THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

A WORKMANLIKE HISTORY.

THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION. By John Fiske. In two volumes. 12mo, pp. xxi—344, xii—305. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Mr. Fiske explains in his preface to these volumes that they represent part of a larger work which may not be completed. His idea in the first instance was to do for American what J. R. Green has done for English history. He thought that a history from 1495 to 1865 might be written in about four volumes. Much of the present work was delivered as lectures, though not prepared with that end in view. It is of course rather a compact and general narrative than a detailed history. The author has, as he himself points out, not attempted to include all the events of the Revolution. His aim has been in writing the story of this period "not so much to contribute new facts as to shape the narrative in such a way as to emphasize relations of cause and effect that are often buried in the mass of details." This design, it may be frankly admitted, Mr. Fiske has succeeded in carrying out. Nothing could be more lucid than his manner of telling the story, and due emphasis is put upon the significant facts. Several points which other and abler historians have insufficiently recognized are here given the weight they deserve. In most of the old histories the truth was obscured by a mistaken feeling of patriotism, which ignored or belittled all that was in any way discreditable to the men of the Revolution. Happily history is no longer written in that way. The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, is the guiding principle of the scientific historian, and Mr. Fiske holds fast to this method from beginning to end.

Under the new methods the Revolution loses nothing of interest or importance; but it becomes a very much more human affair. In examining the period we are no longer confronted by a nation of heroes led by a demi-god. We encounter abundance of error and frailty, no little vice, corruption, malice, treachery and incompetence; a patriotism often so weak as to appear almost moribund; a self-interest often rising above love of country. But though the new historical methods are disillusionizing, the benefits they confer are inestimable. For they enable us to realize just how the Revolution was wrought, how the spirit of it was maintained, the nature and extent of the difficulties against which it was urged forward, the relative merit and demerit of the prominent men engaged in it, and the actual cause of each fresh turn in events. Under the inquest of the past some long-held reputations fade and wither; some shine out even more resplendently than before; some, consigned to obloquy, are at least lifted from the lowest depths by the bringing forward of extenuating circumstances in their behalf. The fact of all others most to be rejoiced over, however, is the undiminished brilliancy with which the character and cause of George Washington emerge from the fiercest and most exhaustive scrutiny. Of him, even more truly perhaps than of the Iron Duke, it may be said that

"Whatever record leaps to light,
He never shall be shamed."

Nay, more; the closer he is studied the greater and nobler does he appear, so that the American of the close of the nineteenth century may and should feel prouder of this great patriot, soldier and statesman than his warmest admirers in his own day could do. We can say to-day with deliberation and full knowledge of what he was and did that the history of no revolutionary leader or secular leader of any kind compares with that of Washington in steadfast devotion to a great cause, unalterable patience and endurance, command of temper, absolute purity of conduct and unfailing soundness of judgment. And we know and see now better than was possible fifty years ago how greatly Washington was the Revolution, how indispensable to the achievement of American independence. Without him success could hardly have been won. In a military point of view there was perhaps one captain who might have taken his place, namely, General Greene. Even this is but conjecture, for though Greene showed great ability he never was tried as Washington was. The difference between a good corps commander and a good commander-in-chief is very great. Greene was the first, undoubtedly, but he might not have proved equal to the second position. But the military side of the Revolution was only one: the political side demanded in the head of the Army quite other qualities and capacities. Read Washington's letters to members of the Congress and see how constantly he was engaged in the struggle against political perversities and incapacities. The truth is that Congress was the most discreditable feature of the Revolution, and it may well be surmised that it would have paralyzed the arm of any other man than Washington. In one particular, this body of meddlers and muddlers unhappily reflected not unfaithfully a prejudice of the country and the period. Its most disgraceful record is that wherein the treatment of the Army is concerned; and here it was, at least, indirectly supported by the popular feeling against anything in the shape of a standing army. Paradoxical as the fact may be, it is certain that Congress treated the Army as though it were a necessary evil. As for its claims upon the country, they were never recognized save through compulsion, and then in the shabbiest and meanest manner. It was not enough to withhold from the patriots in the field food, clothing, munitions and pay. Congress could not be brought to entertain the question of pensions in a proper spirit. Tories and Hessians could hardly have been dealt with from a more hostile point of view, in fact, and it is no wonder that the spirit of mutiny found its way into this much-abused and long-suffering organization. To make the situation worse and more ignominious, corruption was not wanting. The Army contract scandals which so roused public indignation at the North during the War of the Rebellion only enlarged upon the examples set during the War of Independence. Political adventurers grew fat while the soldiers starved and froze at Valley Forge. The revenues of the States officers who could not deal with the commissariat. officers who could not deal with the commissariat All the abuses of political generalship were in a flourishing condition. And to cap the climax of iniquity cabals existed in the Army itself, aimed at Washington.

In these volumes Mr. Fiske has brought out with special prominence the concern in one such cabal of a man who, for a long time, Americans delighted to honor—General Gates, the so-called "hero of Saratoga." The time has come when that ill-earned reputation has to fall, and the man appears as he really was, a pompous, pretentious, evil-minded, treacherous impostor; a wretched parasite, fattening upon the exploits of other men and stealing their good name; a creature so little deserving of honorable remembrance that the capture of Burgoyne, upon which his fame chiefly rested was the occasion of perhaps the most impudent usurpation in a career checkered by such meanness. The surrender of Burgoyne was brought about by the splendid gallantry and the initiative of Arnold and Morgan, Gates himself, though nominally in command, having opposed the movement and done nothing to support it. Yet in his dispatches Gates made no mention of the officers who had done all the work, and he coolly appropriated all the honors of the day. Mr. Fiske may possibly be accused of having striven to rehabilitate the memory of Benedict Arnold, so difficult is it to tell the truth without being misunderstood. What he really does is to emphasize the continued ill-treatment of Arnold by Congress; an ill-treatment which, while it cannot excuse or condone his treason, certainly makes it less difficult to understand why he played the traitor. Nor is it right at any time to ignore the really magnificent services rendered to the cause of American independence by this man whose name has become a by-word and reproach. While he was still faithful no general in the field was more distinguished both for valor and military judgment. His successes were great, and characterized by a singular daring. It was not his fault, assuredly, that the Canadian expedition failed. And though the deed which damned him was one of wholly inexcusable baseness and infamy, it could not efface the honorable and glorious achievements which preceded it. Benedict Arnold fell, "like Lucifer, never to rise again;" but he had a career before his fall the contemplation of which by every candid mind must temper execration with regret.

Charles Lee has never been the object of popular condemnation, like Arnold, yet it is open to question whether, putting aside dramatic accessories, he was not as black a traitor as the man who drew poor Andre into the trap—and left him there. Lee, too, abused his position in the Army to further designs which were certainly treasonable. We agree with Mr. Fiske that he ought to have been shot after Monmouth, and that the pitifully inadequate sentence passed upon him by the court-martial was a danger to the cause, and in some sense a betrayal of the public interests. But the whole episode serves to illustrate the obverse side of the Revolution, and to show how many obstructive and dangerous influences were at work both in the Army and in politics. The defenders of Charles Lee were, of course, the enemies of Washington; for Lee himself was a most bitter and vindictive foe of the Commander-in-chief, and the malignant adventurer really believed that he was fit for the highest position in the Army.

Of course no modern account of the American Revolution could afford to omit a careful study of English politics during the period, and Mr. Fiske has furnished a spirited sketch of the last campaigns of the last absolute English sovereign. He has, moreover, duly emphasized the dependence of British freedom and Parliamentary reform upon the issues of that distant struggle, and he has done well to dispute the general tradition of George the Third's stupidity. No doubt it is very human to impeach the intelligence of those who differ from us, but it is not a philosophical or a scientific position to take. George the Third was a man whose whole character arrayed him against the demands of liberty-loving men. He cared only for absolutism, and he resolved, if possible, to restore it in England. He could not endure a constitutional Government, a Minister responsible to the people. That is why he clung to the North Ministry, which was without independence or spirit—a mere echo of the Royal will. While North was at the head of affairs ostensibly, the stubborn old monarch could say his "sic volo; sic jubeo," without exaggeration. And this is the reason he hated the elder Pitt so rancorously and persistently. It has been said that he was so narrow-minded as to be willing to sacrifice the interests of the Kingdom to the gratification of his personal prejudices, but that is itself a narrow view to take of his conduct. To him the interests of the Crown were paramount; that is the real explanation of his course. He wished to be an absolute ruler, and naturally he subordinated all other considerations to that. Moreover, in opposing any change of policy in regard to the American colonies he was consistent, for his aim clearly was to break down the liberties of Englishmen 3,000 miles away, as a preliminary to introducing the same tyrannies at home. If this was not more widely recognized in England the abuses of the time explain the general dulness of apprehension. The House of Commons was then a nest of rotten boroughs. The press was neither able nor influential, nor particularly honest. The common people had no representation, and were, moreover, densely ignorant, as a rule. Mr. Fiske opportunely remarks upon the evidence which goes to show that the ratio of public intelligence in this country was far larger than that of England at the time. Discussion and elbow-room had opened the American mind. It was still crude enough, but it had gone ahead of the British mind, which was fastened in its ruts by caste, convention and an aristocratic system. We speak of intelligence, not of morals. There is nothing to show that American ethics had progressed in the same proportion, or, it might be said, in any proportion. They were probably up to the general standard of Europe, but no more can be said.

There is one more point in Mr. Fiske's careful survey which deserves to be noticed. It is the practical solidarity of all the interests of civilization, demonstrated in the gradual inclusion of the governments seemingly least interested, in the American Revolution. Commercial interests, and then the balance of power, wrought this interference, until, before peace was declared, England found herself threatened with what might very easily have expanded into a war with all the world. As such a war must have been waged upon the sea, she might have been able to undertake it there, but its maintenance would certainly have exhausted her strength eventually. Primarily it may be said that the outcome of the Revolution, like its inception, was due to the obstinate and despotic aims of one selfish man in England. But he was sustained and encouraged by Ministers even more blind and no whit less selfish and the Colonies in turn owed much of their success in the war to the blunders and incapacity of commanders who committed the fatal error of underestimating an unknown adversary until it was too late to revise judgment. And if one man in Europe was especially responsible for all the suffering and evil of the Revolution, though his ill turned, despite him, to good in the long run, so on the American side the virtues, patriotism, self-devotion and genius of one man turned the odds heavily against the invaders, more than offset their superiority in numbers and ornament, and held the country firm against its own weakness and sluggishness. Never can the study of this great historic picture cease to be interesting and instructive; nor is there any better way of presenting it than that which Mr. Fiske has taken in these volumes—volumes, let us add, which are in all respects worthy of his high reputation.

SUMMER READING.

NOVELS AND SHORT STORIES.

MONK AND KNIGHT. An Historical Study in Fiction. By Frank B. Gunsaulus. In two volumes. 12mo. Chicago. A. C. McClurg & Co.

THE MAID OF HONOR. By the Hon. Lewis Wingfield. 12mo, pp. 340. D. Appleton & Co.

A LIFE FOR LOVE. By L. T. Meade. 12mo, pp. 332. United States Book Company.

FELICIA. By Fannie N. D. Murfree. 12mo, pp 358. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

TOURMALIN'S TIME CHEQUES. By F. Anstey. 16mo, pp. 192. D. Appleton & Co.

FLUTE AND VIOLIN. By James Lane Allen. Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 308. Harper & Brothers.

NOUGHTS AND CROSSES. By "Q." 12mo, pp. 263. Cassell Publishing Company.

A BOX OF MONKEYS, AND OTHER FARCE COMEDIES. By Grace Livingston Furniss. 16mo, Harper & Brothers.

IDLE TIME TALES. Translated from the French of Francois Coppee, Honore de Balzac, Alphonse Daudet, and Alfred de Musset. By G. A. Bierstadt. 12mo, pp. 227. Rand. McNally & Co.

The experiment of Mr. Gunsaulus must have cost much labor, and we fear the result will not be compensatory. "Monk and Knight" is an attempt to depict the period of the Reformation in a series of tableaus, linked together by a frail thread of fiction. The outcome is not very lively. There are scattered bits of interest, but the history kills the fiction, and the fiction kills the history. A novel with the Reformation for background might be written. A history of the Reformation is scarcely needed. But a mixture of the two was not a happy thought. The author has introduced many historical personages—that is, by name; but these are mere puppets, possessing no individuality, nor lifelikeness, and they parade through the pages drearily and dully. Francis the First, Henry the Eighth of England, Erasmus, Thomas More, Wolsey, Louise of Savoy, and others, are among the "dramatis personae," but only ostensibly. The author has made no attempt to differentiate characters. They all speak alike. The few attempts at dramatic action are but feebly accomplished, and the work as a whole strikes us as a rather painful waste of energy.

Mr. Wingfield has drawn his subject from the French Revolution, though the Revolution itself cuts but a small figure in the story. There is an historical foundation for the central incident—the attempt, namely, by the husband and brother-in-law of a noblewoman to force her to change her will in their favor, and then murder her; but the author has altogether overdone his emotion, and also the villany of his villains. The maid of honor, the Marchioness de Gange, a friend of Marie Antoinette and the Princess de Lamballe, is the particularly helpless and apathetic victim of as coarse and clumsy a conspiracy as ever was hatched. The chief conspirator, the Abbe Pharamond, is painted in such lurid colors as to amount to a grotesque caricature. No human being ever behaved like this impossible monster, and perhaps no human being ever sat so still and impotent in the face of known villany as the stupid if virtuous Marchioness. People who can find interest in stories as unreal and unthinkable as the wildest dreams may be pleased with this one. Those who demand some little conformity to nature in their fiction will be disappointed with it.

"A Life for a Love" is much more realistic in the working out, but hardly less impossible as regards plot than the novel last considered. The head of a great mercantile firm accepts as son-in-law a young man without means, on condition that after a year of married life he shall go to Australia and arrange a sham death, first having insured his life for a very large amount, which amount is to save the merchant from ruin and shame by enabling him to make good a trust fund he has stolen. The young man who agrees to this piece of scoundrelism is represented throughout as a Christian hero, which is to say the least remarkable. As for the girl, she does not love him, but consents to marry him to please her affectionate but criminal papa. It is not surprising that the outcome of these arrangements is generally disastrous, but there is a lack of lucidity in the author's introduction of what the Psychical Research Society has been pleased to denominate "Phantasms of the Living," under conditions altogether irreconcilable with such phenomena.

Miss Murfree's "Felicia" is not a cheerful novel, nor is it a very interesting one. It turns upon the attempt of a restless-minded young woman to live the life of a public singer whom she has married in defiance of her family. The singer is really a very good fellow—too good, one is inclined to think, for the wife, who is selfish and disloyal without meaning or knowing it. Things between them, however, get into such a tangle that the author finds it necessary to kill one of her difficult characters before the end of the story; and we are sorry to say that in our judgment she has "removed" the wrong one. There is some fairly good character analysis in the tale, but it lacks brightness and humor, and the gloom settles more and more deeply down until the close.

Mr. Anstey is generally original in his conceits and not less generally amusing. In "Tourmalin's Time Cheques" he has devised an ingenious motive, which is handled with decided skill and smoothness. The idea of the "time cheques" is novel, and just absurd enough to be entertaining, and the adventures of Peter Tourmalin in expending his cheques are of a kind to elicit laughter from the grimmest reader. To give any hint as to the nature of the fun would be unfair to all who have the pleasure of reading the book in store. We have only one fault to find with the book, and that concerns the denouement, which in truth is hackneyed.

The Kentucky tales and sketches published by James Lane Allen under the title of "Flute and Violin" are full of varied merit and interest, and while dealing in some instances with trite subjects, invest them with an originality and freshness which more than makes amends. There is much simple pathos in most of these stories, of which the "The White Cowl" and "Sister Dolorosa" opens a new vein, in dealing with American monasticism as a motive in fiction. Mr. Allen does not rely at all upon dialect, which is a relief, for dialect has been terribly overworked for some time.

The author, who writes under the "nom de plume" of "Q" has brought together, in the volume entitled "Noughts and Crosses" a number of stories and sketches which show him at his best. He possesses a distinctive, quaint and pleasant style, and a whimsicality which marks the true humorist. He never imitates or borrows, which is much to be able to say of any writer in days when every subject has been exploited and every idea worn threadbare. Moreover he has not injured himself, as so many promising writers do, by excessive production; a fault which is far more fatal to genius than neglect. "Q" evidently works slowly and carefully, and so it is that much of his best work reads as though it had cost no effort whatever. His new volume is just the kind of thing to take into the country.

Under the title "A Box of Monkeys," Grace Livingston Furniss has collected four farce-comedies of very much the same order of interest. They are light, as they ought to be, and they are characterized by what our grandfathers called a "touch-and-go-manner." Of course it would be absurd to look for dramatic genius in compositions of the kind. Fun is all that can be expected of them, and if they provide that they fulfil their mission. They are, moreover, for young people, and young people laugh more easily than their seniors, and so should find in these little farce-comedies sufficient entertainment.

"Idle Time Tales" consist of four translations, from Coppee, Balzac, Daudet, and De Musset, respectively. We cannot say that the translations are well done, and as much better English versions of most of the stories exist elsewhere, perhaps it was hardly worth while to offer the public these indifferent versions.

LITERARY NOTES.

John Payne, the translator of the latest edition of "The Arabian Nights," is now at work upon a complete metrical translation of the writings of Hafiz, the great Persian poet. The work will be issued by the Villon Society.

There is a right merry and saucy turn in Mr. Arthur Brisbane's article in "The Book-Buyer," on his young comrade, Richard Harding Davis. To speak in Swiveleresc, it is "a sparkler," and conveys thereby a neat and vivid impression of his subject. Those curious concerning Mr. Davis's busy and extremely creditable literary career must seek "The Book-Buyer" for satisfaction—the tale is too long to quote; but here is the scrap of personal description accompanying a good portrait of the author of "Gallegher": "Richard Harding Davis is a young man, twenty-six years old. He is big, with broad shoulders, has a great deal of color in his face, and is good-looking. He weighs about 185 pounds. He is a good hand at various athletic exercises, knows all about football, and has long been recognized as probably the best swimmer on the New-Jersey coast. He has saved several people from drowning, and his life has also been saved, under very romantic circumstances. It was a young girl who pulled him out of the water."

It is said by a writer for "The North China Herald" that fiction among the Celestials is, and always has been, an influence for evil, much condemned by moralists of the Confucian school.

The four "Lectures on Architecture and Painting" delivered by Mr. Ruskin in Edinburgh in 1853, and never reprinted since the second edition in 1855, are now to be brought out by Mr. Allen. Two of these lectures are on "Architecture," the third is on "Turner and His Works," and the fourth on "Pre-Raphaelitism." The fifteen full-page illustrations by Mr. Ruskin will appear in their proper places in the text, as in the first edition. Besides the ordinary issue, there is to be a special edition of the book of 250 copies, on hand-made paper.

Alack! There be they who care not for "Looking Backward." "Not long past," says "The London Academy," "there was published a book of an ugliness so gross and a vulgarity so pestilent that it deserved the bonfire and the hangman, the fate of no worse books in a by-gone age. The book has been bought by tens of thousands and hundred of thousands, in England and America; clubs and societies have been called after its author's name. That book is 'Looking Backward.' It purported to give us an insight into the perfected society of the future; and what we saw was a nightmare spectacle of machinery dominating the world."

A correspondent asks us to republish Mr. Aldrich's pretty poem on the "Flight of the Goddess"—that graceful bit of consolation for genius in a garret—for the benefit of the discontented and poverty-stricken man of brains with a prejudice in favor of clothes and something to eat. But it has not been proven, in spite of Mr. Aldrich's charming verses, that a garret is better for the genius than a comfortable home. Flying in spirit from sorrow and adversity, he finds a refuge in the world of imagination, but it is quite possible that other influences, which fate denies to him, might develop his powers as thoroughly. The question is still open for discussion.

Young Lord Houghton is showing in his poems much of his father's light and graceful fancy; and it is said that his sister, the Hon. Mrs. Henniker—whose novel, "Sir George," has just been published—also shows a good deal of the paternal cleverness.

The fair Ouida doesn't like young Master Kipling. "A young man," she observes, with emphasis, "has of late been hailed as a fine writer, when he has neither knowledge of style nor common acquaintance with grammar, and should be whipped and put in a corner like a naughty child, for his impudence in touching pen and ink without knowing how to use them." This is a queer criticism to come from Ouida, whose own style is sometimes only less extraordinary than her grammar.

As for Kipling's style, Dame Nature has been kind to him, for he rarely fails to use the unerringly right word—a rude one, perhaps, but expressly formed, it would almost seem, to fill exactly the place wherein he casts it.

ROWENY IN BOSTON

XIX.

FERDINAND IN TROUBLE.

Copyright, 1891: By The Tribune Association.

As soon as she reached home Rowena took her little hand lamp and went up to her room where the one window looked over the wide stretch of pasture land. The moon lighted up the pasture now.

The girl sat down a moment with the letter in her hand. Philip had gone. He had not lingered a moment, save to take her hand and say in an unsteady voice that "he didn't know when he should see her again. He should try not to see her; he didn't think he could stan' it to keep meeting her."

Mrs. Tuttle was standing in the open door when her daughter walked slowly up to the house.

"Oh, Roweny!" she exclaimed. "I do hope you aint done nothin' you'll be sorry for."

"I hope so too," returned Rowena. "I've done what I had to do. Don't stop me, mother. I can't talk about it."

Then she had taken her lamp and gone up stairs. Her sisters looked at her wonderingly.

Mrs. Tuttle stepped out to the barn, where her husband was looking after a sick cow.

"I guess it's all over, Hiram," she said, stopping in the yard, where she found him cutting up fodder.

"What's over?" in an alarmed tone.

"All our plans 'bout Roweny 'n' Philup. She's jest come home."

"Oh, well," returned Mr. Tuttle, "we can't manage them things, you know. The young folks have their own notions. I hope it'll all come out right, 'n' I guess 'twill. Do you think"—pausing in pushing the fodder through the cutter, "do you think she's got a fancy for this feller that's round, 'n' that can't say r only once 'n' a while?"

"I've ben tryin' to make up my mind, but I can't. Well's I know her, I can't seem to tell. What do you think of him?"

"I like him first-rate. He ain't no fool, I tell ye. I've been watchin' him. He's in love with her."

Mr. Tuttle spoke rather proudly. He had taken to Bradford more than his wife had done. It was a recommendation for the young man that he had fallen in love with Rowena.

At last the girl detached her thoughts from Philip sufficiently to recall her interest in the letter she had just received.

It was not from the young man whose aunt was a medium. It was from Miss Phillipps. She had lost no time in keeping her promise to her cousin Keats. Her note to Rowena had gone out in the same day on which he had gone. There were not many lines. The girl's eyes flashed eagerly down the page, then back again for a second reading. Surely there was more than that. No, there was not.

The letter seemed to be cordial. It asked Rowena to come to Charles-st. for a visit of a week or two on her return to Boston. The writer would not leave town quite as early as she had once intended.

It was in vain for Rowena to read the words again. She was chilled. But she did not know why. Her very fingers grew cold as they held the paper and felt the message from her heart. And yet it seemed a cordial, sincere invitation.

She would not go to Miss Phillipps's house. Even if she had felt differently she would not go, because she was in Boston to work. She was to leave home the following Monday. She could spare no more time before the long summer when she would be in the country and would feel as if everybody was looking at her and condemning her because, if she must take lessons, she did not take them of that woman who came out from some place—it was not known where—only "she came out." She made a person an artist in six easy lessons.

Rowena was very much depressed when at last she lay down for the night. In the background of all her reflections was the face of Philip Barrett when he had bidden her good-by. There was also a feeling that her money might not hold out. She supposed people always spent more than they intended to spend. She felt that she had been saving of her pennies to the verge of meanness. And they were getting so low. She must decide whether she would apply for the school Georgie Warner would give up in the fall. She should dislike it; but she might be obliged to teach a term or two so that she might still go to Allestree for lessons. She could not conceive any stress of circumstances beyond an interference by Providence that would make her give up her learning to paint. It had been a dear triumph for her to know that, since her study, she had far more control of her hand when she made sketches from nature. There was a something she could catch and hold now which had always eluded her before.

Mr. Bradford praised while he criticised. He had many ways like his cousin. Rowena had almost fallen into a habit of watching for those ways. When they came she would suddenly look up at the young man and smile. On such occasions the responsive smile upon his face was becoming so ardently warm that Rowena was vaguely moved by it.

The next day was Saturday. On the Monday, early, she would go back to Boston in a boat with Uncle Reuben. To ride thus would not be tedious now that the days were sweet and warm with the near presence of summer. Besides, she saved a car fare by going this way. She would send Miss Phillipps a note from Hudson-st.

Lying there close to the roof of the old house she began to compose the note to Miss Phillipps. But her mind wandered; she no longer heard the frogs. She was asleep.

Georgie Warner was already mending rapidly. The news that Mary Jane Jewett was really going to mary Charlie Simmons and "live in Borston," was now widely disseminated. Miss Jewett had kept her promise. She had told Jim Townshend. He had struggled manfully under the blow, and he was resolved that Georgie should comfort him, as resolved as he could be with his kind of a mouth and chin.

Miss Jewett, to facilitate further the distribution of the news, had imparted it to Marthy S.

When Rowena walked over to see Georgie late Saturday afternoon she had found that invalid sitting in a rocker, with a pillow at her back, looking over strips of patchwork. She even had visions of a new kind of pattern of a bedquilt that should outdo anything ever yet made.

Georgie was still weak, however. She was melted to tears at sight of her friend, who had not been afraid to speak to that Jewett girl.

She hugged Rowena with hysterical fervor. She asserted that if it had not been for her she "should have ben in her grave 'fore the 4th of July."

Rowena could not dispute this assertion. She sat down and put her arm round Georgie. She listened, a little absently, to a great deal of talk of Jim and Jim's goodness, now he was "really red of that awful Jewett girl." Georgie almost hinted that Jim would probably have taken measures himself to be "red of her" if things hadn't turned out exactly as they had.

It was not many days since this change of circumstances had occurred, but it seemed rather long ago. Georgie's intensity of interest in bedquilts at last wearied even Rowena. She must go back. She rose. She skilfully parried or ignored any references to the city feller, also to Philip Barrett. She thought she could not hear Philip's name mentioned. She was in terror lest Georgie might speak it.

She caught up Marmaduke under her arm and hurried away. She would stop and say good-by on Monday.

She walked through the small pine wood, the odorous dusk soothing her. She was almost ashamed and wholly astonished that she was eager to get away from home again.

She believed her home and its surroundings must have changed. Only her mother and father were the same always. At thought of them all that she feared must be a wicked hardness in her nature melted suddenly and flooded her eyes.

It was full of black shadows among the pines there, though the moonlight was bright beyond the trees. Rowena could hear the terrier rustling about in the sweet-smelling pine needles, sniffing and sometimes growling under his breath. He was as protective as if he were a very large dog.

Suddenly he ran forward and barked in such a tumultuous way that each explosion raised his forefeet from the ground.

Rowena stood still, hidden in the shadows. It was a lonely place, but the girl had traversed it many a dark night and never thought of fear. It was a part of her home to her. But she was startled.

She could not see Marmaduke at all, but he kept up his clamor as he never did save at some kind of an intruder.

After waiting a moment, Rowena walked forward toward the dog. Now she saw in the moonlight the figure of a woman, hesitating and looking about her doubtfully.

"Come here, Marmaduke! Be still, sir!"

Rowena advanced as she spoke, and so did the stranger.

"Is it Miss Tuttle?" inquired a voice which Rowena had heard before, but which she could not really recognize.

She went swiftly forward.

"Did you want me?" she asked, alarmed and surprised.

The stranger, who wore a long, gray cloak and a close bonnet, clasped her hands nervously together.

"Oh, I'm so thankful to find you!" she cried in a subdued voice. "It seems as if I'd been looking for you for ages, though I only left Boston this afternoon. You know me, don't you, Miss Tuttle?"

Rowena held out her hand.

"Why, it's Miss Foster!! she said, in strong surprise.

Miss Foster moved a few steps until she came to a tree; she leaned heavily against it.

"I'm just as nervous 's I can be," she said distressfully. "We drove over from the next town. Ferdinand would have it so. He said he didn't care what did happen; he would see you before he went; and he made me come with him. He said he shouldn't dare to come without me. He took a notion that you seemed to like me. You know we said we'd go to see each other in Borston."

"Yes," said Rowena. She was becoming excited herself now. She wanted to question the girl, but she hardly knew how to do so. She tried to be quiet, and wait. Meanwhile the moonlight revealed Miss Foster's face to be more pallid than usual, and full of the keenest suffering. Her eyes were wild and dilated. She was continually looking behind her, and often she stopped in the middle of a sentence and seemed to listen.

She left the tree and came close to Rowena.

"You see," she said, almost whispering, and speaking so rapidly it was difficult for her listener to follow her. "Ferdinand's got into trouble. He made me promise to tell you. He's so generous and so good-hearted, you know, that he's been spending too much money. He's the most generous fellow in the world; money just slips out of his hands. Oh, Miss Tuttle, don't you go and think he's bad! I'd know what I should have done if it hadn't been for him since I've been sick, him and the Science. He's got into debt. Oh, I mustn't stop to tell you all about it. You know he's head bookkeeper for Nichols Brother. He's been taking money now and then, for some time. He was going to pay it back, you know. He fixed up the books so it didn't show. He says in a few months more, he thinks, he should have had a chance to pay it all back. But they've found it out, or Ferd is almost sure they suspect. He says he's got to skip; he says he'll go out of the country; he says he sh'll find some way to pay 'um; he's sure he shall. He's out there, round the turn, the other side of those savins. Will you come? He's waiting."

Rowena could not, for the moment, reply. She gazed in silence at the girl, who kept twisting her hands together.

"We can't waste time," said Miss Foster. "We've got to be over to Hibbard's station to catch the midnight train, and our horse's been getting lame for the last mile or two. It's a stable horse from the town here, and I've got to drive it back. You see he might have gone right on in the train, but he was bound to see you. He said he'd risk it. Oh, do come! How can it harm you?"

Rowena did not hesitate any longer. Miss Foster took her hand eagerly and together the two girls ran along the dusty, moonlighted road.

Not far, however. The terrier, racing on ahead, came to a place where he began to bark again. A form detached itself from the darkness under the savins. There was a horse and buggy standing near.

Rowena had not a single word at her command as young Foster came out into the moonlight. She held fast to her companion's hand lest she might try to leave her.

Ferdinand Foster took off his hat without any of his old flourish. He had no display of necktie and no flower in his button-hole. He fixed his eyes eagerly on Rowena. She held out her hand. There was something so desolate and appealing in Foster's face and attitude, something so entirely different from the way she had remembered him, that she obeyed her kindly impulse and put out her hand.

"It is awfully good of you," he stammered. "You see I had to see you. I——"

He stopped suddenly. He turned and walked away a few steps, his hat still in his hand, his head bent.

Rowena hardly knew him. She was so sorry that her face was almost tender.

He returned and stood in front of her, back to the light which was upon her in full radiance.

"Since I've seen you, Miss Tuttle," he began again, "I've meant to be a better fellow. I'd got into kind of bad ways, you know. But from the minute I saw you I felt different. I've left off doing a lot of things that I knew you wouldn't like. I meant to tell you all about it some time, when I knew you better. But I couldn't see you much, somehow. I wish I could have seen you more. I don't see how a fellow could be very bad that saw you often. Yes, I do wish I could have seen you more."

Rowena was silent. She was trying to recognize the man before her. Even his voice seemed unfamiliar. She could not quite realize that these words were spoken by Mr. Foster—and to her. It was all unreal. The moonlight, the two people, the shadowy carriage and horse; even the terrier, now sitting silently close to her feet might have been some other terrier.

"You ain't going to be angry with me, are you?" asked Foster, coming still nearer. "I know I was cheeky in trying to see you; but you'll overlook it, won't you? I guess you don't know how I've been thinkin' of you. To tell you the truth, if you were a friend to a fellow I don't see how he could help being good. I wish I'd known you a good while ago."

Still Rowena did not speak. But she was touched. She did not understand very well how he could really mean that a man would be better if she were his friend. She thought it was only a way of speaking.

Foster was looking at her intently, longingly. His commonplace face received a little dignity from his earnestness.

His sister drew out her watch and looked at it.

"There ain't much more time, Fred," she said.

He turned almost savagely upon her.

"I can't help it," he cried. "I don't see how I'm going to get that train, anyway. Look at that horse. He can't put that foot to the ground now. I'm just up a tree—that's what I am."

Miss Foster began to wring her hands.

"Don't do that," he went on. "What's the use of it? If I can get away I shall. If I don't they'll nab me, that's all."

He seemed ashamed of this outburst, for he went on directly, looking at Rowena and then back to his sister:

"You see, I ain't slept much lately. I'm a regular brute, Miss Tuttle——"

Here he appeared unable to control his voice directly. He put his hand to his necktie, as if he must loosen it. All the time he was gazing intently at Rowena, whose feelings were a mixture of pity and a desire to turn and run away.

"I don't suppose I shall ever see you again," he said. "I can't ever tell you—you wouldn't want me to tell you how I——"

"Oh, no! no!" cried Rowena, in a kind of fright, suddenly feeling that the expression in the man's eyes had all at once become unendurable. She could not be looked at in that way by Ferdinand Foster.

She retreated a few steps. Perhaps unconsciously, Foster followed her.

"I tell you I shall never see you again," he repeated passionately. "Haven't you any pity to throw to me?"

The pleading in his voice touched her now. She put out both her hands.

"Oh, I am sorry! I am sorry!" she said, with pathetic earnestness.

He seized both hands and held them despairingly.

He could not say any different words from those he had already used.

"I do wish I could have seen you oftener!"

"Ferdinand!"

"A sister called his name. She was trying to lead the horse forward. But the animal could not step; he could not put his foot to the ground.

"What shall we do? What shall we do?" moaned Miss Foster.

Her brother stamped furiously. He ran to the horse and looked down at the leg which was held from the ground, the toe just resting.

"What will become of you? You must catch that train!"

Miss Foster seemed beside herself. Rowena tried not to be too excited to think clearly. There was no neighbor who had a horse that could go beyond a slow trot. Useless to think of them. She knew that Mr. Bradford's horse was fleet. She had thought he would come over this evening, because it had been his habit to come over. Perhaps he was at her house now. But could they have all the time necessary to walk that distance?

It is true that things sometimes happen opportunely. One of these things happened now. The sound of a quick gallop came down the road. Rowena knew that gallop very well. She ran down to meet the coming horseman. He saw her and came yet more rapidly. He sprang to the ground. She hardly looked at him. She seized the horse's bridle.

"Come, Mr. Foster! Quick! This horse'll take you!"

Foster ran forward. He caught Rowena's other hand and kissed it. He jumped into the saddle and rode away.

Rowena now turned to Keats Bradford.

"You'll lend your horse for a few hours, won't you, Mr. Bradford? The case is very urgent."

Bradford's face was rather black. He was thinking of the kiss upon Rowena's hand.

"I think I shall lend him," he answered, "since you ask me, and since he is already gone."

AMERICA'S PROBLEMS.

A FEW JUST WORDS FROM ENGLAND.

From The Spectator, London.

During the Philadelphia Centennial Exhibition, the writer of the present article happened to be living with an Englishman who had for some years made his home in the United States. He was a man of much quiet observation and shrewd intelligence. He one day summed up the result of his experience of the great Republic in these words: "The more I see of the people of the United States, the more contradictory seem to me to be the conclusions which any man living among them, who does not feel himself to be one of them, must draw from what passes under his eye. You have no sooner seen one set of phenomena which make you disposed to put in a very short form some very definite statement as to the characteristics of the people, than a new series of events tends to induce you to make a statement of exactly opposite tendency. At one moment you feel convinced that there never was among any people so great a love of order; at another, that never did any people show such an extraordinary tolerance of disorder and such a love of riot. At one moment it seems as if the Central Government had no power at all; at the next, it suddenly acts with a despotism that would be hardly tolerated in Russia, or that would at least there be 'tempered by assassination.' At one moment you would say there never was a Government, either municipal or political, so hopelessly corrupt; at the next, a sudden revolt of all the strongest elements in American society against corruption makes you feel that there never was a people so thoroughly determined at all costs to put down corruption. You might carry on the same series of contradictory assertions almost indefinitely. There is hardly any statement that could be made by any student of American life as to which I am not prepared, almost at a moment's notice, to put forward what will seem to be irrefragable confirmation of the truth, or irrefragable demonstration of its falsehood. The fact is, that the great questions which have interested mankind throughout their history are here being fought out with an almost fair field." We think that that is the true answer to the writer in "Blackwood," who, in the current month's issue, has brought a savage indictment against the great Republic. We do not deny that many of the facts he quotes tend to prove the assertion he makes of the hopeless tyranny and corruption that prevail in the States. We venture, however, to believe that another writer, as much prejudiced in favor of the States as this writer is prejudiced against them, could easily produce evidence for a panegyric as enthusiastic as this attack is sweeping and vindictive.

But, after all, it is in the private lives of its citizens that the true condition of a country can best be studied; and we therefore think it fortunate that, in the same month in which this attack is formulated, attention should be drawn to a singularly representative life which has just come to an end. Lord Wolseley, who was personally well acquainted with General Sherman, is, is a series of articles in "The United Service Magazine," giving a study of the career of that great soldier. Seeing that Sherman was more than forty years of age when he began to take part in the Civil War, and had passed through a most eventful career before that period, Lord Wolseley has felt that no study of the two or three years during which Sherman fought for the Union would adequately represent the man. He therefore, in the current number, restricts himself to the period which preceded the war. We do not propose to follow him through the various incidents of Sherman's life as banker, land-surveyor, lawyer and pioneer. We are only glad to take the opportunity presented by this study of his civil life to draw certain conclusions as to the points raised by the "Blackwood" review. Lord Wolseley's object is naturally to select the plums from Sherman's very interesting biography, and from other sources of information. Ours is to take more especially one incident of Sherman's career, as illustrating events which are passing at the present moment. Sherman, during the early days of Californian emigration, and during the height of the gold-fever, found himself in presence of a condition of things very similar to that which now prevails in New-Orleans. A Committee of Public Safety during that time virtually seized the executive power in San Francisco, and, being supported at first by the most respectable citizens in the town, proceeded to put down a condition of lawlessness which the established authorities had been unwilling or unable to suppress. There seem to be only