of the ocean, the last effort of the grim water. There was a terrible grace in the move of the waves, and they came in silence, save for the snarling of the crests.

In the wan light the faces of the men must have been gray. Their eyes must have glinted in strange ways as they gazed steadily astern. Viewed from a balcony, the whole thing would doubtless have been weirdly picturesque. But the men in the boat had no time to see it, and if they had had leisure, there were other things to occupy their minds. The sun swung steadily up the sky, and they knew it was broad day because the color of the sea changed from slaty to

emerald-green streaked with amber lights, and the foam was like tumbling snow. The process of the breaking day was unknown to them. They were aware only of this effect upon the color of the waves that rolled toward them.

In disjointed sentences the cook and the correspondent argued as to the difference between a lifesaving station and a house of refuge. The cook had said: "There's a house of refuge just north of the Mosquito Inlet Light,* and as soon as they see us they'll come off in their boat and pick us up."

"As soon as who see us?" said the correspondent.

"The crew," said the cook.

"Houses of refuge don't have crews," said the correspondent. "As I understand them, they are only places where clothes and grub are stored for the benefit of shipwrecked people. They don't carry crews."

"Oh, yes, they do," said the cook.

"No, they don't," said the correspondent.

"Well, we're not there yet, anyhow," said the oiler, in the stern.

"Well," said the cook, "perhaps it's not a house of refuge that I'm thinking of as being near the Mosquito Inlet Light; perhaps it's a lifesaving station."

"We're not there yet," said the oiler in the stern.

II

As the boat bounced from the top of each wave the wind tore through the hair of the hatless men, and as the craft plopped her stern down again the spray slashed past them. The crest of each of these waves was a hill, from the top of which the men surveyed for a moment a broad tumultuous expanse, shining and wind-riven. It was probably splendid, it was probably glorious, this play of the free sea, wild with lights of emerald and white and amber.

"Bully good thing it's an onshore wind," said the cook. "If not, where would we be? Wouldn't have a show."*

"That's right," said the correspondent.

The busy oiler nodded his assent.

Then the captain, in the bow, chuckled in a way that expressed humor, contempt, tragedy, all in one. "Do you think we've got much of a show now, boys?" said he.

Whereupon the three were silent, save for a trifle of hemming and hawing. To express any particular optimism at this time they felt to be childish and stupid, but they all doubtless possessed this sense of the situation in their minds. A young man thinks doggedly at such

times. On the other hand, the ethics of their condition was decidedly against any open suggestion of hopelessness. So they were silent.

"Oh, well," said the captain, soothing his children, "we'll get ashore all right."

But there was that in his tone which made them think, so the oiler quoth, "Yes! If this wind holds."

The cook was bailing. "Yes! If we don't catch hell* in the surf."

Canton-flannel gulls* flew near and far. Sometimes they sat down on the sea, near patches of brown seaweed that rolled over the waves with a movement like carpets on a line in a gale. The birds sat comfortably in groups, and they were envied by some in the dinghy, for the wrath of the sea was no more to them than it was to a covey of prairie chickens a thousand miles inland. Often they came very close and stared at the men with black bead-like eyes. At these times they were uncanny and sinister in their unblinking scrutiny, and the men hooted angrily at them, telling them to be gone. One came, and evidently decided to alight on the top of the captain's head. The bird flew parallel to the boat and did not circle, but made short sidelong jumps in the air in chicken fashion. His black eyes were wistfully fixed upon the captain's head. "Ugly brute," said the oiler to the bird. "You look as if you were made with a jack-knife." The cook and the correspondent swore darkly at the creature. The captain naturally wished to knock it away with the end of the heavy painter, but he did not dare do it, because anything resembling an emphatic gesture would have capsized this freighted boat; and so, with his open hand, the captain gently and carefully waved the gull away. After it had been discouraged from the pursuit the captain breathed easier on account of his hair, and others breathed easier because the bird struck their minds at this time as being somehow gruesome and ominous.

In the meantime the oiler and the correspondent rowed. And also they rowed. They sat together in the same seat, and each rowed an oar. Then the oiler took both oars; then the correspondent took both oars; then the oiler; then the correspondent. They rowed and they rowed. The very ticklish part of the business was when the time came for the reclining one in the stern to take his turn at the oars. By the very last star of truth, it is easier to steal eggs from under a hen than it was to change seats in the dinghy. First the man in the stern slid his hand along the thwart and moved with care, as if he were of Sèvres.* Then the man in the rowing-seat slid his hand along the other thwart. It was all done with the most extraordinary care. As the two sidled past each other, the whole party kept watchful eyes on the coming wave, and the captain cried: "Look out, now! Steady, there!"

The brown mats of seaweed that appeared from time to time were like islands, bits of earth. They were traveling, apparently, neither one way nor the other. They were, to all intents, stationary. They informed the men in the boat that it was making progress slowly toward the land.

The captain, rearing cautiously in the bow after the dinghy soared on a great swell, said that he had seen the lighthouse at Mosquito Inlet. Presently the cook remarked that he had seen it. The correspondent was at the oars then, and for some reason he too wished to look at the lighthouse; but his back was toward the far shore, and the waves were important, and for some time he could not seize an opportunity to turn his head. But at last there came a wave more gentle than the others, and when at the crest of it he swiftly scoured the western horizon.

"See it?" said the captain.

"No," said the correspondent, slowly; "I didn't see anything."

"Look again," said the captain. He pointed. "It's exactly in that direction."

At the top of another wave the correspondent did as he was bid, and this time his eyes chanced on a small, still thing on the edge of the swaying horizon. It was precisely like the point of a pin. It took an anxious eye to find a lighthouse so tiny.

"Think we'll make it, Captain?"

"If this wind holds and the boat don't swamp, we can't do much else,"* said the captain.

The little boat, lifted by each towering sea* and splashed viciously by the crests, made progress that in the absence of seaweed was not apparent to those in her. She seemed just a wee thing wallowing, miraculously top up, at the mercy of five oceans. Occasionally a great spread of water, like white flames, swarmed into her.

"Bail her, cook," said the captain, serenely.

"All right, Captain," said the cheerful cook.

III

It would be difficult to describe the subtle brotherhood of men that was here established on the seas. No one said that it was so. No one mentioned it. But it dwelt in the boat, and each man felt it warm him. They were a captain, an oiler, a cook, and a correspondent, and they were friends—friends in a more curiously ironbound degree than may be common. The hurt captain, lying against the water jar in the bow, spoke always in a low voice and calmly; but he could never command a more ready and swiftly obedient crew than the

motley three of the dinghy. It was more than a mere recognition of what was best for the common safety. There was surely in it a quality that was personal and heartfelt. And after this devotion to the commander of the boat, there was this comradeship, that the correspondent, for instance, who had been taught to be cynical of men, knew even at the time was the best experience of his life. But no one said that it was so. No one mentioned it.

"I wish we had a sail," remarked the captain. "We might try my overcoat on the end of an oar, and give you two boys a chance to rest." So the cook and the correspondent held the mast and spread wide the overcoat; the oiler steered; and the little boat made good way with her new rig. Sometimes the oiler had to scull sharply to keep a sea from breaking into the boat, but otherwise sailing was a success.

Meanwhile the lighthouse had been growing slowly larger. It had now almost assumed color, and appeared like a little gray shadow on the sky. The man at the oars could not be prevented from turning his head rather often to try for a glimpse of this little gray shadow.

At last, from the top of each wave, the men in the tossing boat could see land. Even as the lighthouse was an upright shadow on the sky, this land seemed but a long black shadow on the sea. It certainly was thinner than paper. "We must be about opposite New Smyrna,"* said the cook, who had coasted this shore often in schooners. "Captain, by the way, I believe they abandoned that lifesaving station there about a year ago."

"Did they?" asked the captain.

The wind slowly died away. The cook and the correspondent were not now obliged to slave in order to hold high the oar. But the waves continued their old impetuous swooping at the dinghy, and the little craft, no longer under way, struggled woundily* over them. The oiler or the correspondent took the oars again.

Shipwrecks are *apropos* of nothing.* If men could only train for them and have them occur when the men had reached pink condition, there would be less drowning at sea. Of the four in the dinghy none had slept any time worth mentioning for two days and two nights previous to embarking in the dinghy, and in the excitement of clambering about the deck of a foundering ship they had also forgotten to eat heartily.

For these reasons, and for others, neither the oiler nor the correspondent was fond of rowing at this time. The correspondent wondered ingenuously how in the name of all that was sane could there be people who thought it amusing to row a boat. It was not an amusement; it was a diabolical punishment, and even a genius of

mental aberrations could never conclude that it was anything but a horror to the muscles and a crime against the back. He mentioned to the boat in general how the amusement of rowing struck him, and the weary-faced oiler smiled in full sympathy. Previously to the foundering, by the way, the oiler had worked a double watch in the engine room of the ship.

"Take her easy now, boys," said the captain. "Don't spend yourselves. If we have to run a surf* you'll need all your strength, because we'll sure have to swim for it. Take your time."

Slowly the land arose from the sea. From a black line it became a line of black and a line of white—trees and sand. Finally the captain said that he could make out a house on the shore. "That's the house of refuge, sure," said the cook. "They'll see us before long, and come out after us."

The distant lighthouse reared high. "The keeper ought to be able to make us out now, if he's looking through a glass," said the captain. "He'll notify the lifesaving people."

"None of those other boats could have got ashore to give word of this wreck," said the oiler, in a low voice, "else the lifeboat would be out hunting us."

Slowly and beautifully the land loomed out of the sea. The wind came again. It had veered from the north-east to the south-east. Finally a new sound struck the ears of the men in the boat. It was the low thunder of the surf on the shore. "We'll never be able to make the lighthouse now," said the captain. "Swing her head a little more north, Billie."

"A little more north, sir," said the oiler.

Whereupon the little boat turned her nose once more down the wind, and all but the oarsman watched the shore grow. Under the influence of this expansion doubt and direful apprehension were leaving the minds of the men. The management of the boat was still most absorbing, but it could not prevent a quiet cheerfulness. In an hour, perhaps, they would be ashore.

Their backbones had become thoroughly used to balancing in the boat, and they now rode this wild colt of a dinghy like circus men. The correspondent thought that he had been drenched to the skin, but happening to feel in the top pocket of his coat, he found therein eight cigars. Four of them were soaked with seawater; four were perfectly scatheless. After a search, somebody produced three dry matches; and thereupon the four waifs rode impudently in their little boat and, with an assurance of an impending rescue shining in their eyes, puffed at the big cigars, and judged well and ill of all men. Everybody took a drink of water.

"Cook," remarked the captain, "there don't seem to be any signs of life about your house of refuge."

"No," replied the cook. "Funny they don't see us!"

A broad stretch of lowly coast lay before the eyes of the men. It was of low dunes topped with dark vegetation. The roar of the surf was plain, and sometimes they could see the white lip of a wave as it spun up the beach. A tiny house was blocked out black upon the sky.* Southward, the slim lighthouse lifted its little gray length.

Tide, wind, and waves were swinging the dinghy northward. "Funny they don't see us," said the men.

The surf's roar was here dulled, but its tone was nevertheless thunderous and mighty. As the boat swam over the great rollers the men sat listening to this roar. "We'll swamp sure," said everybody.

It is fair to say here that there was not a lifesaving station within twenty miles in either direction; but the men did not know this fact, and in consequence they made dark and opprobrious remarks concerning the eyesight of the nation's lifesavers. Four scowling men sat in the dinghy and surpassed records in the invention of epithets.

"Funny they don't see us."

The light-heartedness of a former time had completely faded. To their sharpened minds it was easy to conjure pictures of all kinds of incompetency and blindness and, indeed, cowardice. There was the shore of the populous land, and it was bitter and bitter to them that from it came no sign.

"Well," said the captain, ultimately, "I suppose we'll have to make a try for ourselves. If we stay out here too long, we'll none of us have strength left to swim after the boat swamps."

And so the oiler, who was at the oars, turned the boat straight for the shore. There was a sudden tightening of muscles. There was some thinking.

"If we don't all get ashore," said the captain—"if we don't all get ashore, I suppose you fellows know where to send news of my finish?"

They then briefly exchanged some addresses and admonitions. As for the reflections of the men, there was a great deal of rage in them. Perchance they might be formulated thus: "If I am going to be drowned—if I am going to be drowned—if I am going to be drowned, why, in the name of the seven mad gods who rule the sea,* was I allowed to come thus far and contemplate sand and trees? Was I brought here merely to have my nose dragged away as I was about to nibble the sacred cheese of life? It is preposterous. If this old ninny-woman,* Fate, cannot do better than this, she should be

deprived of the management of men's fortunes. She is an old hen who knows not her intention. If she has decided to drown me, why did she not do it in the beginning and save me all this trouble? The whole affair is absurd... But no; she cannot mean to drown me. She dare not drown me. She cannot drown me. Not after all this work." Afterward the man might have had an impulse to shake his fist at the clouds. "Just you drown me, now, and then hear what I call you!"

The billows that came at this time were more formidable. They seemed always just about to break and roll over the little boat in a turmoil of foam. There was a preparatory and long growl in the speech of them. No mind unused to the sea would have concluded that the dinghy could ascend these sheer heights in time. The shore was still afar. The oiler was a wily surferman. "Boys," he said swiftly, "she won't live three minutes more, and we're too far out to swim. Shall I take her to sea again, Captain?"

"Yes; go ahead!" said the captain.

This oiler, by a series of quick miracles and fast and steady oarsmanship, turned the boat in the middle of the surf and took her safely to sea again.

There was a considerable silence as the boat bumped over the furrowed sea to deeper water. Then somebody in gloom spoke: "Well, anyhow, they must have seen us from the shore by now."

The gulls went in slanting flight up the wind toward the gray, desolate east. A squall, marked by dingy clouds and clouds brick-red, like smoke from a burning building, appeared from the southeast.

"What do you think of those lifesaving people? Ain't they peaches?"*

"Funny they haven't seen us."

"Maybe they think we're out here for sport! Maybe they think we're fishing. Maybe they think we're damned fools."

It was a long afternoon. A changed tide tried to force them southward, but wind and wave said northward. Far ahead, where coastline, sea, and sky formed their mighty angle, there were little dots which seemed to indicate a city on the shore.

"St. Augustine?"*

The captain shook his head. "Too near Mosquito Inlet."

And the oiler rowed, and then the correspondent rowed; then the oiler rowed. It was a weary business. The human back can become the seat of more aches and pains than are registered in books for the composite anatomy of a regiment. It is a limited area, but it can become the theater of innumerable muscular conflicts, tangles, wrenches, knots, and other comforts.

"Did you ever like to row, Billie?" asked the correspondent.

"No," said the oiler; "hang it!"

When one exchanged the rowing-seat for a place in the bottom of the boat, he suffered a bodily depression that caused him to be careless of everything save an obligation to wiggle one finger. There was cold seawater swashing to and fro in the boat, and he lay in it. His head, pillowed on a thwart, was within an inch of the whirl of a wave-crest, and sometimes a particularly obstreperous sea came inboard and drenched him once more. But these matters did not annoy him. It is almost certain that if the boat had capsized he would have tumbled comfortably out upon the ocean as if he felt sure that it was a great soft mattress.

"Look! There's a man on the shore!"

"Where?"

"There! See 'im? See 'im?"

"Yes, sure! He's walking along."

"Now he's stopped. Look! He's facing us!"

"He's waving at us!"

"So he is! By thunder!"

"Ah, now we're all right! Now we're all right! There'll be a boat out here for us in half an hour."

"He's going on. He's running. He's going up to that house there."

The remote beach seemed lower than the sea, and it required a searching glance to discern the little black figure. The captain saw a floating stick, and they rowed to it. A bath towel was by some weird chance in the boat, and, trying this on the stick, the captain waved it. The oarsman did not dare turn his head, so he was obliged to ask questions.

"What's he doing now?"

"He's standing still again. He's looking, I think... There he goes again—toward the house... Now he's stopped again."

"Is he waving at us?"

"No, not now; he was, though."

"Look! There comes another man!"

"He's running."

"Look at him go, would you!"

"What, he's on a bicycle. Now he's met the other man. They're both waving at us. Look!"

"There comes something up the beach."

"What the devil is that thing?"

"Why, it looks like a boat."

"Why, certainly, it's a boat."

"No; it's on wheels."

"Yes, so it is. Well, that must be the lifeboat. They drag them along shore on a wagon."

"That's a lifeboat, sure."

"No, by God, it's—it's an omnibus."

"I tell you it's a lifeboat."

"It is not! It's an omnibus. I can see it plain. See? One of these big hotel omnibuses."

"By thunder, you're right. It's an omnibus, sure as fate. What do you suppose they are doing with an omnibus? Maybe they are going around collecting the life-crew, hey?"

"That's it, likely. Look! There's a fellow waving a little black flag. He's standing on the steps of the omnibus. There come those other two fellows. Now they're all talking together. Look at the fellow with the flag. Maybe he ain't waving it!"

"That ain't a flag, is it? That's his coat. Why, certainly, that's his coat."

"So it is; it's his coat. He's taken it off and is waving it around his head. But would you look at him swing it!"

"Oh, say, there isn't any lifesaving station there. That's just a winter-resort hotel omnibus that has brought over some of the boarders to see us drown."

"What's that idiot with the coat mean? What's he signaling, anyhow?"

"It looks as if he were trying to tell us to go north. There must be a lifesaving station up there."

"No; he thinks we're fishing. Just giving us a merry hand. See? Ah, there Billie!"

"Well, I wish I could make something out of those signals. What do you suppose he means?"

"He don't mean anything; he's just playing."

"Well, if he'd just signal us to try the surf again, or to go to sea and wait, or go north, or go south, or go to hell, there would be some reason in it. But look at him! He just stands there and keeps his coat revolving like a wheel. The ass!"

"There come more people."

"Now there's quite a mob. Look! Isn't that a boat?"

"Where? Oh, I see where you mean. No, that's no boat."

"That fellow is still waving his coat."

"He must think we like to see him do that. Why don't he quit it? It don't mean anything."

"I don't know. I think he is trying to make us go north. It must be that there's a lifesaving station there somewhere."

"Say, he ain't tired yet. Look at 'im wave!"

"Wonder how long he can keep that up. He's been revolving his coat ever since he caught sight of us. He's an idiot. Why aren't they

getting men to bring a boat out? A fishing boat—one of those big yawls—could come out here all right. Why don't he do something?"

"Oh, it's all right now."

"They'll have a boat out here for us in less than no time, now that they've seen us."

A faint yellow tone came into the sky over the low land. The shadows on the sea slowly deepened. The wind bore coldness with it, and the men began to shiver.

"Holy smoke!"* said one, allowing his voice to express his impious mood, "if we keep on monkeying out here! * If we've got to flounder out here all night!"

"Oh, we'll never have to stay here all night! Don't you worry. They've seen us now, and it won't be long before they'll come chasing out after us."

The shore grew dusky. The man waving a coat blended gradually into this gloom, and it swallowed in the same manner the omnibus and the group of people. The spray, when it dashed uproariously over the side, made the voyagers shrink and swear like men who were being branded.

"I'd like to catch the chump who waved the coat. I feel like socking him one, just for luck."

"Why? What did he do?"

"Oh, nothing, but then he seemed so damned cheerful."

In the meantime the oiler rowed, and then the correspondent rowed, and then the oiler rowed. Gray-faced and bowed forward, they mechanically, turn by turn, plied the leaden oars. The form of the lighthouse had vanished from the southern horizon, but finally a pale star appeared, just lifting from the sea. The streaked saffron in the west passed before the all-merging darkness, and the sea to the east was black. The land had vanished, and was expressed only by the low and drear thunder of the surf.

"If I am going to be drowned—if I am going to be drowned—if I am going to be drowned, why, in the name of the seven mad gods who rule the sea, was I allowed to come thus far and contemplate sand and trees? Was I brought here merely to have my nose dragged away as I was about to nibble the sacred cheese of life?"

The patient captain, drooped over the water jar, was sometimes obliged to speak to the oarsman.

"Keep her head up! Keep her head up!"

"Keep her head up, sir." The voices were weary and low.

This was surely a quiet evening. All save the oarsman lay heavily and listlessly in the boat's bottom. As for him, his eyes were just capable of noting the tall black waves that swept forward in a most sinister silence, save for an occasional subdued growl of a crest.

The cook's head was on a thwart, and he looked without interest at the water under his nose. He was deep in other scenes. Finally he spoke. "Billie," he murmured, dreamfully, "what kind of pie do you like best?"

V

"Pie!" said the oiler and the correspondent, agitatedly. "Don't talk about those things, blast you!"

"Well," said the cook, "I was just thinking about ham sandwiches, and——"

A night on the sea in an open boat is a long night. As darkness settled finally, the shine of the light, lifting from the sea in the south, changed to full gold. On the northern horizon a new light appeared, a small bluish gleam on the edge of the waters. These two lights were the furniture of the world. Otherwise there was nothing but waves.

Two men huddled in the stern, and distances were so magnificent in the dinghy that the rower was enabled to keep his feet partly warm by thrusting them under his companions. Their legs indeed extended far under the rowing-seat until they touched the feet of the captain forward. Sometimes, despite the efforts of the tired oarsman, a wave came piling into the boat, an icy wave of the night, and the chilling water soaked them anew. They would twist their bodies for a moment and groan, and sleep the dead sleep once more, while the water in the boat gurgled about them as the craft rocked.

The plan of the oiler and the correspondent was for one to row until he lost the ability, and then arouse the other from his seawater couch in the bottom of the boat.

The oiler plied the oars until his head drooped forward and the overpowering sleep blinded him; and he rowed yet afterward. Then he touched a man in the bottom of the boat, and called his name. "Will you spell me for a little while?" he said meekly.

"Sure, Billie," said the correspondent, awaking and dragging himself to a sitting position. They exchanged places carefully, and the oiler, cuddling down in the seawater at the cook's side, seemed to go to sleep instantly.

The particular violence of the sea had ceased. The waves came without snarling. The obligation of the man at the oars was to keep the boat headed so that the tilt of the rollers would not capsize her, and to preserve her from filling when the crests rushed past. The black waves were silent and hard to be seen in the darkness. Often one was almost upon the boat before the oarsman was aware.

12* In a low voice the correspondent addressed the captain. He was not sure that the captain was awake, although this iron man seemed to be always awake. "Captain, shall I keep her making for that light north, sir?"

The same steady voice answered him. "Yes. Keep it about two points off the port bow."

The cook had tied a lifebelt around himself in order to get even the warmth which this clumsy cork contrivance could donate, and he seemed almost stove-like when a rower, whose teeth invariably chattered wildly¹ as soon as he ceased his labor, dropped down to sleep.

The correspondent, as he rowed, looked down at the two men sleeping underfoot. The cook's arm was around the oiler's shoulders, and, with their fragmentary clothing and haggard faces, they were the babes of the sea*—a grotesque rendering of the old babes in the wood.

Later he must have grown stupid at his work, for suddenly there was a growling of water, and a crest came with a roar and a swash into the boat, and it was a wonder that it did not set the cook afloat in his lifebelt. The cook continued to sleep, but the oiler sat up, blinking his eyes and shaking with the new cold.

"Oh, I'm awful sorry, Billie," said the correspondent, contritely.

"That's all right, old boy," said the oiler, and lay down again and was asleep.

Presently it seemed that even the captain dozed, and the correspondent thought that he was the one man afloat on all the oceans. The wind had a voice as it came over the waves, and it was sadder than the end.

There was a long, loud swishing astern of the boat, and a gleaming trail of phosphorescence, like blue flame, was furrowed on the black waters. It might have been made by a monstrous knife.

Then there came a stillness, while the correspondent breathed with open mouth and looked at the sea.

Suddenly there was another swish and another long flash of bluish light, and this time it was alongside the boat, and might almost have been reached with an oar. The correspondent saw an enormous fin speed like a shadow through the water, hurling the crystalline spray and leaving the long glowing trail.

The correspondent looked over his shoulder at the captain. His face was hidden, and he seemed to be asleep. He looked at the babes of the sea. They certainly were asleep. So, being bereft of sympathy, he leaned a little way to one side and swore softly into the sea.

But the thing did not then leave the vicinity of the boat. Ahead or astern, on one side or the other, at intervals long or short, fled the

long sparkling streak, and there was to be heard the *whirroo* of the dark fin. The speed and power of the thing was greatly to be admired. It cut the water like a gigantic and keen projectile.

The presence of this bidding thing did not affect the man with the same horror that it would if he had been a picnicker. He simply looked at the sea dully and swore in an undertone.

Nevertheless, it is true that he did not wish to be alone with the thing. He wished one of his companions to awake by chance and keep him company with it. But the captain hung motionless over the water jar, and the oiler and the cook in the bottom of the boat were plunged in slumber.

VI

"If I am going to be drowned—if I am going to be drowned—if I am going to be drowned, why, in the name of the seven mad gods who rule the sea, was I allowed to come thus far and contemplate sand and trees?"

During this dismal night, it may be remarked that a man would conclude that it was really the intention of the seven mad gods to drown him, despite the abominable injustice of it. For it was certainly an abominable injustice to drown a man who had worked so hard, so hard. The man felt it would be a crime most unnatural. Other people had drowned at sea since galleys swarmed with painted sails, but still——

When it occurs to a man that nature does not regard him as important, and that she feels she would not maim the universe by disposing of him, he at first wishes to throw bricks at the temple, and he hates deeply the fact that there are no bricks and no temples. Any visible expression of nature would surely be pelleted with his jeers.

Then, if there be no tangible thing to hoot, he feels, perhaps, the desire to confront a personification and indulge in pleas, bowed to one knee, and with hands supplicant, saying, "Yes, but I love myself."

A high cold star on a winter's night is the word he feels that she says to him. Thereafter he knows the pathos of his situation.

The men in the dinghy had not discussed these matters, but each had, no doubt, reflected upon them in silence and according to his mind. There was seldom any expression upon their faces save the general one of complete weariness. Speech was devoted to the business of the boat.

To chime the notes of his emotion, a verse mysteriously entered the correspondent's head. He had even forgotten that he had forgotten this verse, but it suddenly was in his mind.

A soldier of the Legion lay dying in Algiers;
There was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth of woman's tears;
But a comrade stood beside him, and he took that comrade's hand,
And he said, "I never more shall see my own, my native land."

In his childhood the correspondent had been made acquainted with the fact that a soldier of the Legion lay dying in Algiers, but he had never regarded the fact as important. Myriads of his schoolfellows had informed him of the soldier's plight, but the dinning had naturally ended by making him perfectly indifferent. He had never considered it his affair that a soldier of the Legion lay dying in Algiers, nor had it appeared to him as a matter for sorrow. It was less to him than the breaking of a pencil's point.

Now, however, it quaintly came to him as a human, living thing. It was no longer merely a picture of a few throes in the breast of a poet, meanwhile drinking tea and warming his feet at the grate; it was an actuality—stern, mournful, and fine.

The correspondent plainly saw the soldier. He lay on the sand with his feet out straight and still. While his pale left hand was upon his chest in an attempt to thwart the going of his life, the blood came between his fingers. In the far Algerian distance, a city of low square forms was set against a sky that was faint with the last sunset hues. The correspondent, plying the oars and dreaming of the slow and slower movements of the lips of the soldier, was moved by a profound and perfectly impersonal comprehension. He was sorry for the soldier of the Legion who lay dying in Algiers.

The thing which had followed the boat and waited had evidently grown bored at the delay. There was no longer to be heard the slash of the cutwater, and there was no longer the flame of the long trail. The light in the north still glimmered, but it was apparently no nearer to the boat. Sometimes the boom of the surf rang in the correspondent's ears, and he turned the craft seaward then and rowed harder. Southward, some one had evidently built a watch fire on the beach. It was too low and too far to be seen, but it made a shimmering, roseate reflection upon the bluff in back of it, and this could be discerned from the boat. The wind came stronger, and sometimes a wave suddenly raged out like a mountain cat, and there was to be seen the sheen and sparkle of a broken crest.

The captain, in the bow, moved on his water jar and sat erect. "Pretty long night," he observed to the correspondent. He looked at the shore. "Those lifesaving people take their time."

"Did you see that shark playing around?"

"Yes, I saw him. He was a big fellow, all right."

"Wish I had known you were awake."

Later the correspondent spoke into the bottom of the boat. "Billie!" There was a slow and gradual disentanglement. "Billie, will you spell me?"

"Sure," said the oiler.

As soon as the correspondent touched the cold, comfortable seawater in the bottom of the boat and had huddled close to the cook's lifebelt he was deep in sleep, despite the fact that his teeth played all the popular airs. This sleep was so good to him that it was but a moment before he heard a voice call his name in a tone that demonstrated the last stages of exhaustion. "Will you spell me?"

"Sure, Billie."

The light in the north had mysteriously vanished, but the correspondent took his course from the wide-awake captain.

Later in the night they took the boat farther out to sea, and the captain directed the cook to take one oar at the stern and keep the boat facing the seas. He was to call out if he should hear the thunder of the surf. This plan enabled the oiler and the correspondent to get respite together. "We'll give those boys a chance to get into shape again," said the captain. They curled down and, after a few preliminary chatterings and trembles, slept once more the dead sleep. Neither knew they had bequeathed to the cook the company of another shark, or perhaps the same shark.

As the boat caroused on the waves, spray occasionally bumped over the side and gave them a fresh soaking, but this had no power to break their repose. The ominous slash of the wind and the water affected them as it would have affected mummies.

"Boys," said the cook, with the notes of every reluctance in his voice, "she's drifted in pretty close. I guess one of you had better take her to sea again." The correspondent, aroused, heard the crash of the toppled crests.

As he was rowing, the captain gave him some whiskey-and-water, and this steadied the chills out of him. "If I ever get ashore and anybody shows me even a photograph of an oar——"

At last there was a short conversation.

"Billie!... Billie, will you spell me?"

"Sure," said the oiler.

VII

When the correspondent again opened his eyes, the sea and the sky were each of the gray hue of the dawning. Later, carmine and gold was painted upon the waters. The morning appeared finally, in its splendor, with a sky of pure blue, and the sunlight flamed on the tips of the waves.

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"Yes, I saw him. He was a big fellow, all right."

"Wish I had known you were awake."

Later the correspondent spoke into the bottom of the boat. "Billie!" There was a slow and gradual disentanglement. "Billie, will you spell me?"

"Sure," said the oiler.

As soon as the correspondent touched the cold, comfortable seawater in the bottom of the boat and had huddled close to the cook's lifebelt he was deep in sleep, despite the fact that his teeth played all the popular airs. This sleep was so good to him that it was but a moment before he heard a voice call his name in a tone that demonstrated the last stages of exhaustion. "Will you spell me?"

"Sure, Billie."

The light in the north had mysteriously vanished, but the correspondent took his course from the wide-awake captain.

Later in the night they took the boat farther out to sea, and the captain directed the cook to take one oar at the stern and keep the boat facing the seas. He was to call out if he should hear the thunder of the surf. This plan enabled the oiler and the correspondent to get respite together. "We'll give those boys a chance to get into shape again," said the captain. They curled down and, after a few preliminary chatterings and trembles, slept once more the dead sleep. Neither knew they had bequeathed to the cook the company of another shark, or perhaps the same shark.

As the boat caroused on the waves, spray occasionally bumped over the side and gave them a fresh soaking, but this had no power to break their repose. The ominous slash of the wind and the water affected them as it would have affected mummies.

"Boys," said the cook, with the notes of every reluctance in his voice, "she's drifted in pretty close. I guess one of you had better take her to sea again." The correspondent, aroused, heard the crash of the toppled crests.

As he was rowing, the captain gave him some whiskey-and-water, and this steadied the chills out of him. "If I ever get ashore and anybody shows me even a photograph of an oar——"

At last there was a short conversation.

"Billie!... Billie, will you spell me?"

"Sure," said the oiler.

VII

When the correspondent again opened his eyes, the sea and the sky were each of the gray hue of the dawning. Later, carmine and gold was painted upon the waters. The morning appeared finally, in its splendor, with a sky of pure blue, and the sunlight flamed on the tips of the waves.

On the distant dunes were set many little black cottages, and a tall white windmill reared above them. No man, nor dog, nor bicycle appeared on the beach. The cottages might have formed a deserted village.

The voyagers scanned the shore. A conference was held in the boat. "Well," said the captain, "if no help is coming, we might better try a run through the surf right away. If we stay out here much longer we will be too weak to do anything for ourselves at all." The others silently acquiesced in this reasoning. The boat was headed for the beach. The correspondent wondered if none ever ascended the tall wind-tower, and if then they never looked seaward. This tower was a giant, standing with its back to the plight of the ants. It represented in a degree, to the correspondent, the serenity of nature amid the struggles of the individual—nature in the wind, and nature in the vision of men. She* did not seem cruel to him then, nor beneficent, nor treacherous, nor wise. But she was indifferent, flatly indifferent. It is, perhaps, plausible that a man in this situation, impressed with the unconcern of the universe, should see the innumerable flaws of his life, and have them taste wickedly in his mind, and wish for another chance. A distinction between right and wrong seems absurdly clear to him, then, in his new ignorance of the grave-edge, and he understands that if he were given another opportunity he would mend his conduct and his words, and be better and brighter during an introduction or at a tea.

"Now, boys," said the captain, "she is going to swamp sure. All we can do is to work her in as far as possible,* and then when she swamps, pile out and scramble for the beach. Keep cool now, and don't jump until she swamps sure."

The oiler took the oars. Over his shoulders he scanned the surf. "Captain," he said, "I think I'd better bring her about and keep her head-on to the seas and back her in."*

"All right, Billie," said the captain. "Back her in." The oiler swung the boat then, and, seated in the stern, the cook and the correspondent were obliged to look over their shoulders to contemplate the lonely and indifferent shore.

The monstrous inshore rollers heaved the boat high until the men were again enabled to see the white sheets of water scudding up the slanted beach. "We won't get in very close," said the captain. Each time a man could wrest his attention from the rollers, he turned his glance toward the shore, and in the expression of the eyes during this contemplation there was a singular quality. The correspondent, observing the others, knew that they were not afraid, but the full meaning of their glances was shrouded.

As for himself he was too tired to grapple fundamentally with the

fact. He tried to coerce his mind into thinking of it, but the mind was dominated at this time by the muscles, and the muscles said they did not care. It merely occurred to him that if he should drown it would be a shame.

There were no hurried words, no pallor, no plain agitation. The men simply looked at the shore. "Now, remember to get well clear of the boat when you jump," said the captain.

Seaward the crest of a roller suddenly fell with a thunderous crash, and the long white comber came roaring down upon the boat.

"Steady now," said the captain. The men were silent. They turned their eyes from the shore to the comber and waited. The boat slid up the incline, leaped at the furious top, bounced over it, and swung down the long back of the wave. Some water had been shipped,* and the cook bailed it out.

But the next crest crashed also. The tumbling, boiling flood of white water caught the boat and whirled it almost perpendicular. Water swarmed in from all sides. The correspondent had his hands on the gunwale at this time, and when the water entered at that place he swiftly withdrew his fingers, as if he objected to wetting them.

The little boat, drunken with this weight of water, reeled and snuggled deeper into the sea.

"Bail her out, cook! Bail her out!" said the captain.

"All right, Captain," said the cook.

"Now, boys, the next one will do for us sure," said the oiler.

"Mind to jump clear of the boat."

The third wave moved forward, huge, furious, implacable. It fairly swallowed the dinghy, and almost simultaneously the men tumbled into the sea. A piece of lifebelt had lain in the bottom of the boat, and as the correspondent went overboard he held this to his chest with his left hand.

The January water was icy, and he reflected immediately that it was colder than he had expected to find it off the coast of Florida.* This appeared to his dazed mind as a fact important enough to be noted at the time. The coldness of the water was sad; it was tragic. This fact was somehow mixed and confused with his opinion of his own situation, so that it seemed almost a proper reason for tears. The water was cold.

When he came to the surface he was conscious of little but the noisy water. Afterward he saw his companions in the sea. The oiler was ahead in the race. He was swimming strongly and rapidly. Off to the correspondent's left, the cook's great white and corked back bulged out of the water; and in the rear the captain was hanging with his one good hand to the keel of the overturned dinghy.

There is a certain immovable quality to a shore, and the correspondent wondered at it amid the confusion of the sea.

It seemed also very attractive; but the correspondent knew that it was a long journey, and he paddled leisurely. The piece of life preserver lay under him, and sometimes he whirled down the incline of a wave as if he were on a hand-sled.*

But finally he arrived at a place in the sea where travel was beset with difficulty. He did not pause swimming to inquire what manner of current had caught him, but there his progress ceased. The shore was set before him like a bit of scenery on a stage, and he looked at it and understood with his eyes each detail of it.

As the cook passed, much farther to the left, the captain was calling to him. "Turn over on your back, cook! Turn over on your back and use the oar."

"All right, sir." The cook turned on his back, and, paddling with an oar, went ahead as if he were a canoe.

Presently the boat also passed to the left of the correspondent, with the captain clinging with one hand to the keel. He would have appeared like a man raising himself to look over a board fence if it were not for the extraordinary gymnastics of the boat. The correspondent marveled that the captain could still hold to it.

They passed on nearer to shore—the oiler, the cook, the captain—and following them went the water jar, bouncing gaily over the seas.

The correspondent remained in the grip of this strange new enemy—a current. The shore, with its white slope of sand and its green bluff topped with little silent cottages, was spread like a picture before him. It was very near to him then, but he was impressed as one who, in a gallery, looks at a scene from Brittany or Algiers.

He thought: "I am going to drown? Can it be possible? Can it be possible? Can it be possible?" Perhaps an individual must consider his own death to be the final phenomenon of nature.

But later a wave perhaps whirled him out of this small deadly current, for he found suddenly that he could again make progress toward the shore. Later still he was aware that the captain clinging with one hand to the keel of the dinghy, had his face turned away from the shore and toward him, and was calling his name. "Come to the boat! Come to the boat!"

In his struggle to reach the captain and the boat, he reflected that when one gets properly wearied drowning must really be a comfortable arrangement—a cessation of hostilities accompanied by a large degree of relief; and he was glad of it, for the main thing in

his mind for some moments had been horror of the temporary agony. He did not wish to be hurt.

Presently he saw a man running along the shore. He was undressing with most remarkable speed. Coat, trousers, shirt, everything flew majically off him.

"Come to the boat!" called the captain.

"All right, Captain." As the correspondent paddled, he saw the captain let himself down to bottom and leave the boat. Then the correspondent performed his one little marvel of the voyage. A large wave caught him and flung him with ease and supreme speed completely over the boat and far beyond it. It struck him even then as an event in gymnastics and a true miracle of the sea. An overturned boat in the surf is not a plaything to a swimming man.

The correspondent arrived in water that reached only to his waist, but his condition did not enable him to stand for more than a moment. Each wave knocked him into a heap, and the undertow pulled at him.

Then he saw the man who had been running and undressing, and undressing and running, come bounding into the water. He dragged ashore the cook, and then waded toward the captain; but the captain waved him away and sent him to the correspondent. He was naked—naked as a tree in winter; but a halo was about his head, and he shone like a saint. He gave a strong pull, and a long drag, and a bully heave at the correspondent's hand. The correspondent, schooled in the minor formulae, said, "Thanks, old man." But suddenly the man cried, "What's that?" He pointed a swift finger. The correspondent said, "Go."

In the shallows, face downward, lay the oiler. His forehead touched sand that was periodically, between each wave, clear of the sea.

The correspondent did not know all that transpired afterward. When he achieved safe ground he fell, striking the sand with each particular part of his body. It was as if he had dropped from a roof, but the thud was grateful to him.

It seems that instantly the beach was populated with men with blankets, clothes, and flasks, and women with coffee-pots and all the remedies sacred to their minds. The welcome of the land to the men from the sea was warm and generous; but a still and dripping shape was carried slowly up the beach, and the land's welcome for it could only be the different and sinister hospitality of the grave.

When it came night, the white waves paced to and fro in the moonlight, and the wind brought the sound of the great sea's voice to the men on the shore, and they felt that they could then be interpreters.



A Service of Love

When one loves one's Art* no service seems too hard.

That is our premise. This story shall draw a conclusion from it and show at the same time that the premise is incorrect. That will be a new thing in logic, and a feat in storytelling somewhat older than the great wall of China.*

Joe Larrabee came out of the post-oak flats of the Middle West, pulsing with a genius* for pictorial art. At six he drew a picture of the town pump with a prominent citizen passing it hastily. This effort was framed and hung in the drug-store window by the side of the ears of corn with an uneven number of rows. At twenty he left for New York with a flowing necktie and a capital tied up somewhat closer.*

Delia Caruthers did things in six octaves so promisingly in a pine-tree village in the South that her relatives chipped in enough for her chip hat* for her to go "North" and "finish."* They could not see her f——,* but that is our story.

Joe and Delia met in an atelier where a number of art and music students had gathered to discuss chiaroscuro, Wagner, music Rembrandt's works, pictures, Waldteufel, wall paper, Chopin and Oolong.*

Joe and Delia became enamored one of the other, or each of the other, as you please, and in a short time were married—for (see above), when one loves one's Art no service seems too hard.

Mr. and Mrs. Larrabee began housekeeping in a flat.

It was a lonesome flat—something like the A sharp way down at the left-hand end of the keyboard.* And they were happy; for they had their Art, and they had each other. And my advice to the rich young man would be—sell all thou hast, and give it to the poor*—janitor for the privilege of living in a flat with your Art and your Delia.

Flat-dwellers shall indorse my dictum that theirs is the only true happiness. If a home is happy it cannot fit too close*—let the dresser collapse and become a billiard table; let the mantel turn to a rowing machine,* the escritoire to a spare bedchamber, the washstand to an upright piano; let the four walls come together, if they will, so you and your Delia are between. But if home be the other kind, let it be wide and long—enter you at the Golden Gate, hang your hat on Hatteras, your cape on Cape Horn and go out by the Labrador.*

Joe was painting in the class of the great Magister*—you know his fame. His fees are high; his lessons are light—his high-lights have brought him renown.* Delia was studying under Rosenstock—you know his repute as a disturber of the piano keys.*

They were mighty happy as long as their money lasted. So is every—but I will not be cynical. Their aims were very clear and defined. Joe was to become capable very soon of turning out pictures that old gentlemen with thin sidewhiskers and thick pocketbooks would sandbag* one another in his studio for the privilege of buying. Delia was to become familiar and then contemptuous with Music, so that when she saw the orchestra seats and boxes unsold she could have sore throat and lobster in a private dining-room and refuse to go on the stage.

But the best, in my opinion, was the home life in the little flat—the ardent, voluble chats after the day's study; the cozy dinners and fresh, light breakfasts; the interchange of ambitions—ambitions interwoven each with the other's or else inconsiderable*—the mutual help and inspiration; and—overlook my artlessness*—stuffed olives and cheese sandwiches at 11 p.m.

But after a while Art flagged. It sometimes does, even if some switchman doesn't flag it.* Everything going out and nothing coming in,* as the vulgarians say. Money was lacking to pay Mr. Magister and Herr Rosenstock their prices. When one loves one's Art no service seems too hard. So, Delia said she must give music lessons to keep the chafing dish bubbling.*

For two or three days she went out canvassing for pupils. One evening she came home elated.

"Joe, dear," she said, gleefully. "I've a pupil. And, oh, the loveliest people. General—General A. B. Pinkney's daughter—on Seventy-first street. Such a splendid house, Joe—you ought to see the front

door! Byzantine* I think you would call it. And inside! Oh, Joe, I never saw anything like it before.

"My pupil is his daughter Clementina. I dearly love her already. She's a delicate thing—dresses always in white; and the sweetest, simplest manners! Only eighteen years old. I'm to give three lessons a week; and, just think, Joe! \$5 a lesson. I don't mind it a bit; for when I get two or three more pupils I can resume my lessons with Herr Rosenstock. Now, smooth out that wrinkle between your brows, dear, and let's have a nice supper."

"That's all right for you, Dele,"* said Joe, attacking a can of peas with a carving knife and a hatchet, "but how about me? Do you think I'm going to let you hustle for wages while I philander in the regions of high art? Not by the bones of Benvenuto Cellini!* I guess I can sell papers or lay cobblestones, and bring in a dollar or two."

Delia came and hung about his neck.

"Joe, dear, you are silly. You must keep on at your studies. It is not as if I had quit my music and gone to work at something else. While I teach I learn. I am always with my music. And we can live as happily as millionaires on \$15 a week. You mustn't think of leaving Mr. Magister."

"All right," said Joe, reaching for the blue scalloped vegetable dish.* "But I hate for you to be giving lessons. It isn't Art. But you're a trump and a dear to do it."

"When one loves one's Art no service seems too hard," said Delia.

"Magister praised the sky in that sketch I made in the park," said Joe. "And Tinkle gave me permission to hang two of them in his window. I may sell one if the right kind of a moneyed idiot sees them."

"I'm sure you will," said Delia, sweetly. "And now let's be thankful for Gen.* Pinkney and this veal roast."

During all of the next week the Larrabees had an early breakfast. Joe was enthusiastic about some morning-effect sketches he was doing in Central Park, and Delia packed him off breakfasted, coddled, praised and kissed at 7 o'clock. Art is an engaging mistress.* It was most times 7 o'clock when he returned in the evening.

At the end of the week Delia, sweetly proud but languid, triumphantly tossed three five-dollar bills on the 8×10 (inches) centre table of the 8×10 (feet) flat parlor.

"Sometimes," she said, a little wearily, "Clementina tries me. I'm afraid she doesn't practice enough, and I have to tell her the same things so often. And then she always dresses entirely in white, and that does get monotonous. But Gen. Pinkney is the dearest old man! I wish you could know him, Joe. He comes in sometimes when

I am with Clementina at the piano—he is a widower, you know—and stands there pulling his white goatee. ‘And how are the semiquavers and the demisemiquavers* progressing?’ he always asks.

“I wish you could see the wainscoting in that drawing room, Joe! And those Astrakhan rug portières.* And Clementina has such a funny little cough. I hope she is stronger than she looks. Oh, I really am getting attached to her, she is so gentle and high bred. Gen. Pinkney’s brother was once Minister to Bolivia.”

And then Joe, with the air of a Monte Cristo,* drew forth a ten,* a five, a two and a one—all legal tender notes—* and laid them beside Delia’s earnings.

“Sold that watercolor of the obelisk to a man from Peoria,”* he announced, overwhelmingly.

“Don’t joke with me,” said Delia—“not from Peoria!”

“All the way.* I wish you could see him, Dele. Fat man with a woollen muffler and a quill toothpick. He saw the sketch in Tinkle’s window and thought it was a windmill at first. He was game, though, and bought it anyhow. He ordered another—an oil sketch of the Lackawanna freight depot*—to take back with him. Music lessons! Oh, I guess Art is still in it.”*

“I’m so glad you’re kept on,” said Delia, heartily. “You’re bound to win, dear. Thirty-three dollars! We never had so much to spend before. We’ll have oysters to-night.”

“And filet mignon* with champignons,” said Joe. “Where is the olive fork?”

On the next Saturday evening Joe reached home first. He spread his \$18 on the parlor table and washed what seemed to be a great deal of dark paint from his hands.

Half an hour later Delia arrived, her right hand tied up in a shapeless bundle of wraps and bandages.

“How is this?” asked Joe after the usual greetings. Delia laughed, but not very joyously.

“Clementina,” she explained, “insisted upon a Welsh rabbit* after her lesson. She is such a queer girl. Welsh rabbits at 5 in the afternoon. The General was there. You should have seen him run for the chafing dish, Joe, just as if there wasn’t a servant in the house. I know Clementina isn’t in good health; she is so nervous. In serving the rabbit, she spilled a great lot of it, boiling hot, over my hand and wrist. It hurt awfully, Joe. And the dear girl was so sorry! But Gen. Pinkney!—Joe, that old man nearly went distracted. He rushed downstairs and sent somebody—they said the furnace man or somebody in the basement—out to a drug store for some oil and things to bind it up with. It doesn’t hurt so much now.”

"What's this?" asked Joe, taking the hand tenderly and pulling at some white strands beneath the bandages.

"It's something soft," said Delia, "that had oil on it. Oh, Joe, did you sell another sketch?" she had seen the money on the table.

"Did I?" said Joe; "just ask the man from Peoria. He got his depot to-day, and he isn't sure but he thinks he wants another parkscape* and a view on the Hudson.* What time this afternoon did you burn your hand, Dele?"

"Five o'clock, I think," said Dele, plaintively. "The iron—I mean the rabbit came off the fire about that time. You ought to have seen Gen. Pinkney, Joe, when—"

"Sit down here a moment, Dele," said Joe. He drew her to the couch, sat beside her and put his arm across her shoulders.

"What have you been doing for the last two weeks, Dele?" he asked.

She braved it* for a moment or two with an eye full of love and stubbornness, and murmured a phrase or two vaguely of Gen. Pinkney; but at length down went her head and out came the truth and tears.

"I couldn't get any pupils," she confessed. "And I couldn't bear to have you give up your lessons; and I got a place ironing shirts in that big Twenty-fourth Street laundry.* And I think I did very well to make up both General Pinkney and Clementina, don't you, Joe? And when a girl in the laundry set down a hot iron on my hand this afternoon I was all the way home making up that story about the Welsh rabbit. You're not angry, are you, Joe? And if I hadn't got the work you mightn't have sold your sketches to that man from Peoria."

"He wasn't from Peoria," said Joe, slowly.

"Well, it doesn't matter where he was from. How clever you are, Joe—and—kiss me, Joe—and what made you ever suspect that I wasn't giving music lessons to Clementina?"

"I didn't," said Joe, "until to-night. And I wouldn't have then, only I sent up this cotton waste* and oil from the engine-room this afternoon for a girl upstairs who had her hand burned with a smoothing-iron.* I've been firing the engine* in that laundry for the last two weeks."

"And then you didn't—"

"My purchaser from Peoria," said Joe, "and Gen. Pinkney are both creations of the same art—but you wouldn't call it either painting or music."

And then they both laughed, and Joe began:

■ "When one loves one's Art no service seems—"

But Delia stopped him with her hand on his lips. "No," she said—"just 'When one loves.'"

КРИТИКО-БИБЛИОГРАФИЧЕСКИЕ СПРАВКИ И КОММЕНТАРИЙ

WASHINGTON IRVING (1783-1859)



Вашингтон Ирвинг родился в Нью-Йорке в семье владельца торговой фирмы.

Получив образование в частных школах, Ирвинг имел юридическую практику. В 1804-1806 гг. он совершил путешествие в Европу, по возвращении из которого начал заниматься литературным трудом. Вместе со своим братом он издал серию шуточных правоописательных очерков «Сальмагунди, или причуды и мнения Ланселота Лангстаффа, эсквайра, и других» (*Salmagundi, or The Whim-Whams and Opinions of Launcelot Langstaff, Esq. and Others*, 1807-1808). Первое крупное произведение Ирвинга — юмористическая «История Нью-Йорка с сотворения мира и до конца голландской династии, составленная Дидрихом Никербокером» (*A History of New York, From the Beginning of the World to the End of the Dutch Dynasty, etc., by Diedrich Knickerbocker*, 1809), высмеивает благодушных обывателей и тупых представителей властей голландской колонии, расположенной на месте нынешнего Нью-Йорка. Рассказы о событиях, сопровождавших заселение Америки, Ирвинг отмечал не столько «героизм завоевателей», сколько обман, вымогательство и жестокость, с помощью которых европейцам удалось утвердиться на земле туземцев. Последующие литературные произведения, принесшие Ирвингу мировую известность, написаны в новом для американской литературы жанре новеллы: «Книга эскизов» (*The Sketch Book*, 1819-1820), «Поместье Брейсбридж» (*Bracebridge Hall*, 1882), «Рассказы путешественника» (*Tales of a Traveler*, 1824), «Альгамбра» (*The Alhambra. A Series of Tales and Sketches of the Moors and Spaniards*, 1832). Для них характерно иронически пренебрежительное отношение к делячеству и стяжательству американской буржуазии, любовное описание американской природы, обращение к образам американского народного творчества и фольклора народов Западной Европы. В 1828 г. Ирвинг опубликовал трехтомную «Историю жизни и путешествий Христофора Колумба» (*History of the Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus*), представляющую опыт обстоятельного историко-

биографического исследования. Книга принесла Ирвингу известность в научных кругах, присоединив к его ранее установившейся репутации мастерского рассказчика репутацию ученого-историка. В 1832 г. после 17-летнего пребывания в Европе Ирвинг вернулся в США. Теперь он пытается поэтизировать предприимчивость американских дельцов в книгах «Астория» (*Astoria, or Anecdotes of an Enterprise beyond the Rocky Mountains*, 1836) и «Приключения капитана Бонвиля» (*The Rocky Mountains, or Scenes, Incidents and Adventures in the Far West. Digested from the Journal of Captain B. L. E. Bonneville*, 1837). Но эти книги не имели успеха. Ирвинг вновь обратился к историко-биографическому жанру. Он пишет «Жизнь Оливера Гольдсмита» (*Oliver Goldsmith: A Biography*, 1849), «Жизнь Магомета и его последователей» (*Mahomet and His Successors*, 1849-1850), пятитомную «Жизнь Вашингтона» (*The Life of George Washington*, 1855-1859).

Яркая проза Ирвинга, прекрасного стилиста, художественное мастерство которого сыграло большую роль в развитии американской реалистической традиции, отличается занимательностью фабулы, мягкостью и непринужденностью юмора и прелестными описаниями природы. Живость изложения, меткая образность, точный внешний и психологический портрет, отточенный слог облегчают современному читателю восприятие текста, написанного почти полтора столетия назад.

RIP VAN WINKLE

«Рип Ван Винкль» (сборник «Книга эскизов») — самый известный из рассказов Ирвинга. В нем сочетаются романтическая живописность в описаниях природы и рационалистическая трезвость в оценке персонажей и событий. С лукавой улыбкой повествует автор о злоключениях Рипа, противопоставляя старое и новое в американской действительности. Образ неудачника Рипа, добряка и ленивца, стал в Америке нарицательным.

К стр. 23

Woden [woudn] — англо-саксонская форма имени Один или Вотан (верховное божество в мифологии древних скандинавов)

Cartwright — Эдмунд Картрайт (1743—1823), английский изобретатель, известный также как поэт

the Hudson [hʌdzn] — река Гудзон, протекающая на востоке штата Нью-Йорк и впадающая в Нью-Йоркскую бухту. Названа по имени английского мореплавателя Генри Гудсона (1609).

Kaatskill mountains (голландское написание) = Catskill Mountains — Катскильские горы, горная гряда на юго-востоке штата Нью-Йорк

Appalachian [æpəˈleɪtʃjən] **family** — Аппалачи, горная система на восточном побережье американского континента, простирающаяся от штата Квебек (Канада) до штата Алабама (США)

lording it over — эд. господствуя, возвышаясь. Для английского языка типичны такие предикативные построения, которые базируются на псевдо-субъекте или псевдо-объекте it. Ср., например, *the mistress leads thee a dog's life of it, to have the worst of it* — потерпеть поражение, *to have a tough time of it* — иметь невзгоды, *to rough it* — обходиться без удобств, *to be hard put to it* — быть в затруднении и т. п.

Dutch colonists — голландские колонисты. В начале XVII в. на востоке Америки возникло поселение голландских колонистов, в 1653 г. оно было названо Новый Амстердам (ныне Нью-Йорк).

Peter Stuyvesant ['staiʋəsənt] — Питер Стайвесант (1592 — 1672), по прозвищу Твердоголовый, был последним губернатором голландской колонии Новые Нидерланды в Северной Америке. Он был назначен на этот пост в 1646 г., а в 1664 г. сдал колонию англичанам.

К стр. 24

province of Great Britain — Провинцией Великобритании этот район был с 1664 г. до войны за независимость (1775).

Fort Christina [kris'ti:nə] — Форт Кристина, шведское укрепление в окрестностях Нового Амстердама, захваченное в 1655 г. голландцами под командой Питера Стайвесанта

to shoot marbles — играть в шарики. Разноцветные, стеклянные шарики, часто отделанные под мрамор, располагаются в очерченном на земле кругу. Игра состоит в том, чтобы выиграть шарики противника, выбивая их из круга ударом своего шарика.

skirts — широкие полы камзола

К стр. 25

pestilent — зд. негодный, гиблый

would rather starve on a penny than work for a pound — согласны лучше жить впроголодь на гроши, нежели трудиться и зарабатывать большие деньги. Художественным приемом, заключающимся в использовании в лаконичной фразе слов penny и pound, которые так часто фигурируют в английских пословицах, автор достигает эффекта поговорки; *cf.* penny wise and pound foolish — рискующий большим ради малого; in for a penny, in for a pound — назвался груздем, полезай в кузов, или, взялся за гуж, не говори, что не дюж; take care of the pence and the pounds will take care of themselves — береги пенсы, а фунты сами себя сберегут (*cf.* копейка рубль бережет).

would have whistled life away — посвистывая в кулак, прожил бы без тревог
the ever-during and all-besetting terrors of a woman's tongue — зд. вечно бодрствующий и вечно грызущий страх перед женским злоязычием

К стр. 26

with a gallows air — с видом преступника, приговоренного к виселице

a tart temper — зд. скверный характер

designated by a rubicund portrait of his Majesty George the Third — вывеской которому (трактиру) служил краснощекий портрет его величества короля Георга III. Трактир назывался именем Георга III, английского короля (1760 — 1811), в правление которого произошла американская буржуазная революция (война за независимость 1775 — 1783) и отделение американских колоний от Великобритании.

it would have been worth any statesman's money to have heard — зд. для любого государственного мужа поучительно было бы послушать

call the members all to naught — зд. осыпала бранью его участников

К стр. 27

thy mistress leads thee a dog's life of it — собачья жизнь у тебя из-за хозяйки (см. ком. к стр. 23)

He was after his favorite sport — Он был занят своим излюбленным делом

К стр. 28

bunch — зд. пучок лент

К стр. 30

witch-hazel — дикий орех

sporting — зд. кружащейся, летающей (стаи ворон)

К стр. 31

General Washington — Джордж Вашингтон (1732 — 1799), главнокомандующий американскими войсками в борьбе колоний за независимость, первый президент США

К стр. 32

Bunker's Hill — В ночь с 16 на 17 июня 1775 г. при Банкер-хилле под Бостоном произошло одно из первых сражений войны за независимость: 3500 американских добровольцев до последнего патрона удерживали регулярные английские войска, намного превосходившие их численностью.

heroes of seventy-six — герои 76-го года (1776), года тяжких испытаний для молодой американской армии, боровшейся за независимость страны

Babylonish jargon — тарабарщина; см. ком. к стр. 121

Whether he was Federal or Democrat? — Какой он партии — федералистской или демократической? Эти две буржуазные партии возникли в США после войны за независимость. Федералистская партия была более консервативной.

tory — тори, или лоялистами, называли в тот период приверженцев британского владычества

К стр. 33

Stony Point — Стони-Пойнт, английский форт на р. Гудзон, взятый американской армией в 1779 г.

Antony's Nose — Антонов Нос, мыс на р. Гудзон в районе форта Кристина

militia general — генерал народного ополчения

К стр. 34

a New-England pedlar — торговец из Новой Англии, места поселения английских пуритан. Ловкий, оборотистый торговец-янки — характерная для того времени фигура, часто описываемая в литературе.

Hendrik Hudson (англ. Henry Hudson ['henri 'hadsn]) — Генри Гудзон (1575 — 1611), знаменитый английский мореплаватель, состоявший на службе голландской Ост-Индской компании. В поисках северо-западного прохода в Индию он в 1609 г. исследовал р. Гудзон, а в 1611 г. открыл на севере Канады залив, также названный его именем. Здесь, по невыясненной историками причине, возмущившаяся команда высадила его с сыном и восемью членами экипажа в маленькую лодку. Судьба их осталась неизвестной.

Half-moon — «Полумесяц», название корабля Гудзона

К стр. 35

ditto — зд. точное подобие

an hereditary disposition — наследственная склонность. Употребление неопределенного артикля в форме an объясняется возможностью произносить hereditary [hɪr'edɪtəri] как [ɪr'edɪtəri], когда оно не стоит в начале предложения.

the wear and tear of time — разрушительная сила времени

with whom he soon grew into great favor — у которого скоро заслужил великую любовь

PHILIP OF POKANOKET

«Филипп из Поканокета» (сборник «Книга эскизов») — великолепный образец документальной прозы. В рассказе описываются события, известные в американской истории как война с королем Филиппом. В 70-х годах XVII в., по мере продвижения белых поселенцев, захватывавших все большую территорию, стали возникать крупные оборонительные союзы индейских племен. Так, вождь племени вампаногов Метаком, прозванный поселенцами королем Филиппом, во главе нескольких племен в течение более двух лет (1675—1678) героически сражался с поселенцами Новой Англии. Ирвинг, хотя ему и не удалось вскрыть подлинный смысл этой войны, создал обличительный документ огромной силы, показывающий величие и героизм индейцев, которые отстаивали свое право на принадлежащие им земли.

К стр. 37

Campbell — Томас Кэмпбелл (1777—1844), шотландский поэт

К стр. 38

New England — Новая Англия, общее название группы северо-восточных английских колоний в Северной Америке. Сюда входили Мэн, Нью-Гемпшир, Вермонт, Массачусетс, Род-Айленд и Коннектикут. Центром Новой Англии был г. Бостон. По окончании войны за независимость территория Новой Англии стала частью Соединенных Штатов.

Philip of Pokanoket — Филипп из Поканокета (?—1678), младший сын вождя вампаногов Массасойта. По свидетельству Инкриза Мэтера (см. ком. к стр. 43), он и его брат Вамсутта (Wamsutta) обратились в 1662 г. к англичанам с просьбой дать им английские имена. Их назвали Александром и Филиппом в честь древних царей-военачальников. Индейское имя Филиппа в разных источниках транслитерируется по-разному; наиболее распространенными в настоящее время являются Метаком (Metacome) и Метакомет (Metacomet). Ирвинг дает вариант Metamoset. Pokanoket — теперь город Бристоль (Bristol) в Род-Айленде, самом маленьком штате, расположенном на восточном побережье в Новой Англии.

Pequods ['pi:kwɒts] — пекоты, одно из алгонкинских племен индейцев, занимавшее территорию на юге нынешнего штата Коннектикут

Narragansetts ['nærəgænsɪts] — нарагансеты, ныне полностью вымершее алгонкинское племя, жившее в районе залива Нарагансет в штате Род-Айленд

Wampanoags ['wɑ:mpə'noʊægz] — вампаноги, алгонкинское племя, населявшее район залива Кейп-Код (нынешний штат Массачусетс), первые индейцы, которых встретили пилигримы

К стр. 39

Pilgrims — Пилигримами называли первых пуритан, группу английских кальвинистов (102 человека) из деревни Скруби (Ноттингемшир), которых преследовали в Англии за стремление создать отдельную церковь. В конце 1620 г. на корабле «Мэйфлауэр» они прибыли к берегам нынешнего Массачусетса и основали первое поселение будущей Новой Англии — город Плимут.

Massasoit ['mæsə'sɔɪt] — Массасойт (1580—1661), вождь вампаногов, прозванный «другом пилигримов», отец короля Филиппа

New Plymouth ['plɪməθ] — ныне город Плимут в штате Массачусетс. Первое время назывался Новый Плимут во избежание смешения с одноименным городом в Англии.

К стр. 41

proneness — 3д. склонность

К стр. 42

spectrology — спектрология. Так Ирвинг назвал псевдонауку о призраках и привидениях.

К стр. 43

one of the learned men of the day и ниже **a worthy clergyman of the time** — Ирвинг имеет в виду бостонского священника и писателя Инкриза Мэзера (1639—1723), который в свою историю войны с индейцами включил не только факты, но и описание различных предзнаменований и прочих суеверных выдумок, которые так прочно владели умами большей части поселенцев. Характерной чертой И. Мэзера было его реакционное доктринерство.

К стр. 44

Nipmuck country — земля Нипмук; так называлась территория на северо-запад от земель вампаногов, находившаяся в пределах юрисдикции массачусетской колонии

К стр. 45

Massachusetts, Plymouth, and Connecticut — Массачусетс, Плимут и Коннектикут были ко времени войны с королем Филиппом самостоятельными колониями со своим губернатором и пр.; Плимут и Массачусетс объединились лишь в 1692 г.

renegado — архаичное написание заимствованного из испанского языка слова **renegade**

К стр. 46

a contemporary writer — Здесь Ирвинг цитирует по рукописям священника В. Раггаза (W. Ruggles).

Pequod country — см. ком. к стр. 38

Pautucket [pɔːˈtʌkɪt] River — Потакет, река на границе штатов Род-Айленд и Коннектикут

К стр. 47

peag [piːg] (сокр. от *wampureag*; букв. белая нить бус) — ракушечные деньги, бывшие в ходу у северо-американских индейцев; ценность их определялась цветом: белые ракушки стоили вдвое дешевле, чем темные

К стр. 48

Mohawks [ˈmoʊhɔːks] — могауки, одно из пяти ирокезских племен, входивших в объединение Пяти Наций, сильнейшего союза индейцев восточного побережья; могауки селились в долине реки Могаук, впадающей в реку Гудзон, на территории нынешнего штата Нью-Йорк

Taunton [ˈtɒntən] — Тонтон, город на юго-востоке штата Массачусетс

THE DEVIL AND TOM WALKER

Рассказ «Дьявол и Том Уокер» (сборник «Рассказы путешественника») имеет романтическое обрамление с обычными для такого рода произведений атрибутами: нечистый дух, пиратский клад и т. п. Основное же содержание

посвящено реалистическому раскрытию образа ростовщика, его финансовым операциям и сделкам.

К стр. 50

Charles Bay — Чарльз-Бей, залив на север от г. Бостон

Kidd the pirate — капитан Кидд (?1645 — 1701), знаменитый морской разбойник, капитан пиратского судна, прославившийся своей храбростью. Был приговорен к смерти и повешен в Лондоне. Среди моряков долго жили легенды о его делах и зарытых им кладах.

К стр. 51

shook many tall sinners down upon their knees — заставили немало закоренелых грешников преклонить в молитве колени

a hen could not cackle but she was on the alert to secure the new-laid egg — не успеет, бывало, курица закудахтать, как она тут как тут, чтобы завладеть свежеснесенным яичком. Эмфатический, эмоциональный характер предложения определяется употреблением союза *but* (чтобы не, как); *cf.* ...as soon as a hen cackled she was...

savin-tree — красный кедр

whose ribs were as articulate as the bars of a gridiron — эд. чьи ребра можно было пересчитать с такой же легкостью, как прутья рашпера

fierce of temper, loud of tongue, and strong of arm — (обладала) вздорным нравом, громким голосом и тяжелой рукой. Для достижения большей образности автор прибегает к замене обычного сочетания прилагательного с существительным конструкцией прилагательное + *of* + существительное, несущей значительный эмоциональный заряд; *cf.* she had a fierce temper и she was fierce of temper

К стр. 52

...strongholds of the Indians during their wars with the first colonists — Особенно ожесточенной была борьба с индейцами племени пекота, жившими в долине р. Коннектикут в Новой Англии, которая закончилась в 1637 г. победой колонистов.

К стр. 53

how Deacon Peabody is fairing — как обстоят дела с дьяконом Пибоди

And pray, who are you, if I may be so bold? — Осмелюсь спросить кто вы такой, скажите пожалуйста?

Quakers and Anabaptists — Квакеры (трясуны) — христианская протестантская секта, возникшая в XVII в. в Англии. Подвергавшиеся преследованию официальной церкви квакеры стремились покинуть родину. Большинство первых переселенцев были квакерами, поэтому их учение получило большое распространение в Северной Америке. Анабаптисты (перекрещенцы) — религиозная секта, возникшая в период реформации (XVI в.) в Германии и Нидерландах. Они выступали за крещение в сознательном возрасте и отрицали церковную иерархию. Вследствие гонений многие анабаптисты также переселились в Северную Америку.

К стр. 54

Salem witches — сейлемские колдуньи. Город Сейлем — одно из старейших пуританских поселений в Америке, где чрезвычайно ярко проявились все недостатки теократии Массачусетса. В конце XVII в. в Сейлеме прокатилась волна изуверских преследований за «ведовство» — «охота за ведьмами», — направленных, в основном, против более свободомыслящей,

чем пуритане, секты квакеров. После нечеловеческих пыток девятнадцать женщин и мужчин были признаны виновными в сговоре с дьяволом и повешены.

too familiar an air to be credited—(беседа носила) чересчур бесцеремонный характер, чтобы в нее можно было поверить. Конструкция **too**+прилагательное+неопределенный артикль+существительное (+инфинитив) имеет эмоционально-усилительный оттенок; *cf.* **this man is too good**—этот человек слишком хорош и **he is too good a man**—уж слишком он хороший человек.

hard-minded—храбрый

stick at trifles—мешкать по пустякам; *cf.* **to stick at nothing**—ни перед чем не останавливаться

A great man had fallen in Israel—Почил в лоне церкви муж великий (слова из псалма). *Israel* (*фиг.*)—христианская церковь.

К стр. 56

she appears to have had the worst of it—она видимо потерпела поражение (см. ком. к стр. 23)

old blacklegs—дьявол

to play shy—скрываться, уклоняться

to be had for calling for—являться по первому зову; *cf.* **to have smth. for the asking**—получить что-л., стоит только попросить (по первому требованию)

he knows how to play his cards when pretty sure of his game—зд. когда он уверен в успехе, он знает как использовать обстоятельства

К стр. 57

black traffic—работоторговля

a broker's shop—меняльная лавка

d—l=devil

You are the usurer for my money!—Ты как раз (именно) такой ростовщик, который мне нужен; *for my money* (*слэнг*)—на мой вкус

Done!—зд. Договорились!

So they shook hands and struck a bargain.—И они ударили по рукам и на этом закончили сделку.

ready-moneyed man—человек, у которого всегда есть наличные деньги

Governor Belcher—Джонатан Белчер (1682—1757) был губернатором штата Массачусетс в 1730—1741 годах.

Land Bank—земельный банк, учрежденный в Бостоне в 30-ые годы XVIII в. и дававший кредиты на освоение новых земель и строительство новых городов

К стр. 58

At this propitious time of public distress did Tom Walker set up as usurer in Boston.—В это благоприятное время всеобщей нужды Том Уокер открыл в Бостоне меняльную лавку. Это предложение следует переводить без эмоционально-усилительной частицы. В начале прошлого века глагол **to do** еще продолжал употребляться в качестве вспомогательного не только в отрицательных, но и в утвердительных конструкциях. Напр., **I do know=I know**. Однако с течением времени глагол **to do** в утвердительных предложениях начал приобретать эмоционально-усилительное значение, и в настоящее время **I do know=Я действительно знаю**.

a "friend in need"—ироническое употребление первой половины пословицы, **A friend in need is a friend indeed**—Друг в беде—настоящий друг. *Ср.* Друзья познаются в беде.

In this way he made money hand over hand — Таким способом он быстро сколотил капитал; hand over hand — быстро, ловко.

exalted his cocked hat upon 'Change — все выше задирал свою голову в треуголке, задавая тон на бирже

The quiet Christians who had been modestly and steadfastly traveling Zionward, were struck with self-reproach at seeing themselves so suddenly outstripped in their career by this new-made convert — Смиренные христиане, которые робко, но неуклонно поднимались вверх по стезе, ведущей в горный Сион, видя, что этот новообращенный обогнал их в пути, осыпали себя упреками; гора Сион в Иерусалиме где, согласно Библии, будут жить в вечной радости только праведники.

К стр. 59

thunder-gust=thunderstorm

My family will be ruined, and brought upon the parish — Моя семья будет разорена и ей придется обратиться к благотворительности прихода

Charity begins at home (посл.) — Милосердие начинается дома. *Ср.* Своя рубашка ближе к телу.

Tom, you're come for! — Том, за тобой пришли!

К стр. 60

There was nothing, however, to administer upon. — Впрочем, оказалось, что учитывать-то было нечего.

Let all gripping money-brokers lay this story to heart. — Пусть все прижимистые ростовщики выучат эту историю наизусть.

the story has resolved itself into a proverb — эта история стала притчею во языцех

EDGAR ALLAN POE

(1809-1849)



Эдгар Аллан По родился в семье странствующих актеров в Бостоне. Рано лишился родителей и воспитывался в доме ричмондского коммерсанта Джона Аллана (в его честь имя Аллан было добавлено к имени По). Вместе с семьей опекуна несколько лет прожил в Англии, где учился в школе. В 1826 г. поступил в Виргинский университет, но, видимо, из-за отказа опекуна оплачивать его счета, вынужден был уйти из университета и уехал в Бостон, где опубликовал первый стихотворный сборник «Тамерлан и другие стихотворения» (*Tamerlane and Other Poems*, 1827). Вся последующая жизнь По прошла в материальных лишениях; он служил в армии, учился в военном училище в Вест-Пойнте, в 30-ые годы начал зарабатывать себе на жизнь публикацией рассказов в различных журналах Балтимора, Ричмонда, Филадельфии, Нью-Йорка. Первым рассказом, принесшим ему успех, был «Рукопись, найденная в бутылке» (*MS Found in a Bottle*, 1833). В 1840 г. По издает два тома своих новелл; становится непревзойденным мастером «малой формы» в американской литературе. Неприятие По буржуазных порядков в Америке нашло свое отражение в болезненном отвращении к современной ему жизни и в уходе от нее в мир мистики и условностей. Для его новелл характерны тщательно разработанный сюжет, сочетание формалистических приемов и развлекательности, которое делает По родоначальником детективного жанра в американской литературе. Кроме рассказов По пишет стихи, поэмы и статьи. Будучи большим мастером стихосложения, он добивался исключительной музыкальности и звучности своих стихотворных произведений, многие из которых положены на музыку. В последние годы жизни По написал свои лучшие поэтические произведения: «Ворон» (*The Raven*, 1842), «Улялюм» (*Ulalume*, 1847), «Эльдорадо» (*Eldorado*, 1849), «Аннабель Ли» (*Annabel Lee*, 1849), «Колокола» (*The Bells*, 1849), а также философское произведение «Эврика» (*Eureka*, 1848). Эдгара По справедливо называют романтиком; однако он описывает «чудесные», «непостижимые»

события с таким обилием деталей и тончайших наблюдений, что у читателя создается впечатление подлинности. Это противоречивое сочетание фактографичности и фантастичности, увлекательность повествования, умение сделать читателя соучастником описываемых событий, мягкий юмор являются наиболее характерными чертами его художественной манеры. Сочетание эмоциональной приподнятости с рационализмом, с точным расчетом в деталях быта, в деталях характера, в композиции рассказа придают стилю По неповторимое своеобразие.

MS FOUND IN A BOTTLE

«Рукопись, найденная в бутылке» отмечена в 1833 г. первой премией на конкурсе журнала «Балтимор Сатердей визитор» и принадлежит к так называемой научно-фантастической серии. В рассказах этого жанра По прибегает к фантастике, стараясь одновременно сохранить повествование в рамках реальности. Рассказ «Рукопись, найденная в бутылке» является показательным в этом отношении. Форма дневниковой записи придает ему характер подлинного документа; это подкрепляется указанием на реальные географические пункты и широким использованием морской терминологии.

К стр. 61

Qui n'a plus qu'un moment à vivre
N'a plus rien à dissimuler.

Quinault Atys.

Кому осталось жить мгновенье,
Тот ничего не утаит.

Кино «Атис».

Филипп Кино (1635—1688)—французский поэт и драматург, родоначальник (вместе с композитором Люлли) оперы во Франции; «Атис»—одна из наиболее поэтических опер Люлли, написанная на либретто Кино.

German moralists—немецкие философы. Автор, видимо, имеет в виду представителей немецкой идеалистической философии начала XIX в., под большим влиянием которых он сам находился.

Pyrrhonism of my opinions—скептический характер моих суждений; **Pyrrhonism** [ˈpɪrənɪzəm]—пирронизм, чаще скептицизм, философское учение основателя древнегреческой скептической школы Пиррона из Элиды (IV в. до н.э.), идеалистическое философское направление, стремящееся доказать сомнительность, недостоверность всякого познания, подвергающее сомнению самую возможность объективной истины.

physical philosophy—эд. физика

to be led away from the severe precincts of truth by the ignes fatui of superstition—позволить блуждающим огонькам суеверий увлечь себя из области строгой истины; **ignes fatui** (*лат.*)—блуждающие огоньки.

Batavia [bəˈtɛvɪjə]—Батавия, голландское название города Джакарты, столицы Индонезии; расположен на о-ве Ява

К стр. 62

Archipelago of the Sunda [ˈsʌndə] **islands** Зундский (Малайский) архипелаг, включающий острова Суматра, Ява, Бали и др.

at **Bombay of Malabar teak** — город Бомбей, административный центр штата Бомбей в Индии и один из крупнейших портов Востока; Malabar [ˈmæləbə] — Малабар, приморский район на западе Индии, где растут ценные сорта тика, используемого для постройки судов.

She — В английском языке распределение слов по родам основано не на грамматических, а на внеязыковых, реальносемантических моментах, связанных с культурно-исторической традицией; поэтому, в зависимости от большего или меньшего стремления к персонификации, от присутствия или отсутствия эмоциональных моментов, некоторые существительные соотносятся с разными личными местоимениями. Например, ship — it, she. Cp. nation — it, she: love — it, he; snake — it, he.

Lachadive (Laccadive) islands — Лаккадивские острова, группа островов в Аравийском море у западного побережья полуострова Индостан

К стр. 63

unchoked — зд. неповрежденный

New Holland — Новая Голландия, прежнее название Австралии, данное в честь открывших этот материк голландских моряков

К стр. 64

at **an elevation beyond the albatross** — зд. на такой высоте, что даже альбатросы туда не залетают

kraken [ˈkra:kɪn] — мифическое чудовище, которое, согласно преданиям, спит на дне моря у берегов Норвегии. Этот образ широко известен в англоязычной литературе, благодаря раннему стихотворению *The Kraken* английского поэта Альфреда Теннисона (1809 — 1892).

К стр. 65

Although upreared upon the summit of a wave — Хотя он находился на гребне вала

East Indiaman — корабль, ведущий торговлю с восточной Индией. В сложных словах man может означать «корабль», «судно», напр., merchantman — торговое судно, «купец», man-of-war — военный корабль.

was ... ceasing from her struggles (уст. констр.) — was ... ceasing to struggle — (судно) прекратило сопротивляться

stranger — зд. таинственный корабль

К стр. 67

Spanish oak — испанский красный дуб, обычно растущий на юге

К стр. 69

Balbec, and Tadmor, and Persepolis — древние восточные города. Баальбек возник в IV в. до н.э., его древнее название Гелиополь (город бога Солнца), современное — Эль-Матария (в Ливане). Здесь сохранились руины храмов Юпитера и Вакха. Тадмор — населенный пункт в Сирии, вблизи которого находились развалины древнего города Пальмира, возникшего в первом тысячелетии до н.э. Разрушен римлянами в 273 г. Персеполь — город в древней Персии, сооруженный в VI—V вв. до н.э. В 330 г. до н.э. был разграблен и сожжен Александром Македонским.

Mercator [mɜːˈkeɪtə] — Гергард Меркатор (1512 — 1594), фламандский математик, географ и картограф

THE MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE

«Убийство на улице Морг» опубликовано впервые в журнале «Грэхемз мэгезин» в 1841 г., относится к серии «логических» рассказов Эдгара По, отличающихся аналитической тонкостью, безупречностью логических построений и занимательностью сюжетных ситуаций. Этот рассказ, а также «Украденное письмо» и «Тайна Мари Роже» положили начало жанру детективной литературы. Главный персонаж этих новелл — сыщик-любитель Дюпен. Его страстью является искусство анализа, основанного на тщательном изучении психологии противника, математическом расчете и отказе от шаблонного подхода к разрешению поставленной задачи. По стремился придать своим новеллам о Дюпене вид повествования о событиях, имевших место в действительности. Отсюда — обилие ссылок на источники фактов, использование вымышленных полицейских протоколов, употребление точных дат и мест событий.

К стр. 70

Sir Thomas Browne — Сэр Томас Браун (1605—1682), английский врач и писатель. Эпиграф взят из 5-ой главы его философско-религиозного трактата «Погребение праха», написанного в 1658 г.

bringing his talents into play — зд. дающее пищу его таланту

on account of its retrograde operations — зд. в силу противоположного характера своих действий

The attention is here called powerfully into play. — Здесь требуется самое пристальное внимание.

К стр. 71

king — зд. дамка

recherchés (фр.) — зд. тонкий, удачный

Hoyle — Эдмонд Хойл (1672—1769), английский специалист по карточным играм и шахматам, автор книги *Hoyle's Games*, включающей руководство для игры в вист. От его имени пошло выражение *according to Hoyle* — в соответствии с правилами, правильно (ср. старое русское присловье «по Малинину и Буренину»; Малинин и Буренин — авторы учебника арифметики, широко известного в России).

proceed by "the book" — следовать правилам, указанным в книге Хойла

the sum total of good playing — зд. вот и все, что нужно, чтобы хорошо играть

Our player confines himself not at all (уст. констр.) — Наш игрок ничем себя не ограничивает

honor — онер. В карточной игре онерами называются старшие козыри (от десятки до туза).

К стр. 72

The first two or three rounds having been played — зд. С двух-трех ходов

phrenologist — френолог, лже-ученый, занимающийся изучением связи между формой черепа и умственными и моральными качествами человека

he ceased to bestir himself in the world — он ничего больше не добивался в жизни
the Rue Montmartre — улица Монмартр, в Париже, в квартале, где живут художники

К стр. 73

the Faubourg St. Germain — часть аристократического района Сен-Жермен в Париже

into this bizarrerie, as into all his others, I quietly fell — я покорно принял эту странность, как принимал и другие; *bizarrerie* [bizɑ:re'ri:] (*фр.*) — странность

rich ideality — *зд.* необычайные умозрительные способности

К стр. 74

philosophy of the Bi-Part Soul — учение о двойственности души

the creative and the resolvent — *зд.* созидающем и расчлняющем

the Palais Royal — Пале-Рояль, дворец в Париже, построенный в XVII в. для кардинала Ришелье, затем служил местом манифестаций и общественных развлечений парижан

Théâtre des Variétés (*фр.*) — театр «Варьете», эстрадный театр

the rôle of Xerxes ['zə:ksɪ:z], **in Crébillon's tragedy** — «Ксеркс», трагедия Кребиллона-старшего (1674—1762), известного французского драматурга, автора душераздирающих трагедий, написанных в высоком риторическом стиле

et id genus omne (*лат.*) — и весь этот род; *зд.* и ему подобных

К стр. 75

charlatanerie (*фр.*) — желание морочить

Dr. Nichols — Джон Никольс (1745—1826), английский типограф и писатель. С 1778 г. редактировал журнал «Джентльменз мэгезин».

Epicurus [epɪ'kjərəs] — Эпикур (341—270 до н. э.), философ-материалист и атеист, просветитель древности, объяснявший мир на основе атомистического учения

Stereotomy (*от греч.* stereos — пространственный и tome — сечение) — устарелый термин, употреблявшийся для обозначения мощения улиц плотно пригнанными плитками, расположенными в шахматном порядке

with the overlapping and riveted blocks — *зд.* расположенными в шахматном порядке, плотно пригнанными плитками

atomies (*ед. ч.* atomy) (*учт.*) = atoms

К стр. 76

nebular cosmogony — небулярная космогония, космогоническая гипотеза Канта-Лапласа и некоторые другие гипотезы, объясняющие происхождение Земли и других планет солнечной системы из туманности (*лат.* nebula — туман)

Musée — вымышленное название газеты

the cobbler's change of name upon assuming the buskin — сапожник, сменив сапоги на котурны, изменил и самое имя свое; здесь игра слов: buskin «котурн» имеет переносное значение «трагедия»

Perdidit antiquum litera prima sonum. (*лат.*) — Утратила былое звучание первая буква.

Gazette des Tribunaux — «Судебная газета»

К стр. 77

Napoleon — наполеондор, старинная французская золотая монета, равная 20 франкам

métal d'Alger (*фр.*) — сплав олова, свинца и сурьмы, употреблявшийся в качестве имитации серебра. *Ср.* мельхиор.

disengaged — *зд.* извлечено

The word 'affaire' has not ... with us.— Намек на то, что в английском языке слово 'affaire' кроме значения «дело», часто употребляется в смысле «любовная связь».

К стр. 78

They were excellent pay.— зд. Они всегда исправно платили.
drawn out— зд. протяжный

К стр. 79

sacré (фр.)— проклятье
diable (фр.)— черт
restaurateur (фр.)— владелец ресторана
mon Dieu (фр.)— боже мой

К стр. 80

Is nervous, and was apprehensive of the consequences of agitation.— зд. У него нервы слабые, и его беспокоит возможность последствий столь бурного волнения.

К стр. 81

sacking— зд. матрац

К стр. 82

The police are entirely at fault— зд. Полиция совершенно сбита с толку (ср. ком. к стр. 88)

shell of an examination— зд. поверхностное расследование

Monsieur Jourdain's calling for his robe-de-chambre—pour mieux entendre la musique (фр.)— мосье Журден, который требовал подать ему халат, чтобы лучше слышать музыку; Журден—герой комедии Мольера (1622—1673) «Мещанин во дворянстве».

Vidocq [vi:'dɔk]— Эжен-Франсуа Видок (1775—1857), французский сыщик, в прошлом авантюрист и вор

there is such a thing as being too profound— зд. в глубокомыслии легко перемудрить

she—здесь относится к truth (см. ком. к стр. 62)

К стр. 83

to make even Venus herself vanish— очевидно намек на яркость планеты Венеры

loge de concierge (фр.)— привратничья

The disorders of the room had, as usual, been suffered to exist.— Хаос, царящий в комнате, как и полагается, остался в неприкосновенности.

Je les menageais. (фр.)—Я терпимо к ним относился.

К стр. 84

print— зд. газетка, листок

outré (фр.)— из ряда вон выходящий

К стр. 86

with myself— для меня. With часто употребляется для указания на лицо, по отношению к которому совершается действие. Например, with the Prefect—для префекта; he is very popular with us—он пользуется у нас большой популярностью; things are different with me—со мной дело обстоит иначе и т. п.

К стр. 87

à posteriori [ˈɛpɒs,tɛrɪˈɔːraɪ] (лат.) — апостериори: из опыта, на основании опыта

К стр. 88

To use a sporting phrase, I had not been once 'at fault'. — Выражаясь языком спортсменов, я бил по мячу без промаха. **Fault** (спорт.) — неправильно поданный мяч.

Lyons — город Лион

Bordeaux — город Бордо

К стр. 89

to make out my case — зд. в моих интересах

К стр. 91

vigor most marvellous — необычный для англ. яз. порядок слов (ср. the most marvellous vigor) объясняется влиянием французского, родного языка Дюпена. Ср. ниже: an agility astounding, a strength superhuman, a ferocity brutal.

grotesquerie (фр.) — причудливость

Maison de Santé (фр.) — сумасшедший дом

К стр. 92

Cuvier — Жорж Кювье (1769 — 1832), выдающийся французский ученый, анатом и палеонтолог, автор трудов по систематике животных

East Indian Islands — острова Малайского архипелага

К стр. 93

Bois de Boulogne [ˈbwaː də buˈlɔɪn] — Булонский лес, парк в Париже. В XIX в. этот район не был застроен и представлял собой пригородный лес.

inst. (сокр. instant) — текущего месяца

Call at No. —, Rue —, Faubourg St. Germain — au troisième. — Обращаться по адресу: дом № — на улице — в Сен-Жерменском предместье; справиться на четвертом этаже.

К стр. 94

mustachio (исп.) = moustache

Neufchatelish [nəːfæˈtɛlɪʃ] — Невшатель (или Нейенбург), город в пограничном с Францией швейцарском кантоне Невшатель. Здесь имеется в виду провинциальный выговор.

К стр. 95

in reason — в пределах разумного, в разумных пределах

К стр. 96

Borneo [ˈbɔːnoʊ] — о-в Борнео

К стр. 97

The flapping-to of the shutter — зд. То, что ставень хлопал
phrenzy = frenzy

К стр. 98

Jardin des Plantes (фр.) — Ботанический сад

stamen — зд. хребет

Laverna [lə've:nə] — Лаверна, римская богиня прибыли, считавшаяся также покровительницей воров
de nier ce qui est, et d'expliquer ce qui n'est pas (фр.) — отрицать то, что есть, и распространяться о том, чего не существует

THE MASQUE OF THE RED DEATH

Новелла «Маска Красной смерти» впервые напечатана в журнале «Грэхемз мэгезин» в мае 1842 г., одна из «страшных» мрачно-фантастических новелл писателя. По использованным в ней художественным приемам в ней обнаруживается влияние традиций английского «черного», «готического» романа конца XVIII в. Описание «пира во время чумы» отличается эмоциональностью, пышной живописностью и красочностью языка.

К стр. 98

Blood was its Avatar and its seal — the redness and the horror of blood. — зд. Ее земным воплощением, ее печатью была кровь — жуткий багрянец крови;
Avatar [ˌævə'tɪd:] — Аватар, по индийской мифологии является воплощением божества, чаще всего Вишну, одного из верховных богов индуизма.

К стр. 99

castellated abbey — зд. укрепленный монастырь

bid defiance — зд. не бояться

all the appliances of pleasure — зд. все необходимое для развлечений

Gothic window — окно в готическом стиле. Готический стиль (от названия германского племени готов), получивший преимущественное воплощение в архитектуре, зародился во Франции в XII в. и затем распространился по всей Западной Европе. Для готического зодчества характерны стрельчатые своды, узкие, высокие окна с витражами и т. п.

К стр. 100

ceased their evolutions — переставали кружиться

giddiest — зд. самые беспутные

К стр. 101

phantasm — иллюзорность

Hernani — «Эрнани», драма французского писателя Виктора Гюго (1802 — 1885), основоположника романтизма во Франции. «Эрнани», написанная в 1830 г., пользовалась колоссальным успехом. В противоположность классической драме главным действующим лицом в «Эрнани» является разбойник, а содержанием ее — стихийная вражда между королевской властью и не желающим ей подчиниться дворянством.

appointments — зд. одежда

К стр. 102

the figure in question had out-Heroded Herod — новая маска перешла все границы дозволенного; to out-Herod Herod ['herəd] — превосходить. Это выражение, получившее теперь общее значение, было впервые употреблено Шекспиром в «Гамлете» (акт 3, сцена 2) со значением «превзойти в жестокости самого Ирода» — библейского царя, прославившегося своей жестокостью.

К стр. 103 *seized upon all* (ycm.)=seized all

THE PURLOINED LETTER

Рассказ «Украденное письмо», впервые опубликованный в ежегоднике «Гифт» в 1845 г., относится к серии детективных рассказов.

К стр. 103

Nil sapientiae odiosius acumine nimio.—*Seneca*. [ˈsenikə] (лат.)—Для мудрого нет ничего ненавистнее чрезмерного мудростования; Сенека (4 до н. э.—65 н. э.)—римский философ-стоик, писатель и государственный деятель.

К стр. 104

au troisième, No. 33, Rue Dunôt, Faubourg St. Germain (фр.)—в Сен-Жерменском предместье, на улице Дюно, № 33, четвертый этаж
the affair of the Rue Morgue—дело на улице Морг; см. выше рассказ *The Murders in the Rue Morgue*

Marie Rogêt—Мари Роже, жертва убийства в рассказе Э. По *The Mystery of Marie Rogêt*

to be the death of smb.—уморить кого-л.; *you'll be the death of me*—ты меня уморишь

К стр. 106

and the power thus attained has, for some months past, been wielded—и вот уже несколько месяцев, как этой властью злоупотребляют

Than whom ... no more sagacious agent could ... be desired—Более проницательного агента (чем вы) нельзя и желать. Здесь эмфатическая инверсия служит целям иронии.

hotel—особняк

au fait (фр.)—опытный, в курсе дела

К стр. 107

would render the instant availability of the document—its susceptibility of being produced at a moment's notice—требуют, чтобы документ всегда находился под рукой и чтобы им можно было воспользоваться в любую минуту

К стр. 108

jointing—шов, место скрепления

microscope—зд. лупа

gimlet-dust—соринка, оставшаяся после работы буравчиком

К стр. 109

admeasurement—измерение

jealous—тщательный

longitudinally—по продольному сечению

К стр. 110

Abernethy [æbəˈneθɪ]—Джон Абернети (1764—1831), английский хирург и анатом, известный своим эксцентрическим поведением

hang him and welcome — можете повесить его — на здоровье, я не возражаю
the design of spunging ... for a medical opinion — способ бесплатно выуживать
медицинские советы

К стр. 111

so far as his labors extended — насколько он мог

Procrustean [prou'kɾastiən] **bed** — прокрустово ложе: по древнегреческой мифологии — ложе разбойника Прокруста, на которое он укладывал свои жертвы, причем тому, кто был длиннее ложа, он обрубал ноги, а у тех, кто был короче, вытягивал их. Отсюда переносное значение — искусственная мерка, под которую стараются насильственно подогнать что-л.

game of 'even and odd' — игра в «чет и нечет»

К стр. 112

Rochefoucauld [ɾəʃfu'ko:] — Франсуа Ларошфуко (1613—1680), французский писатель-моралист. В своей книге «Максимы» (1665) он в афористической форме критиковал нравы дворянско-буржуазного общества.

Machiavelli [mækiə'veli] — Никколо Макиавелли (1469—1527), политический деятель и писатель Флорентийской республики, проповедовавший беспринципность в политической борьбе. В трактате «Князь» (1532) он утверждал, что цель оправдывает средства.

Campanella [kæmpəneɪlə] — Томазо Кампанелла (1568—1639), итальянский утопист, автор книги «Город Солнца» (1623), в которой изображено идеальное общество будущего

recherché — см. ком. к стр. 71

К стр. 113

non distributio medii (лат.) — нерасчленение среднего; в формальной логике одно из правил построения силлогизма

'Il y a à parier,' replied Dupin, quoting from Chamfort, 'que toute idée publique, toute convention reçue, est une sottise, car elle a convenu au plus grand nombre.' (фр.) — Можно побиться об заклад, ... что всякая распространенная идея, всякое общепринятое мнение — глупость, так как оно понравилось большинству. Chamfort — Себастиан Шамфор (1741—1794), французский писатель и драматург, активный деятель Великой французской революции, противник якобинцев.

ambitus (лат.) — хождение вокруг, обхаживание

religio (лат.) — совестливость

homines honesti (лат.) — честные люди; зд. достопочтенные люди

К стр. 114

Bryant — Джейкоб Брайант (1715—1804), английский писатель, автор книги «Анализ античной мифологии»

by way of experiment — ради опыта

К стр. 115

vis inertiae (лат.) — сила инерции

К стр. 117

the hyperobtrusive situation of this document — то, что письмо лежало на самом виду. Префикс *hyper* имеет значение «сверх, чрезвычайно»; *hyperobtrusive* — чрезвычайно заметный, бросающийся в глаза.

fac-simile (лат.) (совр. написание *facsimile*) — факсимиле, точное подобие

К стр. 118

the fellow was suffered to go his way — парня отпустили

facilis descensus Avernī (лат.) — легкость сошествия в преисподнюю

Catalani — Анжелика Каталани (1780 — 1849), одна из самых знаменитых итальянских певиц XIX века

monstrum horrendum (лат.) — ужасное чудовище

— **Un dessein si funeste,**

S'il n'est digne d'Atrée, est digne de Thyeste.

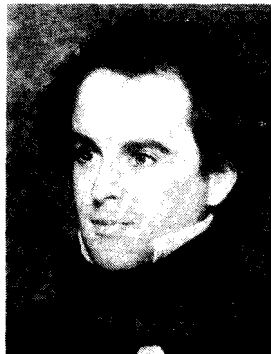
.....Такой пагубный план

Достоин если не Атрея, то Фиеста.

Эти стихи взяты из трагедии «Атрей и Фиест» (1707) Кребильона-старшего (см. ком. к стр. 74). Герои трагедии — братья-враги из греческой мифологии, жестоко мстящие друг другу.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

(1804-1864)



Натаниэл Готорн родился в Сейлеме (штат Массачусетс, Новая Англия) в семье морского капитана. Строгое религиозное воспитание и последующая уединенная жизнь наложили отпечаток на творчество Готорна, для которого характерно обращение к морально-этической проблематике. Первый его роман «Фэншо» (*Fanshawe*, 1828), в центре которого стоит одинокий гордый герой, жертвующий своим счастьем ради счастья любимой, вышел анонимно и не имел успеха. Литературной известности Готорн добился на поприще новеллистики. Начиная с 1837 г. публикуются сборники его рассказов «Дважды рассказанные истории» (*Twice-Told Tales*, 1837 и 1842), «Легенды старой усадьбы» (*Mosses from an Old Manse*, 1846), «Снегурочка и другие дважды рассказанные истории» (*The Snow Image and Other Twice-Told Tales*, 1852). Нравственную стойкость и чистоту своих героев Готорн противопоставляет эгоизму, корыстолюбию, лицемерию мира буржуазных отношений, в котором они действуют. Готорн приобрел широкую известность как автор рассказов и сказок для детей: книги «Дедушкино кресло» (*The Grandfather's Chair*, 1841), посвященной истории Новой Англии, «Книги чудес» (*A Wonder Book for Girls and Boys*, 1852), излагающей античные мифы. В 1850 г. он вновь вернулся к жанру романа и создал одно из наиболее популярных своих произведений — «Алую букву» (*The Scarlet Letter*), в которой на фоне событий из истории Новой Англии разыгрывается трагедия женщины, осужденной ложной пуританской моралью. Последующие произведения Готорна: «Дом о семи шпилях» (*The House of the Seven Gables*, 1851), «Роман о Блайтдейле» (*The Blithedale Romance*, 1852), изображающий колонию американских последователей Фурье — Брук Фарм, «Мраморный фавн» (*The Marble Faun*, 1860) также окрашены трагическими тонами неприятия морали капиталистической Америки, от которой автор пытается уйти в мир фантастики и мистики. Дидактичные, часто аллегорические, произведения Готорна, в которых борются абстрактные добро и зло, пронизаны духом романтической критики

нравов и морали буржуазной Америки. Однако, как говорит сам Готорн, «действительность сегодняшнего дня, живая, развертывающаяся на глазах жизнь оказалась слишком могущественной для меня. Она не только увлекает за собой мои скромные способности, но и отбивает охоту к игре воображения». Поэтому в стиле писателя наблюдается постоянная борьба романтических и реалистических устремлений. В целом, авторский стиль Готорна можно определить как плавный и повествовательный, сочетающийся с любовью к точному описанию деталей, свойственному рассказчику-документалисту. Поскольку он, с одной стороны, черпает вдохновение в пуританском прошлом Америки XVII в., а с другой, часто прибегает к образной символике романтиков, язык его произведений изобилует эмоционально-поэтической лексикой и архаизмами. Последние, наряду с другими стилистическими средствами, используются автором для воссоздания исторической эпохи и обычно характеризуют речь персонажей. Речь самого рассказчика неизменно выдерживается в нейтральном стиле его времени, представляющем современному читателю несколько книжным, приподнято-поэтическим.

AN OLD WOMAN'S TALE

«Старухина сказка» (сборник *Tales and Sketches*, 1830) — характерный для Готорна рассказ морально-философского плана, полный символики и фантазии. Образу бедных влюбленных противопоставлены души умерших грешников и праведников, счастливые, если они были счастливы в жизни, и несчастные, если их в жизни постигли невзгоды. Прелесть рассказа заключается в прекрасном описании ночного пейзажа любимой Готорном Новой Англии.

К стр. 119

Once in a while she took a turn at the spit — Время от времени она поворачивала вертел

check-apron — клетчатый передник

Queen Elizabeth — королева Елизавета I, правила Англией с 1558 по 1603 г.

John Rogers in the Primer — Джона Роджерса в «Священном букваре». Джон Роджерс (1500 — 1555) — почитавшийся американскими пуританами английский священник-протестант, погибший на костре. *The Primer* (1680) — «Новоанглийский букварь», составленный пуританами учебник и комментарий к Библии, содержал также сведения по истории религиозной борьбы в Англии, церковным обрядам и т.д., служил в качестве первого учебника для детей.

groundplot — костяк, схема сюжета

К стр. 120

Connecticut [kə'netikət] — Коннектикут, один из штатов Новой Англии

to hold — эд. узнавать

overrun — эд. заросший

К стр. 121

Tower of Babel ['beɪbəl] — Вавилонская башня. По библейскому преданию (Книга Бытия XI), после потопа люди пытались воздвигнуть в долине Шинар башню «вышнюю до небес». Бог покарал их за дерзость, смешав их языки так, что люди перестали понимать друг друга, и рассеял их по всей земле. Отсюда *babel* — галдеж, *Babylonish jargon* — тарабарщина.

they conceived — эд. им казалось

К стр. 122

Nowhere on earth— Не от мира сего. Здесь игра слов: существительное *earth* употребляется для усиления в выражениях типа *how on earth...?* каким все-таки (черт возьми) образом...?, *why on earth...?* с какой это стати...?, *where on earth...?* откуда, скажи на милость...? и т.п. В ответе использовано основное значение *earth*.

precious purposes— *зд.* собственные, им одним ведомые цели; *precious* здесь употребляется для усиления

К стр. 123

buff-coat— кожаная куртка, какие в то время носили солдаты

Provincial garrison— местный гарнизон. Во времена ранних поселений и вплоть до XIX в. в городках и селениях создавались гарнизоны для защиты от индейцев, с которыми колонисты постоянно вели борьбу.

now deaf to the roll-call— который уже никогда не ответит на поверку

К стр. 124

infinitely produced— продолженный до бесконечности

Synod ['sməd]— Синод: в протестантской церкви собрание духовных и светских лиц для разрешения церковных дел

polemic group— *зд.* группа спорщиков

spangled shoes and gold-clocked stockings— украшенные блестками туфли и чулки с золотыми стрелками по бокам

hoor-petticoat— кринолин: широкая юбка на тонких стальных обручах

figured blue damask gown— платье из узорчатой шелковой ткани голубого цвета

gold-bowed spectacles— очки с золотыми дужками

К стр. 126

making four steps to the yard— *зд.* мелкими шажками

THE GRAY CHAMPION

«Седой заступник», опубликованный в 1835 г., а затем вошедший в сборник «Дважды рассказанные истории», является самым известным из исторических рассказов Готорна.

К стр. 126

New England— см. ком. к стр. 38

Revolution— так называемая «славная революция», государственный переворот, осуществленный зятем Иакова II Вильгельмом Оранским (см. ниже), который вторгся в Англию осенью 1688 г. с голландским флотом и при поддержке английской буржуазии отобрал престол у Иакова. С января 1689 г. в стране была установлена конституционная монархия.

James II— Иаков II Стюарт, король Англии (1685—1688). Подвергал американские колонии жестоким притеснениям.

Charles the Voluptuous— король Карл II Стюарт (1660—1685), по прозвищу Сластолюбивый, сын казненного Кромвелем Карла I, вступил на английский престол после смерти Кромвеля в 1660 г. Его правление называлось периодом реставрации и отличалось упадком нравов и распущенностью при дворе.

К стр. 127

a harsh and unprincipled soldier — жестоким и беспринципным солдатом Готорн называет сэра Эдмунда Андроса (1637—1714), английского губернатора созданного в 1686 г. доминиона Новая Англия. По приказу короля Иакова II Андрос отнял у американских колоний хартию, дарованную Массачусетсу в 1629 г. Иаковом I и гарантировавшую гражданские и религиозные права.

Parliament, Protector, or Popish Monarch — парламент, протектор или папистский монарх. Три основных периода в истории Англии XVII в.: период первой английской революции (1649—1660), связанный с Долгим парламентом (1640—1653); протекторат Кромвеля (1653—1658) и реставрация (1660—1688), опиравшаяся на католическую Францию.

Prince of Orange had ventured on an enterprise — принц Оранский отважился на предприятие. Вильгельм III Оранский правил Англией с 1689 по 1702 г.

redcoats — «красные камзолы», прозвище английских солдат, которые носили красные мундиры

muster-call — призывный сигнал «сбор»

nearly a century afterwards — около столетия спустя. 5 марта 1770 г. произошла так называемая «бостонская бойня» — столкновение горожан и солдат английского гарнизона, во время которого было убито 5 человек. Многие американские историки считают этот день поворотным в борьбе с британской тиранией.

pilgrims — см. ком. к стр. 39

К стр. 128

scriptural forms of speech — библейский склад речи

original Puritans — первые пуритане, т.е. пилигримы; см. ком. к стр. 39

there were men in the street that day who had worshipped there beneath the trees, before a house was reared to the God for whom they had become exiles — среди собравшихся в тот день на улице были люди, некогда молившиеся здесь под открытым небом, потому что не успели еще построить храм для служения богу, за которого они пошли в изгнание

Old soldiers of the Parliament — Старые солдаты армии парламента. После реставрации Стюартов (1660) многие пуритане, участники английской революции, переселились в Америку.

the veterans of King Philip's war — см. ком. к стр. 38

Smithfield fire — костры Смитфилда. В Лондоне на Смитфилдском поле в XV—XVII вв. сжигали на кострах еретиков и противников папства.

John Rogers — см. ком. к стр. 119

new St. Bartholomew [sɛnt bɑːθələmju:] — новая Варфоломеевская ночь. В Париже в ночь под праздник святого Варфоломея в 1572 г. французская католическая знать организовала резню гугенотов (протестантов).

old charter — старая хартия. Речь идет о первой хартии колонии Массачусетского залива. По условиям этой хартии колонисты с 1631 г. считались полноправными гражданами, если они принадлежали к одной из церквей в пределах колонии. С 1634 г., когда совет, состоящий из двух делегатов от каждого города, взял в свои руки всю полноту законодательной власти, колония, несмотря на английского губернатора, превратилась в пуританскую республику.

Bradstreet — Саймон Брэдстрит, смещенный Эдмундом Андросом губернатор Массачусетса (1679—1686). После падения Андроса снова стал губернатором.

К стр. 129

matchlocks — 30. мушкеты

matches — запальные фитили

Edward Randolph — Эдуард Рэндолф, один из приближенных Андроса, королевский агент в Новой Англии, надзиратель за таможенными пошлинами

Cotton Mather ['kʌtən 'mæθə] — Коттон Мэзер (1663 — 1728), бостонский священник, отличался широкой начитанностью, в вопросах школьного воспитания выступал против телесных наказаний, но в целом — религиозный догматик. Был одним из организаторов «ведовского процесса» в Сейлеме. Перу Коттона Мэзера принадлежит богословский труд «Великие деяния Христа в Америке, или Церковная история Новой Англии» (1702).

sensible — зд. заслуженный

Bullivant ['bulivənt] — Булливант, бостонский аптекарь. Инкрис Мэзер (см. выше) называет его одним из приспешников Андроса, на что Готорн ссылается в своем очерке «Доктор Булливант» (сб. *Tales and Sketches*).

Dudley ['dʌdlɪ] — Джозеф Дадли (1647 — 1720), сын губернатора Томаса Дадли. В 1686 г., до прибытия Андроса, исполнял обязанности губернатора доминиона Новая Англия.

dreading, as well he might — справедливо опасаясь

two or three civil officers under the Crown — два-три чиновника британской короны

Episcopal clergyman of King's Chapel — священник епископальной церкви Часовня короля. Этот священник вызвал гнев толпы, потому что был представителем Высокой англиканской церкви (см. ниже), а жители североамериканских колоний были протестанты — в большинстве пресвитериане (наиболее умеренная группировка пуритан) и конгрегационалисты (сторонники самоуправления для каждой церковной общины).

high churchman — служитель Высокой церкви. Вплоть до середины XVII в. (1643) государственной церковью Англии была англиканская церковь, называемая также епископальной, поскольку в ней сохраняется сан епископа. Во время буржуазной революции она была упразднена и заменена пресвитерианской, отвергавшей власть епископа, поддерживающей самоуправление церковной общины. С реставрацией Стюартов англиканская церковь вновь заняла в Англии господствующее положение. В англиканской церкви имеется два основных направления: более демократическая Низкая церковь (Low church) и Высокая церковь — ортодоксальное, консервативное направление, приближающееся к католицизму. Попытки роялистов насадить англиканскую церковь в североамериканских колониях встретили отпор.

К стр. 130

steeple-crowned hat — шляпа с высокой тульей

the associate of Winthrop — соратник Уинтропа. Джон Уинтроп (1588 — 1649), богатый английский дворянин, владелец большого поместья в графстве Суффолк. В 1630 г., вследствие гонений на пуритан, он переселился в Америку и стал первым губернатором Новой Англии.

leading them against the savage — вели их в бой с дикарями. Имеются в виду войны с индейцами, в частности война с королем Филиппом (см. ком. к стр. 38).

that hoary sire — зд. этот седовласый патриарх

whose awful benediction had surely been bestowed on their uncovered heads — чье величественное благословение, должно быть, осеняло их непокрытые головы

the old man raised himself to a loftier mien — согбенный старец выпрямился и принял величественный вид

К стр. 131

the aged form — зд. фигура старца

That stately form — Этот величавый образ

some old roundheaded dignitary — какая-то важная особа из круглоголовых. В период первой английской революции (1649—1660) сторонники монархии называли своих противников пуритан «круглоголовыми» потому, что те носили остриженные в кружок волосы.

in Old Noll's name — от имени старого Нолла. «Старый Нолл» — прозвище Оливера Кромвеля. См. ком. к стр. 126

and beseeching this favor earnestly of the Lord, it has vouchsafed me to appear once again on earth, in the good old cause of his saints — господь, вняв моим смиренным мольбам, дал мне вновь явиться на землю во славу правого дела его святых

К стр. 132

to-morrow, the prison — Когда в 1689 г. стало известно, что Иаков II свергнут, Андроса арестовали, а затем выслали в Англию.

where neither friend nor foe had thrust himself — куда не смел вступить ни друг, ни враг

he gave back — он повернул назад

in the records of that stern Court of Justice — в записях того строгого судилища.

Речь идет об особом верховном трибунале, по решению Долгого парламента, судившем в 1649 г. Карла I и вынесшем ему смертный приговор.

When eighty years had passed, he walked once more in King Street — Имеются в виду предшествовавшие американской революции столкновения поселенцев с английскими солдатами, в частности, «бостонская бойня» (см. ком. к стр. 127).

Five years later ... at Lexington — Битва при Лексингтоне в 1775 г. была одной из первых в войне за независимость, которую колонии вели с Англией.

К стр. 133

Bunker's Hill — см. ком. к стр. 32

the old warrior walked his rounds — старый воин ходил дозором

will vindicate their ancestry — сумеют быть достойными своих предков

WAKEFIELD

Рассказ «Уэйкфилд» был опубликован в 1835 г. в ежемесячнике «Нью-Инглэнд мэгезин», а затем в 1837 г. вошел в сборник «Дважды рассказанные истории».

К стр. 134

if the reader choose — если читателю заблагорассудится, и ниже **if he prefer** — если же он предпочитает. Здесь употреблено предположительное наклонение (Suppositional Mood) в эллиптической форме. Полная форма: **if the reader should choose, ...should prefer**. Тж. ниже: **ere he lose his individuality, and melt into the great mass of London life** — пока он еще не утратил самостоятельного бытия и не растворился в многолюдье лондонской жизни.

he was now in the meridian of life — он уже прошел половину жизненного пути **that ended to no purpose** — которые ни к чему не приводили

the wife of his bosom — его собственная жена. Атрибутивная фраза **of his bosom** имеет здесь усилительное значение.

to bid adieu — прощаться
to look for him at supper — ожидать его к ужину

К стр. 135

previously bespoken — заранее заказанный
lastingly divided from her — навсегда разлучен с ней
not that they gape so long and wide — but so quickly close again — не потому что она (бездна) с течением времени становится все шире, а потому, что она очень быстро затягивается

К стр. 137

So much for the commencement of this long whim-wham. — Ну, довольно о начале этого затянувшегося каприза.
but still lingers away from his wife's bedside — и все-таки (он) не спешит к одру больной жены
Would that I had a folio to write — Ах, если бы я мог написать целый фолиант. Здесь would выступает в качестве модального глагола, выражающего желание. См. ниже: Would you go to the sole home that is left you? — Неужели ты по своей охоте вошел бы в единственный дом, который у тебя остался?
Ср. I wish I were... Как бы мне хотелось...

К стр. 138

Now for a scene! — А теперь полюбуемся на такую сценку!
yet bearing, in his whole aspect, the handwriting of no common fate, for such as have the skill to read it — но всем своим видом, если только уметь разобратся, изобличающий необычную судьбу
considerably in the wane of life — весьма постаревшая
that they would be poorly exchanged for joy — она не обменяла бы их на радость

К стр. 139

with the up-flickering and down-sinking blaze — по мере того как разгорается и вновь гаснет пламя

К стр. 140

a portion of which shall lend its wisdom to a moral, and be shaped into a figure — в них была заключена известная доля мудрости, которая позволит нам извлечь из этого случая мораль и преподнести ее в образной форме

EGOTISM; OR, THE BOSOM SERPENT

«Себялюбие, или змея в сердце» — притча из неопубликованных «Аллегорий души». Неблагополучие окружающего мира толкало Готорна на борьбу за спасение души человека от страшных грехов себялюбия, жестокости, стяжательства. Этой цели и служат его притчи. «Себялюбие, или змея в сердце» представляет собой блестящий образец дидактической аллегории. В названии этой притчи — игра слов: bosom означает «грудь, сердце, душа»; сочетание bosom serpent может быть понято как «змея, которую отогрели на груди» (см. выражение to cherish a serpent in one's bosom); с другой стороны, в сложном образовании bosom friend (единственном, где bosom постоянно выступает в атрибутивном употреблении) слово bosom соответствует русскому «закадычный».

К стр. 140

Herkimer ['hɜ:kɪmə] — имя собственное
to discharge my errand aright — хорошо выполнить поручение

К стр. 141

might admit of a discussion — было неясно

the snake-possessed — букв. человек, в которого вселилась змея. Это сложное слово, не существующее, как таковое, в английском языке и образованное Готорном на случай, очень емко по своему значению: одним из значений possessed является «одержимый» (ср. русск. одержимый бесом, злыми духами) Snake для Готорна — символ себялюбия, т.е. беса, овладевающего душой слабого человека и находящего свое воплощение в ревности, зависти, честолюбии, скупоści и т.п.

Let us be private. — зд. Поговорим наедине.

К стр. 142

Was it merely the tooth of physical disease? — Просто физическая боль?

К стр. 143

The mystery was out; but not so the bosom serpent — Тайна была раскрыта, но змея оставалась в сердце. Зд. игра слов: to be out, когда речь идет о тайне, секрете и т.п., означает «быть раскрытым». Вообще же это сочетание имеет значение «выходить (наружу)».

He — зд. употреблено вместо shake; см. ком. к стр. 62

the town talk = the talk of the town — предмет разговоров в городе, притча в языцах

the more than nine days' wonder and horror — затянувшейся сенсацией, вселяющей ужас. Nine days' wonder означает «кратковременная сенсация», «громкое, но скоро забываемое событие» и происходит от поговорки: A wonder lasts but nine days and then the puppy's eyes are open — все приедается (букв. изумление длится лишь девять дней, а затем щенок открывает глаза).

Scipio ['sɪpiu] — имя собственное

but rather solicited and forced himself upon the notice of acquaintances and strangers — а, наоборот, начал искать встреч со знакомыми и незнакомыми людьми, навязчиво привлекать к себе их внимание

К стр. 144

whether the disease be of the mind or body — будь то духовный или телесный недуг. См. ниже whether it be sin — будь то грех.

empire — зд. власть

With cankered ingenuity — С изощренной изобретательностью

К стр. 146

A man of impure life, and a brazen face, asking Roderick if there were any serpent in his breast... — Когда ведущий беспутную жизнь человек с наглым видом спросил Родерика, носит ли он в своей груди змею... Так называемые абсолютные обороты — причастные конструкции, в которых причастие не имеет грамматического отношения ни к какому слову основной части предложения, — характерны для книжного стиля речи. Они являются эквивалентами обстоятельственных и условных придаточных предложений и соответственно переводятся. Ср., напр., weather permitting, we start to-morrow — если погода будет благоприятной (позволит), мы отправимся в путь завтра.

Rodrigo, the Goth—Дон Родриго, чаще называемый король Родриго, последний король вестготов, потерпевший поражение в сражении с арабами в 711 г. В дальнейшем на этой исторической основе возникли легенды и рыцарские поэмы, в которых Родриго предстает не только как военачальник, но и как распутный соблазнитель, на что и делается здесь намек.

ch he represented as an enormous green reptile, with an ice-cold length of body, and the sharpest sting of any snake save one—которую он представлял себе в виде огромного зеленого пресмыкающегося с холодным, как лед, длинным телом и с таким ядовитым жалом, острее которого жалит лишь одна змея. (Ср. у Шекспира: ревность—«чудище с зелеными глазами»—«Отелло», акт III, сцена 3.)

had followed the sea—он был моряком

m the vitals—из самого нутра

стр. 147

e—зд. порождение

l brothers enough to keep them in countenance—имели достаточно братьев по духу, оказывающих им моральную поддержку

ien the news was noised abroad—Когда слух об этом распространился

стр. 148

be the death of him—зд. уничтожить ее (змею)

vily—тайно

rosive sublimate—сулема

hout surer ground—без более веских оснований

стр. 149

a grandee of the race—зд. именитым предком

shed into the fleckered sunshine—струился в солнечных бликах

s almost the only trait that betokened anything amiss—было почти единственным намеком на то, что не все ладно

ctor Dubitantium of Jeremy Taylor, full of cases of conscience—«Руководство для сомневающихся Иереми Тейлора, с многочисленными примерами случаев нечистой совести». Иереми Тейлор (1613—1667), английский епископ и писатель-богослов.

inting to the book of serpents—указывая на книгу о змеях. Serpents здесь употребляется иносказательно: это—грехи человеческие.

i generis (лат.)—своеобразный, единственный в своем роде

стр. 150

re and innocent as it looks—хотя он и выглядит таким чистым и невинным

is insinuating personage—зд. Это хитрое существо

uld I for one moment forget myself, the serpent might not abide within me.—Если бы я смог, хоть на миг, перестать думать лишь о себе, змея, наверно, не осталась бы жить в моей душе.

HERMAN MELVILLE

(1819-1891)



Герман Мелвилл родился в семье коммерсанта. С пятнадцати лет работал клерком, учителем, а также в магазине, принадлежавшем его брату. Поступив юнгой на корабль, он совершил первое морское путешествие в Англию, затем плывал на китобойном судне в Тихом океане. Первые романы Мелвилла «Тайпи» (*Tyee*, 1846), «Ому» (*Omo*, 1847) посвящены путешествиям по островам Тихого океана и рисуют картины жизни их обитателей. Капиталистической цивилизации в них противопоставлены быт и нравы туземцев. Еще более острый социальный характер носит роман «Марди» (*Mardi*, 1849), в котором сказалось влияние европейских революционных событий 1848 г. и идей утопического социализма. Критика буржуазного мира нарастает в крупнейшем произведении Мелвилла романе «Моби Дик» (*Moby Dick*, 1851), проникнутом сложными аллегориями и символами. В то же время в этом романе и в следующих за ним произведениях выявляются и усиливаются пессимистические настроения, вызванные влиянием философии Шопенгауэра. Перу Мелвилла принадлежит также роман «Пьер» (*Pierre*, 1852), историко-авантюрный роман «Израэль Поттер» (*Israel Potter*, 1855), сборник рассказов «Веранда» (*The Piazza Tales*, 1856), повесть «Билли Бад» (*Billy Budd*, 1891) и др.

Творчество Мелвилла было отвергнуто современной ему буржуазной Америкой. Последние годы своей жизни писатель работал мелким служащим в нью-йоркской таможне, и смерть его прошла незамеченной.

BARTLEBY

Рассказ «Бартльби» был напечатан анонимно в 1853 г. В рассказе автор, очевидно, использует впечатления юношеских лет, когда он служил клерком в одном из нью-йоркских банков. Обращаясь к теме трагической судьбы

«маленького человека», Мелвилл показывает его обреченность в условиях капиталистического города. Условно-романтический стиль рассказа в духе Э. По сочетается с живым, зачастую весьма юмористическим, описанием быта писцов и стряпчих. Кроме образа самого Бартльби перед читателем встает фигура типичного уолл-стритского юриста, чиновника по судебному надзору, самодовольного, наивно-хвастливого, упоенного своим положением и своей добротой. Достоверность этого образа в большой степени определяется выбором языковых средств: приподнятой и вместе с тем точно передающей смысла и не допускающей двоякого толкования лексикой, официальными «канцелярскими» оборотами, свойственными юридическим документам, и т.д.

К стр. 152

law-copyist — переписчик судебных бумаг

if I pleased — эд. при желании

of whom nothing is ascertainable — о которых ничего нельзя установить с точностью

it is fit I make some mention of myself — мне надлежит, как это принято, упомянуть о себе. Здесь свойственные канцелярскому стилю подбор слов и построение предложения.

К стр. 153

though I belong to a profession proverbially energetic and nervous, even to turbulence, at times — хотя я принадлежу к сословию, которое славится деловитостью и нервозностью, порою доходящей до неуравновешенности. См. тж. ниже: *copying lawpapers being proverbially a dry, husky sort of business* — поскольку переписывание судебных бумаг работа, как известно, иссушающая. *Proverbially* — наречие от прилагательного *proverbial* — вошедший в поговорку, легендарный, знаменитый, напр., *his wisdom is proverbial* или *he is proverbially wise* — он известен (славится) своей мудростью, его мудрость вошла в поговорку; *his courage was proverbial* или *he was proverbially courageous* — он прославился своей храбростью, о его храбрости слагались легенды, его храбрость вошла в поговорку.

to invade my peace — эд. нарушить мой душевный покой

to address a jury — выступать в суде (об адвокате)

to draw down public applause — стремиться сорвать аплодисменты

John Jacob Astor — Джон Джекоб Астор (1763—1848), крупный капиталист, «король» пушнины, основатель династии американских миллионеров Асторов

it hath a rounded and orbicular sound to it, and rings like unto bullion — в звуке его имени есть что-то округлое и законченное, и оно звенит, как золотые слитки. Эд. to it = in it. См. it has (there is) smth. in(to) it — в этом что-то есть; like unto smth. (см.) = like smth.

I will freely add — Охотно добавляю

Master in Chancery — помощник судьи в совестном суде. Совестный суд, или суд совести, судил не только на основании законов, но и по принципам естественной справедливости. Разбор дела носил примирительный характер.

I had counted upon a life-lease of the profits — я рассчитывал на пожизненный доход; *life-lease* — пожизненная аренда (пожизненный откуп)

sky-light shaft — колодец с застекленной крышей

К стр. 154

Turkey, Nippers, Ginger Nut—эд. прозвища: Индюк, Кусачка, Имбирный Пряник

his face flamed with augmented blazonry—лицо его пылало жарче, чем обычно.

Здесь blazonry—жар, блеск.

in a sudden passion—в запальчивости

boxing his papers about—расшвыривая бумаги

upon provocation—эд. дай ему только повод

К стр. 155

but, dinner over, had best go home to his lodgings—а, пообедав, идти домой
devotions—эд. труды

oratorically—эд. красноречиво, велеречиво

With submission, sir—С вашего позволения, сэр

I saw that go he would not—я понял, что добром он не уйдет. Здесь типичная для приподнятого и эмоционального стиля речи эмфатическая инверсия. См. тж. ниже: **I assumed the ground that depart he must**—я взял за предпосылку, что уйти он обязан; **rid myself of him, I must; go, he shall**—избавиться от него необходимо, и он должен будет уйти.

a mere copyist—эд. рядовой переписчик

seemed betokened—эд. сказывалось

testiness—вспыльчивость

turn—способность, склад характера

Dutch house—голландский дом. Имеются в виду островерхие крыши, характерные для голландской архитектуры.

К стр. 156

knew not—и сам не знал. Устарелый вид отрицательной формы (=did not know), получивший в современном языке эмфатическое значение.

not only was he ... considerable of a ward-politician—эд. он не только занимается мелкими политическими махинациями

Justices' court—суд

the Tombs—«Гробница», нью-йоркская городская тюрьма

his hat not to be handled—эд. к шляпе противно было притронуться

dependent Englishman—англичанин, занимающий зависимое положение

a rash, restive horse is said to feel his oats—эд. про норовистую лошадь говорят, что она бесится от овса; **to feel one's oats**—резво бежать, почуяв близость своей конюшни

К стр. 157

perverse voluntary agent—сознательно или намеренно упрямое существо

car-man—домовой извозчик

to this quick-witted youth, the whole noble science of the law was contained in a nutshell—для этого сметливого юнца вся благородная юридическая наука умещалась в одной ореховой скорлупе. Здесь игра слов: in a nutshell означает «вкратце», «в двух словах». **Ginger Nut**—не только «имбирный пряник», но и «имбирный орешек».

Spitzenbergs—сорт ароматных и сочных зимних яблок

Of a cold morning—Холодным утром. Здесь of указывает на время. Подобная конструкция с of (обстоятельство времени) обычно встречается в сочетании со сказуемым, образованным вспомогательным глаголом would+inf. и выражающим привычное действие в прошлом. Напр., of a cold morning **Turkey would gobble up scores of these cakes**—когда выдавалось холодное

утро, Индюк уплетал эти пряники дюжинами; of an evening he would sit in a chair and tell stories — вечерами он сиживал в кресле и рассказывал истории. См. тж. ниже: of a Sunday morning — в воскресное утро; of week-days — в будние дни.

came within an ace of dismissing him — Я чуть было его не расчислил; within an ace — на волосок от

o find you in stationery on my own account — обеспечивать вас канцелярскими принадлежностями за свой счет

К стр. 158

Now my original business — that of a conveyancer and title hunter, and drawer-up of recondite documents of all sorts... — Так вот: прежний круг моих обязанностей — как нотариуса, ведущего дела по передаче имущества и разыскивающего бумаги, подтверждающие право собственности, а также составителя всевозможных сложных документов...

which I thought might operate beneficially — который, как я надеялся, окажет благотворное влияние

folding screen — ширма

He ran a day and night line — Он работал денно и ночью

К стр. 159

to examine — зд. и ниже слышать

I sat awhile in perfect silence, rallying my stunned faculties. — Некоторое время я сидел молча, ошеломленный, пытаюсь справиться со своими чувствами.

His face was leanly composed — Его худое лицо было невозмутимо

Cicero [ˈsɪsəroʊ] — Марк Туллий Цицерон (106—43 до н.э.), римский государственный деятель и прославленный оратор

К стр. 160

I was turned into a pillar of salt — я превратился в соляной столб. Согласно библейской легенде ангелы, выводя старого Лота с его семьей из города Содомы, который бог уничтожил за грехи его жителей, велили им не оглядываться. Жена Лота оглянулась и в наказание за любопытство была превращена в соляной столб (Бытие XIX, 26). В переосмысленном виде эта легенда довольно часто используется в литературе для создания образа человека, застывшего от ужаса, удивления и т.п.

It is labor saving to you — зд. Это сэкономит вам время

It is common usage — Так всегда делается. См. тж. ком. ниже.

a request made according to common usage and common sense — требование, соответствующее заведенному порядку и здравому смыслу

К стр. 161

The reader of nice perceptions — Проницательный читатель
ground out, between his set teeth, occasional hissing maledictions against the stubborn oaf behind the screen — скрипя зубами и не разжимая рта, посылал проклятья в адрес упрямого невежи за ширмой

К стр. 162

his hands reeling among his blotted papers — его руки мелькали среди закапанных чернилами бумаг

black his eyes for him — поставлю ему фонарь под глазом

К стр. 163

put up your fists — уберите кулаки

I burned to be rebelled against again.—Я горел желанием еще раз встретить отпор.

inveteracy—зд. упрямство

К стр. 164

for the very soul of me (разг.)—ни за что (на свете), хоть убей

to compress—зд. обвязывать

К стр. 165

Trinity Church—церковь св. Троицы в Нью-Йорке

finding myself rather early on the ground—прибыв на место немного раньше
cadaverously gentlemanly nonchalance—замогильно-вежливая бесстрастность.

См. тж. ниже: **was his mildly cadaverous reply**—последовал тихий замогильный ответ; **and yet, permit him to enjoy his cadaverous triumph over me**—но допустить, чтоб этот выходец из могилы торжествовал надо мной победу.

unmanned me—зд. обезоружил меня

blacking box—банка с ваксой

К стр. 166

bachelor's hall—зд. холостая квартира

deserted as Petra ['pitrə]—Петра, древний город в Иордании

Marius brooding among the ruins of Carthage—Марий, предающийся грустным раздумьям на развалинах Карфагена. Марий (155—96 до н.э.)—римский государственный деятель и полководец, скрывавшийся от своих политических противников в разрушенном Карфагене. Карфаген—древний финикийский город в северной Африке, разрушенный римлянами в 146 г. до н.э. во время третьей Пунической войны.

in gala trim—праздничной вереницей

down the Mississippi of Broadway—по широким просторам Бродвея. Зд. Mississippi (нарицательно)—широкая река.

К стр. 167

standing in one of those dead-wall reveries of his—стоит и мечтает, уставившись глазами в глухую стену за окном

prudential feeling—зд. инстинкт самосохранения

ill—зло

К стр. 168

only there was the faintest conceivable tremor of the white attenuated mouth—только его тонкие бледные губы едва заметно дрожали

К стр. 169

summary measures—зд. крутые меры

К стр. 171

shirt-button affairs—зд. мелочь

weight=table-weight—пресс-папье

I had somehow slept off the fumes of vanity—каким-то образом вместе со сном развеялся приступ самодовольства

К стр. 172

I'll take odds he doesn't.—Пари держу, что нет.

"... done!" said I, "put up your money."—Пари! Ставьте деньги,—сказал я.

К стр. 173

In a word, will you do anything at all, to give a coloring to your refusal to depart the premises?—Короче говоря, готовы ли вы хоть чем-нибудь оправдать свой отказ освободить помещение?

Adams—В 1841 г. литератор Джон Кольт в приступе гнева застрелил нью-йоркского издателя Самюэля Адамса.

К стр. 174

But when this old Adam of resentment rose in me—И вот, когда этот древний гнев предков наших начал закипать во мне

A new commandment give I unto you, that ye love one another.—Заповедь новую даю вам: да любите друг друга. (Евангелие от Иоанна XIII, 34).

at leisure intervals I looked a little into "Edwards on the Will", and "Priestley on Necessity"—когда выдавалась свободная минута я заглядывал в трактаты Эдвардса «О воле» и Пристли «О необходимости». Джонатан Эдвардс (1703—1758)—американский богослов, автор трактата о свободе воли, в котором он защищал принцип «божественного предопределения». Джозеф Пристли (1733—1804)—английский естествоиспытатель и философ-материалист, автор многочисленных научных трактатов.

К стр. 175

by right of his perpetual occupancy—по праву постоянного проживания

К стр. 179

when a final thought occurred to me—one which had not been wholly unindulged before—когда мне пришла в голову еще одна мысль, которая и раньше у меня мелькала

rockaway—карета

Jersey City—Джерси-сити, город на северо-востоке штата Нью-Джерси на противоположном от Нью-Йорка берегу р. Гудзон

Hoboken [ˈhoʊˌboʊkən]—Хобокен, небольшой город, расположенный неподалеку от Джерси-сити

Manhattanville, Astoria—районы Нью-Йорка

К стр. 180

greatly to be compassionated—достойный всяческого сочувствия

К стр. 181

grub-man—кухмистер

yourn (простореч.)=yours

gentleman forger—благородный фальшивомонетчик

Sing-Sing—Синг-Синг, нью-йоркская окружная тюрьма на юго-востоке штата Нью-Йорк

Look to my friend yonder.—Позаботьтесь о моем друге.

К стр. 182

The Egyptian character of the masonry—Египетский стиль каменной кладки
With Kings and counsellors (биб.)—(Опочил) с царями и советниками земли
(Книга Иова III, 14)

Dead Letter Office—Отдел не востребуемых писем

THE LIGHTNING-ROD MAN

Рассказ «Громоотводчик» входит в сборник «Веранда». Мягкий юмор рассказа обусловлен не столько комичностью ситуации, сколько мастерским использованием языковых средств. Рассказ ведется от имени школьного учителя, нередко прибегающего к необычным сравнениям, классическим аллюзиям, научным фактам. Его речь, иногда плавно-повествовательная, иногда отрывистая, но всегда яркая, образная — достижение Мелвилла-стилиста.

К стр. 183

Acroceraunian hills — Акросеронские холмы на севере штата Массачусетс
don't = *зд. doesn't*
man-fashion — *зд.* как подобает мужчине

К стр. 184

Jupiter Tonans [ˈdʒuːpɪtə ˈtɒnənz] — Юпитер Громовержец
rush-bottomed arm-chair — плетеное кресло
Olympus [ouˈlɪmpəs] — Олимп, гора в северной Фессалии, считавшаяся древними греками местопребыванием богов

К стр. 185

Know you not = Do you not know; см. ком. к стр. 156
Gibraltar [dʒɪˈbrɔːltə] — Гибралтар, крутая скала у входа в Средиземное море из Атлантического океана, которую англичане еще в начале XVIII в. превратили в крепость и военно-морскую базу. В переносном употреблении означает «непрístupная крепость». *Ср. русск.* крепкий, непоколебимый, как скала.

what Himalayas of concussions! — какой невиданной силы удары! Неразложимое словосочетание с предшествующим определяющим существительным употребляется в стилистических целях. *Ср.* a wizard of a man — не человек, а волшебник; a devil of a worker — не работник, а просто дьявол; a great hulk of a man — глыба-человек; a beauty of a blow — вот это удар, всем ударам удар. В данном случае определяющим является «Гималаи» как символ чего-то колоссального.

Montreal [ˈmɒntʁɪ ˈbɔːl] — Монреаль, большой город на юге провинции Квебек в Канаде

knob — *зд.* украшать набалдашником

К стр. 186

This abuse of your own calling in another might make one distrustful with respect to yourself. — Такое злоупотребление своим профессиональным долгом со стороны других может заставить усомниться в вас самих.

What do you? = What are you doing?

К стр. 188

six-footer — человек ростом в шесть футов (= 1 м 83 см)

Kentuckians [kenˈtʌkjənz] — жители штата Кентукки, славящиеся своим высоким ростом

smite (*усл.*) = smitten, причастие прош. вр. от to smite — поражать

There go all the granite Taconics and Hoosics dashed together like pebbles. — *зд.* Вот столкнулись, как камешки, древние гранитные глыбы. Восклицание торговца громоотводами носит комический характер, потому что он связывает, по созвучию, Taconics — гранитные геологические образования

древнего периода таконской складчатости и Hoosic — приток реки Гудзон. Кроме того, на севере штата Массачусетс есть Таконский парк (Taconic Park) и др. топонимы, образованные от корней Taconic и Hoosic.

Leiden jar — Лейденская (от г. Лейден) банка, электрический конденсатор
Tetzl ['tetsəl] — Иоганн Тетцель (1465—1519), немецкий доминиканский монах, которого вождь немецкой реформации Мартин Лютер подверг жестокой критике за злоупотребление отпущениями грехов и индульгенциями

К стр. 189

elbowed — 3д. погнутый

spite = in spite

THE PIAZZA

«Веранда» — рассказ из одноименного сборника Мелвилла. В своих поздних новеллах Мелвилл отходит от социальных мотивов, проявляя интерес к сложным психологическим ситуациям. «Веранда» — один из таких рассказов, где прекрасный идеал оказывается призрачным, а человек не может вырваться из-под власти рока.

Язык рассказа чрезвычайно образен и эмоционален. Он изобилует многочисленными литературными и историческими аллюзиями, сложными сравнениями и образными описаниями. Однако в повествовании, ведущемся от первого лица и одобренном мягким юмором, сохраняется разговорная интонация, подкрепляемая риторическими вопросами и восклицаниями. Подбор специальной романтической лексики, частая инверсия в построении фразы также способствуют созданию настроения приподнятости и большого эмоционального накала.

К стр. 189

With fairest flowers,

Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele—

Пока живу я здесь, и лето длится,

С цветами приходи, Фидель —

berry time — время сбора ягод

Hearth Stone Hills — холмы песчаника на северо-западе штата Массачусетс

the Kaaba — 3д. священный камень. Кааба — храм в Мекке, где хранится черный камень, якобы данный архангелом Гавриилом Аврааму. Здесь игра слов: песчаник (hearth stone, holy stone), из которого построен дом, называется священным, а карьер, где он добывался, местом паломничества для местного общества (social pilgrims).

К стр. 190

Build there. — Желая сказать, что сама судьба определила место для строительства дома, рассказчик создает сложный образ звезды, своим лучом указавшей это место. Здесь он смешивает два древних мифа: согласно древнегреческой легенде охотник Орион был убит стрелой Артемиды, и боги превратили его в созвездие; другое древнегреческое предание гласит, что сиракузский тиран Дионисий подвесил на конском волосе острый меч над головой завидовавшего ему Дамокла.

such a purple prospect would be his — 3д. перед ним открывается такое царственное зрелище

Greylock — горная вершина на северо-западе штата Массачусетс, высшая точка штата

Charlemagne ['ʃɑ:lə'mɑ:n] — Карл Великий (742—814), король франков, римский император с 800 г. до 814 г.

the more leisurely to witness the coronation of Charlemagne (weather permitting, they crown him every sunrise and sunset) — чтобы с наибольшими удобствами наблюдать за коронацией Карла Великого (если погода позволяет, его коронуют каждый раз, как встает или садится солнце). Этим образом автор передает создавшееся от игры лучей восходящего или заходящего солнца впечатление золотой с драгоценными камнями короны на вершине горы.

I chose me (уст.) = I chose for myself

but, I suppose, for heraldry — специально, как я полагаю, из соображений геральдических

field-argent (геральдический термин) — серебристое поле

a sly ear-ache invaded me — Здесь аллюзия на трагедию «Гамлет», в которой рассказывается, что датского короля убивают, налив ему в ухо яд, в то время как он спал в саду.

The house was wide — my fortune narrow — Здесь игра слов: много площади — мало денег; narrow — *зд.* небольшой, ограниченный; *ср.* narrow circumstances, narrow means — стесненные обстоятельства.

considering the matter by rule and square — рассчитав все при помощи масштабной линейки и наугольника. Здесь игра слов: by rule означает также «по всем правилам, точно», т.е.: обсудив это дело по всем правилам.

to gratify my furthest wishes, at I've forgotten how much a foot — потворствовать моим самым необузданным желаниям, не помню уж по какой цене за фут

Quito — Кито, городок в штате Массачусетс. *Ср.* Кито — столица Эквадора. Многие небольшие города Америки названы в честь крупных городов и столиц других стран. В США есть Москва (на северо-западе штата Айдахо), Берлин (на северо-востоке штата Нью-Гемпшир), Варшава (в штате Индиана), Одесса (в штате Техас) и др.

of a coolish morning и ниже **of a balmy morning, of winter midnights, of afternoons** — см. ком. к стр. 157

К стр. 191

alleying away — *зд.* переходящий; to alley — конверсия от сущ. alley

he carried it — он одержал победу

after 1848 — имеется в виду революция 1848 г. в Европе

ground broken — *зд.* игра слов, основанная на различных значениях глагола to break: to break ground (*перен.*) — начинать дело, to break into a laugh — разразиться смехом

the lion month of March — месяц март под знаком льва. Прежде месяцы часто обозначались знаками зодиака. Зодиак — пояс на небесной сфере, по которому движутся солнце, луна, большие планеты и большинство малых планет. С древних времен зодиак разделяется на 12 знаков по числу зодиакальных созвездий. Лев — одно из этих созвездий.

the greenness of the cit — неопытность городского жителя

I, Lazarus in Abraham's bosom — я, как Лазарь на лоне Авраамовом. Согласно библейской легенде (Евангелие от Луки XVI, 22, 23) нищий Лазарь после смерти попал в рай — лоно Авраамово, — в то время как богатый, презиравший его, попал в ад и мучился там от жары и жажды.

nipping cold and gusty though it be — как бы ни щипал мороз и как бы ни мело

I pace the sleety deck, weathering Cape Horn — я меряю шагами скользкую от мокрого снега палубу, обходя Мыс Горн с наветренной стороны. Мыс Горн — крайний южный пункт Южной Америки. В этом районе преоблада-

ют западные ветры большой силы и туманы, которые нередко задерживают движение судов из Атлантического океана в Тихий. В этом предложении автор сравнивает себя с отважным мореплавателем, стойко выдерживающим любую непогоду, а свою веранду с судном, подвергнувшимся шторму.

Canute-like — подобно Кнуту. Кнут (994?—1035) — король Норвегии и Дании. В 1015 г. во главе датского флота высадился на Британских о-вах и в 1016 г. был избран королем Англии. Кнут называл себя владыкой морей.

for all the world like — точно так, как будто

on the Barbary coast — у берегов Северной Африки

К стр. 192

hopper-like — похожий на воронку

double-filed — выстроенные в колонну по два

so shoulder and follow up upon one another — так теснятся и громоздятся друг на друга

will ... effacingly shade itself away into a higher and further one — сливается с более высокой и далекой горой

I knew not — см. ком. к стр. 185 и ниже: **I doubted not, I gained not** и т. п.

turned maple woods — начинающие желтеть кленовые леса

rumor had it — говорили

Vermont — Вермонт, один из шести штатов Новой Англии на северо-востоке США. Вермонт часто называют штатом зеленых гор.

Hecate's [ˈhekəti(:)z] **cauldron** — котел Гекаты. Геката — могущественная богиня древнегреческой мифологии, в средневековье и в новое время считалась покровительницей нечистой силы. Шекспир использовал этот образ в своей трагедии «Макбет».

Banquo [ˈbæŋkwɔʊ] — Банко, персонаж из трагедии Шекспира «Макбет», который вместе с Макбетом выслушивает прорицание ведьм

Adullam [əˈdʌləm] **cave** — пещера в Одолламе, южной стране, упоминаемой в Библии (Бытие 38, 1); место убежища

his — В английском языке «солнце» соотносится с местоимением *he*. См. ком. к стр. 62

shot down a Simplon pass among the clouds — прорывающихся вниз через окутанный облаками Симплонский перевал. Симплон — перевал между Пеннинскими и Лепонтинскими Альпами, связывающий Швейцарию и Италию.

strawberry mole — красноватая родинка

haunted ring — зд. заколдованная лужайка

К стр. 193

Sinai [ˈsaɪnaɪ] — Синай, упоминаемая в Библии (Исход XIX) священная гора, на которой бог возвестил пророку Моисею свои законы (заповеди)

would I were there (см.) = I wish I were there. См. тж. ниже: **would I could rest like him**; см. ком. к стр. 137

it glowed like the Potosi mine — оно сверкало как рудники на Потоси; Потоси [ˈpetouˈsi:] — гора в Андах, на юго-западе Боливии, где имеются богатые залежи полезных ископаемых

work-a-day — прозаический

I knew better — зд. я остался при своем мнении

A Midsummer Night's Dream — «Сон в летнюю ночь», комедия Шекспира, написанная им в 1596 г.

Titania [ˈtɪtəniə] — Титания, королева фей, одно из главных действующих лиц комедии Шекспира «Сон в летнюю ночь»

with slow pace and solemn = with slow and solemn pace

Lucifer [ˈluːsɪfə] and **Michael** (библ.)—По преданию архангел Михаил с сонмом светлых ангелов вел победоносную войну с низвергнутым в ад за гордыню Люцифером, ставшим князем тьмы, сатаной (Откровение св. Иоанна XII, 7—9).

the farmer's banded children passed, a-nutting — стайка детишек фермера прошла мимо по дороге в лес за орехами

weather-breeder — день, предвещающий плохую погоду

was become (уст.)=became

as that=зд. so that

К стр. 194

a Chinese creeper of my adoption — китайский плющ, который я высадил

I'll launch my yawl ... fairy-land — Здесь, видимо, приводится несколько строк из песенки моряка. Можно передать следующим образом:

Спущу на воду ялик свой, эгей!

(Радуйся сердце!)

И в путь отправлюсь в страну фей,

На неба край, где счастье ждет,

В страну, где волшебство живет.

(Перевод мой — Э. М.)

ho (или **o**) — восклицание, выражающее радость. Обычно ставится после полнозначного слова (Ср. what ho! — эй там!; right-o — есть такое дело!).

one Edmund Spenser — некий Эдмунд Спенсер. Эдмунд Спенсер (1552—1599) — английский поэт, автор поэмы «Королева фей» (1589—1596), где в романтически-аллегорической форме описывается волшебная страна. Все персонажи этой поэмы являются олицетворением добродетелей или пороков.

leather one — Имеется в виду седло.

road-side golden-rod — растущий у дороги золотень. Золотень, или золотая розга — часто встречающееся в Северной Америке растение с длинным разветвленным стеблем, цветущее в конце лета и осенью соцветиями мелких желтых цветов.

wigged old Aries — лохматый старый Овен. Так, по знаку зодиака, автор шутливо называет повстречавшегося ему барана. Ниже он продолжает развивать образ звездного неба. См. ком. к стр. 191.

milky-way — млечный путь; **Pleiades** [ˈpleɪədɪz] — Плеяды, звездное скопление в созвездии Тельца; **Hyades** [ˈhaɪədɪz] — Гиады, яркое звездное скопление в созвездии Тельца; **astral path** — звездный путь.

yellow-bird — американский щегол

К стр. 195

his — Местоимение **his** соотносится здесь с существительным **saw-mill** — лесопилка (см. ком. к стр. 62)

on, by a deep flume clove through snowy marble — вдоль глубокого ущелья, прорезавшего себе путь в белоснежном мраморе; **clove** — зд. cloven

Jack-in-the-pulpit — американское растение из семейства лилейных. Прикрытый с одной стороны лепестком пестик напоминает стоящего на церковной кафедре проповедника. Отсюда название.

cross-grained block, fern-bedded — свилеватая колода, поросшая папоротником. Свилеватый (от свиль) — нарост из сети слоев, жилок и волокон на дереве; свиль на березе наз. карельская береза; свиль на осокори — папоротовое дерево.

wheel-tire — обод колеса

Eve's apples; seek-no-further — яблоки Евы; предупреждение о том, что дальше искать не надо. Аллюзия на библейскую легенду, согласно которой, вкусившие, несмотря на запрет, от яблок с древа познания, Адам и Ева были изгнаны из рая. **Seek-no-further** — образованное «на случай» по продуктивной для английского языка модели сложное существительное синтаксического типа (*cf.* forget-me-not).

all velvet-napped — покрытая бархатным ворсом

К стр. 196

Oberon ['oubərən] — Оберон, король фей (муж Титании). См. ком. к стр. 193.

aerial commons — зд. воздушные луга

Una ['ju:nə] **and her lamb** — Уна, персонаж из аллегорической поэмы «Королева фей» английского поэта Эдмунда Спенсера (см. ком. к стр. 194). Действующие лица этой поэмы олицетворяют различные моральные категории: Уна — Истину, Мудрость, ее овечка — Верность.

Captain Cook — Джеймс Кук (1728—1779), знаменитый английский путешественник, гидрограф, исследователь Тихого океана и Антарктики

К стр. 197

King Charming — прекрасный король из сказки

К стр. 199

come a-berrying — (при)ходить за ягодами

К стр. 200

box-royal — королевская ложа

theatre of San Carlo — театр в Сан-Карло, имеющий форму амфитеатра

Memnon-like — Имеется в виду сохранившийся и поныне «Колосс Мемнона».

Мемнон — один из героев греческой мифологии, его именем греки называли колоссальную статую египетского фараона Аменхотепа III в Фивах. При землетрясении в 27 г. до н.э. верхняя часть этой статуи обвалилась, и с тех пор статуя при восходе солнца издавала (вероятно от нагрева) жалобный звук, напоминавший человеческий голос. После реставрации статуя «онемела».

DAVID CROCKETT

(1786-1836)



Дейви Крокетт — выходец из глухих уголков западного Теннесси, охотник на медведей, участник войны с индейцами. Позже занялся политикой, был сначала избран в законодательное собрание штата Теннесси, а затем в конгресс США. В 1834 г. опубликовал свою автобиографию (*Narrative*), а в 1835 г. — «Описание путешествия полковника Крокетта на север и восток» (*An Account of Col. Crockett's Tour to the North and Down East*). При жизни превратился в легендарного героя американского фольклора, многочисленных анекдотов и небылиц. После его смерти они составили около пятидесяти выпусков «Альманахов Крокетта» (*Crockett Almanacs*, 1835-1856), куда вошли и его собственные рассказы о себе. Оба рассказа, публикуемые в настоящем издании, были напечатаны в этих альманахах. Однако в некоторых сборниках их приписывают анонимному автору.

MIKE FINK BEATS DAVY CROCKETT AT A SHOOTING MATCH

Anonymous

В 20-х годах XIX века на Юге и Западе США в районах границы продвижения поселенцев (*frontier*) развивается своеобразная традиция народного юмора — так называемые небылицы и хвастливые рассказы (*tall tales*). Самыми популярными героями народного юмора фронта были Дейви Крокетт и Майк Финк. Майк Финк — лодочник и бурлак, с именем которого связаны жестокие проделки, убийства индейцев, попойки и драки. В небылице «Майк Финк побеждает Дейви Крокетта в соревновании по стрельбе» отражено отношение народа к этим героям юго-западного юмора: жестокому Финку и благородному Крокетту.

рассказах, определявшихся условиями жизни фронта и отличавшихся сочетанием трагического и смешного, в комических целях широко использовался диалект. Колоритность языка рассказа определяется также и характером самого рассказчика, Дейви Крокетта — человека из народа. Встречающиеся отклонения от литературной нормы относятся ко всем областям языка: грамматике, лексике, фонетике и орфографии и объясняются в предлагаемой читателю в конце комментария общей сводке замечаний подобного характера.

К стр. 201

helliferocious ['helɪfə'rouʃəs] — придуманное на манер «ученых» словообразование, означающее крайнюю степень лихости, бесстрашия, жестокости; состоит из основ **hell** со значением «адский» и **fegocious**, означающей в разг. речи усилительное «ужасный», «страшный». Традиция придумывания псевдоученых длинных слов в комических целях укрепились в американской юмористической литературе. Например, этим приемом часто пользовались О. Генри и А. Уорд для речевой характеристики своих персонажей.

the Cumberland — р. Камберленд, текущая через штаты Кентукки и Теннесси и впадающая в р. Огайо

a horrid handsome wife — ужасно красивая жена. **Horrid** — *зд.* усилительное «ужасно». Ср. ниже такое же употребление **wicked, shocking**.

to find his wife in rags, and himself in powder, and lead, and whiskey — чтобы обеспечить жену тряпками, а себя порохом, свинцом и виски

to bounce deer — гонять оленей

to draw a lead — пускать пулю

I fell in with him — я случайно столкнулся с ним

shook down a blanket for me — постелили мне на полу одеяло

shooting iron — ружье

I'll be in his hair — *зд.* я ему покажу

This put my dander up — Это вывело меня из терпения

d — *d* = *damned*

I plazed away — *зд.* я выстрелил

К стр. 202

to let fly — выпустить заряд

Mike falls to loading and firing for dear life — Майк принимается, сломя голову, заряжать и стрелять

Col. (*сокф.*) = *Colonel*

I'll mend your host — я исправлю твой просчет

rale stuff = *real stuff* — *зд.* виски

to take a plizzard — стрельнуть

angeliferous = *pretty as an angel*

iron = *rifle*

shemale = *female*. — Опять стремление употребить «ученое» слово. В результате — комический эффект: *male* мужчина, *самец* + *she*.

I give up beat — я признаю себя побежденным

eye-opener — первая рюмка, выпитая утром

flame-cutter = *flame-cutter* — огнетушитель; *зд.* рюмка, которая заглушит разгоревшиеся страсти

anti-formatic — средство, чтобы не выработалась привычка

SUNRISE IN HIS POCKET

Anonymous

«Восход солнца у него в кармане» — еще один хвастливый рассказ-небылица в традиционной для фронтира 20-х годов XIX века манере.

К стр. 202

screwen (вульг.) — чертовски

К стр. 203

three double quick time (*публ.*) — аллюр три креста

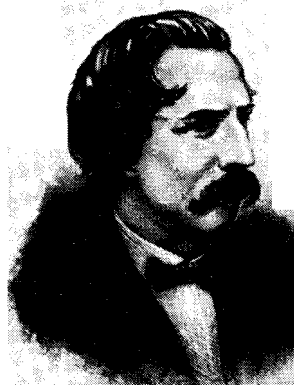
Peak O'Day and Daybreak Hill — вымышленные названия горных вершин

ar = is

anteluvian = antedeluvian — допотопный; **premature** — преждевременный. Здесь неуместное и неправильное употребление «ученых» слов.

ARTEMUS WARD

(1834-1867)



Артемус Уорд — псевдоним Чарльза Фаррара Брауна (Charles Farrar Browne). Артемус Уорд родился в штате Мэн. С 1857 г. начал сотрудничать в газете «Плейн дилер» в городе Кливленде, опубликовав серию юмористических материалов «Высказывания Артемуса Уорда» (*Artemus Ward's Sayings*). Некоторое время был редактором журнала «Вэнити фэр». После окончания гражданской войны выступал с публичными чтениями в Лондоне и там же сотрудничал в юмористическом журнале «Панч». Перу А. Уорда принадлежат книги «Артемус Уорд, его книга» (*Artemus Ward, His Book*, 1862), «Артемус Уорд, его путешествия» (*Artemus Ward, His Travels*, 1865). Изданы посмертно: «Артемус Уорд в Лондоне и другие бумаги» (*Artemus Ward in London*, 1867), «Лекции Артемуса Уорда» (*Artemus Ward's Lectures*, 1869).

Артемус Уорд был горячим сторонником Линкольна и abolitionистов. Во время одного из своих лекционных турне он познакомился с Марком Твеном, который под его влиянием написал свой первый рассказ «Скачущая лягушка» (см. ниже).

Социальная сатира США многим обязана Артемусу Уорду. Основной ее мишенью явились карьеристы и политиканы, алчные искатели теплых местечек. Он разоблачает продажность и взяточничество в американских правительственных учреждениях, методы большого бизнеса. Артемус Уорд писал: «Юмористические писатели всегда больше всех оказывали помощь добродетели в ее паломничестве по земле».

Юмор Артемуса Уорда является продолжением традиций «хвастливых рассказов» и основывается на причудливом сочетании шуточного и серьезного. Он мастерски умеет всерьез сказать шутку и достичь юмористического эффекта несоответствием между комической ситуацией и серьезностью тона всего рассказа. Комический эффект усиливается и тем, что рассказчик-кукольник, обладающий глубоким умом, острой наблюдательностью, богатым жизненным опытом и природным ораторским даром, не имеет образования. Его

речь, содержащая диалектизмы, отклонения от грамматической и фонетической нормы, пестрит высокопарными словами. Эти слова чаще всего не придуманы им, как это было с ранними юмористами, а употреблены в искаженном виде и в несоответствующем им контексте. В речи кукольника много также газетных и ораторских клише. Например, *at the helm of the ship of state; alas! I was disappointed; I wield my facile quill; I was actuated by* и т. д. Неправильно написанные или произнесенные, они усиливают комический эффект. Для эмпазы он любит употреблять заглавные буквы. Искаженные в произношении кукольника слова не только создают комический эффект, но часто придают речи сатирическую остроту. Например, в слове *confiscate* (= *confiscate*) заключена основа *fist* — кулак; *nooseparer* (= *newspaper*) включает *noose* — петля, аркан, ловушка; *abooze* (= *abuse*) связывается с *booze* — выпивка; *pollertics* (= *politics*) с *poll* — избирательный пункт; *climbacks* (= *climax*) с *climb* — взбираться; *inwade* (= *invade*) с *wade* — пробираться по грязи, снегу и т. п. Особенности диалектной или неграмотной речи выступают в языке рассказов Уорда еще ярче, чем в произведениях ранних юмористов (см. сводку в конце комментария).

В настоящий сборник вошли рассказы из первой книги Уорда.

INTERVIEW WITH PRESIDENT LINCOLN

«Интервью с президентом Линкольном» — один из самых острых сатирических рассказов Артемуса Уорда, направленный против лжепатриотов, политиканов, «жалких людешек», стремящихся урвать кусок от государственного пирога. Этой «голодной своре просителей» противопоставлен рассказчик-кукольник, который думает о благе всего народа. Ему не нужны выгодные должности, он стремится к справедливости и честности и надеется, что с помощью труда, хорошей администрации и победы Севера в гражданской войне Америка станет счастливой страной.

К стр. 204

I hav (have) no politics. — Я не занимаюсь (не интересуюсь) политикой; я далек от политики.

holler versiffusly — вопить во всю глотку; *holler* — слэнговый вариант *hollo* (а) — кричать, вопить; *versiffusly* — искаженное *vociferously* (возвышенный стиль), означающее «громко», «шумно». Соединение в одном словосочетании слов разных стилей придает ему комический эффект.

which if I didn't git a orifice = and if I didn't get an office

with all my mite and maine = with all my might and main

respectful — зд. рассказчик по неграмотности употребляет *respectful* — почтительный, вежливый вместо *respectable* — почтенный, порядочный. См. тж. ниже: **all the respectful men in our town.**

Congresser = Congressman

dostest — искаженная редупликацией (двойным окончанием) арх. форма 2-го лица наст. вр. глагола *to do* (*dost*)

I'd stoop to that there — я унижусь до этого

Old Abe — старина Эйб. *Abe* (сокр. от *Abraham*) = Abraham Lincoln.

К стр. 205

Let out ... over-board! — Здесь бессмысленный набор морских терминов, создающий общее впечатление речи бывалого моряка. См., например, образование *jib-roop*, составленное на основе *jib* — утлегарь и *roop* — корма; сочетание

reef the fore-castle, где reef — брать рифы, а fore-castle — бак; сочетание shiver my timbers, где shiver — полоскаться (о парусах), а timbers — шпангоут и т.п.

N.B.=note bene (лат.) — нотабене, пометка (букв. хорошо заметить)

If so be=If

Repose in Abraham's Buzzum (Bosom)! — Успокойся на лоне Авраамовом! Шутка (goak=joke) состоит в том, что Авраам Линкольн сравнивается с библейским Авраамом. См. ком. к стр. 191.

He hadn't more than had time to shake hands with 'em, before ... — Не успел он поздороваться с ними, как ... — Здесь характерный для подобных рассказов повествовательный стиль. См. тж. ниже: He hadn't mor'n got them words out — Не успел он вымолвить эти слова; I hadn't mor'n stood him up strate (straight) — Не успел я поставить его на ноги.

overflowed=overflown

who had about seven inches of corn whisky into him — который уже влил в себя сантиметров четырнадцать кукурузной водки

"The Pra-hayrie Flower of the West!" — «Степной цветок Запада» — начало популярной в то время песни (ср. «Цветок душистый прерий» из американской оперетты «Роз-Мари»). Написание pra-hayrie (prairie) передает растянутый в песне первый слог.

on top the house=on top of the house

chawin (chewing) him up alive without benefit of clergy — растерзать его живьем, даже не дав ему воспользоваться напутствием священников. Здесь игра слов, так как, хотя benefit в сочетании without the benefit of smth. означает «без» или «не имея чего-либо (возможности воспользоваться чем-либо)», benefit of clergy означает также неподсудность духовенства светскому суду.

К стр. 206

bunch of bones зд. кулак

bread-basket — зд. желудок

But I workt (worked) hard for the ticket — Но я так усердно работал за наш список. Имеется в виду агитация за список кандидатов республиканской партии во время предвыборной кампании 1860 г., результатом которой явилось избрание Авраама Линкольна на пост президента США.

virtuo (virtue) ... is its own reward — посл. добродетель не нуждается в награде

on=at

every mother's son of you — всех до одного из вас

go round as original Swiss Bell Ringers — можете выдавать себя за самих швейцарских звонарей. Согласно легенде в Базеле в 1486 г. был отлит волшебный колокол, звон которого мог рассеивать бурю, тушить огонь, изгонять злых духов и т.д. Этот сюжет был использован Шиллером в его «Песнях о колоколе».

Campbell Minstrels — Имеются в виду бродячие проповедники секты «учеников Христа», кэмпбеллитов, основанной виргинцем Александром Кэмпбеллом (1788—1866). Кэмпбеллиты скитались по стране и устраивали религиозные митинги с экзальтированным пением и иступленными молитвами (см. описание такого митинга в «Приключениях Гекльберри Финна» Марка Твена).

by your outrajis (outrageous) cuttings up — своим возмутительным поведением; to cut up — выкидывать номера

Stand not upon the order of your goin — зд. Оставьте церемонии, не спорьте кому выходить первым

К стр. 207

Boy Constructor=boa constrictor — удав

Solferino [sɒlfə'ri:nou] — анилиновый краситель пурпурно-красного цвета. Здесь используется для устрашения в качестве имени дьявола.

ten pronged pitchfork — вилы с десятью зубцами

By poerin (pouring) ile (oil) upon the troubled watur (waters), **North and South**. — Примирив Север с Югом. Автор имеет в виду раскол между сельскохозяйственным рабовладельческим Югом и промышленным Севером.

if any State wants to secede, let 'em sesesh — если какой-нибудь штат хочет отколоться, пусть откалывается; to sesesh — неправильное образование глагола от существительного secession — отделение, раскол

Powers or Walcutt — Хайрэм Пауэрс (1805 — 1873), один из известных американских скульпторов XIX века. Ему принадлежат бюсты многих крупных государственных деятелей его времени, а также статуи Франклина и Джефферсона, которые стоят в здании Капитолия в Вашингтоне. Вильям Уоакот (1819 — 1882) — знаменитый американский художник-портретист, известен также и как скульптор.

ef (if) you do the fair thing by your country — если ты поступишь справедливо по отношению к своей стране

THE SHOW IS CONFISCATED

«Балаганчик конфискован» — образец патриотической сатиры Уорда. Здесь кукольник, прибегая к элементам буффонады, остро высмеивает экстремистов Юга.

К стр. 207

dase (days) gone and past — прошедшие дни. Соединение двух сходных по значению слов, характерное для английской фразеологии, придает словосочетанию большую выразительность. Ср. *hard and fast, high and mighty, null and void* и т.д.

the Tomb of the Cappyletts = the Tomb of the Capulets [ˈkæpjulets] — склеп Капулетти, место трагической развязки пьесы Шекспира «Ромео и Джульетта». Кукольник иронизирует над газетным стилем того времени, для которого характерно использование литературных и исторических аллюзий, придающих тексту возвышенное и патетическое звучание; to go to the Tomb of the Capulets — придти к трагическому концу. Ср. *to find Aladdin's lamp* — добиться исполнения своих желаний; *to meet one's Waterloo* — потерпеть окончательное поражение, быть разгромленным.

К стр. 208

peck (слэнг) — пища (ср. *to peck* — клевать)

they made two (too) much of me — они чрезмерно ласково со мной обошлись. Ср. *to make much of smb.* — уделять кому-либо большое внимание.

to giv (give) the people (people) their money's worth — выдать людям полной мерой за затраченные ими деньги

to bustin (слэнг) — расколоть, разрушить, сломать

Old Abe — см. ком. к стр. 204

the Prahayrie flower — см. ком. к стр. 205

a Son of Malt — Видимо имеется в виду общество трезвости (см. ниже: Temperance Societies), название которого образовано по типу многих американских организаций, например, Sons (Daughters) of American Revolution. Malt неизбежно ассоциируется с malt — солод (употребляется в пивоварении).

The Southern Eagle—Южный Орел, эмблема конфедерации южных штатов, отколовшихся от Союза

State arter (after) State seseshed—см. ком. к стр. 207

don't his vittles (victuals) sit well on his stummick (stomach)?—зд. то, чем вы его (орла) кормите, вызывает у него несварение желудка?

let him went (vent)—зд. пусть себе орет

К стр. 209

Nary hist=Not a hoist—зд. Ни на один дюйм (не подниму)

Those=That

Montgomry=Montgomery—город Монтгомери, столица штата Алабама

in iuns=in irons—в кандалах

who commenst (commenced) hollerin (hollering)—которые начали вопить

bust up и ниже: **bust in**—см. ком. к стр. 208

muchly—шутл. наречие от much; зд. well

К стр. 210

in durans vial=in durance vile—*путюф*. в заточении

Jefferson Davis—Джефферсон Дэвис (1808—1889), член сената США, временный президент (1861—1865) конфедерации Американских Штатов, избранный на этот пост конгрессом семи отколовшихся штатов, собравшимся в начале февраля 1861 г. в городе Монтгомери. Дэвис всегда стоял на крайних рабовладельческих позициях.

Conthieveracy—Так в произношении кукольника звучит Confederacy. Сатирический эффект достигается включением в это слово фрагмента слова *thievery*—профессиональное воровство.

Injinnapylus=Indianapolis—Индианаполис, столица штата Индиана

the piece of dry-goods—кусочек ткани

en massy=en masse (фр.)—в массе, в целом, все вместе

to take a child across the knee—отшлепать ребенка

to make back tracks—вернуть назад

wallup (wallop) you out of your boots—отколотим вас так, что вы своих не узнаете

К стр. 211

Salér (Sailér) Boy—Называя Джефферсона Дэвиса веселым моряком (и ниже лихим пиратом), рассказчик имеет в виду тот факт, что, когда будущему президенту конфедерации было девять лет, он совершил путешествие на недавно изобретенном пароходе.

yeller (yellow) cover—желтая обложка (тж. yellowback). В середине XIX века популярные (особ. приключенческие) романы издавались в желтых бумажных обложках.

respectively—соответственно. Здесь должно быть respectfully—с уважением.

SOLILOQUY OF A LOW THIEF

«Монолог мелкого жулика» по своему содержанию и стилю несколько отличается от рассказов кукольника. Здесь на первый план выступают морально-этические стороны социальной сатиры Уорда. Мелкий жулик сетует на то, что по вине родителей он не получил образования, которое позволило бы ему стать крупным жуликом-банкиром или чиновником.

К стр. 211

for priggin' (prigging) a watch—за кражу часов; to prig (*воровской жаргон*)—украсть

Had I been liberally eddycated (educated) и ниже: **Oh that I had been liberally eddycated**—Здесь игра слов, построенная на двух значениях слова liberal: «щедрый» и «гуманитарный». Рассказчик имеет в виду хорошее образование (если б я получил хорошее образование), но пользуется словом liberal, так как часто встречал в газетных статьях о государственных деятелях сочетание liberal education.

d—1 (*сокр.*) = devil

К стр. 212

checkered clothes—Имеется в виду полосатая одежда каторжников.

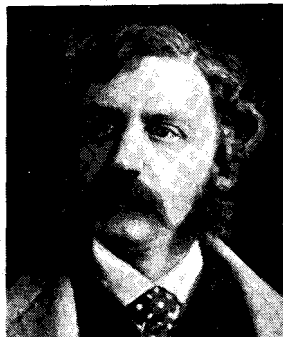
dressed up to kill (*разг.*)—разряженный в пух и прах

piles of gold—зд. слитки золота

Sing-Sing—см. ком. к стр. 181

FRANCIS BRET HARTE

(1836-1902)



Френсис Брет Гарт родился в г. Олбэни (штат Нью-Йорк) в семье учителя. Рано лишившись отца, провел детство в нужде. В 1854 г. в поисках заработка переехал в Калифорнию, где работал помощником аптекаря, учителем, курьером, рудокопом, печатником, одновременно писал стихи и рассказы. В начале журналистской деятельности выступил с протестом против расовой дискриминации. В период гражданской войны 1861—1865 гг. написал несколько стихотворений, воспевающих дело северян. Первый сборник рассказов Брет Гарта «Романы в самом коротком изложении» (*Condensed Novels*, 1867) состоял из литературных пародий. С 1868 г. по 1871 г. Брет Гарт редактировал литературный журнал «Оверленд мансли», где публиковал реалистические рассказы и повести о жизни и быте Калифорнии, охваченной золотой лихорадкой. Калифорнийские рассказы Брет Гарта, в которых с наибольшей полнотой проявился его оригинальный писательский талант, были изданы в 1870 г. отдельным сборником под названием «Счастье Ревущего Стана и другие рассказы» (*The Luck of Roaring Camp and Other Stories*) и принесли писателю мировую славу. Резко осуждая в них растлевающую силу денег и золота, бичуя хищничество, Брет Гарт поэтизирует людей труда, их мужество и самоотверженность. Последующие сборники рассказов Брет Гарта упрочили за ним положение основателя школы местного колорита в американской литературе — «Мужья миссис Скэгг» (*Mrs. Skagg's Husbands*, 1873), «Рассказы аргонавтов» (*Tales of the Argonauts*, 1875), «Наследница рыжей собаки и другие рассказы» (*An Heiress of Red Dog and Other Sketches*, 1878) и др. Брет Гарт написал также несколько пьес и романов на калифорнийскую тематику — романы «Габриэль Конрой» (*Gabriel Conroy*, 1876), «Любовная история Джеффа Бриггса» (*Jeff Briggs's Love Story*, 1880), историческую повесть «Тэнкфул Блоссом» (*Thankful Blossom*, 1877) и роман «Кларенс» (*Clarence*, 1895), воскрешающий эпизоды гражданской войны.

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отщепенцев общества, способных на глубокие чувства, доброту, самопожертвование, уважаемых ханжам, «добродетели» которых античеловечны, и которые растеряли человеческие качества в погоне за наживой.

Брет Гарт всегда рисует своих героев в момент кризиса, перелома, когда раскрываются подлинные черты характера человека. Это делает его рассказы динамичными и драматичными. Он мастерски использует пейзаж, который помогает раскрытию образов, а также парадокс как средство художественной выразительности.

Речь его персонажей пестрит отклонениями от литературной нормы, которые объясняются в общей сводке в конце комментария.

THE OUTCASTS OF POKER FLAT

«Изгнанники Покер-Флета» (1869), впервые опубликованный в журнале «Оверленд мансли», — рассказ о жестокой человеческой драме, отмеченный глубоким гуманизмом. Ирония и парадокс рассказа заключаются в том, что отщепенцы, проявлявшие слабость и неустойчивость в каждодневной жизни, смогли, перед лицом смерти, показать свое благородство: в них сохранилась человечность, им свойственны чувства дружбы и солидарности. Драма изгнанников показана на фоне бесстрастной природы. Интересно отметить тонкую речевую характеристику образов: язык матушки Шиптон, резкий и грубый, речь и мысли игрока изобилуют лексикой, связанной с карточной игрой и т. д.

К стр. 213

ceased — *зд.* замолчали

Sabbath lull — воскресный покой

indications — *зд.* признаки

predisposing cause — *зд.* вызвавшая их причина

discharged his mind of any further conjecture — перестал утруждать себя дальнейшими предположениями

in regard of = in regard to

It is but due to the sex, however, to state — Однако, отдавая должное их полу, следует сказать

К стр. 214

to sit in judgment — осуждать

a suspected sluice-robber — подозреваемый в краже золотого песка из желобов

at the peril of their lives — *зд.* под страхом смерти

pent-up feelings — сдерживаемые чувства

“Five Spot” — «Пятёрка», карточный термин

included the whole party in one sweeping anathema — предал общей анафеме всю компанию разом

К стр. 215

advanced season — поздняя осень

“throwing up their hand before the game was played out” — бросать карты раньше, чем кончилась игра

К стр. 216

you can't gamble worth a cent — ты ни черта не смыслишь в картах

Temperance House — Гостиница общества трезвости

rude attempt at a log house — грубо сколоченная бревенчатая хижина

К стр. 218

"square fun" — зд. честное веселье

Haply the time was beguiled by an accordion — зд. К счастью аккордеон помог скоротать время

Covenanter's swing — зд. библейски торжественный ритм

К стр. 219

nigger luck — недолгое счастье

And it's finding out when it's going to change that makes you. — Вот если ты понимаешь, когда оно уходит, ты выиграл.

К стр. 220

Mr. Pope's ingenious translation of the *Iliad* — «Илиада» в остроумном переводе Попа. Александр Поп (1688—1744) — английский поэт, переводчик Гомера, издатель и комментатор Шекспира.

having thoroughly mastered the argument — зд. прекрасно усвоив фабулу

Trojan bully and wily Greek — Забияка-троянец и хитроумный грек — герои Троянской войны, описанной в «Илиаде» Гомера: Гектор, сын Приама, царя Трои, предводитель троянцев, и Одиссей, благодаря хитрости которого была взята и разрушена Троя.

seemed to bow to the wrath of the son of Peleus — казалось, склонились перед гневом Пелеева сына. В греческих мифах рассказывается об Ахиллесе, сыне царя мirmидонян Пелея, который участвовал в походе на Трою, но на десятом году войны, рассорившись с предводителем греков Агамемноном из-за отнятой у него пленницы, отказался принимать участие в сражениях. Гневу Ахиллеса и его отказу сражаться против троянцев посвящена 1-ая песнь «Илиады».

the "swift-footed Achilles" [ækli:z] — быстроногий Ахиллес. Простак не знает правильного произношения имени древнего героя и поэтому переименовывает его так, чтобы оно имело для него какой-то смысл (народная этимология): ash — ясень, heel — пятка.

К стр. 222

handed in his checks — покончил счета с жизнью. Это фразеологическое выражение пришло в разговорный язык из карточной терминологии: в покере оно означает произвести расчет по окончании игры или сдаться, признать себя побежденным.

Derringer [dəɪndʒə] — небольшой крупнокалиберный пистолет, названный так по имени изобретателя. Обыкновенно пишется с маленькой буквы.

THE LUCK OF ROARING CAMP

Рассказ «Счастье Ревущего Стана» (1868) впервые опубликован в журнале «Оверленд мансли». Он принес Брет Гарту широкую известность. Биограф писателя утверждает, что в основе сюжета этого рассказа лежат подлинные события. Несложная фабула насыщена тонкими психологическими наблюдениями, лиризмом, мягким юмором. Одухотворенная природа (фольклорный прием) органически входит в сюжет.

К стр. 222

Cherokee Sal — черокийка Сэл. Черокийка — индианка племени чероки.

in sore extremity — в крайне плачевном состоянии

The primal curse had come to her in that original isolation which must have made the punishment of the first transgression so dreadful. — Страшное проклятье застигло ее в состоянии того первобытного одиночества, которое, должно быть, сделало кару за первородный грех столь страшной.

К стр. 223

ab initio (лат.) — с начала

a Raphael face — рафаэлевское лицо, т. е. лицо с нежными и тонкими чертами, как на картинах итальянского художника Рафаэля (1483—1520)

was a distinction rather than a definition — служило скорее почетным званием, чем характеристикой

Sal would get through with it — эд. Сэл выкарабкается

side bets — дополнительные (побочные) пари

К стр. 224

the ancient treatment of Romulus [rɒm.jʊ.ləs] **and Remus** [ri:məs] — древний опыт с Ромулом и Ремом. По римской мифологии Ромул и Рем — вскормленные волчицей братья-близнецы, основавшие древний Рим.

Them as wishes = Those who wish

hasn't mor'n (more than) got the color — только цвет один в нем и есть

ain't bigger nor a derringer = isn't bigger than a derringer. — См. ком. к стр. 222

К стр. 225

saw that pin and went two diamonds better — увидел булавку и выложил двумя бриллиантами больше. Здесь игра слов: diamond — бриллиант и бубновая масть; to go better — дать больше и поднять ставку.

rastled (дуал.) — схватился, ухватился

К стр. 226

and ring in somebody else on us — и подсунут нам кого-нибудь другого

the Sierra foothills — Сьерра-Невада, горная цепь на востоке штата Калифорния

Don't you ... never go back on us. — Смотри, не вздумай потом отречься от нас.

К стр. 227

It's better ... to take a fresh deal all round. Call him Luck, and start him fair. — Лучше всего ... сдать всем карты заново. Назовем его Счастьем — это для него хорошее начало в жизни.

pointed local allusions — язвительные намеки на местных жителей

It's playing it pretty low down — Это довольно низкая шутка

to ring in fun on him that he ain't going to understand — навязывать комедию тому, кто в ней ничего не смыслит.

Then it was boarded, clothed, and papered. — Потом настлали пол, повесили занавески, оклеили стены обоями.

sorter (sort of) killed the rest of the furniture — вроде бы забила всю остальную мебель

К стр. 228

from Her Majesty's Australian colonies — из австралийских колоний ее величества. Во времена королевы Виктории в Австралии находились английские каторжные поселения.

"the Arethusa, Seventy-four" — семидесятичетырехпушечный корабль «Аретуза»

This 'ere kind o' think ... is 'evingly. = This here kind of thing is heavenly. В произношении Симмонса отмечены характерные для лондонского просторечья (кокни) отпадение начального [h] (aitch-dropping), оглушение конечного согласного и озвончение [n].

Greenwich [grɪnɪdʒ] — Гринвич, район в Лондоне

las mariposas (исп.) = Mariposa lily — растущие на западе США и в Мексике цветы (белые, красные, желтые, лиловые) из семейства лилейных

К стр. 229

tessellated pine boughs — переплетенные сосновые ветки

dern (darn) my skin — зд. черт меня побери

cherry-bums = cherubims [tʃerəbɪm] — херувимы. Здесь пример народной этимологии.

The claims had yielded enormously. — Заявки давали колоссальное количество золота. Заявка (claim) — участок, закрепленный за золотоискателем.

lay over — зд. заткнуть за пояс

К стр. 230

the North Fork — река Норт-Форк

MIGGLES

«Мигглас» — один из самых гуманных рассказов Брет Гарта. Писатель показывает, насколько естественная, мужественная оптимистичность Мигглас выше третирующих ее «благородных дам», захавших к ней в дом, чтобы укрыться от непогоды.

Социальные различия подчеркиваются и языком персонажей. Ср. речь Мигглас, Юбы Билла и рассказчика, судьбы и остальных путешественников.

К стр. 231

cut down — зд. вынимать из петли

Washoe traveler — пассажир из Уошо. Уошо — территория в штате Невада.

К стр. 232

a Hibernian fellow-passenger from the roof — наш попутчик-ирландец, ехавший на империале

Pioneer Stage Company — транспортная компания «Пионер»

К стр. 233

the sere (тж. sear) and yellow leaf — увядший желтый лист. Перефразированная цитата из «Макбета» Шекспира:

I have lived long enough my way of life

Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf...

(Акт V, сцена 3)

Я жил достаточно: мой путь земной

Сошел под сень сухих и желтых листьев...

(пер. М. Лозинского)

стала крылатым выражением для обозначения пожилого возраста.

that 'ar damned old skeesicks knows it — эта чертова старая перечница знает об этом

К стр. 234

a man's oilskin sou'wester — мужская клеенчатая зюйдвестка, круглая мягкая

шляпа из непромокаемой материи с широкими полями; надевается моряками в непогоду

brogan — грубый башмак

and — that lets me out — эд. и я не виновата, что так случилось

К стр. 235

Caliban, Miranda — Калибан, сын злой волшебницы, полудикарь, получудовище, и Миранда, прелестная дочь изгнанного из Милана герцога Просперо — персонажи драмы Шекспира «Буря».

The furniture was extemporized, and adapted from candle boxes and packing-cases — Под мебель были приспособлены свечные и упаковочные ящики

К стр. 236

Toppy (уменьш.) = **toppler** — косолапый

Ursa [э:сэ] **Minor** (астрон.) — эд. иронич. Малая Медведица

like as if (простореч.) = **as if, as though**

Una and her lion — Уна и ее лев: олицетворение Истины и Рассудка. См. ком. к стр. 196

voiceless Memnon — см. ком. к стр. 200

К стр. 237

He was struck all of a heap, and never seemed to know what ailed him. — Его так огоршило, он так и не понял, что с ним стряслось.

К стр. 238

dursen't — отриц. форма от **durst**, редко употребляющейся формы прошедшего времени глагола **to dare**

to worry through — перебедовать

wasn't = weren't

of evenings — по вечерам. См. ком. к стр. 157

like as = as if, as though

There never was such a man for reading as Jim. — Другого такого охотника до чтения, как Джим, не сыщешь.

it would be playing it rather low down on Jim (разг.) — это будет нечестно по отношению к Джиму

К стр. 239

keeping watch and ward — неся караул

TENNESSEE'S PARTNER

«Компаньон Теннесси» (1869), впервые опубликованный в журнале «Оверленд мансли», — еще один из калифорнийских рассказов Брет Гарта. Его героем является безымянный старатель — образец верности и товарищества. Он не совершает никаких подвигов, он смешон и неуклюж, но в критический момент он готов всем пожертвовать ради друга и не может пережить его смерти. Мастер тонкой речевой характеристики, Брет Гарт передает особенности речи простодушного компаньона Теннесси, как бы подчеркивая, что за грубой внешностью простого труженика скрывается «золотое сердце».

К стр. 240

“Saleratus Bill” — «Содовый Билл»; **saleratus** — пищевая сода, употребляемая в хлебопечении

“iron pyrites” — Ошибка «Железного Пирата» объясняется тем, что он не знает, как произносятся специальные термины греческого происхождения. Он произносит **iron pyrites** [paɪˈraɪtiːz] — пирит (железный колчедан) — на обычный английский манер, т. е. примерно как **iron pirates** [paɪˈraɪts] — пираты.

"Jay-bird Charley" — «Чарли-балаболка», от jay — сойка
covered with more toast and victory — увенчанный еще гренками и лаврами победы

That day week — Ровно через неделю (день в день)
as it was current — как об этом рассказывали
to see the shooting — поглазеть на то, как они будут убивать друг друга

К стр. 241

with a steady application to practical detail which was unpleasant in a difficulty — всегда склонный принимать практические меры, что грозило неприятностями в случае разногласий

wepping = weapons

I call — зд. откроемся; карточный термин (особ. в покере), означающий, что игрок сравнял ставки, и теперь приглашает партнеров раскрыть карты, чтобы выяснить, чья карта выше

That takes me — зд. Моя карта бита

К стр. 242

There being no doubt in their own minds, they were willing to give the prisoner the benefit of any that might exist. — Сами они не сомневались в виновности подсудимого и поэтому были готовы дать ему возможность использовать в своих интересах сомнения, которые могли возникнуть. Здесь юридической формуле *to give smb. the benefit of the doubt* — оправдать за недостаточностью улик — при перефразировании возвращено ее буквальное значение: в случае сомнений решить дело в пользу обвиняемого.

on general principles — из принципиальных соображений
took a grim pleasure in the responsibility he had created — испытывал мрачное удовольствие от того, какую ответственность он налагает на других

I don't take any hand in this yer game — Я в этой вашей игре не участвую, я — пас
"on sight" — зд. на месте

loose duck "jumper" — мешковатая парусиновая куртка

К стр. 243

That's it — Речь Компаньона Теннесси пестрит просторечными оборотами, диалектизмами, неправильно произносимыми словами. См. общие замечания в конце комментария.

that ain't any liveliness as he's been up to, as I don't know — нет таких его проделок, о которых я бы не знал

confidential-like, as between man and man — по чести и как мужчина мужчине

He lays for a stranger, and he fetches that stranger. — Он подкарауливает какого-то чужака и обрабатывает этого чужака.

and the honors is easy — зд. и козыри у вас одинаковые (т. е. равное положение)

I play this yer hand alone. — Эту игру я веду в одиночку.

Tennessee ... has played it pretty rough and expensive-like on a stranger, and on this yer camp. — Теннесси ... вел грубую игру, и она дорого обошлась и чужаку, и этому нашему поселку.

and call it square — и будем квиты

К стр. 244

Red Dog Clarion — «Глашатай Рыжей Собаки», название газеты

К стр. 245

diseased — заболевший. Здесь игра слов: Компаньон Теннесси имеет в виду deceased — покойный.

a section of sluicing — доски промывного желоба

THE MAN FROM SOLANO

«Человек из Солано» (1877) — остроумный рассказ о пройдохе-пастухе, который хитростью и обманом добивается богатства и положения в Нью-Йорке. Этот рассказ — первая попытка в американской литературе дать портрет прожженного бизнесмена, будущего миллионера.

К стр. 248

aboard the cars this side of Reno — в поезде, не доезжая Рено (город на западе штата Невада)

it would be about the square thing — зд. будет только вежливо

К стр. 250

she don't go worth a cent — ход ни к черту не годится; ср. ком. к стр. 62. Употребление 3-го лица женского рода вместо среднего рода для обозначения принадлежащих говорящему вещей (*watch — she*) характерно для просторечия.

I gobbled her up in Chatham Street — Я подцепил их (часы) на Чатам-стрит (улица в Нью-Йорке)

“slug” — зд. болванка

“token” — зд. жетон (взамен денежного знака)

used to slap 'em down on the boys for a bluff — подсовывал их ребятам ради шуток

draw poker — обычный вариант карточной игры «покер»

it's about a square game, ain't it? — значит все честно, верно?

К стр. 251

until I get into reg'lar business I'll skirmish round Wall Street, and sorter lay low — я разнюхаю, чем пахнет на Уолл-стрите, и выжду, пока не подвернется настоящее дело.

Stock Boards — Фондовая биржа

I thought it was a square game — зд. я считал, что мы на равных

I realized on the stocks I bought — зд. я продал купленные акции

four hundred dollars better — с прибылью в четыреста долларов

Peacock stocks might come up! — Ведь эти акции «Павлина» могут и подняться!

Newport — Ньюпорт, модный курорт

got to runnin' her about me — начали подшучивать над ней из-за меня

К стр. 252

she put our acquaintance on a square business footing — она поставила наше знакомство на честную деловую ногу

an invite = an invitation

The whole thing was got up by a man — Все это устроил один человек

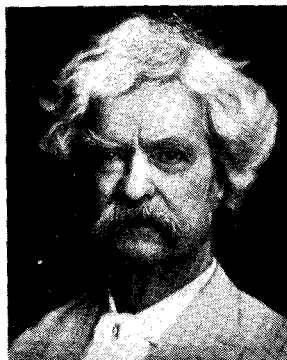
his 'put' — зд. его очередь ходить

burlesque receptions — зд. вечера, устраиваемые специально, чтобы посмеяться над ним

К стр. 253

d — n = damn

MARK TWAIN (1835-1910)



Марк Твен — псевдоним Самюэля Ленгхорна Клеменса (Samuel Langhorne Clemens). Родился в семье юриста и лавочника во Флориде (штат Миссури). После смерти отца в 1847 г. вынужден был бросить школу и поступить учеником в типографию. Затем был бродячим рабочим-наборщиком. Кочуя по городам, расположенным по течению р. Миссисипи, овладел лоцманским делом, одновременно стал выступать со статьями и заметками в местных газетах под псевдонимом «Марк Твен» (профессиональный термин речников, означающий безопасную для прохождения судна воду). В начале гражданской войны 1861—1865 гг., нарушившей судоходство на р. Миссисипи, лоцманская карьера Марка Твена кончилась, он перебрался на Запад США, где несколько лет работал на кварцевых рудниках старателем, затем стал профессиональным журналистом, сотрудничал в газете «Территориал энтерпрайз» в г. Вирджиния-Сити. Широкую литературную известность Марку Твену принес юмористический рассказ «Знаменитая скачущая лягушка из Калавераса». В 1867 г. вышел первый сборник рассказов Марка Твена под тем же названием, в котором ярко проявилось его дарование рассказчика-юриста и знатока народной жизни. После книг путевых заметок «Простак за границей» (*The Innocents Abroad*, 1869) и «Налетке» (*Roughing It*, 1872) он выпускает в соавторстве с Чарльзом Д. Уорнером роман «Позолоченный век» (*The Gilded Age*, 1873), разоблачающий коррупцию и продажность американских политиков. В нем, как и в других лучших произведениях Марка Твена 70-х годов, нарастают сатирические тенденции в изображении действительности. Подлинным гуманизмом проникнут роман Марка Твена «Приключения Тома Сойера» (*The Adventures of Tom Sawyer*, 1876), поэтически рассказывающий о мире детства, в который постоянно вмешиваются осуждаемые писателем темные силы стяжательства, расизма, жульничества. Против бесправия и эксплуатации Марк Твен выступил в романе «Принц и нищий» (*The Prince and the Pauper*, 1882), где говорится об Англии времен Тюдоров. Посвятив книгу «Жизнь на Миссисипи» (*Life on the Mississippi*, 1882) воспоминаниям о лоцманской службе, Марк Твен

вновь возвратился к образам Тома Сойера и его друга Гека в романе «Приключения Гекльберри Финна» (*The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*, 1884), в котором мастерски воссоздана широкая реалистическая картина американской жизни. Обличением пороков буржуазной цивилизации и феодального мира замечателен публицистический сатирический роман «Янки при дворе короля Артура» (*A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court*, 1889). В конце 80-х и в 90-е годы критические тенденции в творчестве Марка Твена еще более усиливаются; его произведения приобретают характер антирелигиозных и антибуржуазных памфлетов, напр., повесть «Человек, который совратил Гедлиберг» (*The Man that Corrupted Hadleyburg*, 1900). В книге путевых заметок «По экватору» (*Following the Equator*, 1897) содержится осуждение захватнических войн. Резким антиимпериалистическим духом проникнуты и памфлеты, написанные в последний период творчества писателя. Перед смертью Марк Твен продиктовал свою «Автобиографию» (частично опубликована посмертно в 1924 г.; в 1958 г. переиздана под редакцией Чарльза Нидера в более полном виде).

THE CELEBRATED JUMPING FROG OF CALAVERAS COUNTY

Рассказ «Знаменитая скачущая лягушка из Калавераса» (Калаверас — округ в штате Калифорния) впервые опубликован в нью-йоркском журнале «Сатердей пост» в 1865 г. В нем Марк Твен продолжает традиции народного юмора и литературы местного колорита, чем и определяются языковые особенности рассказа (фонетические, грамматические и лексические — см. общие замечания в конце комментария).

К стр. 254

from the East — *зд.* из Восточных штатов; так называются старейшие штаты США, расположенные близ атлантического побережья. Ср. Запад — штаты к западу от реки Миссисипи.

I hereunto append the result — к сему прилагаю результат; *hereunto* (*уст. наречие*) = *hereto* — к сему

К стр. 255

betting on anything that turned up you ever see — держал пари по поводу всего, что ни попадется на глаза

was ... laying for a chance (*разг.*) — поджидал удобного случая. См. тж. ниже: **lay for a chance to steal something**; *lay for a bet* — выжидал случая заключить с кем-нибудь пари.

that feller'd offer to bet on it, and take any side you please — этот парень уж тут как тут и предлагает держать пари и за и против, как угодно

exhorter — *зд.* проповедник

straddle-bug — вид жука

if you took him up — *зд.* если вы примете пари

but what he would find out — но уж непременно дознается

the dangdest feller — отчаянный парень; *dang* (*эвфем.*) = *damn*

coming on so smart — (она) так быстро поправляется

К стр. 256

I'll risk two-and-a-half that she don't anyway — ставлю два с половиной против одного, что не поправится

the fifteen-minute nag — кляча, которой нужно давать фору в пятнадцать минут
for all she was so slow — хотя и была она не резвой. См. тж. ниже: **for all he was so gifted** — несмотря на все свои способности.
scattering her legs around limber — закидывая ноги
fetch up at the stand just about a neck ahead — ухитрится прийти к столбу почти на голову вперед
bull pup — щенок бульдога
But as soon as money was up on him — Но как только на него поставят деньги
bullyrag — зд. трепать
Andrew Jackson — собаку звали так же, как седьмого президента США — Эндрью Джексон
would never let on but what he was satisfied — и виду не подаст, вроде он доволен
till the money was all up — зд. пока все деньги не будут выставлены на кон
till they throwed (threw) up the sponge, if it was a year — пока они не сдадутся, пусть хоть год пройдет
till he harnessed a dog once — зд. пока он не наравлся однажды на собаку
to make a snatch for his pet holt (hold) — вцепиться в свое любимое место
the other dog had him in the door, so to speak — зд. та собака «купила» его, не успев он и в дом войти, так сказать
he got shucked out bad — ему досталась здоровая трепка
as much to say — как будто говоря
he limped off a piece — хромая, он отошел немножко в сторону
the stuff was in him — он был настоящей закваски

К стр. 257

rat-tarriers = rat terriers — терьеры-крысоловы
all them kind of things — зд. всякие другие твари
till you couldn't rest — зд. видимо-невидимо
you couldn't fetch nothing for him to bet on but he'd match you — и что бы вы ни притащили к нему для пари, у него было, что выставить против
And you bet you he did learn him, too. — зд. И можете быть уверены — ведь выучил.
He got him up so in the matter of catching flies — И так он ее здорово выучил ловить мух
as far as he could see him — зд. как только она увидит ее
Dan'l Webster = Daniel Webster — Лягушку звали Даниэль Уэбстер, как известно — в то время американского политического деятеля, видного оратора, дважды занимавшего пост государственного секретаря США.
snake a fly off'n the counter there — зд. слизнет муху вот с этой самой стойки.
ante ['ænti] up money (карт. жаргон) — ставить деньги
as long as he had a red — зд. до последнего цента; *red (простореч.)* — медяк (монета в один цент)
he laid over any frog that ever they see — она заткнула за пояс всех лягушек, которых они когда-либо видели
lattice box — зд. деревянная клетка
to outjump — обскакать. Префикс out придает глаголам значение превосходства.
 Ср. русск. перен., например, outrun — перегнать, outdo — превзойти, переunggолять и т. п.

К стр. 258

quail shot — перепелиная дробь
what in the nation that frog throw'd off for — зд. какого черта эта лягушка заартачилась
he 'pears (appears) to look mighty baggy — зд. что-то уж очень ее раздуло

Why, blame my cats (воскл. удивл.) — Зацарапай меня кошка. *Ср. русск.:* забодай меня комар, едят тя мухи, разрази меня гром и т. п.

К стр. 259

took out after that feller — пустился вдогонку за тем парнем

THE STORY OF THE GOOD LITTLE BOY

«Рассказ о хорошем мальчике» (1870) — сатира на душеспасительные притчи из книжек для воскресных школ, пародирующая все типичные эпизоды сентиментальных историй о хороших мальчиках, пайнках, которые всегда поступают честно, правильно и благородно.

К стр. 259

he always learned his book — зд. он всегда учил уроки
afflicted — зд. тронутый

К стр. 260

lath — зд. палка
It couldn't be much of a Sunday-school book that couldn't tell... — Какая же это была бы книжка для воскресной школы, если в ней не рассказывалось бы...
hang on — зд. продержаться

К стр. 262

that be blowed — зд. плевать мне на это
slush-bucket — зд. помойное ведро

HOW I EDITED AN AGRICULTURAL PAPER

Рассказ «Как я редактировал сельскохозяйственную газету» был опубликован в 1870 г.

К стр. 263

We went to press — Мы сдали номер в печать

К стр. 265

I fetched a howl — я испустил вопль
nothing can ever unseat it — ничто никогда не замутит его (рассудок)
cripplings — зд. увечья
to get one's hand in — освоиться

К стр. 266

moulting season — период линьки
Parties — зд. Типы

К стр. 267

who fail in the poetry line — которым не повезло по части поэзии
yellow-colored novel — см. ком. к стр. 211
city-editor — редактор отдела хроники
from Alpha to Omaha — Имеется в виду выражение «от альфы до омеги».
Омаха — город на востоке штата Небраска.
Adios (исп.) — Прощайте

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS (1848-1908)



Джоэл Чандлер Гаррис родился в небольшом городке южного штата Джорджия, работал в газетах Нового Орлеана и других городов Юга. С 1876 до 1900 г. сотрудничал в газете «Атланта конститьюшен», издававшейся в столице штата Джорджия; в этой газете он впервые начал публиковать в 1879 г. рассказы дядюшки Римуса, которые затем издал в виде книг «Дядюшка Римус, его песни и побасенки» (*Uncle Remus, His Songs and His Sayings*, 1881), «Вечера с дядюшкой Римусом» (*Nights with Uncle Remus*, 1883), «Дядюшка Римус и его друзья» (*Uncle Remus and His Friends*, 1892), «Дядюшка Римус и Братец Кролик» (*Uncle Remus and Br'er Rabbit*, 1906). С 1900 г. Гаррис стал издавать собственный журнал «Анкл Римусис мэгезин» (*Uncle Remus's Magazine*). Рассказы дядюшки Римуса были основаны на обработке любимого Гаррисом негритянского фольклора, для популяризации которого он очень много сделал.

Джоэл Чандлер Гаррис был также автором ряда романов и сборников рассказов о жизни американского Юга.

Персонажи книг Гарриса — изобретательный, сообразительный Братец Кролик, его враги — деспот Медведь, хитрый Лис, жадный Волк; его друзья — Черепаха и др. — это живые люди того Юга, который так хорошо знал писатель. Идейное богатство, заключенное в этих сказках, остается актуальным и в наше время. Чрезвычайно интересен образ самого дядюшки Римуса, который раскрывается через его высказывания и ответы мальчику — слушателю сказок.

Язык рассказов — диалект негров Юга — не только достоверная запись особенностей негритянской речи, он несет важную идейно-художественную функцию, передавая юмор и поэтический дар негритянского народа. Сам Гаррис писал в предисловии к своей первой книге: «Если язык дядюшки Римуса не сможет дать живое представление о подлинно поэтическом воображении негров, если он не сможет передать причудливый, но привлекательный и безыскусный юмор, что является самой выдающейся чертой негритянского народа, если он не даст понимания любопытной экзальтации ума и темперамента,

которых словами не объяснишь — тогда я передал только форму диалекта, а не его сущность, и моя попытка может считаться неудачей». ¹ Гаррис блестяще справился с поставленной задачей. Колоритная речь негров американского Юга, юмор, усиливаемая приемом иносказания выразительность, ритмичность, припевная повторяемость — как в негритянских духовных песнях «спиричуэлз» — обрекают на неудачу все попытки перевести эти сказки на литературный язык. Речь Братца Кролика, его друзей и врагов, а также речь самого дядюшки Римуса, не может быть передана нейтральным стилем (ср. лучшие сказки народов СССР). Грамматические особенности негритянского диалекта указаны в общих замечаниях об отклонениях от литературной нормы и отдельно в комментарии не рассматриваются.

UNCLE REMUS INITIATES THE LITTLE BOY

«Дядюшка Римус вводит мальчика в курс событий» называется в русских переводах «Братец Лис и Братец Кролик», входит в сборник «Дядюшка Римус, его песни и побасенки».

К стр. 268

he'd put up a game on Brer Rabbit — он сыграет шутку с Братцем Кроликом, он подстроит каверзу Братцу Кролику
mendin' his licks — ускоряя шаг (запузыривая еще шибче)
he sorter rake me over de coals — он такую мне трепку задал

К стр. 269

en den he ups en sez — а потом вдруг и говорит
All a settin' — зд. Все в порядке
We ain't got no great doin's at our house — Ничего такого особенного у нас в доме нет
kin sorter scramble roun' en git up sump'n fer ter stay yo' stummick — могут пошуровать и сообразить, чтоб набить твоё брюхо
soon = early
I done got so — зд. Я так привык
ceppin' she's seasoned up — если он не приправлен

BROTHER RABBIT TAKES SOME EXERCISE

«Братец Кролик совершает моцион» входит в тот же сборник, что и предыдущий рассказ.

К стр. 270

New fum Jack Fros' — Привет от Мороза Красного Носа
callyboose — зд. хижина
I'clar' to gracious ef you don't — зд. клянусь всеми святыми, это так
dez zackly fer de worl' — зд. ну, прямо точнехонько

К стр. 271

soon — см. ком. к стр. 269
wuz stirrin' 'roun' in de woods — зд. бродил по лесу

¹ Joel Chandler Harris. *Uncle Remus, His Songs and His Sayings*, N. Y., 1921, p. VIII.

bergamot [ˈbə:ɡəmət] — бергамот, плоды цитрусового дерева, из корки которых добывают эфирное масло, используемое в парфюмерии
he make lak he skeer'd — зд. он делал вид, что пугается
hoppity-skipity — прыг-скок
He fotch up — Он остановился
kubber-lang-bang-blam (звуконподр.) — бах! бум!
he tuck'n jump — он как подскочит
en let 'lone dat, he make a break — и мало того, как сорвется с места
Deed'n dat I would! — зд. Очень был бы доволен!
twel he git sorter het up like — пока он не разгорячился

К стр. 272

Who bin want de doctor? — Кому понадобился доктор?
shuck hisse'f loose fum de face er de yeth — взвился с земли в воздух
fotch a snort — фыркнул
bless gracious! — боже мой!
wuz a-skaddlin' thoo de woods — бросились врассыпную по лесу
de Ole Boy (слэнг) — дьявол
dey done mighty nigh los' der win' — они чуть было не задохнулись
he up'n ax um и ниже: **he up'n ax** — а он и спрашивает
dey 'low — зд. они признаются, они говорят
he up'n say — а он и говорит
ef I gits win 'er any 'spicious racket — если до меня дойдет какой-нибудь подозрительный шум
inquirements=inquiries
lo en beholes=lo and behold
en it=for it
dey'd er fit dar scan'lous — они бы ужасно подрались
he up'n 'low — а он и говорит
ef dey want ter git de straight un it — если они хотят узнать всю правду об этом (все как было)
dey put out — они отправились

К стр. 273

You make lak dey wuz a big racket — зд. Ты сказал, что (в лесу) большой шум
Brother Rabbit had the best of it all along — Братец Кролик всех перехитрил
Oh, he did dat a-way! — Еще как!

HENRY JAMES (1843-1916)



Генри Джеймс родился в Нью-Йорке. В детстве вместе со своими родителями много времени провел в Европе. Литературную деятельность начал в конце 60-х годов. В первых своих произведениях, написанных в творческой манере, близкой Н. Готорну, Генри Джеймс обращался к морально-этической проблематике. В 1875 г. он покинул Америку и поселился в Европе, где были написаны наиболее известные его произведения. Живя в Париже, Генри Джеймс познакомился с И. С. Тургеневым и Г. Флобером, у которых стремился перенять секреты литературного мастерства. Большинство произведений Генри Джеймса — романы «Родерик Гудзон» (*Roderick Hudson*, 1876), «Американец» (*The American*, 1877), «Посланцы» (*The Ambassadors*, 1903) — посвящены американцам, живущим в Европе. Критика американского капитализма ведется Генри Джеймсом с эстетических позиций неприятия американской капиталистической действительности как враждебной искусству. В последующих произведениях Генри Джеймс обращается к углубленному рассмотрению психологии художника, которого ставит над жизнью. В его творчестве появляются мистические мотивы (роман «Поворот винта» *The Turn of the Screw*, 1898). Эстетство, оторванность от родной почвы, преклонение перед теорией «искусство для искусства» сделали Генри Джеймса кумиром американских модернистов XX в. В 1915 г. Генри Джеймс принял британское подданство.

В конце своей жизни Генри Джеймс признался, что его добровольное изгнание было ошибкой, что он потерял связь со своим народом.

В художественной манере Генри Джеймса можно наметить две линии: прямой, непосредственный показ событий, ясный стиль и косвенный показ событий через восприятие второстепенного персонажа, склонность к психологическому анализу, специфический стиль, проявляющийся в отсутствии индивидуализированной речи — все персонажи говорят языком автора, эрудита и эстета. Произведения, написанные в этой второй манере, вызы-

итателей и литературоведов, которые упрекали писателя в «риторических головоломках», «провалах ясности», «словесной неуловимости».

THE REAL THING

Новелла «Настоящее», впервые напечатанная в журнале «Блэк энд уайт» в 1892 г., посвящена вопросу о природе реалистического искусства. Искусство — это не простое отражение действительности, — говорит писатель, — а творческое ее переосмысление. В героях новеллы, настоящих аристократах, ставших натурщиками художника, который рисует иллюстрации к светским романам, нет той жизненной правды, которая могла бы явиться основой преобразующей силы искусства. Они мертвы. Люди из народа, натурщики мисс Чэрм и итальянец, своей приспособленностью к жизни, гибкостью, юмором, вдохновляли художника куда больше, чем «подлинный товар». Эта новелла на морально-эстетическую тему — одна из лучших в творчестве Генри Джеймса, хотя и здесь, в усложненном синтаксисе, во всевозможных аллюзиях, в использовании иностранных оборотов и т. п., проявляется стремление автора писать «для немногих».

К стр. 274

the wish was father to the thought (посл.) — люди охотно верят тому, чего сами желают. Эта поговорка пришла в английский язык из исторической хроники Шекспира «Генрих IV» (ч. II, д. IV, сц. IV). Зд. поскольку голодной курице просо снится.

a figure with a good deal of frontage was, as one might say, almost never a public institution — человек с заметной внешностью почти никогда не является, так сказать, заметной фигурой в обществе

letting me take them in — давая мне возможность разглядеть их

К стр. 275

a “sunk” piece of painting — холст, на котором высохли краски

in her degree — зд. по-своему

with ten years less to carry — зд. на десять лет моложе. Обыкновенно глагол to carry в сочетании с years означает «нести бремя (груз) возраста», например, he carried his years well — он хорошо выглядел для своих лет.

К стр. 276

I couldn't get the honors, to say nothing of the emoluments, of a great painter of portraits out of my head — я не мог выбросить из головы мечту о славе великого портретиста, не говоря уже о связанных с нею доходах

I looked to — зд. я рассчитывал на

to be “done” for nothing — зд. чтобы их портрет был написан бесплатно

threw off — зд. заметил (сказал)

К стр. 277

Naturally, it's more for the figure that we thought of going in. — Мы, естественно, имели в виду предложить в основном наши фигуры.

if you ever have to do people like us — если вам приходится рисовать таких людей, как мы

It would have paid any club in process of formation and in want of a stamp — зд. Для любого клуба, находящегося в стадии организации и нуждающегося в рекламе своей аристократичности

the promptitude with which they would launch a *table d'hôte*—с каким блеском они возглавили бы общий обеденный стол в каком-нибудь курортном ресторане или пансионе

smart—здесь: эlegantная

К стр. 278

She went through the paces before him—здесь: Она показала ему себя со всех сторон. См. тж. ниже: I put her through all her paces—Я заставлял ее делать все, на что она была способна.

She ought to have tried on jackets at a big shop.—Ей следовало бы демонстрировать новые фасоны жакетов в каком-нибудь большом магазине.

К стр. 279

on the presentation-copies of their photographs—на фотографиях, которые они дарили

the rich covers the Major had helped to shoot—угодья, изобилующие дичью, на которых охотился майор

knowing tweeds—здесь: модные грубошерстные костюмы

К стр. 280

Kilburn—Килбэрн, жилой район в Хэмпстеде, северо-запад Лондона

édition de luxe (фр.)—роскошное (подарочное, юбилейное) издание

Philip Vincent—Филипп Винсент, имя вымышленного английского писателя

Rutland Ramsay—«Ратленд Рэмзи», название вымышленного романа

my employers would drop me without a scruple—мои хозяева без всяких церемоний откажутся от моих услуг

К стр. 281

had served their time ... on living, world-stained men and women—отслужили свой срок людям, на которых сама жизнь оставила свои следы

Wouldn't it be rather a pull sometimes to have...—Не окажется ли это некоторым преимуществом, если у вас иногда будет...

He hung fire—здесь: Он замолчал. Фразеологическая единица to hang fire пришла в разг. язык из военной лексики, где она означает «дать осечку».

already on the ground—здесь: уже на поле боя

К стр. 282

Maida Vale—Мэйда-вейл, улица, соединяющая Лондон с его северо-западной окраиной

being so little in herself, she should yet be so much in others—так мало из себя представляя, она могла так много передать в изображаемых ею образах

not an ounce of respect, especially for the "h"—ни грана уважения, особенно к букве h. Здесь имеется в виду, что она говорила на диалекте кокни (лондонское просторечие), для которого характерно опущение начального [h] (aitch-dropping), а также искажение дифтонгов, например, см. ниже: stytion [staɪn] вместо station, tyke [taɪk] вместо take, reputytyon вместо reputation и т. п.; см. тж. ком. к стр. 228

I'm all in a soak—Насквозь промокла

Cheapside—Чипсайд, издательская фирма

that are not makeable—здесь: из которых ничего нельзя сделать

К стр. 283

their demonstrable advantage in being the real thing—наглядное преимущество их подлинности

К стр. 284

Their address was humble — Они жили в бедном районе
He hadn't a stray sixpence of an idea to fumble for; so we didn't spin it very fine — Он, хоть озолоти его, никак не мог придумать, кого бы назвать, так что мы не очень в это углублялись
he thought many of my arrangements not half clever enough — многое в моей жизни казалось ему недостаточно хорошо устроенным

К стр. 285

the danger of being ridden by a type — опасность оказаться во власти одного образа
witness Raphael and Leonardo — свидетелями чему являются Рафаэль и Леонардо. Рафаэль Санти (1483—1520) — один из величайших художников мира, итальянец по рождению. Наиболее известное его произведение «Сикстинская мадонна». Леонардо да Винчи (1452—1519) — один из крупнейших представителей итальянского искусства эпохи Возрождения, живописец, скульптор, музыкант, поэт, архитектор и ученый. Здесь имеется в виду постоянство их темы — мадонны.

К стр. 286

a word to the wise (посл.) — умный понимает с полуслова
bêtement (фр.) — глупо
profils perdus (фр.) — неполный профиль
secretly derisive of their ever knowing how — в душе иронически относилась к тому, что они всегда знали как и что нужно делать

К стр. 287

to break the sitting, and sometimes the china — эд. игра слов, основанная на двух значениях глагола to break — «прерывать» и «разбивать»: to break the sitting — прерывать сеанс, to break the china — бить посуду
I made them feel Bohemian — это давало им ощущение того, что они тоже являются представителями богемы. Богема — лица так называемых свободных профессий (актеры, музыканты, художники, поэты), ведущие беспорядочный образ жизни.
they didn't "take" — они не имели успеха, не «привились»
to think that it was I who was most their form — считать меня наиболее «своим»
to have an eye to smth. — иметь (держаться) на примете

К стр. 288

He might have been crossing himself in St. Peter's — Можно было подумать, что он осеняет себя крестом в соборе св. Петра (в Риме)
the young Dante spellbound by the young Beatrice — Данте Алигьери (1265—1321) — величайший поэт итальянского Возрождения. Одним из его первых автобиографических воспоминаний является знакомство в девятилетнем возрасте со своей сверстницей Беатриче Портинари, которая на всю жизнь становится «владычицей его помыслов». Историю своей любви он изложил в книге «Новая жизнь».
blankness — эд. невозмутимость
ministrant — слуга
sentiment de la pose (фр.) — чувство изящной позы

lazzarone— лаццарони, деклассированный, опустившийся человек, босяк, нищий

К стр. 289

in the gain of an angel the more— так, что становится одним ангелом больше

К стр. 290

there was no one like him for putting his finger on the place— он лучше других сразу видел все недостатки

to get a fresh eye— обрести свежий взгляд (на вещи)

I hadn't dodged a missile for a year.— Уже год, как мне не приходилось увертываться от его нападков.

You're quite off the hinge.— зд. Ты совсем свихнулся.

К стр. 291

given the sort of thing I had always represented myself to him as wishing to arrive at— если исходить из того, что я всегда стремился внушить ему о своих конечных целях

there's a big hole somewhere— что-то здесь не так

values— зд. сочетание света и тени в картине

Ce sont des gens qu'il faut mettre à la porte. (фр.)— Таких людей нужно выставлять за дверь.

coloro che sanno (ит.)— (для) тех, которые знают

К стр. 295

let us do for you— позвольте нам вести ваше хозяйство

HAMLIN GARLAND

(1860-1940)



Хемлин Гарленд родился в штате Висконсин, в семье фермера. Он посвятил свои первые рассказы фермерской жизни. Литературную славу Гарленду принес сборник рассказов «Проезжие дороги» (*Main-Traveled Roads*, 1891). Говоривший о трагической судьбе мелкого фермера Запада этот сборник был встречен в штыки официальной критикой. За ним последовали книги рассказов «Люди прерий» (*Prairie Folks*, 1893) и «Дорожные ухаживания» (*Wayside Courtships*, 1897). Эстетическая программа Гарленда содержалась в книге литературно-критических статей «Разваливающиеся идолы» (*Crumbling Idols*, 1894), где он излагает концепцию «веризма», понимаемого как «правдивое воспроизведение индивидуального впечатления, выверенное соотношение с фактом», обосновывает принципы школы местного колорита.

С 1895 г. социальный протест в его творчестве начинает спадать, и к концу 90-х гг. Гарленд окончательно связывает себя с реакционными силами.

Перу Гарленда принадлежат также романы «Джейсон Эдвардс, обыкновенный человек» (*Jason Edwards: An Average Man*, 1892), «Член третьей палаты» (*A Member of the Third House*, 1892), автобиографические книги «Сын Среднего Запада» (*A Son of the Middle Border*, 1917) и «Дочь Среднего Запада» (*A Daughter of the Middle Border*, 1921) и др.

UNCLE ETHAN RIPLEY

«Дядюшка Итэн Рипли» — один из рассказов первого сборника, в котором Гарленд обнаруживает замечательную черту своего таланта: мягкий юмор в описании дядюшки Рипли, бедняка и неудачника, и его ворчливой жены. Язык рассказа прост и экономен, и лишь прямая речь представляет некоторые трудности: создавая точные речевые характеристики, Гарленд использует

фонетико-морфологические и лексические диалектизмы, определяющие речь фермеров Среднего Запада (см. общие замечания в конце комментария).

К стр. 296

as much as to say — как бы говоря

gol darn yeh — зд. черт тебя возьми; gol является эвфемистической заменой god; darn = damn

you can jest tie to — зд. с таким как раз можно иметь дело

“bugging his vines” — зд. обирал свои лозы. В данном случае bug «жук» является исходной основой для образования глагола to bug (конверсия) со значением обирать (снимать) или уничтожать жуков. «Лозами» автор иронически называет кусты картофеля.

calico ponies — зд. пятнистые клячи

democrat wagon (чаще democstat) — легкая двухместная повозка

К стр. 297

Bugs purty plenty? — Порядком жуков?

I gol — зд. черт подери

Early Rose и ниже: Peachblows, Carter Reds — сорта картофеля

What do yeh think o' Cleveland's chances for a second term? — Что вы думаете о шансах Кливленда быть избранным на второй срок? Стивен Г. Кливленд (1837—1908), представитель демократической партии, был президентом США в 1885—1889 гг. На выборах 1889 г. его победил Бенджамин Гаррисон. В 1893 г. Кливленд был вновь выдвинут и стал президентом вторично.

That's so—it's purty scaly outlook. — зд. Вот именно — перспектива у него неважная; scaly (простореч.) — скверный, паршивый.

broadside — зд. боковая стена

unmindful of the bugs — забыв о жуках

К стр. 298

lombardies = Lombardy poplars — пирамидальные тополя

Dodd's Family Bitters — семейная микстура Додда, вымышленное название горького лекарства

The best bitter — Здесь создается комический эффект: употребленное в ед. ч. слово bitter означает не «горькое лекарство», а «горький, горечь» и ассоциируется с такими выражениями, как bitter as gall — горький как полынь, bitter enemy — злейший враг и т.п.

I gol! she cuts a wide swath — зд. Вот это да! Черт возьми! (в совр. русск. жарг. — вот дает!) Фразеологическая единица to cut a swath (щеголять, бахвалиться) частично теряет здесь свой идиоматический характер (деформируется) вследствие введения слов wide swath — широкий прокос. She здесь соотносится с bitters.

What does it sell fur? — Сколько это стоит?

ain't to home (простореч.) = isn't at home

as (простореч.) = whether

Times is purty close to, with us — зд. С деньгами у нас неважно

a year from date — зд. ровно через год

К стр. 299

I guess I hadn't better. — зд. Да нет, пожалуй не стоит.

what I'm a min' to — что хочу

What under the sun p'sessed you to do such a thing—Что тебя дернуло это сделать. Under the sun здесь употреблено для усиления.
git fooler an' fooler (*простореч.*)=get more and more foolish

К стр. 300

I swan to Bungay!—зд. восклицание, выражающее изумление. Swan (*слэнг, диал. амер.*)—эвфемизм от sweat—быть удивленным. Go to Bungay with you—убирайся и не беспокой меня, или, не болтай чепухи. Местечко Bungay в графстве Суффолк (Англия) славилось производством кожаных бриджей, одно время бывших в моде. Людям, которым надо было купить новые бриджи или починить старые, говорили "Go to Bungay and get your breeches mended!" Постепенно выражение стало: "Go to Bungay with you!" и получило новый смысл.

not one blessed scimpton—зд. ни единой крошечки

tins an' things—банки и все такое прочее

Merciful sakes (*воскл.*)—Боже мой

sink-hole—сточная яма

soft-pated old dummy—безмозглый старый дурень

К стр. 301

Tukey (*уменьшит.*)=Tewkesbury

К стр. 302

I take a lunkin' ol' swig of popple-bark and bourbon—я как хвачу солидную порцию виски с корой тополя (*простореч.*); the bark of poplar—кора тополя; употребляется в микстурах, как тонизирующее средство

Some of 'em are boss.—Некоторые из них—первый сорт.

this is rich—вот это здорово

К стр. 303

Democratic poster—зд. предвыборный плакат демократической партии

К стр. 305

Land o' Bungay!—См. ком. к стр. 299.

К стр. 306

I held out I did—зд. и твердила, что нужно

AMBROSE GWINETT BIERCE (1842-1914)



Амброз Бирс — один из самых пессимистических американских писателей конца XIX века. Родившись в семье бедного фермера, он прошел трудную школу жизни до того, как стал профессиональным литератором: был учеником в типографии, рабочим кирпичного завода, официантом в баре. Девятнадцатилетним юношей вступил добровольцем в армию северян и принял участие в боях против армии рабовладельцев. После увольнения из армии в 1865 г., проработав некоторое время ночным сторожем банка, стал сотрудничать в газетах и журналах.

Амброз Бирс рано начал относиться с сарказмом к мифу об американском благополучии. Он понял ложь и лицемерие американской демократии и возненавидел циничную власть доллара.

В 80-ые годы он начинает свой «Словарь сатаны» (*The Devil's Dictionary*, законч. в 1906 г.), в котором обличает буржуазный мир.

Не веря в общественную роль литературы, принимая декадентскую теорию «чистого» искусства, отрицая реализм, Амброз Бирс тем не менее, обнаруживает стихийное влечение к жизненной правде и протестует против идеализации действительности. В этом — противоречие его эстетики.

Рассказы Амброза Бирса можно разбить на три цикла: «страшные» фантастические в манере Эдгара По, сатирические, продолжающие линию «Словаря сатаны», и военные, в которых писатель показывает свою ненависть к войне, ее бессмысленность и жестокость.

Элементы фантастического, страшного, поэтика кошмаров и ужасов типичны почти для всех рассказов Амброза Бирса. Наиболее известными являются два сборника его рассказов: «В гуще жизни. Рассказы о военных и штатских» (*In the Midst of Life. Tales of Soldiers and Civilians*, 1891) и «Возможно ли это?» (*Can Such Things Be?*, 1894).

Мастерски строя свои новеллы, которые, как правило, имеют длинную экспозицию, острую кульминацию и короткий стремительный финал, Амброз Бирс

показывает себя блестящим стилистом. Он — строгий ревнитель чистоты английского языка, не терпит неряшливости, вульгаризмов, провинциализмов, клише. Динамизм и лаконичность его языка, неистощимость фантазии в отыскании свежих слов и экспрессивных синонимов, виртуозность в описаниях, меткость определений, красочность и афористичность выделяют его рассказы из потока неоромантической литературы конца XIX века.

A HORSEMAN IN THE SKY

«Всадник в небе» (из сборника «В гуще жизни») — один из рассказов Амброза Бирса о гражданской войне. В этом цикле наблюдательный художник описал много ярких военных эпизодов, из которых складывается картина подвига американского народа в борьбе против рабства. В основе данного рассказа лежит философия фатализма, игры слепых случайностей, управляющих жизнью человека.

К стр. 308

No country is so wild and difficult but men will make it a theatre of war — зд. Люди ведут войну везде, даже в самой дикой и труднодоступной местности. Здесь but имеет значение относительного местоимения.

Western Virginia — Штат Виргиния, особенно западная его часть, до начала гражданской войны не поддерживал южную конфедерацию, но первые же вооруженные конфликты оторвали его от северных штатов и присоединили к конфедерации.

Union regiment — полк северян

К стр. 309

The grey costume — Армия южан была одета в форму серого цвета
“grip” — зд. приклад

К стр. 310

he must be sent to his account — его следует отправить на тот свет. Это эвфемистическое фразеологическое выражение (*ср. to be called to one's account, to hand in one's account, to go to one's account*) основывается на значении словосочетания *the account* — день страшного суда.

К стр. 311

Apocalypse — Апокалипсис (*греч. откровение*), одна из книг Библии («Новый завет»), содержащая мистические пророчества о «конце света».

AN OCCURRENCE AT OWL CREEK BRIDGE

«Случай на мосту через Совиный ручей» (из сборника «В гуще жизни») — один из самых сильных военных рассказов Амброза Бирса — раскрывает своеобразие позиции писателя, который делает своим героем плантатора, ярого сторонника рабовладельческого строя, схваченного северянами при попытке поджечь мост. Фантастический элемент в этом рассказе служит средством отрицания действительности: роковой, трагический самообман героя должен свидетельствовать о несбыточности и иллюзорности человеческих надежд и чаяний. Полный драматизма и патетики, этот рассказ написан чрезвычайно точным и выразительным языком.

К стр. 313

with his rifle in the position known as "support" — зд. с ружьем «на караул»
loop-holed for rifles — зд. с бойницами для ружей
commanding the bridge — зд. наведенной на мост
at "parade rest" — в положении «вольно»

К стр. 314

"unsteadfast footing" — зд. шаткое положение

К стр. 315

Peyton Farquhar [ˈpeɪtən ˈfɑːkwə] — имя собственное
an original secessionist — зд. один из первых сторонников отделения южных штатов
fall of Corinth — падение Коринфа. При Коринфе (штат Миссисипи) в 1862 г. южане потерпели поражение
a grey-clad soldier — солдат в сером, т. е. в форме южан
student of hanging (уфон.) — кандидат висельных наук

К стр. 317

the veining of each leaf — прожилки на каждом листке
He noted the prismatic colors — Он видел все цвета радуги

К стр. 318

A counter-swirl — зд. Встречное течение
martinet's error — зд. типичная для солдафона ошибка
to fire at will — зд. открыть одиночный (рассеянный) огонь
diminuendo (муз.) — диминуэндо, т. е. постепенно ослабляя звук

К стр. 319

had taken a hand in the game — вступила в игру
grape — зд. крупная карточка
æolian harp — Эолова арфа, согласно мифологии арфа бога ветров Эола, издававшая нежные звуки при восходе солнца и легчайшем ветерке

THE APPLICANT

«Проситель» — рассказ, продолжающий сатирическую линию «Словаря сатаны». Перед нами предстает типичный американский провинциальный город Грейвилл (букв. Серый город), обитатели которого жадны и тупы. Амброз Бирс клеймит мещанское болото с его «высокой» моралью. Социальная сатира — это лучшее в его творческом наследии. В сатирических рассказах он, как правило, остается в границах реализма. Здесь уже не рок, а законы, управляющие буржуазным миром, определяют судьбу людей. Авторскому замыслу служит и иронический стиль рассказа с очень точной речевой характеристикой управляющего богадельней, ханжи, прикрывающегося елейными речами.

К стр. 321

Great Mowbray — Грэйт-Маубрей, вымышленное название города, составленное из элементов: great — великий, mow — гримаса, bray — крик осла
Early Comatose order — зд. ранне-летаргического стиля. Используя обычную для названий архитектурных стилей форму (см., например, ранне-готический

стиль и т. п.), автор создает саркастическое название архитектурного стиля в Сером городе.

the Abersush Home for Old Men is unquestionably inhospitable to human attention — «Убежище Эберсаша для престарелых», безусловно, не поощряло людского внимания

from the under-world — зд. с другого конца света, от антиподов

though the main expense was its endowment — но главной затратой был созданный при основании «Убежища» дарственный фонд, обеспечивший постоянный доход

heirs-at-law — зд. законные наследники (*ср. lawful heirs*). Это окказиональное (на случай) образование создает комический эффект, так как оно построено по типу существующих *mother-in-law*, *son-in-law* и т. п. и как бы подчеркивает необычность (с юридической точки зрения) его поступка.

and flung it away in riotous giving — и промотал ее в буйной щедрости. Здесь каламбур, обусловленный неожиданной заменой в традиционном словосочетании *riotous living* — беспутная, разгульная жизнь.

made it too hot to hold him — зд. слишком уж допекали его

who had gone to another and a better Home — удалялись в иное, лучшее убежище, т. е. на тот свет

the trustees had distinctly in will — попечители определенно ставили себе целью

К стр. 322

in their management of the great charity Providence had thoughtfully supplied an incentive to thrift — провидение, поставив их во главе большого благотворительного предприятия, тем самым даровало им повод проявлять свою склонность к бережливости

Adversary of Peace — зд. враг рода человеческого, т. е. дьявол

that toil not, neither spin — которые ни трудятся, ни прядут. Несколько измененное библейское изречение (*they toil not, neither do they spin*), которое полностью гласит: И об одежде чего заботитесь? Посмотрите на полевые лилии, как они растут? Ни трудятся, ни прядут (Евангелие от Матфея, 6, 28).

К стр. 323

who at once uncovered — зд. который сразу же обнажил голову

untimely summer squash — зд. перезрелая тыква

He was hatted, booted, overcoated, and umbrellaed — Здесь обращает на себя внимание стилистическое использование глаголов, образованных от существительных по конверсии, которая является чрезвычайно продуктивным способом образования окказиональных слов.

hunch-bellied saint — пузатенький святой. Имеется в виду Санта Клаус — *русск.* Дед Мороз

cutting off two kinds of light — погасив сразу два света, т. е. свет лампы и луч надежды. То же имеется в виду выше: *closing more doors than one* — захлопнув не одну только дверь в дом.

the Other — зд. бог

К стр. 324

“read his title clear” — отчетливо провозгласил свое звание. Здесь использованы слова из гимна Айзека Уоттса (1674—1748), английского богослова и автора религиозных гимнов:

When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

Амброз Бирс также использует образ из этого гимна, когда он как бы сопоставляет здание богадельни (big building) с горными чертогами (mansions in the skies).

opportunity — Здесь имеется в виду возможность поразглагольствовать.

Amasa ['a:məsə] — библейское имя собственное

THE FAMOUS GILSON BEQUEST

«Наследство Джилсона» (из сборника «В гуще жизни») — полный сарказма рассказ, показывающий, чего стоит хваленая добродетель рядового американского буржуа, которая при одном лишь намеке на денежный интерес превращается в порок. Блестящий гротеск, показывающий, к чему приводит погоня за наживой, написан в присущей Амброзу Бирсу иронической манере.

К стр. 324

It was rough on Gilson. — зд. Плохи были дела Джилсона.

the opposite, or rather the opposing, element — противной, или, лучше сказать, противящейся стороны

К стр. 325

while respectability took it with sugar — в то время как столпы добропорядочности пьют виски с сахаром

in a merely temporal sense all was not well with Mr. Gilson — зд. земные дела мистера Джилсона обстояли действительно не совсем благополучно

annals — зд. сведения

“rush” — зд. «золотая лихорадка»

draw poker — см. ком. к стр. 250

sluice box — желоб, в котором промывается золото

“clean dust” — промытый песок, т. е. золотой песок

faro — фараон, азартная карточная игра, в которой игроки должны угадывать достоинство открываемой банкометом карты

to copper the queen (кафт. жарг.) — подмазывать карту; зд. участвовать в игре

К стр. 326

coterminous with — сопряженное (с чем-либо)

“the bank” being closed against him — зд. поскольку его лишили возможности играть в карты

road-agency — зд. невинная дорожная деятельность

horse-herding — соби́рание лошадей в табун; зд. конокрадство

just as he had taken the tide in his affairs at its flood, that he made shipwreck — как раз когда его дела уже принимали благоприятный оборот, он потерпел крушение. Здесь образ, построенный на основе прямых и переносных значений: tide — прилив и течение событий; at the flood — в момент наивысшей точки (прилива), в благоприятный момент; shipwreck — кораблекрушение и крушение (надежд и пр.). Эту фразу можно перевести, например, и так: когда попутный ветер подхватил корабль его надежд и понес к желанному берегу...

“lawful exchequer” = lawful exchequer — законный душеприказчик

The bequest, however, was made conditional on the legatee taking the testator's body from The Tree and “planting it white”. — Однако завещание вступало в

силу лишь при том условии, что наследник снимет тело завещателя с дерева и «честно упрячет его».

swung off и ниже: **strung up** — зд. игра слов, построенная на противопоставлении предлоγοобразных наречий **off** и **up** в сочетании со сходными по значению глаголами: **to swing off** — опустить на веревке, **to string up** — вздернуть

К стр. 327

probate judge — судья по делам о наследствах, завещаниях и опеке

at the instance of the member from the Mammon Hill district — по настоятельному требованию депутата от маммон-хиллского округа

although frequently "flush" — хотя ему частенько везло

were well satisfied to lose no money by — были довольны, если не приходилось за него доплачивать

certificates of deposit — зд. чековые книжки

К стр. 328

in banks — зд. игра слов, основанная на двух значениях слова **bank**: банк — кредитное учреждение и банк при карточной игре

The Mammon Hill Patriot — Маммон-хиллский «Патриот», название газеты. Тж. ниже: **Squaw Gulch Clarion** — Скво-гэлчский «Призыв».

in bidding for purchasable favors — зд. домогаясь оплачиваемых услуг

the temple of the Blind goddess — храм слепой богини, т. е. здание суда; богиня правосудия всегда изображается с повязкой на глазах, что символизирует беспристрастный, нелицеприятный суд

Esq. (сокр.) = **esquire** — эсквайр; в феодально-рыцарской Англии — оруженосец, впоследствии — одно из низших дворянских званий, в настоящее время ставится после имени (особ. при адресовании письма) и является своего рода формулой вежливости

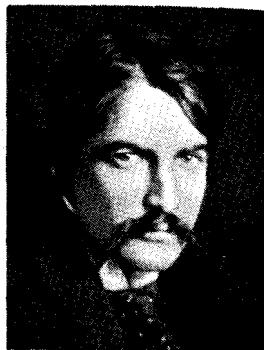
К стр. 329

ominous of insanity — зловещий предвестник надвигающегося безумия

К стр. 330

mortal part — зд. брeнная оболочка. См. ниже: **immortal part** — нетлeнный дух.

STEPHEN CRANE (1871-1900)



Стивен Крейн родился в Нью-Джерси в семье священника. Учился в университете города Сиракузы (штат Нью-Йорк). Рано начал журналистскую деятельность, работая для нью-йоркских газет «Геральд» и «Трибьюн». Первая же книга Крейна — повесть «Мэгги — девушка с улицы» (*Maggie: A Girl of the Street*, 1893) принесла ему известность смелой трактовкой жизни американского города, в которой сильно сказывались натуралистические тенденции. В 1895 г. была опубликована повесть «Алый знак доблести» (*The Red Badge of Courage*) о гражданской войне в США, проникнутая пацифистскими настроениями. Однако Крейн многому научился у А. Толстого: гуманизму, философской обобщенности, изображению героизма.

В качестве военного корреспондента Стивен Крейн побывал на Кубе во время испано-американской войны 1898 г. и еще раньше в Греции во время греко-турецкой войны (1897). Материалы испано-американской войны отражены в книге «Раны под дождем» (*Wounds in the Rain*, 1900), впечатления от греко-турецкой войны легли в основу книги «Действующая армия» (*A Civil Service*, 1899). Лучшие новеллы Стивена Крейна были собраны в сборнике «В шляпке» (*The Open Boat*, 1899). Перу Стивена Крейна принадлежат также сборники стихов «Черные всадники» (*The Black Riders*, 1895) и «Война милостива» (*War is Kind*, 1900) и другие произведения.

Самую большую группу его произведений составляют военные повести и рассказы. Он первый в американской литературе сорвал с войны и милитаризма покров доблести, героики и романтики. Стивен Крейн являлся новатором не только в проблематике, но и в манере письма. Подчеркнутая бесстрастность повествования, отсутствие длиннот, крупные планы и динамичные диалоги — вот что составляет существо его жесткого отточенного стиля, его своеобразной творческой манеры.

Крейн умер от туберкулеза в Германии.

THE OPEN BOAT

«В шляпке», как указывает сам автор в подзаголовке,— рассказ, основанный на факте: в 1896 г. нью-йоркская газета, в которой Стивен Крейн работал репортером, послала его во Флориду, где шла подготовка к испано-американской войне. Стивен Крейн отплыл на Кубу на военном корабле. Корабль затонул, и спаслось лишь четыре человека. Стивен Крейн, один из них, заболел воспалением легких, которое вызвало туберкулез, явившийся причиной его ранней смерти.

Написанный в присущей Стивену Крейну плавной манере, с импрессионистскими картинками разбушевавшейся стихии, рассказ захватывает благородством описанных в нем людей, которые почти нигде даже не названы по имени. Драматизм поединка человека с силами природы еще больше подчеркивается мастерски написанными диалогами.

К стр. 331

Gawd! that was a narrow clip.— Господи! Вот тут мы чуть было не пропали совсем. *Narrow clip*— опасное, рискованное положение (*cp. narrow escape, narrow squeak, close shave, close call*).

К стр. 332

Keep 'er=keep her. Местоимение женского рода соотносится со словом *boat*. В речи моряков судно — женского рода, так же как самолеты в речи пилотов. См. ком. к стр. 62.

К стр. 333

Mosquito Inlet Light — маяк у входа в залив Москито, узкий залив на восточном побережье полуострова Флорида

Bully good thing it's an onshore wind... If not, where would we be? Wouldn't have a show.— Здорово подвезло, что ветер к берегу дует... А то что бы с нами было? Совсем пропали бы. *Wouldn't have a show* — *зд. Wouldn't have a chance*. См. тж. ниже: **Do you think we've got much of a show now, boys?**

К стр. 334

If we don't catch hell — Если мы не хлебнем горя

Canton-flannel gulls — *зд.* Взъерошенные чайки; *Canton flannel* — фланель с начесом

as if he were of Sèvres — *зд.* как будто он был стеклянным. *Sèvres* — очень дорогой севрский фарфор, изготавливаемый в г. Севре (Франция).

К стр. 335

we can't do much else — *зд.* обязательно доберемся

sea — *зд.* волна

К стр. 336

New Smyrna — Нью-Смирна, маленькое местечко на восточном побережье полуострова Флорида

woundily — *зд.* кружась на месте

Shipwrecks are apropos of nothing — Кораблекрушения всегда случаются не вовремя

К стр. 337

to run a surf — преодолевать прибрежные волны

К стр. 338

A tiny house was blocked out black upon the sky. — Крошечный домик был как бы нарисован черной краской на фоне неба.

in the name of the seven mad gods who rule the sea — Очевидно намек на то, что земная суша омывается семью океанами (The Seven Seas). С другой стороны в англ. яз. есть выражения: the seven gods of luck, восходящее к японск. мифологии и означающее семь божеств, от которых зависит счастье и благополучие человека, и the seven names of god, взятое из др.-евр. и означающее семь названий бога.

ninny-woman — дуреха

К стр. 339

Ain't they peaches? — зд. Молодцы, не правда ли?

St. Augustine — Сент-Огастин, город на восточном побережье полуострова Флорида

К стр. 342

Holy smoke! — воскл., выражающее досаду: Вот те на!

if we keep on monkeying out here — а что если нам придется болтаться здесь

К стр. 344

the babes of the sea — Для сопоставления использован первоначальный смысл ныне ставшего фразеологическим выражения the babes in the wood — покинутые малые дети, затерявшиеся в лесу — образ из старинной английской баллады. Ср. совр.: простодушные люди, сущие младенцы.

К стр. 348

She — зд. «башня» персонифицируется

All we can do is to work her in as far as possible — Мы можем только постараться подвести ее как можно ближе к берегу

I think I'd better bring her about and keep her head-on to the seas and back her in. — Мне кажется, лучше будет развернуть ее носом в открытое море и заводить кормой. **Back her in.** — Табать.

К стр. 349

Some water had been shipped — Они зачерпнули немного воды

Florida — Флорида, полуостров на юго-востоке США, на котором находится штат того же названия

К стр. 350

hand-sled — салазки

О. HENRY

(1862-1910)



О. Генри — псевдоним Уильяма Сиднея Портера (William Sydney Porter).

О. Генри родился в штате Северная Каролина в семье врача. Переменил много профессий — служил аптекарем, счетоводом, кассиром в банке. В 1894 г. основал юмористическую газету «Роллинг стоун». По обвинению в растрате был приговорен к тюремному заключению. В тюрьме начал писать рассказы, в которых нашли отражение многообразные жизненные впечатления их автора. С 1902 г. жил в Нью-Йорке, активно сотрудничая в журналах, писал чуть ли не по рассказу в неделю. В 1904 г. выходит в свет его книга «Короли и капуста» (*Cabbages and Kings*), повествующая о взаимоотношениях США со странами Латинской Америки. За ней следуют книги рассказов «Четыре миллиона» (*The Four Million*, 1904), «Сердце Запада» (*Heart of the West*, 1907), «Горящий светильник» (*The Trimmed Lamp*, 1907), «Благородный жулик» (*The Gentle Gifter*, 1908), «Голос большого города» (*The Voice of the City*, 1908), «На выбор» (*Options*, 1909), «Дороги судьбы» (*Roads of Destiny*, 1909), «Коловращение» (*Whirligigs*, 1910) и «Деловые люди» (*Strictly Business*, 1910). После смерти О. Генри было издано еще несколько сборников его рассказов, собранных из различных журналов.

В произведениях О. Генри нет глубоких социальных обобщений, но лучшие из них разоблачают капиталистическое хищничество, ханжество и лицемерие буржуазной морали.

A SERVICE OF LOVE

Рассказ «Из любви к искусству» был впервые опубликован в газете «Нью-Йорк санди уорлд» 8 января 1905 г. Позже вошел в сборник рассказов о Нью-Йорке — «Четыре миллиона».

Art — Здесь и ниже О. Генри пишет слово **Art** с большой буквы для иронического эффекта.

somewhat older than the great wall of China — несколько более древний, чем Великая китайская стена, т. е. очень древний, так как обнаруженные остатки Китайской стены относятся к III в. до н. э.

post-oak flats of the Middle West — эд. вековые дубы и плоские равнины Среднего Запада. Средний Запад — та часть США, которая расположена между Аллеганскими и Скалистыми горами. Включает штаты: Огайо, Индиана, Миннесота, Висконсин, Айова, Миссури, Канзас, Северная и Южная Дакота.

pulsing with a genius — эд. пылая страсть

with a flowing necktie and a capital tied up somewhat closer — свободно повязанным галстуком и капиталом, увязанным несколько более тщательно. Одним из излюбленных стилистических приемов О. Генри является сочетание неоднородных членов предложения, основанное на многозначности слова, с которым они соотносятся, или на смешении привычных сочетаний. См. ниже: **gentlemen with thin side-whiskers** (тощие бакенбарды) и **thick pocketbooks** (толстые бумажники); **she could have sore throat and lobster** (ср. русск.: шел дождь и два студента; они пили чай с вареньем и с удовольствием). Кроме того, в данной фразе обыгрывается значение *to tie up*, которое в сочетании с сущ. *capital* может означать «ограничивать», т. е. здесь свободно развевающийся галстук и ограниченный капитал.

did things in six octaves so promisingly — эд. извлекала из шести октав (фортепианной клавиатуры) такие многообещающие звуки

chipped in enough in her chip hat — собрали ей достаточно денег; **chip hat** — образ, созданный автором от глагола *to chip* — внести свою долю в складчину, сложиться, «скинуться», и **hat** — шапка, в данном случае, — пущенная по кругу.

“finish” — эд. завершить музыкальное образование

f — первая буква слова *future*

Wagner ... Waldteufel ... and Oolong — Рихард Вагнер (1813—1883) — знаменитый немецкий композитор, написавший оперы «Тангейзер», «Лоэнгрин», оперную тетралогию «Кольцо Нибелунгов» и др. Эмиль Вальдтейфель (1837—1915) — французский композитор, написавший несколько сот вальсов для оркестра. Свое ироническое отношение к интеллектуальным устремлениям молодых людей, темам, их занимавшим, автор проявляет, включив в перечень не только великих музыкантов и художников, музыку и живопись, но и обои и сорт китайского чая «черный дракон» — **Oolong** [ˈu:lɔːŋ].

like the A sharp way down at the left-hand end of the keyboard — подобно самому нижнему ля диэз фортепианной клавиатуры

sell all thou hast, and give it to the poor — соотв. русск.: продай имение твое и раздай нищим (часть изречения из Евангелия от Матфея XIX, 21).

cannot fit too close — эд. не может быть слишком тесным

rowing machine — гимнастический аппарат для тренировки в гребле (установленное на полу приспособление с веслами и движущейся банкой)

enter you at the Golden Gate ... by the Labrador — Чтобы показать, какого размера должен быть дом, в котором нет согласия, О. Генри называет географические пункты, находящиеся далеко друг от друга: на западе — Золотые Ворота, пролив между Тихим Океаном и бухтой Сан-Франциско; на востоке — Гатте-

рас, мыс на одном из островов около пролива Памлико у берегов штата Северная Каролина, место, опасное для навигации; на юге — мыс Горн, самую южную точку Южной Америки на острове около Огненной Земли (Чили) (обратите внимание на обыгрывание омонимии: *sare* — плащ и *Sare* — мыс); на севере — Лабрадор, полуостров на северо-востоке Северной Америки между Атлантическим океаном и Гудзоновым заливом

Magister — Здесь имя собственное Маджистер, образованное от латинской основы *magister* — мастер, учитель (*ср.* маэстро), ассоциирующееся в английском языке со словами той же основы *magisterial* (авторитетный; повелительный), *magistral* (преподавательский).

His fees are high; his lessons are light—his high-lights have brought him renown. — Здесь игра слов: Дерет он за свои уроки дорого (*high*), обучает слегка (*light*) — недаром он снискал громкую славу мастера эффектных контрастов (*high-lights* — букв. световые эффекты).

disturber of the piano keys — *зд.* специалист по расстройке (*ср.* настройке) музыкальных инструментов

would sandbag — *зд.* лупил по голове; глагол, образованный по конверсии от существительного *sandbag* — мешочек с песком, употребляемый в драке, чтобы оглушить противника

or else inconsiderable — иные и не принимались в расчет

overlook my artlessness — *зд.* простите мне мою непосредственность

Art flagged. It sometimes does, even if some switchman doesn't flag it. — *зд.*

Поступательное движение к высотам искусства замедлилось. Так оно бывает порой, хотя стрелочник и не обязательно машет сигнальным флажком (чтобы остановить его). Здесь игра слов, основанная на следующих значениях глагола *to flag* — (первоначально) повисать (о флаге), затем, вследствие метафорического переноса, спадать, сникать (об энтузиазме), сбавлять скорость, замедлять движение и, наконец, махать (первоначально) флажком — о сигнальщике, затем, вследствие метонимического переноса, и рукой: *ср.* I flagged a taxi.

Everything going out and nothing coming in — *зд.* Все из дома и ничего в дом
to keep the chafing dish bubbling — чтобы в кастрюльке булькало. Здесь перефразируется фразеологическая единица *to keep the pot boiling* (*соотв. русск.:* зарабатывать на пропитание). Такая синонимическая замена нарушает фразеологический характер словосочетания, возвращая ему буквальный смысл, чем и создается комический эффект.

К *стр.* 354

Byzantine — в византийском стиле. Византийский стиль в архитектуре характеризуется вытянутыми вверх пропорциями, фасадами, украшенными рельефами, карнизами, пилястрами и т.п., по-ювелирному отделанными дверьми.

Dele [ˈdi:lɪ] — уменьшительное от *Delia*

Not by the bones of Benvenuto Cellini! [benveˈnu:tou tʃeˈli:ni] — Не будет этого, кланюсь останками Бенвенуто Челлини! Бенвенуто Челлини (1500—1571) — знаменитый итальянский ювелир и скульптор, известный также своей «Автобиографией».

scalloped vegetable dish — фарфоровый салатник в форме раковины

Gen. (*сокр.*) = General

Art is an engaging mistress. — *зд.* Искусство — требовательная возлюбленная.

К *стр.* 355

demisemiquavers (муз.) — тридцать вторые ноты

Astrakhan rug portières — *зд.* шерстяные ковровые портьеры

with the air of a Monte Cristo — с видом настоящего Монте-Кристо, т. е. человека, внезапно разбогатевшего таинственным образом. Граф Монте-Кристо — герой одноименного романа А. Дюма.

a ten — *зд.* десять долларов (десятка). Тж. **a five** — пять долларов (пятерка) и т. д.
legal tender notes — *зд.* настоящие банкноты; от **legal tender** (*юр.*) — законное платежное средство

to a man from Peoria — *зд.* одному приезжему из Пеории. Пеория — городок в штате Иллинойс на Среднем Западе — стал именем нарицательным для обозначения провинциального застоя.

All the way. — *зд.* Из самой Пеории.

Lackawanna freight depot — товарная станция в Лакаванне, городке на западе Штата Нью-Йорк, вблизи озера Эри

I guess Art is still in it — Все-таки искусство еще живет, я полагаю

filet mignon — филе-миньон, бифштекс из вырезки, зажаренный с грибами и ломтиками бекона

Welsh rabbit — Комический эффект достигается тем, что героиня, зная о кулинарных тонкостях только понаслышке, рассказывает о **Welsh rabbit** (гренки с сыром), как о жареном кролике.

К стр. 356

parkscape — парковый пейзаж. В английском языке в слове **landscape** («пейзаж», заимствование из голландского языка), вследствие того, что элемент **land** естественно воспринимался как «местность», выделился своего рода суффикс **scape** со значением «общий вид», «пейзаж», что позволяет образовывать, по аналогии, такие новые слова, как **parkscape**, **seascape** (морской вид), **snowscape** (снежный пейзаж), **cityscape** (городской пейзаж) и т. п.

the Hudson — река Гудзон

She braved it — *зд.* Она крепилась

Twenty-fourth Street laundry — прачечная на Двадцать четвертой улице. В центральной части Нью-Йорка, в Манхеттене, планировка которого отличается правильностью, улицы, идущие с севера на юг, обозначаются номерами (за исключением нескольких: Бродвей, Лексингтон и т. п.) и называются авеню, а те, которые идут с востока на запад, просто обозначаются номерами.

cotton waste — ветошь

smoothing-iron (чаще **iron**) — утюг

I've been firing the engine — *зд.* топил котел

Я. Н. Засурский, Э. М. Медникова

ОБЩИЕ ЗАМЕЧАНИЯ ОБ ОТКЛОНЕНИЯХ ОТ ЛИТЕРАТУРНОЙ НОРМЫ

Наибольшее затруднение при чтении ряда новелл вызывает широкое использование авторами в речевых характеристиках персонажей фонетико-морфологических и лексических диалектизмов и просторечных оборотов, находящихся за пределами литературной нормы. Приводим общие и наиболее широко распространенные из них (частные случаи указаны в комментариях к соответствующему рассказу) и список фонетико-орфографических отклонений:

I. Фонетические особенности:

1. Диереза (утрата словом звука или слога в результате ассимиляции или диссимиляции):
 - а) в начале слова, например, 'way (=away), 'round (=around), 'bout (=about), 'mount (=amount), 'ere (=here), 'alf (=half), 'most (=almost), 'fuse (=refuse), 'low (=allow), 'pear (=appear), 'scape (=escape), 'spicious (=suspicious), 'gin (=begin), 'deed (=indeed), 'ud (=would), 's (=as), 'n (=than) и т. п.;
 - б) в середине слова, например, fr (=for), inf'nite (=infinite), reg'lar (=regular), solit'ry (=solitary), or'nary или ornery (=ordinary), nat'al (=natural), s'pose или spose (=suppose), ev'ry или eve'y (=every), hick'y (=hickory), cal'late или calkate (=calculate), fash'nable (=fashionable) и т. п.;
 - в) в конце слова, например, у' или ye' (=you; откуда yer=your), o' (=of; o' ice=of ice и т. п.), an' (=and), t' (=the), tha' (=that), mo' (=more), stan', min', col' (=stand, mind, cold), ol' или ole (=old), kep', crep' (=kept, crept), don' (=don't) и т. д. Особо следует отметить: 1) отпадение конечного g и превращение [ŋ] в [n], например, bustin' (=busting), bein' (=being), comin' (=coming), mornin' (=morning) и т. д.; 2) отпадение конечного [r] в слове there, причем [ɛər] или [r] переходит в [ɛɪ], например, they's (=there's) no telling, they's (=there's) a fire, they (=there) ain't, they (=there) was a dozen и т. п.; 3) употребление

неопределенного артикля в форме **a** перед словами, начинающимися с гласного, например, *a office, a interview, a angel* и т. п.;

- г) Иногда в одном слове наблюдаются две диерезы, например, *'n' (=and), 'fo' (=before), sick'nin' (=sickening), 'gree'ble (=agreeable), 'clar' (=declare), 'pen' (=depend)* и т. п.
2. Наблюдающиеся в быстрой, небрежной речи сокращения словосочетаний в разговорном и просторечном стилях, например, *anf (=and if), d'you (=do you), t'ride (=to ride), eyr (=you are), y'see, y'know (=you see, you know), lemme, gimme (=let me, give me), mebbe (=may be), let'im, keep'im (=let him, keep him), let'er (=let her), kill'em, call'em (=kill them, call them), did'e (=did he), want'o (=want to), dunno (=don't know), 'tis, 'twas, 'twill (=it is, it was, it will), 'twa'n't (=it wasn't) quicker'n (=quicker than), more (mor', mo') (=more than), better'n (=better than), sorter или sorta (=sort of), kinder (=kind of), oughter, wanter (=ought to, want to), out a или out'n (=out of), would'a, wouldn't'a (=would have, wouldn't have), to 'a'let (=to have let), she'd a-been (=she'd have been)* и т. п.
3. Некоторые изменения звуков:
- а) звуки [ʌ], [æ] и [ɪ] заменяются звуком [e], например, *tech (=touch), jest (=just), ez (=as), eny (=any), ketch (=catch), set (=sit), ef (=if), en' (=and)* и т. п.;
- б) звуки [e], [æ] или [ʌ] заменяются звуками [ɪ] или [ɔ]. Например, *git (=get), forgit (=forget), ginue (=genuine), yis, yisterday (=yes, yesterday), yit (=yet), tin (=ten), wal(l) (=well), kin (=can), sich (=such)* и т. п.;
- в) звук [d] употребляется вместо [ð], например, *de, dan, dar, dat, dey, dis* или *dish, der (=the, than, there, that, they, this, their), wid (=with)* и т. п.
4. Происходит оглушение конечного согласного, например, *haf (=have), holt (=hold)* и т. п.
5. Глухой конечный согласный под влиянием последующего звонкого озвончается, например, *whaddy ye (=what do you)* и т. п.
6. Происходит дифтонгизация [i:], например, *swate (=sweet), wake (=week)*.
7. а) Дифтонг [ɔɪ] регулярно произносится как [aɪ], например, *p'int (=point), pintment (=appointment), dispinted (=disappointed), pizen (=poison), jine, j'int (=join, joint), hist, hyst (=hoist), ile, sile (=oil, soil), bye (=boy)* и т. п.;
- б) Конечное безударное [ou] переходит в [əɪ], например, *foller (=follow), feller (=fellow), yellor, yaller (=yellow), sparrer (=sparrow), narrer (=narrow), shadder (=shadow), winder (=window)* и т. п. Ср. с появлением [əɪ] в словах, оканчивающихся на [ə], например, *bannanner (=banana)*.
- в) Наблюдаются отдельные случаи монофтонгизации, например, *kem (=came), lak (=like), skeer (=scare)* и т. п.
8. Усекаются окончания в именах собственных, например, *Mississipp* вместо *Mississippi*, *Kentuck* вместо *Kentucky*, или происходит изменение окончания по аналогии, например, *Alabamy* вместо *Alabama*, *Californy* вместо *California* и т. п.

II. Грамматические (морфологические и синтаксические) особенности:

1. Разрушение лично-временной парадигмы глагола:

- а) выравнивание парадигмы неправильных глаголов по модели правильного глагола, например, *seed* вместо *saw*, *run'd* вместо *ran*, *ketched* вместо *caught*, *threwed* вместо *threw*, *knowed (knowd)* вместо *knew*, *growed* вместо *grew* и т. п.;

- б) распространение перегласовки, характерной для парадигмы неправильных глаголов, на правильные глаголы, например, *fotch* вместо *fetched*, *wtop* вместо *wtapped* и т. п.;
 - в) образование прошедшего времени одних неправильных глаголов по аналогии с другими, например, *fit* вместо *fought*, *sot* вместо *sat*, *sont* вместо *sent*, *cotch* вместо *caught*, *brung* вместо *brought*, *slunked* вместо *slunk* (от *slink*) и т. п.;
 - г) выравнивание глагольной парадигмы по 1 л. ед. ч. или по 3 л. ед. ч., что приводит к нарушению согласования в числе между существительным (или местоимением) и глаголом, например, *Brer Fox say, he hear, it don't stand to reason* или *I says, I lets, I cuts, showmen is, my papers is signed, you does, you was, nuts 'uz (was)*;
 - д) сведение глагольной парадигмы к одной или двум формам, например, *set* (=sit, см. фонет. особенности) для всех лиц и форм времени: *to set around, set where you are, set down to wait; friz* (=freeze) для *freeze, froze* и *frozen*; *come* вместо *comes* и *came*; *see* вместо *sees, saw* и *seen*; *give* вместо *gives, gave* и *given*; *made* вместо *make* и др.; *gun* вместо *gan* и др. Отсюда часто встречающееся употребление глагола в прошедшем времени вместо причастия II, например, *drove* вместо *driven in*, *overflowed* вместо *overflown*, *was broke* вместо *was broken* и т. д.
2. Выпадение глагола-связки, например, *I mighty glad* и т. п.
 3. Опускание вспомогательного глагола в формах перфекта, косвенного наклонения и т. п., например, *bin doin'* вместо *have been doing*, *I ever see* вместо *I have ever seen*, *I sometimes seen* вместо *I had sometimes seen*, *you better* вместо *you'd better* и т. п.
 4. Употребление *to be* вместо вспомогательного глагола *to have*.
 5. Употребление *ain't* в качестве универсальной отрицательной формы для любого вспомогательного глагола и *hain't* вместо *haven't*.
 6. Использование особой (архаичной) формы причастия настоящего времени с предлогом *a* в качестве приставки, например, *a-paintin'*, *a-goin'*, *a-doing*, *a-lopin'*, *a comin'*, *a settin'*, *a-roarin'*, *a'takin'*, *a'hoppin'*, *a shining* (ср. *a-been* вместо *been*) и т. д.
 7. Отклонения в использовании местоимений:
 - а) употребление личного местоимения *them* вместо указательного, например, *them fellows* вместо *those fellows*, *them cheap medicines* вместо *those* (или *such*) *cheap medicines*, *abuv* (above) *them things* вместо *above such things* и т. п.;
 - б) употребление *me* вместо *my*, *him* вместо *he*, а также *meself*, *hisself* (hisself), *theirselves* вместо *myself*, *himself*, *themselves* и т. п.
 8. Отклонения в способах образования степеней сравнения:
 - а) использование синтетического способа для многосложных слов, например, *curiousest* и т. п.;
 - б) употребление двойной формы превосходной степени прилагательных, например, *most loftiest*, *most orfullest* (awfullest) и т. п.
 9. Употребление так называемого «двойного отрицания», например, *haven't had no time*, *shouldn't never be noggerated* (inaugurated), *nor nothin' to talk about*, *never made no difference*, *didn't try no more*, *hadn't no idea*, *they ain't no better bitter in the world*, *you needn't take on no airs* и т. п.

10. Отклонения в употреблении союзов, например, for to вместо to для введения придаточных предложений цели (continued for to wave, rooms are furnished for to rent); as how вместо that для дополнительных придаточных предложений (he said as how it was caused); as вместо which, who; that или which вместо who для определительных придаточных предложений (bird as was sittin', as is a Cabinit), nor what вместо than в качестве сравнительного союза.
11. Употребление прилагательных вместо наречий на -ly, например, exceedin' вместо exceedingly, stout вместо stoutly, uncommon, regular, monstus (monstrous), scan'lous (scandalous), occasional, abrupt, thoughtful, wasteful вместо uncommonly, regularly, monstrously, scandalously, occasionally, abruptly, thoughtfully, wastefully и т. п.
12. Использование like в качестве суффикса для образования наречий типа наречий на -ly например, careful-like, decided-like, joyful-like и т. п.
13. Характерное для просторечия добавление like к прилагательным в качестве усилительной частицы, например, discouraged-like, indifferent-like, sad-like, hilarious-like и т. п.
14. Употребление в качестве усилительной частицы при указательных местоимениях:
 - a) here, например, this yere (here) chaps, this yer (here) baby, thish yer smiley и т. п.;
 - б) there (часто в искаженной фонетической форме—thar, are, ar, air), например, that are и т. п.
15. Употребление наречий в форме с s, например, anywheres, anyways, nowheres, whiles (wiles) и т. п.
16. Употребление предлога on вместо of, например, on him (=of him), on't (=of it) и т. п.

III. Лексические особенности:

1. Неправильное словоупотребление, например, learn вместо teach, what-all вместо what, that-a-way вместо that way и т. п., и неправильное словообразование, например, disremember вместо do not remember.

IV. Список фонетико-орфографических отклонений (дается в алфавитном порядке):

aberlitionist—abolitionist; ableedged—obliged; abooze—abuse; abuv—above; a-course—of course; acrost—across; actooated—actuated; addrest—addressed; Adminictration—Administration; adoo—adieu; afore—before; agin, ag'in—again, against; air—are, here; airth—earth; allers—always; amature—amateur; amoosment—amusement; amung—among; anermosity—animosity; animil—animal; ans'er—answer; appolygize—apologize; arly—early; a-ready—already; arter, atter—after; atween—between; attum—atom; av—of; ax, axed—ask, asked;

bakin—bacon; B'ar—Bear; bargint—bargain; beest—beast; becawz—because; becum—become; behime—behind; ben, bin—been; be4—before; bimeby, bymeby—by and by; bilin—boiling; business, bisniss, bizniss—business; bizzy—busy; b'leeve—believe; blusht—blushed; boundliss—boundless; boysterrusly—boisterously; brekkus—breakfast; brer [brə:]—brother; brite—bright; buzzum—bosom;

cabbige—cabbage; cabbın—cabin; Cabinit—Cabinet; campane—campaign; candydate—candidate; capting—captain; carrid—carried; carrige—carriage; cavoort—cavort; ceased—seized; ceppin'—excepting; certin—certain; chanct—chance; chawin—chewing; cheer—chair; childer, chilluns—children;

parst—passed; patrit, petrit—patriot; paytent—patent; peaces—pieces;
 perchans—perchance; perfeck, perfectly—perfect, perfectly; perfeshun, per-
 feshunal—profession, professional; performery—perfumery; perlite—polite;
 perlitcal—political; permiskis—promiscuous; pertectiun—protection; picters
 —pictures; pirut—pirate; po'ch—porch; poles—polls; pollertics—politics;
 popler—popular; porein, poerin—pouring; practiss—practice; premtorally—
 peremptorily; pretticularly—particularly; prossed—proceed; purpuss—
 purpose; pursooin'—pursuing; purty, putty—pretty;
 qualed—quailed;
 r'ar, r'aring—rear, rearing; raijict—reject; rale—real; rayther—rather; roas'n-
 years—rose-ears; rool—roll;
 sagashus—sagacious; saler—sailor; sa'nter—saunter; sar—sir; sassengers—
 sausages; sassy—saucy; Satun—Satan; Seceshon—Secession; seckind—
 second; secoor—secure; sed—said; sell—cell; serisly—seriously; sertin—
 certain; sesesh, seseshers—secede, seceders; sez, sezee—says, says he; sho,
 sholy—sure, surely; shot—shut; shoutid—shouted; shuck—shook; site—
 sight; skaly—scaly; skize—skies; skoolmaster—schoolmaster; skuze—excuse;
 smellen—smelling; sofy—sofa; sole—soul; Sonny—Sunny; sope—soap;
 speck, spect—expect; speshy-ality—speciality; spose'n—supposing; squat—
 squat; statoots—statuettes; stile—style; strate—straight; stummick—
 stomach; stun—stone; subjeck—subject; sum, sumthin, suthin—some,
 something; surplied—supplied; Suthern—Southern; shuving—shoving;
 tail—tale; tarryfyin'—terrifying; Tarrypin—terrapin; tempriture—temperature;
 ter—to; termorrer—tomorrow; thar, thare, ther—there; thawt, thort—
 thought; there4—therefore; therew—through; thet—that; tho—though;
 thoo, threw—through; threwout—throughout; thum—thumb; tip-een'—
 tip-end; todes—towards; tole, tould—told; tooby—to be; tower—tour;
 tremenjjs, tremenjjs—tremendous; troothful—truthful; trowsis—
 trousers; tuck—took; tu'n—turn; twel—till; two—too;
 um—them; undersined—undersigned; upsot—upset; 'uz—was;
 vains—veins; varis—various; venter—venture; vertoo, virtoo—virtue; vilently—
 violently; vittles—victuals; voluptuous—voluptuous;
 wallup—wallop; wantid—wanted; war, warn't—was, were, wasn't, weren't;
 w'ar—wear; ware—where; w'at—what; waturs—waters; wen, w'en—when;
 wery—very; weskit—waistcoat; whar, wharebouts, wharbouts—where, where-
 abouts; workt—worked; wuds—words; wus, wuz—was; wuss—worse, worst;
 yar—here; yasser—yes sir; year—ear, hear; yearth, yeth—earth; yer—your, here;
 yin't—ain't; yistiddy—yesterday; yo', yo'se'f—your, yourself; youther—other;
 zackly—exactly;
 &—and.

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