SOCIETY IN PARIS.

Who Are In It, and Who Are Not—A Curious Study of a Complicated Subject.

PARIS, March 26.—In the course of an interview the other day the eminent novelist, M. Octave Feuillet, replied as follows to a critic who reproached him with not having read Balzac enough, and with frequenting the Faubourg St. Germain too much: "Does such a thing as the Faubourg St. Germain exist at the present day? The finest mansions in that district are inhabited by Israelite financiers and by the Ministers of the republic. The Faubourg St. Germain nowadays is scattered all over the town; it is in the Parc Monceau, in the Champs Elysées, everywhere. The great families thus disseminated over Paris might nevertheless have continued to form a separate and rigorously exclusive society. Even this is no longer the case. High Parisian society, if I may judge from the American novels that I have read, resembles very much modern high American society. It is still select, scrupulous in the choice of those admitted into it, but it is no longer closed by any prejudice of caste."

Since the great Revolution, the history of high society in Paris has been a history of decadence, transformation, and absorption. The social citadel has been forced successively by the rich bourgeoisie and by the Israelites. The French gentlemen of the old régime, the marquises with their red heels, their lace ruffles, their haughty tones, and withal their seductive qualities of race—frivolously elegant in times of peace, brave on the field of battle—this nobility, forming a real caste, a society within a society, exists no longer. What does noblesse amount to nowadays? Armorial bearings on a carriage door, a coronet in the crown of an opera hat, generous sentiments in the hearts of a few gentlemen here and there, and that is all. The Revolution was a terrible leveller, and the nobles who survived during the period of emigration, had to begin life over again when they returned to France after the foundation of the empire. It was then that the name of the Faubourg St. Germain was given to the society formed of the old nobles, in order to distinguish it from the upstart aristocracy of the empire which had settled in the Faubourg St. Honoré and in the Chaussée d'Antin. The returned exiles lived poor and happy during the empire and the reign of Charles X., making much noise of opposition, deprived of their privileges, and with diminished pride of race. How could they repair their broken fortunes? The only means were mésalliances and the acceptance of lucrative offices. Then came the revolution of 1830, which split the old noblesse into two camps, the Orleanists and the Legitimists. The bourgeois King, Louis Philippe, was laughed at. The noble Faubourg sulked for a time, and when it once more opened its salons, its social prestige was diminished. Deprived of the guidance of the Dauphine and the dowagers, having no censor or grand inquisitor, the young women began to affect a certain disdain of the graces of their ancestors and adopted that English habite. This was the direct ancestor of the *tomboy*, a type of society woman who sought to astonish by her masculine audacity rather than to charm by refined coquetry. At this time, too, cosmopolitanism began to make its way into Parisian society, and in 1848 the four leading salons of Paris were presided over by the Princess de Lièven, Mme. Sewetchine, Mme. de Circourt, and the Princess Belgiojoso, the first three Russians, the latter an Italian.

The second empire made Parisian society still more cosmopolitan, and then the *grand monde* came to an end for want of grand seigneurs and grand ladies. The conditions of sociability had changed with the change in manners. The life of the clubs, of the race courses, and of Parliament had afforded men new meeting places. The traditions of ancient French courtesy were forgotten. The discreet homage paid to women under the title of *galanterie* vanished; the habits of smoking and gambling had produced a social amphibium, half of the street, and the salon, in the old sense of the term, had become impossible. The great lady, the *grande dame* above all, was wanting, for the bourgeoisie of the reign of Louis Philippe, and the equalitarian democracy which followed, had not the innate gifts which made the French *grande dame* of former days the queen of European elegance.

What those gifts were it is not easy to relate in a few words, but in general one may say that aristocratic manners are the outcome of the sentiment of art carried into the smallest details of life. The aristocratic spirit is eminently artistic. It is the sentiment of individuality and of form carried to its highest degree of intensity, which gives to the person, the family, the house, and to the patrician race that ideal or plastic value which also constitutes the beauty of works of art. Aristocratic life is sentimental, like art; but unlike art, its sentiments are founded on the knowledge of the noblest conditions of human nature and human life, namely, simplicity in grandeur. Aristocracy has its grimace like art; as mannerism is to style so is the parvenu to the gentleman.

The efforts which the second empire made to restore luxury and elegance, gave rise to that frivolous, ostentatious, cosmopolitan society called *le demi-monde*, whose language is argot or slang, and whose great ladies were called *cocodettes*. The reader will observe that the French do not attach to *demi-mônde* the signification which the term generally bears among the English, but the signification it has in Alexander Dumas's famous comedy—that is to say, a *demi-mondaine*—is a woman of distinguished birth, who does not respect the laws and traditions of the social sphere in which she was born—a *déclassée*, in fact.

Parisian society under the third republic is composed of several elements. The past, intermingled with a variety of new elements. It is a society in a state of dissolution and of evolution, without chief, censor, or guide of any kind. Society in London has been defined as the social area of which the Prince of Wales is personally cognizant, within the limits of which he visits, and of any member of which is, to some extent, in touch with the ideas and wishes of his Royal Highness. In Paris we have no such central authority and rallying point. Parisian society is simply a congeries of sets and social spheres, between which it is not easy to mark the boundary lines, and which all contribute to form the composite social corporation called "All Paris"—*le Tout-Paris*. We have remnants of the past in the shape of Orleanist society, Bonapartist society, and the fast society of the surviving *cocodettes* of the empire. Then there is the official society of the third republic, the great and small Israelite society, academic society, literary society, &c.

Before examining briefly the characteristics of these different spheres of social Paris, let us see what is the nature of Parisian social machinery. In the first place, the season is short. Formerly, before it became the fashion to travel and go to Pau, Nice, the seaside, and the watering places, Parisian society people used to spend eight months in Paris and four months at their country houses. Nowadays they do not return to Paris, or at any rate do not open their houses, until February. In June they go to the seaside or the mountains, and the autumn and part of the winter is spent in the country. During the four months of the Parisian season the utmost a society lady does is to receive one night a week, and to give a reception, a ball, or river fête preceded by a small dinner party. Besides her evening reception, she will remain at home one afternoon in the week from 3 to 6 o'clock to receive visits. During carnival she will give one or two dancing parties. In Lent a musical or a dramatic fête will replace the dancing party, and after Easter the Parisians we will marry their sons and daughters, if she has any. In Paris the ponderous dinner party does not play any rôle at all in society; its place is taken by the reception. At the beginning of the season Mme. X. sends out cards to all her friends and acquaintances announcing that she will be at home on such and such an evening, from Feb. 15 to 1 May, or May 27, or whatever other dates she may choose to fix. This invitation covers a great deal of ground, and enables her to limit her dinner invitations to a few selected friends.

The chroniclers of Parisian society are fond of using the epithet "select," though in reality nothing is less select than Parisian society at the present day. The three main dissolving elements are commercial wealth, the Jews, and the all-invading *Tout-Paris*. Commercial wealth has tainted the old noblesse through innumerable mésalliances made for the purpose of regilding impoverished escutcheons. The Duc de Crussol d'Uzès married a Cliquot of champagne renown. The Princesse de la Tour d'Auvergne is the widow of a stock broker named Leroux, and her daughter has become Duchesse de Bauffremont. Her sister, Caroline Leroux, married successively the Duc de Mailly and the Baron Roger, and her sons are three two flowers of elegance, the Marquis Philippe de Massa and the Baron Eugène Roger. The Countesse de la Ferronays, a very grand lady in the Orleanist world, was a bourgeoise *née* Guibert. The Countesse de Béhagne was the daughter of an artisan, and her husband was a cattle breeder from Poitou. Irish and a count. The Princesse de Sagan is the daughter of the banker Sellière. The Marquise de Gallifet is the daughter of the banker Lafitte. The Duc de Montmorency married Carmen Ida, daughter of the banker Aguado. The Duke d'Arenberg married a daughter of the banker Greffulhe. The Viscountesse de Tredern, daughter of the sugar refiner Say, was by her first marriage Duchesse de Brissac, and her sister has become Princesse Amédée de Broglie. All these ladies have become leaders of society.

The invasion of Parisian society by the Jews is one of the remarkable phenomena of the day. There are two classes of Jews in Paris, the French Jews and the exotic Jews. The former have become French by long habitation, the latter have settled in Paris, for the most part, during the past fifteen years. The chief families of French Jews are the Rothschilds, the Foulds, the Sterns, the Bischoffsheims, the Cohens d'Anvers, the Koenigswarters, the Goldschmidts. The exotic Jews who have arrived recently from Frankfort, Munich, Constantinople, Odessa, and the Levant are named Saby-Stern, Kann, Camondo, Erlanger, Gunzbourg, Ephrussi, Hirsch; their accent is generally German, and their fortunes are of recent growth, and are constantly risked in vast operations on the Stock Exchange. The wives of these new Israelites are almost all foreigners—Levantines, Greeks, Turks, Armenians, Americans, even. For instance, the Baroness Emile Erlanger was Miss Sidell of New Orleans, and the Baroness Hirsch of the Rue Tilsitt was Miss Alice Pillé, likewise of New Orleans, where her grandfather followed the trade of a hatter. The sister of the Baroness Hirsch is now Marquise de Chasselon-Laubat. The beautiful Mme. Bischoffsheim is also an American, daughter of the late William Paine of New York, and granddaughter of the late Reuben Withers.

The chief aim of these new Jews during the past seven years has been to obtain titles and to conquer the Faubourg Saint-Germain, as we shall continue to call the high titled society of Paris. The titles have been obtained mostly by purchase. The conquest of the Faubourg is now complete; the Jews are in the heart of the citadel; their wealth and their perseverance have carried the day. But the struggle was hard and long.

"I remember," writes a lady friend, "the reception days of some of the richest and most prominent Jewesses a few years ago. There was hardly a single Catholic lady present and very few French people. During the past five years there has been a marked change. The French go to their receptions and the Jewesses go everywhere. They have the best boxes at the Opera and at the Comédie Française; they give the finest fêtes in Paris; they drive the finest horses; they have racing stables; they hunt the stag in the ex-royal forests of Fontainebleau and Saint-Germain; they are received by the Orleans princes; they are the friends of the descendants of Napoleon. At the Wednesday receptions of the Princesse Mathilde five years ago there was not a single Jew, whereas now the Jews form the majority."

This statement is rigorously exact. The Jewish element is becoming rapidly predominant in Parisian society, and the daughters of Israel seem to have the choice of the coronets of the noble Faubourg. Thus, Mlle. Marguerite de Rothschild has become Duchesse de Gramont; Mlle. Louise Goldschmidt is Comtesse de Sartiges, Mlle. Macha Ephrussi is Comtesse de Persin, to cite only three recent marriages.

The invasion of society by the *Tout-Paris* is due to the growing absence of discreetness and delicacy in social relations. It is admitted, for instance, that you may ask for an invitation to a ball or fête given by a hostess whom you do not know, while, on the other hand, a person to whom you may have been once presented in a crowded room, thinks himself authorized to invite you to dinner or to a reception. This *Tout-Paris* is a vague and very elastic conglomeration of men and women of French and exotic origin, from princes down to stock brokers, and from duchesses down to blue stockings, whose sole object in life is to know everybody, to go everywhere, and to see everything. The *Tout-Paris* has replaced society in Paris, and substituted for the art of conversation and all the other charms of old French society a routine of relations based upon one or all of three motives—vanity, curiosity, and selfish interest.

The high life of which one reads in the Paris papers is the life, principally, of this *Tout-Paris*. In order to participate in this life one must know a multitude of people. During the season one must pay six or ten visits every afternoon, otherwise one is *mal élevé*. In the evening one must appear at three or four receptions. Besides this, one must follow the picture exhibitions, read the new books, see all the new plays, go to receptions at the Academy, have one's say on everything, be well informed, know all the gossip and scandal, affirm, decide, pass judgment, &c. All this demands a great sum of daily work and considerable physical strength and endurance, for it is astonishing how immense *Tout-Paris* is, and how many people there are of the same *monde* and of the same condition.

The fulfilment of all these social duties is equivalent to being "in the movement." Such is *la vie chic*, a sort of social bookkeeping. A lady in the movement starts out after lunch, and her only desire is to have ticked off all the names written on her visiting list before she returns home to dinner. There is a printed code of good manners and social usages, where all the minutiæ of *la vie chic* are formulated, and wherein all may read and learn when to rise, when to sit down, how to salute a lady, and how to address the Chinese Ambassador or the Papal Nuncio. And so all the members of the *Tout-Paris* are equal in good manners. In modern Paris it is sufficient to be *bien élevé*. Formerly it was sufficient to be *bien né*, well born, for that fact implied the possession of a superior politeness which comes from something other than printed codes, and serves to guide us when formulas fail.

It is a curious fact that the Church has consented to afford its help towards the dissolution of Parisian society and the forwarding of the vanity and interests of its children. One of the strongest levers which the Israelites employed in storming the citadel of French society was charity—not the discreet charity which the right hand gives without the knowledge of the left, but charity made to order, with committees and high-sounding names, charity which becomes an advertisement for those who organize it. The noble duchesses, anxious to humiliate their rivals by obtaining a more handsome subscription list, did not long resist the Jewess's gold, nor did the Jewess allow the duchess to forget that the Jewess owed her. This same lever of charity has also been employed by Christians of humble origin in forwarding their social projects.

In order to explain how the scheme works I will take the case of Mme. Munkacsy, a lady whose name has been brought before the public by her husband's painting Christ before Pilatkacsy, the painter, was originally a carpenter; the origin of his wife was equally obscure. According to some she was waitress in an inn; according to others she was daughter of the gardener of a Luxembourg cattle breeder, M. Lamarche, whose wife she afterward became, and whose name she afterward bore, as she also inherited at his death. The reputation of Munkacsy as a painter began at the Exhibition of 1878 with his picture of "Milton and his Daughters." It was after this success that his wife began her social career in Paris. She was unknown; she was vulgar; she was of low origin; but, thanks to her husband's genius and to the contract signed between her husband and his Barnum, Sedelmeyer, the picture dealer, she could dispose of a good deal of money. The Munkacsy couple built themselves a fine house in the Avenue de Villiers, and Mme. Munkacsy participated in all the charities of her parish first. Then she employed her wealth and clerical influence to get into the charities of the noble Faubourg, and when Dom Bosco, the miracle worker, came to Paris she rendered him very great services and obtained much money for him. The Church was glad of such a conquest. Why? Because Munkacsy's was a famous name; because the presence of the wife of Munkacsy at a charity bazaar was an attraction; because the participation of the eminent artist secured a certain amount of advertising. In such an arrangement the interest is mutual. The painter gives his name and his fame, the Church gives it protection, and the two advertise each other, and in republican France the prosecuted Church loses no opportunity of getting advertised.

During the past six years Mme. Munkacsy has played her cards so well that she can venture to have series of guests at her fêtes; the first series is composed of aristocrats, and the second of the common herd. She is on the best of terms with the Church, and Mgr. di Ronde, the Papal Nuncio, prothonotary apostolic, the greatest dignitary of the Church, next to the Pope, honors her house with his presence. The other day when Liszt dined at her house, Mme. Munkacsy placed the Austrian Ambassador on her right hand and the Abbé Liszt on her left, while among her guests were Mgr. di Ronde and nearly all the diplomatic corps, the Princess Brancovan, the Marquis and Marquise d'Hervey de Saint Denis, the Maréchale Canrobert, the Comtesse Pillet-Will, the Comtesse Pourtalès, the Prince and Princess Radziwill, the Marquis de Barthélmy, the Baronne Decazes-Stackelberg, Michel Ephrussi, the Comtesse Cahen d'Anvers, Pailleron, Alphonse Daudet, M. and Mme. Henry Houssaye, and M. and Mme. de Freycinet. To have gathered around her such company as this was certainly a great triumph for the painter's wife, not that it was the cream of the cream of the Parisian noblesse—on the contrary, the purely French element was in an immense minority; but it was the cream of *Tout-Paris*, and the presence of the Papal Nuncio was the highest mark of approval that the Church could give to the social efforts of Mme. Munkacsy.

Here in briefest outlines is a career which Balzac would not have disdained to study. In republican Paris there are plenty of social careers more curious, though none more significant, than that of Munkacsy.

This busy, gossiping, vain *Tout-Paris* really represents society in modern Paris. The moribund Faubourg Saint-Germain, I mean the few families who retain the old exclusive traditions and who receive each other rarely, nobly, and meagrely, cannot be spoken of as the society that represents the French nation.

The Orleanist society, while remaining the most select, the most polished, and the most correct of all Parisian social spheres, is limited in numbers and decidedly not the representative society of the nation. At the head of this group are the Comte de Paris, who passes most of his time in Normandy; the Duc de Chartres, who holds a reception on Saturdays during the season; the Duc d'Aumale, who receives in the Rue de Chantilly; the Duc and Duchesse de la Rochefoucauld-Bisaccia, the Comtesse de la Ferronays, the Marquis and Marquise de Beauvoir, the Duchesse Decazes, the Duc de Fitz-James, the Duchesse de Mailly, the Duchesse de Luynes, the Duc and Duchesse Aymery de la Rochefoucauld, the Trémoilles, the Béthunes, the de Broglies, the d'Haussonvilles, the Prince de Léon, the Pillet-Wills, the Rothschilds, the d'Harcourts, and so on.

Bonapartist society can hardly be said to exist at all; it has come to utter grief like the Bonapartist party itself. Prince Napoleon and Prince Victor have a few friends and adventurers around them. At the Princesse Mathilde's Sunday receptions you see a few militant Bonapartists, but the Princesse detests politics, and her salon is chiefly frequented on Sundays by diplomatists, artists, literary men, academicians, and celebrities of the Institute.

As for republican society, one sees its members at the houses of Senators and Deputies, at the Ministerial receptions, and at Mme. Adam's. But this is not society; it is merely a crowd. The President of the republic does not exist socially. He gives three balls at the Elysée every year for the benefit of the clerks in the Government offices, and occasionally he entertains at breakfast or dinner, but much against his will. Neither M. Grévy nor his wife have social aptitude, social relations, or social standing. Who, then, represent official society? The Ministers and their wives. But the Ministers are constantly going out of office. Kas, and therefore official society in Paris has no consistency and no durable existence. By fits and starts there are receptions at the Ministries, and at those receptions half a dozen prominent republican ladies attract all eyes. These ladies are two professional bas bleues, Mmes. Armengaud and Gauthereau, the latter a South American lady; Mesdames Lockroy, Jules Ferry, de Freycinet, Hisler, Charras, Floquet, Lionville, Thiessé.

There remain only the fractions, the small coteries where the artists and the literary men meet, but, with the exception of houses like that of M. Renan, for instance, and a few others, these salons are subject to the common law. They have been invaded by the advertising craze. Then we have the academic salons, like those of Mme. de Blocqueville, Mme. de Chambrun, Mme. Bouié, Mme. Aubernon, the most interesting and exclusive of which is that of Mme. Aubernon. Then we have the painters and literary men who receive and give dinners, such as Pailleron, Alphonse Daudet, Munkacsy, and finally the society of the rich stock brokers, lawyers, notaries, who receive on the same footing and on the same conditions as other so-called society people.

Such is a brief résumé of the elements of social life in modern Paris—authentic noblesse, spurious noblesse, Jews, Gentiles, foreigners of all kinds, millionaires, adventurers, artists, literary men, club men; five o'clock tea meetings, visits, dinners, receptions, musical evenings, balls, dramatic evenings; variety, promiscuity, vanity, intriguing, and, above all, curiosity. Such is society as it exists in modern Paris select salons, where you find the company sufficiently numerous to be interesting, but not numerous enough to form a crowd; salons where the guests are in the habit of meeting regularly for a long time in harmonious good company, and where they all know each other well enough to talk freely without treading on each other's corns? Salons, in short, where the guests feel a common bond of habits, tastes, and superior refinement, and where they meet for the pleasure of each other's society, and not for the satisfaction of vanity, curiosity, or interest?

For such a salon you will, I am afraid, seek in vain. French society, with its excellent reputation of finesse, refinement, politeness, and wit, has vanished, and with it has disappeared the French art of conversation, *causerie, galanterie*, and sureness of relations. French society such as we read of in the memoirs of the past no longer exists, and its shadow even is rapidly vanishing. The social relations of modern Paris are superficial, unstable, and without charm. I do not say that they are not amusing, for amusement depends largely on the point of view, and if they are not amusing they are certainly curious, and, to a certain degree, interesting. But from the highest to the lowest spheres of social Paris one may seek almost in vain for those three elements which unite to make society delightful, namely, amiable relations, elegant manners, and choice hospitality. Such elements are very exceptional. THEODORE CHILD.

BURIAL OF MR. HICKS.

The Old Family Coachman Translated as in a Chariot of Fire.

Mr. Hicks was a colored man. He lived on a sugar plantation in Louisiana, where he drove the family carriage and controlled the team of gray mules, Tib and Lemon, with a skill that won universal admiration. He had begun the education of the mules in their skittish and obstinate youth, and by the time they had arrived at years of sober discretion the understanding between the three was such that they moved as though with a single will, fired by a common ambition. By this coöperation it was that they succeeded in conquering the difficulties of travel over Louisiana roads. Other people gave up in despair in the rainy season, and in December, when the roads were cut with the teams hauling cane; but at all times when Sunday came and "Miss Fanny" signified her desire to go to church, twelve miles away, John Hicks appeared promptly at the door, and when other members of the family expressed doubts as to their ever reaching the end of their journey he only smiled in a superior fashion and said nothing—for those three knew of what they were capable.

Mr. Hicks was of saturnine temperament, and was gifted with a sort of shrewdness and hard sense not uncommon to his race. He was a "professor" and a leader in all church affairs; an elder, and one who had had much religious experience.

He occupied one of the servants' houses in the yard of the "big house," and throughout his last illness—borne with the grim patience with which he plunged into the very worst holes in the bottomless roads—his children never approached him. They calmly stayed in the quarters, and he was left to the ministrations of his mistress and the house servants.

But that Sunday when he died, just at the hour when he and Tib and Lemon usually pulled up at the church door weary, splashed, but triumphant, the news circulated quickly, and before long his children came rushing in wailing loudly.

No work was accomplished in the house that day. Every one of the servants was devoting his energies to "layin' out Brer Hicks." Late in the afternoon the family was invited out to see him. On the bed in the great dingy cabin lay the old dead negro arrayed all in black. A lamp burned dimly in the half gloom. His face was bound about with two napkins—one around the brows and the other binding up the chin. On his breast lay a tin plate full of salt, and a bowl of clean water was on the table at his side. Of the meaning of these two last no explanation could be obtained; they did not know why, but they always did it. Some relic of African superstition whose significance has been lost.

By this time the house and yard were full of negroes from miles and the neighboring plantations, and a constant exhorting was kept up. The preacher burst into a frenzied tangle of words, repeated again and again:

"An' I saw a cha'iot! an' two anguls in der cha'iot. A fie'y cha'iot! an' er flamin' cha'iot! Dey comin' fer Brer Hicks. Gwine tek him up ter heaven!"

At intervals he paused to gasp for breath, while in a deep, full undertone all his audience cried "Yes, Lawd!" and rocked themselves back and forth. This went on until nearly daylight of the next morning; one preacher falling out of the ranks in exhaustion, and another taking his place every hour throughout the night.

All the next day until afternoon the house was deserted and closed, but at 3 o'clock a great assembly of negroes again convened for the burial. The coffin was nailed up and placed in a little mule cart driven by a lame old darky who was regarded a perfect dare devil to undertake such a task, as it is well known among the colored people that one who goes before the dead on his last journey will not be long in following him.

Down the old plantation road they silently jolted in the fierce glare of an August sun, followed by a great miscellaneous throng of friends and relatives in every conceivable absurdity of costume. The poignancy of grief and the scale of relationship was expressed in the varying dimensions of the pocket handkerchief. Those of his daughters were fully the size of a towel.

Then the whole procession swept solemnly into the graveyard—a grove of huge, moss-grown live oaks on the borders of the bayou. Here and there a gray cross, rotting and lichen covered, showed amid the palmettos. A space had been cleared amid the weeds, where the grave was dug. When the dead man's relatives brought to light of this they burst into a long, wild cry, followed by a barbaric chant, to the words of one of their hymns.

The preacher took as his text the translation of Elijah in the fiery chariot:

"Yer all done seen how Brer Hicks been drivin' Miss Fanny's carriage, an' how he been bandin' Marse John's horses. He do dat faithful, an' now Lawd A'mighty done 'pint Brer Hicks. I want yer ter drive my fiery cha'iot, an' Brer Hicks done drive dem fie'y An' er flamin' horses straight up ter heavin; dat same like he drive Tib an' Lemon—kase de Lawd done put a bit en deir mouths, an' er persecutor member in good standin', like Brer Hicks, don' find no mo' dif'culty in drivin' de Lawd's fie'y cha'iot den any dese here thick-headed niggers dose ter drive er cane waggin. An' de Lawd's gwine ter sen' comfort ter dese here po' afflicted members what done los' er good daddy. Dey hadn't orter grieve arter him. Dese here sorrows gonne straight ter glory on Ab'ham's bosom; an' right now he gotter crown an' er harp, an' no mo' tears in his eyes, an settin' on a white satin stool eatin' bernanas."

The preacher paused for breath, and, picking up a handful of earth, said solemnly:

"Dere fo', I say, breth'ren, earth ter earth an' dus' ter dus'; ashes ter ashes."

Every one dropped in earth, and while the grave was being filled Brer Hicks's two daughters began to writhe and scream and beat themselves, and were only restrained by their friends from getting into the grave.

"Oh, no mo' po' daddy! no mo, po' daddy! Oh, Lawd, lemme git en de hole! I don't want ter live no mo' wid dese cruel folks! Ah! po' daddy!" over and over until the grave was filled and the preacher cried: "Brer Hicks done gone ter jibe der angels, oh Gawd! Ter res' en de bosom er Ab'ham, oh Lawd!" The crowd took up the sentiment and repeated its wail, with the same slow rise and fall, until half the women there were in convulsions.

Suddenly their energy seemed to wane. They left the grave yard hurriedly, bundled, laughing, and joking, into the empty cart. The women came out of their convulsions, and the crowd streamed cheerfully home to the quarters to supper. A little cool west wind came out from under the white sun and lightly cleaned the sword of the palmetto and waved the long, hanging moss over the grave where Mr. Hicks lay quiet and forgotten.

GOOD STORIES OF THE PRESENT DAY.

Bad Grub and Brutal Treatment Cause a Mutiny on Board the Medway.

When you come to speak of dreadful things, you may set it down that a mutiny at sea can be classed first. It is in most cases the turning of the worm. Men who have had it drilled into them for years that they must put up with such food as hogs would refuse, obey every order without question, peril their lives at the word, cringe and tremble before one of their own species because he is in authority, are not to be driven into mutiny on the high seas without extreme provocation.

When the worm turns, then look out!

Your cringing foremast hand, who only the day before thanked the mate for knocking him down, may be a tyrant in turn.

The ship becomes a floating hell. The slaves of yesterday are the masters to-day. If once they take the step which render them mutineers, they will not hesitate to go further and add murder to the crime.

In the year 186-, after having served on coasting vessels for several years, and made one voyage from New York to Liverpool, I shipped as second mate on the bark Medway, bound from San Francisco to the Sandwich Islands, and thence on a trading voyage to the islands of the southwest. The bark was a small one, but a good sailer and a dry ship, and I believed I was in luck in securing my berth. The Captain, whose name was Burrows, seemed a very pleasant man, making use of no profane language, and appearing to be as mild-tempered as a parson. Mind you, I am giving my first impressions as I sized him up while we yet lay at the wharf, I shipped at Honolulu, the bark having already completed the first part of her voyage. I heard rumors to the effect that her whole crew deserted her on her arrival at the islands, but rumors among sailors are not to be depended on, and I gave the matter no investigation, though I saw that she was shipping a fresh crew. We left Honolulu with twelve men before the mast, and we were not yet off soundings when trouble began. The meat which had been boiling away in the cook's coppers during the forenoon gave out strange odors. From the whiffs I had caught now and then I knew something was wrong, and when the meat was carried forward in the kids at noon the stench was enough to turn one's stomach. The mate, whose name was Berry, saw that I was surprised such meat should be placed before the men on a voyage just begun, and he growled:

"Ah! d——n 'em; it's too good for such as they. Just let me catch 'em making a fuss over it, and I'll work up their old iron in a way to open their eyes!"

I was astounded. Mr. Berry had seemed a quiet, even-tempered man, and I had said to myself that there would be no bullying aboard of the Medway. The watches had not yet been set, but the bark was on her course before a light breeze, and things were being made ship-shape. The Captain was already at dinner, and soon after uttering the remarks quoted above the mate went down to join him. I was three months out of port on deck, but the crew, with the exception of the man at the wheel, were forward with their kids. As the beef made its appearance there was a movement of surprise, and I heard several of them utter expressions of disgust. The meat was picked up and closely examined, and then all faces were turned in my direction. Then, after a brief consultation, an old sailor whose every look and action proved the genuine tar, picked up the meat tub and came aft with it. He was going to make a complaint, which he had a perfect right to do, and I, as officer of the deck, had no right to refuse to listen. He put down the tub, doffed his hat, and very respectfully said:

"Mr. Carling, the meat isn't hardly fit to bait a shark. It is probably the fault of the cook. Will you kindly forward our complaint to the Captain?"

At that moment Capt. Burrows appeared on deck. Taking in the situation at a glance, he walked straight up to the sailor and thundered:

"What in hell's name does this mean, you dog? Finding fault with your provisions before the first meal is begun! Get forward, you infernal whelp!"

The man retreated without a word in reply, but left the tub behind him. "I'm telling you the solemn truth when I say that the odor of it was enough to turn my stomach seven or eight feet away.

"It's just like 'em, the hounds!" roared the Captain. "It's the beef they find fault with, eh? Here, every mother's son come aft!"

The men slowly obeyed, knowing that a storm was at hand. The Captain picked up the tub, held it out toward them, and said: "Is there anything wrong with this meat? Who says this isn't as sweet beef as was ever placed before sailors? Who is the man?"

For a minute not one of them answered him. Then the man who had brought the tub aft stepped out, made a respectful salute, and replied: "Capt. Burrows, we didn't find fault with you, but with the cook. The meat is as far gone that no man aboard can eat it."

"Oh, it's bad, is it?" sneered the Captain, as he placed the tub in my hands. "No one can eat it, eh? Look ye, my lad, watch me."

With his naked fingers he lifted up a piece and bit off a mouthful and swallowed it. At that moment the mate appeared on deck, and the Captain called: "Mr. Berry, the men declare this meat unfit to eat. Come and taste it, and give me your opinion."

The mate came forward and tasted it. I saw him wince as he chewed at the stuff, but he bravely swallowed it down, and exclaimed: "The best beef I ever saw aboard a ship!"

"You whelps! You hounds! You gang of lazy sojers, but I'll teach you to find fault!" screamed the Captain, as he threw the tub at the nearest sailor; and then he rushed among them. Taken by surprise, he knocked down a bowl of clean water was on the table at his side. Of the meaning of these two last no explanation could be obtained; they did not know why, but they always did it. Some relic of African superstition whose significance has been lost.

By this time the house and yard were full of negroes from miles and the neighboring plantations, and a constant exhorting was kept up. The preacher burst into a frenzied tangle of words, repeated again and again:

"An' I saw a cha'iot! an' two anguls in der cha'iot. A fie'y cha'iot! an' er flamin' cha'iot! Dey comin' fer Brer Hicks. Gwine tek him up ter heaven!"

At intervals he paused to gasp for breath, while in a deep, full undertone all his audience cried "Yes, Lawd!" and rocked themselves back and forth. This went on until nearly daylight of the next morning; one preacher falling out of the ranks in exhaustion, and another taking his place every hour throughout the night.

All the next day until afternoon the house was deserted and closed, but at 3 o'clock a great assembly of negroes again convened for the burial. The coffin was nailed up and placed in a little mule cart driven by a lame old darky who was regarded a perfect dare devil to undertake such a task, as it is well known among the colored people that one who goes before the dead on his last journey will not be long in following him.

Down the old plantation road they silently jolted in the fierce glare of an August sun, followed by a great miscellaneous throng of friends and relatives in every conceivable absurdity of costume. The poignancy of grief and the scale of relationship was expressed in the varying dimensions of the pocket handkerchief. Those of his daughters were fully the size of a towel.

Then the whole procession swept solemnly into the graveyard—a grove of huge, moss-grown live oaks on the borders of the bayou. Here and there a gray cross, rotting and lichen covered, showed amid the palmettos. A space had been cleared amid the weeds, where the grave was dug. When the dead man's relatives brought to light of this they burst into a long, wild cry, followed by a barbaric chant, to the words of one of their hymns.

The preacher took as his text the translation of Elijah in the fiery chariot:

"Yer all done seen how Brer Hicks been drivin' Miss Fanny's carriage, an' how he been bandin' Marse John's horses. He do dat faithful, an' now Lawd A'mighty done 'pint Brer Hicks. I want yer ter drive my fiery cha'iot, an' Brer Hicks done drive dem fie'y An' er flamin' horses straight up ter heavin; dat same like he drive Tib an' Lemon—kase de Lawd done put a bit en deir mouths, an' er persecutor member in good standin', like Brer Hicks, don' find no mo' dif'culty in drivin' de Lawd's fie'y cha'iot den any dese here thick-headed niggers dose ter drive er cane waggin. An' de Lawd's gwine ter sen' comfort ter dese here po' afflicted members what done los' er good daddy. Dey hadn't orter grieve arter him. Dese here sorrows gonne straight ter glory on Ab'ham's bosom; an' right now he gotter crown an' er harp, an' no mo' tears in his eyes, an settin' on a white satin stool eatin' bernanas."

The preacher paused for breath, and, picking up a handful of earth, said solemnly:

"Dere fo', I say, breth'ren, earth ter earth an' dus' ter dus'; ashes ter ashes."

Every one dropped in earth, and while the grave was being filled Brer Hicks's two daughters began to writhe and scream and beat themselves, and were only restrained by their friends from getting into the grave.

"Oh, no mo' po' daddy! no mo, po' daddy! Oh, Lawd, lemme git en de hole! I don't want ter live no mo' wid dese cruel folks! Ah! po' daddy!" over and over until the grave was filled and the preacher cried: "Brer Hicks done gone ter jibe der angels, oh Gawd! Ter res' en de bosom er Ab'ham, oh Lawd!" The crowd took up the sentiment and repeated its wail, with the same slow rise and fall, until half the women there were in convulsions.

Suddenly their energy seemed to wane. They left the grave yard hurriedly, bundled, laughing, and joking, into the empty cart. The women came out of their convulsions, and the crowd streamed cheerfully home to the quarters to supper. A little cool west wind came out from under the white sun and lightly cleaned the sword of the palmetto and waved the long, hanging moss over the grave where Mr. Hicks lay quiet and forgotten.

though I did not know any of them by name as yet. I reached the deck a minute behind him. The bark was on her course, but the breeze was very light. To my astonishment I found most of the men aft, and I was no sooner on deck than I saw that something was very wrong.

"Mr. Carling," said the man who had complained of the beef, and whose name was Johnson, "the Medway is in our possession. We have been driven to mutiny."

"It can't be!" I exclaimed, as I looked about.

"But it is true, sir, and now we want to know whether you are going to stand by us or side with the Captain?"

"Where is the Captain?"

"Lying over there in the lee scuppers, bound hand and foot. The mate went overboard half an hour ago."

I walked over to where the Captain was lying. He was securely bound, but no harm had come to him as yet. He was, however, in mortal terror, and as soon as he set eyes on me he cried out, in broken tones:

"Mr. Carling, for God's sake, save my life! Don't let them murder me in cold blood!"

As I looked from captain to mutineer, Johnson said:

"The mate was among us with a belaying-pin, seeming bent on murder, and we had to do for him. Then we reasoned that we might as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb, and we secured the Captain."

"Men, you have done a terrible thing! Don't you know every one of you will swing for this?"

"We want no preaching, Mr. Carling," replied Johnson. "What we want to know is, how you stand? The mate has gone, and the Captain must follow. If you will navigate the bark for us, no harm shall come to you. If you refuse, then we shall set you adrift. We've gone too far to back water."

"Talk to 'em, Mr. Carling," gasped the Captain, groaning greatly broken down. "Tell 'em that if they will return our lives they shall not be punished for what they have done. I give my word they shan't."

"What will you do with him?" I asked.

"Set him adrift in the yawl at daybreak."

"And if I refuse to navigate the bark?"

"You go with him, though we'd be sorry for it, for you've used the men right."

"What point do you wish to make?"

"The coast of Brazil."

"Will you all sign a paper to the effect that I had nothing to do with bringing about this mutiny, and that I navigated the bark under duress?"

"We will that!" they shouted in chorus.

"Very well, I will remain; but why not keep the Captain a prisoner instead of sending him adrift?"

"He must be punished, sir," replied Johnson.

I argued with 'em together and separately, but it was no use. They had decided on a course, and could not be swerved from it. Capt. Burrows was a cringing coward. He begged, entreated, and sought to bribe, and when day fully broke he hadn't the heart of a woman. A man was sent aloft with a glass to survey the sea, and when he came down and reported the waters clear of sail the yawl was lowered, a keg of water, some of the spoiled meat, and a lot of wormy biscuits were placed in it, and they were ready to send the Captain adrift. His cowardice was so great that one could not pity him. He had to be lowered over the side like a bale of rags, and as his boat floated away he cowered down on the bottom, and seemed to fall into a stupor. When he was half a mile astern Johnson called every man aft and said:

"Now, men, Mr. Carling is to be our Captain, and he is to be promptly obeyed. I shall be first mate, Peterson second, and, though we berth in the cabin, you shall have just as good food as we do. We will now name the watches, and things will go on as if there had been no trouble."

His word was not questioned. There was no exultation, no lawlessness, no boasting. Every man was quiet and thoughtful. They had been wronged. They had righted that wrong in their own way, and were now simply seeking to make a safe escape. Twenty minutes after the Captain was set afloat you could not have told that anything out of the routine had happened. The decks were washed down, breakfast prepared, and when things had been cleared away Johnson came down into the cabin and said:

"Mr. Carling, how far are we out from the Sandwich Islands?"

"Not to exceed seventy miles."

"Very well; you will please give us the course for the Paumotu Islands."

"But I was going to alter the course to run for South America."

"We don't want to go there. What I said was to deceive the Captain, for it's likely he'll soon be picked up. We want to run down to the Paumotu Islands."

I got out the charts, gave him the course, and followed him on deck. Everything was shipshape, the men as respectful as you please, and it was hard to realize that anything like mutiny and murder had occurred. It seemed as