

ands to assist in the negotiations for the release of the captives; and whatever he may have said to the chiefs, he certainly made no concealment of his opinion that "amnesty ought to be granted to the brigands." This young gentleman had not only employed the brothers of the brigand chiefs in business connected with his estate, but he stood in relation to them as "*koumbáros*," or *compère*; that is, he had stood godfather to the child of one of them, and was bound to the outlaws by ties which in Greece are regarded as sacred. His position, therefore, was extremely difficult.

Such a prisoner and such a charge were, indeed, a most unexpected result of an investigation instituted by the British government in the expectation that some Greek statesman or other would be found at the bottom of the mystery. No wonder that England was chagrined, and that a desire to "hush up the matter" was expressed in government circles in London! However, the young Englishman, whose unfortunate relations with the brothers of brigands is an evidence of the fact that respectable people can not always avoid seeming complicity with open-handed criminals, was well treated. Unlike the one hundred and eleven low fellows who were doomed to share the unenviable hospitality of a loathsome jail until slow justice found it convenient to examine into their case, he was allowed to walk the streets of Athens *en parole*, and to

reside with one of his own countrymen, who was kind enough to defend him in a London journal before he could be brought to trial. Finally, as might have been expected under the circumstances, he was not even brought to trial, the evidence being insufficient to sustain a criminal charge against him.

The English minister at Athens is accused of having blundered in authorizing or in not disapproving of the military measures, which, after much earnest consultation, were resorted to by the government, and which, as has been seen, caused the death of the captives. However opinions may vary on this point, every one, upon consideration, will at least agree with the English minister in the opinion expressed by him in his dispatch to the Foreign-office, that "if the brigands had been allowed to carry off their prisoners without interruption from the comparatively accessible situation they were then in, and if the captives had dropped off miserably one by one, or been murdered at a later period by the brigands in some chance encounter with the troops, it would equally have been said that they (the English and Italian ministers) were to blame, and that they ought never to have consented to their removal from Oropos; that a little firmness would have forced the brigands to accept the terms offered to them; in short, any misfortune to the captives would always have been attributed to their mismanagement."

CORN FIELDS.

By CONSTANCE F. WOOLSON.

In the broad Ohio lowlands, in the sun's white heat,
In the shadowless stillness of the clear August noon,
We feel the full earth's pulses hot and strong beneath our feet,
The ripeness and the richness of their rhythmical beat,
Saying, "Ripen, corn; ripen corn; green fields, ripen mellow;"
Saying, "Ripen, corn; ripen, corn; green ears, ripen yellow,
For the harvest comes soon."

In the broad Ohio lowlands thick the green ranks grow,
In straight unbroken furrows to the east, to the west;
The tree-tops in the distance are the only hills they know,
So they proudly lift their tasseled heads, whispering low,
Saying, "Rustle, leaves; rustle, leaves; hear the furrows' voices;"
Saying, "Rustle, leaves; rustle, leaves; all the field rejoices,
For our lot is the best."

They know not of the shadow where the cool mountains stand;
They know not of the brook with the dark rocks at its mouth;
They only know the river and its level banks of sand—
They only know the river moving slow through the land,
Saying, "Float, lilies; float, lilies; August's gold-crowned daughters;"
Saying, "Float, lilies; float, lilies; on my sun-warmed waters
I bear you toward the South."

They know the mellow richness of the brown fervid earth;
They feel the prisoned dew-drops caught in the misty morn;
They think of the soft rain-clouds, of their early spring-time birth,
And they sing of the harvest in their ripe lusty mirth,
Saying, "Shine, heavens; shine, heavens; pour thy splendor on us;"
Saying, "Shine, heavens; shine, heavens; send down now upon us
The glory of the corn."