which never took place. Whether this is universal truth, or only a limitation on human powers of conception, makes little difference. Quite likely, a butterfly, surveying the farmer's labors from the butterfly standpoint of inability to conceive of controlling the future, would reject the notion that autumn's crops were the motive for spring's toil, as involving a power wholly incredible. He would make a great mistake; and so, perhaps, does man, when he studies the works and ways of God under the axiom: God cannot change the past. All the same, man necessarily feels this, and we cannot apply, or use, or teach a theory which involves an intellectual comprehension how Christ can transform the mortifying, shameful past of human life, with all its errors and transgressions, into a career which was altogether innocent and blessed. If we attempt to fix the mind upon this as an explanation, it escapes us.

In life's affairs, within the sphere of business relations and responsibilities which man controls, a certain alteration of the past is conceded. Courts will deliberately decide that an employer's ratification of an agent's unauthorized act relates back, and renders the act authorized from the time when it was done. While Miss Hearn lay wounded, but recovering, Miss Duer might, perhaps, well be at large; but, when she died, Miss Duer must be put upon trial for murder. There is an element here of the death changing the character of the act long past. Take, for another example, the case of a mercantile firm maintaining a large store, employing many clerks, and conducting an extensive system of affairs. One day, word comes that a clerk has been detected in overdrawing wages, with which he has bought him that pride and delight of young men, a trotting-horse. The heads of the house meet to consider his case. Must he be punished for example's sake? He is young. This is his first offence. He has a widowed mother dependent on him. May he be forgiven! The junior partner suggests: "We can do something better than forgive him. 'Young man, if you consent that I should be your substitute in this matter, the case shall stand that I ordered you to buy the horse for me. The money shall be charged to me on the books, and you may send the horse to my stable.'" Who does not see that this would be, in so far as human relations and responsibilities are concerned, a complete obliteration of the dishonesty! The youth would be *justified*, rather than pardoned; and the love, gratitude, and comfort which this disposal of the matter would awaken in his heart would transcend that which any forgiveness could inspire.

"Refuse to be unhappy" is good counsel for spiritual as well as for physical health. Let us take to our hearts the delineation of Christ as our substitute, our justification, for the hope and joy it brings, that in some way, incomprehensible as yet, but trustworthy, he assumes our past, obliterates our sins, and restores our innocence. Let us refuse to be made unhappy by doubts and uncertainties; by axioms which, though they control our reasoning powers now, may prove, in the higher life, to have originated in the limits of those powers. Let it be enough for the present that a complete remission of sin is in some way achieved. Thus shall we attain, with the results of culture, the joy of faith. Thus shall we become privileged to mingle, as our daily food, the fruits of the tree of knowledge with those of the tree of life.

## *MRS. EDWARD PINCKNEY.*

BY CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

THE first time I saw her, she came to take my orders for some plain sewing. I was visiting my cousin, the wife of an army officer, at Fort Whipple, on the Potomac, opposite Washington. Being old-fashioned, I chose to cherish a liking for work done by hand; but, being indolent, I never succeeded in doing that work myself, although each spring was paved with my good intentions.

"I suppose there is no one in that whole city of Washington opposite who will make my garments for me without the desecrating touch of a machine," I said, sighingly, to Adelaide. (I rather like to lament in this way; it is one of my hobbies.)

"There may be no one in Washington," answered Adelaide; "but there is some one here. Mrs. Edward Pinckney can do the work for you, I think."

I was surprised by this unexpected appearance of a hand-sewer on Arlington Heights, when I had found the species extinct in New York, Boston, and Philadelphia.

"But how can she make it profitable, in these days, to sew without a machine?" I asked, suspiciously.

"I do not know that she makes it profitable; she does it in that way simply because she has no machine," answered Adelaide. "She is not a sewing-woman, especially; but I think she can do the work. And I shall be glad to help her, as you will be, too, after you have seen her."

Mrs. Edward Pinckney came. She was a tall woman, with dark eyes, heavy black hair, streaked with gray, drawn away from her face, and knotted tightly behind her head, exposing hollowed temples, thin cheeks, and a large mouth, the lips closely compressed, as if by a determined self-repression. She was dressed in an old, scant calico gown, its color gone from many washings, and she took off her sun-bonnet when she entered my room, as a man takes off his hat.

"Mrs. Edward Pinckney, ma'am," she said, introducing herself.

I was struck by her appearance—her large soft eyes, wasted face, the look of suffering under the close-set reticence. The coarsest shoes, with leathern strings, covered her feet, plainly visible beneath the short skirt; and her hands were so knotted, apparently by out-door work, that it seemed as though she would hardly be able to hold a needle, much less sew the small, delicate seams my finical fancy preferred. I thought hesitatingly of my fine linen and lace; yet, such was the impression her face had made upon me, that I inwardly decided to order some coarser work, although I did not need it, rather than disappoint her. But she prevented this.

"I was told you wanted some fine sewing done, ma'am," she said, in a low voice. "I have brought a piece of my fine work with me. It was begun years ago; but I added that seam and tuck last night."

It was a baby's cambric dress, yellow with age, but beautifully and delicately made; and the small tuck and narrow seam of the night before showed hardly any deterioration. I held my eyes from again looking at her hands as I returned the little garment; but I still saw them with my mind's eye, and wondered. I gave her the linen and lace, and my directions, and she went abruptly away; she had an abrupt manner, although noiseless. A moment later she passed my window, with her quick nervous step, her face hidden by her deep sun-bonnet; as she crossed the fields, her stride and her coarse shoes gave her the air of a man.

The next morning Cousin Adelaide received a telegraphic despatch announcing the dangerous illness of her mother; I voluntered to remain at Fort Whipple with the children during her absence, and she started for Boston with the Major, her husband, on the noon train. The message, distress and sudden departure filled my mind, and I forgot the very existence of my sewing-woman until she appeared before me, several days afterward, with one of my finished garments, which she offered to me silently. It was beautifully made.

"Shall I pay you for it now, or wait until you have finished them all?" I asked.

"I should be very much obliged, ma'am, if you would pay me for them one by one, as I bring them."

The sum was small—eighty-seven cents; an impulse made me say "I will give you a dollar; the work is well worth it."

She took it without a word or the least change in the expression of her face. But yet she did not strike me as ungrateful; I could not have told why.

"I will bring another on Tuesday," she said, putting on her sun-bonnet and going quickly away.

The next day, towards sunset, I walked over to Arlington. The wild, bicolor violets were out, with their two velvet petals, like pansies. Little negro children had baskets of them, which they had offered for sale during the day at the doors of carriages coming to and from the cemetery. The commerce of the day was over; they were on their way home, after their erratic fashion, with the unsold remainder of their floral stock, shouting, dancing, spinning around, jumping forward on their long heels, or stopping to make fantastic prints in the dust with their toes—anything rather than the mere commonplace of walking directly along. They spied me. I might buy; who could tell? One little fellow of four years, whose "business" it was to run sturdily and solemnly beside the carriages, attracting attention by his hopeful baby efforts, began a dog-trot at my side, although at a respectful distance, and so well did he comprehend his little art that he panted and seemed to be making as much effort to keep up with me as if I had been in a carriage. The others, with a broadside of white teeth, merely showed their flowers persuasively. They were ten. I distributed ten cents among them on the strict condition that they should follow me no farther; and they all climbed a fence immediately and sat on the topmost rail in a row, four-year-old with them, as if that was the only way—by cohesion—in which they could keep themselves quiet long enough to fulfill their promise.

But as I approached the grassy slopes of the cemetery, I came upon another little merchant, a thin, grave white child of ten or eleven, seated under a tree upon a pail turned upside down, her flowers arranged upon a small table—a piece of plank fastened to the tree, its other end supported by a stick. There was a system in the arrangement of this little wayside booth very different from the careless methods of the black children. Their flowers, too, were ruthlessly stripped of all their leaves, and tied tightly in stiff bunches with innumerable windings of dingy thread—more thread than flowers. But this white child had charming little nosegays, sprays and clusters, and her violets were arranged in lily-leaves, each pinned together with a thorn, like a green cup. I paused; she did not speak, but her small, pale-blue eyes watched me closely with an anxious earnestness.

"Do you gather and arrange these yourself?" I asked.

"I pick 'em; but mother, she fixes 'em."

"You live near by, then, I suppose?"

"Yes'm."

She was not a pretty child, her face was pale, and prematurely old; she was poorly clad, and her feet were bare, placed straightly and close together above the dust on a small piece of plank—very different in their thin, pale cleanness from the jollity and well-being of the little negroes' toes and heels. I bought a few of her flowers. "Do you ever sell them all?" I said.

"O, yes'm; sometimes."

"When there happen to be a good many carriages from Washington, I suppose; there are numbers of Northerners passing through now on their way home from Florida," I said, half to myself.

"Yes'm," answered my little flower-merchant, with grave acquiescence.

"You have hardly been in Florida yourself?" I said, amused.

"No, ma'am."

"But of course you often go across to Washington?"

"No ma'am; no place but here."

I gave her five cents for herself, which she put in a small worn pouch; and then I went on to the cemetery. The setting sun was sending long horizontal rays under the trees across the graves, gilding the low headstones, and lighting up here and there a name—"Henry Nelson; aged twenty years;" "John Wade; aged nineteen"—poor lads! I often came here at sunset; the quiet beauty and peace of the place seemed to shed a soothing influence over the close of my day. The uniformity and regularity of the close, low ranks of the dead make their number more apparent. Sixteen thousand. Think of only one thousand men marching in there together, how many they would seem! The sixteen thousand are all here; but lying close together under the grass, still and motionless; God has their souls!

When the sun had gone, I went homeward, not by the road, as usual, but by a little path I had never before taken, although I knew it led to the fort. Soon I came to a hollow; down in this hollow I saw a small house, and I thought I recognized a figure standing outside the door—a woman, sewing rapidly in the fading light. A soldier from the fort happened to be passing at the moment. "Who lives down there?" I asked.

"Mrs. Edward Pinckney, ma'am," he answered, saluting.

I had come upon the home of my sewing-woman; and I felt ashamed as I saw her lifting her work close to her eyes in order to catch with her needle the fine meshes of my lace.

"Good-evening," I said, as I came near.

She nodded, but did not stop sewing. At the sound of my voice a little girl came to the door. It was the flower-merchant.

"Ah, she is your child, then?" I said. "How many have you?"

"Eight here."

"With eight here, it is not possible that you have any more elsewhere?" I asked, with an attempt at facetiousness.

"Yes, I have three more in heaven," replied Mrs. Edward Pinckney, going steadily on with her work.

I felt myself embarrassed; she did not keep up the conversation, and I moved on, after saying "good evening" a second time. As I went up the little hill on the other side of the hollow, I turned and looked back; the flower-merchant had brought a baby to the doorway, and four other children, younger than herself, were looking at my departing figure. "Six are there; I wonder where the other two are," I said to myself. And then I remembered "three in heaven;" probably the little dress belonged to one of these. In those days, then, she could afford to buy cambric dresses. Presently I met a boy of twelve or thirteen, he was meagre in figure, and had pale, small, blue eyes. I felt a conviction that he was the flower-merchant's brother. My sewing-woman, with her dark eyes, had, then, seven children of this pale, flaxen aspect.

My garments were all finished in due season, and brought back one by one; yet I advanced no farther

in my acquaintance with the maker. I came through the hollow sometimes on my way home from my walks, and spoke to the children; but the mother, when she was there, always retired within the house out of sight when she saw me coming, and I did not intrude upon her poor privacy. After my sewing was finished, I saw her cleaning house for one of our fort ladies; she was on her knees scrubbing the floor. When the house was cleaned, I next saw her daily at work in the fields, in the hot sunshine. "Who is that woman hoeing over there?" I asked one of our men, although I knew perfectly well.

"Mrs. Edward Pinckney," ma am was the reply.

Always that formal title!

I think there are more genuine specimens of the race called "loafers" in and near Washington than anywhere else in the country. The majority are colored men, plump, shining, contented and lazy; they certainly know how to "loaf and invite their souls." Almost every day, however, from my window, I saw four or five of the race who were white; sometimes they were together, sometimes they passed along the road one by one. I knew them all by sight, but one especially attracted my attention because he was so very much so; a more shiftless, good-natured, hopelessly good-for-nothing vagabond I never saw. He was often intoxicated, but generally able to walk and talk; and he seemed to be gifted with wit, for, when he told a story, his companions were roused from their stupidity to genuine mirth.

"Who is that man?" I said to the children's nurse, a dignified self-respecting old colored "maumer."

"Dat? Dat's only Tenpin. Lazy, no-'count white trash," said maumer, scornfully.

"Tenpin," I thought, "an appropriate sobriquet. He is either tottering or floored all the time."

Visitors continued to come to Arlington throughout May, and I continued at Fort Whipple. For Adelaide and the Major were still in Boston. My little flower-merchant continued her sale. Her name, it seemed, was Euphemia—Euphemia Pinckney; and sometimes she had a small flaxen-haired sister or brother by her side, who, I noticed, always lisped the whole "Euphemia," and never "Effie" or "Phemie." One day Euphemia had them all—five, including the baby. The baby sat quietly on its sister's thin knee; it was a sickly, wizened little creature, with the family pale-blue eyes.

"You have them all to-day, haven't you?" I said. "What are their names?"

"Rosalie, Sophia, Rodolphus, Elnathan and Leonora—baby's Leonora," replied Euphemia. "They are here because mother's cleaning at Arlington to-day, getting ready, you know, for decorations."

"Surely; I had forgotten it was so near."

I gave some pennies to the little troop (their small bodies hardly weighed as much as their names), and, passing through the cemetery, went on to Arlington House, partly for the view, partly to see my sewing-woman. The large old mansion of the Lees, now empty of all save the records of the soldier-dead, was in the hands of the cleaners, among them Mrs. Edward Pinckney, in her sun-bonnet; when I entered she was wiping the dust from a large colored map of the cemetery. I spoke to her, and she threw off her sun-bonnet before she replied. She looked more worn than usual, and, remembering the forlorn little group of children, I again felt, as I had felt a hundred times before, a strong desire to help her. Yet something in her reticent manner checked me; I let the moment pass, and went out on the columned porch, leaving the words unuttered. Opposite lay Washington; at my feet ran the broad, shining river, with the Long Bridge spanning it below; all around rose the low, blue hills, once crowned with earthworks for a circle of thirty miles. It is a lovely view; one would think that Lee must have missed it sorely in his exile at Lexington-in-the-Valley.

I went homeward by the road. When near Fort Whipple, I met the Tenpin, somewhat more intoxicated than usual. I was a little disturbed, and I suppose he saw it, for he took off his battered felt hat with great politeness, in spite of his hazy condition.

"No 'fense, mum. Wooden scare yer for worl'," he said, reeling unsteadily to the middle of the road, and pausing there to make another bow. I hastened by, and, just behind the curve, came upon a boy.

"That man in front—Tenpin, they call him—will certainly be run over by some of these carriages," I said. "He is a miserable vagabond; but he mustn't be killed, if we can help it."

"I'm seeing to him, ma'am," answered the boy.

"That's very good of you. Stay! Aren't you one of Mrs. Edward Pinckney's sons?" I asked, recognising the family eyes and hair.

"Yes'm—Alexander."

I had now seen all the eight. I gave Alexander ten cents, as a reward for his charitable conduct; and then I went homeward, reckoning how many pennies in all I had bestowed upon these polysyllabic children, who always excited, for some unexplained reason, my hesitating sympathies. They amounted (the coins, I mean) to about two hundred. "O well, that is not much—two dollars. I know they need it," I said to myself.

Decoration Day came. Very early in the morning I went over to Arlington to see the preparations, as our servants were to have the holiday for themselves. The city across the river lay veiled in soft haze, through which the white dome of the Capitol rose allegorically. I can think of no other word so appropriate; the Capitol from a distance always looks, in my eyes, like the ideal pictures in "Pilgrim's Progress," or the cloud-capped domes in Cole's "Voyage of Life." The Anacostia came sleepily from the east, the Potomac flowed gently by, as though it had never foamed at Harper's Ferry; on the northern horizon I could see the low tower of the Soldier's Home.

Within the house were the garlands; the gardens of two cities had been stripped of their blossoms to make them. Early as it was, my sewing-woman was already there; an old straw bonnet having taken the place of the sun-bonnet—otherwise she had no "best clothes," I suppose, since she wore one of the calico dresses I had seen before, and the same coarse shoes. She had charge of the wreaths until the hour of the ceremony, and, from her head to her feet, she formed a strange contrast with the flowers; they so bright, rich, beautiful and luxuriant; she so wan, poor, careworn and depressed. Outside, on a fence, where they could see, yet not be in the way, were the children, in a row, headed by Euphemia, with the baby.

I went homeward through the cemetery, soon to be trodden by the feet of thousands; now it was empty and quiet, its grass like velvet, with not a fallen leaf or twig to mar its smoothness. A man was wiping the last of the white headstones with a cloth, and, as I approached, I saw to my surprise it was the Tenpin. There was an attempt at order in his own appearance, as well as in the tombstones; he wore a white shirt, and a new straw hat, and, for the moment, he was not inebriated. I was glad to see that he *could* be sober even for that short time.

When the ceremonies of the day were over, and the crowd had dispersed; when the last carriage had passed on its way back to the city, and the dust had settled down into the road again; when our servants had returned, and I was free, I walked over to Arlington a second time, to see the graves with their flowers. The last tired gazer had departed; the flag was down; the keeper and his assistants were sitting, half asleep, on the porch, worn out with the heat and fatigue of the day. But the silent parade-ground of the dead, left to itself at last, was in its glory—upon every lowly mound lay a wreath, rank upon rank of bright flowers. The monument to the unknown dead was covered, and almost buried in blossoms, cast there, evidently, not by the band of appointed decorators, but by visitors from the city. I paused, and again read the inscription:

"BENEATH THIS STONE
repose the bones of two thousand one hundred and eleven
Unknown Soldiers, gathered after the war
from the fields of Bull Run and the route to the Rappahannock."

As I stood there, Euphemia approached, with a bunch of wild-flowers. She nodded to me, and then climbed a tree, aiding herself with her bare feet, and, going out on an overhanging branch, deftly dropped her flowers upon the very top of the pile of offerings below, Rodolphus and Sophia looking on with much interest.

"Did your mother send them?" I asked.

"Yes'm. She had a brother, mother had. He was killed in the war, and never buried. I always bring a bunch after everything is over."

She spoke as though it was a habit of twenty years.

I went slowly back to Fort Whipple, my mind full of thoughts of the dead, sad, yet sweet; for I, too, had lost loved ones on the field of battle, and mourned for them, yet felt proud of them, also, through every fibre of my being. But my musings were rudely interrupted by the sight of the sacrilegious Tenpin, who, forgetting how near he was to the cemetery, was coming along the road, singing a bacchanalian song.

I was aroused. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Tenpin," I said, severely—for sometimes I am quite a belligerent old woman.

"Course, 'shamed of m'self. Always 'shamed of m'self. Chronic," replied the rascal, taking off his hat with great respect.

"And only this morning I saw you nicely dressed, and engaged among the graves. Look at your hat now!"

He did look at it; then murmured, "ax-dent."

"No, Tenpin. It was no accident. And are you not ashamed of yourself, to be singing in that way so near the soldiers' graves!"

"Soldier m'self. Soldiers like singing—*always* like 'em," said Tenpin, with solemn decision.

"You had better go home," I said, not having anything ready in reply to this.

"*Am* goin' home," answered Tenpin. "Good ev-nin' ma'am," he added, forgivingly, and went onward, around the curve.

But Decoration Day, with its unusually meritorious beginning, seemed to have been too much for the Tenpin; the next afternoon I came upon him lying by the roadside in a heavy, drunken slumber. But he was not alone; hearer the fence, partially concealed by the bushes, so that I did not see him at first, sat Alexander.

"You here again?" I said. "You are a very good, kind boy. I suppose he is one of your neighbors?"

A deep flush rose in Alexander's face, and a moisture reddened his pale eyes. "He is my father, ma'am," he answered, simply.

I stood astounded. I had never once associated this drunken vagabond with "Mrs. Edward Pinckney." Yet now I recalled the blue eyes in his red face, and there, under the battered hat, was the yellow hair.

I went homeward; and inquired. Yes, everybody knew it, save myself; and everybody supposed that I knew it as well, it was an old story. Ted Pinckney, abbreviated first into Ted Pin, and then, humorously, into Tenpin, was the worthless husband of the silent mother in the hollow. On thinking it over I found that I had unconsciously *imagined* a husband all this time, and had made him out a workman employed elsewhere during the day, only coming home to his cabin late at night. (I am always imagining in this way!) But, instead of my fictitious workman, the reality was this! I thought of the man as he was; of the bitter poverty of the little house; of the mother's face; of the eleven children (three in heaven), the last but a baby! "What must she have gone through!" I said to myself. And I vowed that I would go in the morning to that house in the hollow, and not leave until I had arranged some plan of regular assistance.

But the "assistance" was taken out of my hands. That very night, while I was planning, the Tenpin's useless life was taken from him. By one of fate's sarcasms, he fell into the canal and was drowned.

I learned it in the morning; and I learned, also, that the funeral services were to be held the next day. "Where?" I asked.

"At the house. I presume the Baptist minister, from the chapel at the corners, will be there," said the lieutenant's wife.

I silently made up my mind that I would be there too, were it only as a penance for having been so dilatory in helping the poor mother. For had I not been attracted towards her from the first? And was not that the sort of "leading" I believed in, and should have followed?

The little house was so small that the services were held out of doors. The coffin was placed on the door-step, and near by, on a bench, sat the wife, in some poor scraps of mourning, and the eight children. The minister had the only chair, but a stool was brought out for me. We were not alone; thirty or forty people of the neighborhood were present, out of respect for Mrs. Pinckney, and four of the boon companions of the Tenpin were present also, partly from curiosity, partly from a dull sympathy; they were dressed for the occasion in their best. The services were conducted reverently; then the coffin was lifted from the steps of the poor house and borne, to my surprise, across to the military cemetery. For the Tenpin, it seemed, had served bravely in the army, and was to be buried in an outlying corner of the honored ground. It was, in truth, his record as a soldier, and a wound he had received, which had given him the position as tender of the cemetery, which had originally brought him to Arlington; he had long since lost the place, but still lived on in the hollow.

When all was over I returned with the mother to her home; it hardly seemed necessary to call her a widow—she must have been widowed in spirit years before.

I *did* assist her and her children; never mind how. What I want to record here are her words about her husband.

I wished to speak to her concerning the immediate future, and, as there was no seclusion in the small house, we went up the path together, and, still talking, again approached the cemetery. Her words ceased; silently, with her quick step, she went across to the new-made grave and stood by its side. I followed her. She had not wept at the funeral, she did not weep now. But her face was hidden in her hands, and I thought she was grieving.

"Be comforted," I said, at last, as the moments passed, and she did not stir.

"Comforted!" she repeated, turning round upon me. Her large eyes were flashing, and a splendid light of joy broke over her face, transfiguring it for the moment into wonderful beauty. "Comforted! I *am* comforted. I have loved him deeply, dearly, all my life; and he has been—what you have seen. But *now* he is here, safe forever, safe at last. No one can harm him any more. No one can abuse him. No one can kick

him out of the way. No one can call him names. For—he is dead! Oh, thank God, thank God! that you are dead, Edward, safe here at last, where I can love you always just the same, my darling, and where no one will ever *dare* to scorn you again."

There was an exaltation, almost exultation, of love in her face and voice, which impressed me deeply; the set lines vanished, the repressed mouth wore a new and sweet expression, which brought up the passing image of her lost youth. She knelt down and prayed silently beside the mound, and then we went homeward together.

In the neighborhood it was only "old Tenpin is dead;" even then they did not associate him with her. But *she* was as one who, after long pain and labor, has gathered her most precious sheaves into the garner where no harm can reach them, and is thankfully glad.

It seemed to me that her joy was that now she need never be obliged to see his weaknesses and faults, never be forced to witness his failures, but could think of him peacefully as he once was, as he would be again in some future life, where all hidden things are known and considered, and weighed in balances different from man's. So she believed; so she believes. She loved him then; she loves him now.

I know, for I have just left her.

## *THREE ERRORS IN REGARD TO THE SOUTH.*

By G. B. Willcox, D.D.

A RECENT tour of the Gulf States has reversed the views of the writer as to certain impressions of the South, which may possibly be still held by more or less readers of the Christian Union. One common mistake is:

1. That a *Northern citizen, traveling in the South, need hesitate in the free utterance of his opinions.* Before the war there was, as every one knows, personal peril in acknowledging yourself an abolitionist. And largly because slavery kept society in a chronic alarm. It was a powder-magazine that might explode at any moment. And a man of strong Northern opinions carried about him too much fire. But now the explosion is over. There are blackened ruins enough, no doubt. But there is nothing more to burst. The Northerner, therefore, if he be a gentleman, is reasonably sure to be treated as one. Indeed, there are thousands of our Southern countrymen who have "kissed the blarney stone." They will shine on you with their sunniest looks. They will tell you that if all Northerners were *like you* there would be no trouble whatever in bringing the two sections into harmony. You may announce yourself an old-time Garrisonian and no one will disturb you. The war has too long since gone by. Unless you are suspected of being an emissary of some railroad or land company to increase the negro exodus Westward, you are as safe in Mississippi as in Massachusetts.

2. It is an error that there is either any *confession of the moral wrong of slavery or any regret for emancipation.* There were some daring spirits who never cared whether "the peculiar institution" was right or wrong. Robert Toombs once said to the great anti-slavery Senator from Massachusetts: "Sumner! our politicians are defending slavery out of the Constitution, and our parsons out of the Bible; but it's all —— nonsense! We've got the niggers, and we mean to keep them. That's the whole of it." But there were few as enlightened or as consciously and deliberately wicked as he. To the everlasting shame of the Southern pulpits, it must be said that they debauched the consciences of the congregations, and dragged the Word of God itself into the defence of as foul a system of wrong as ever cursed the earth. And, from that day to this, they have never repented of that iniquity, or uttered a word to vindicate, in that respect, the Book they had dishonored. The South, to-day, is as "solid" for the rightfulness of slavery as it is for the Democratic party.

But they are equally solid in their satisfaction that slavery is no more. They would like the two thousand millions of dollars that the slaves were worth in the market, no doubt. Especially, the broken-down unfortunates who lost their all by emancipation and have never recovered their fortunes would not object to a share of that fund. But the system of slavery, they are satisfied, was financially a huge blunder. They can, as a people, and, on the whole, do make more money without than with it; and, notwithstanding their "chivalry," are brought to the test of the dollar.

3. It is a mistake that *the religion of the negroes while in slavery bore any semblance to an intelligent Christianity.* It seems hard to disturb the impressions with which we have thought of them as crying, with one voice, in faith to God, through the long night of their bondage, "How long, O Lord, how long?" That there were such devout and heaven-looking souls there is no question. But they were by no means so numerous as many in the North have been wont to believe. And the degrading superstitions and loathsome immoralities that, as the fruit of slavery, mingled with the negro religion leave one in painful doubt as to the quantity of wheat amongst the weeds. The Egyptian darkness of their lot, through generations, will doubtless go far to extenuate the sin. Dr. Bacon once said that if Abraham were alive to-day he would be in State's prison in a week. And there are deacons of these old negro churches whose lives would make them infamous in a Northern village. Thorough instruction in colleges and schools, and a better Gospel, that shall show the pervasive leaven of religion in pure homes and clean lives, are already appearing as the hope of the freedmen, and are sure, in time, to redeem them.

## *AMONG THE ALBAN HILLS.*

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

A ROMAN dentist, to whom I was obliged to apply, a year ago, in the absence of Americans, after having tortured me for months by his attempts to make a set of teeth, and having been paid for what is quite useless, sues me for heavy damages, because at last I took the liberty of going to an American and having the work well done. Thus, when ready to start for Switzerland, I was detained by my lawyer, that I might see this noble suit tried in a Roman court. Confess, dear Christian Union, that this is a trial of patience, especially as the hot weather has begun, and your poor correspondent suffers therefrom.

There are, however, compensations in all things. To this compulsory detention I owe the very pleasant sojourn I am making in this lovely neighborhood; for, though I may not yet leave the country, I may come eighteen miles away from Rome. My liberty is temporarily restricted, it is true; but much less so than that of the poor old Pope, who, though half-dying for lack of fresh air, is not allowed by his prison etiquette to leave the walls of the Vatican. His physicians, giving the best advice they can under the circumstances, have ordered him to drive about in his own private gardens; and he has just bought a carriage and four horses for this purpose. The Vatican gardens are certainly tolerably extensive; but a one-horse buggy would have been more adapted to the desired end, it seems to me, and would have had the double advantage of being fully as comfortable and more convenient.

The hot weather will be fully upon you in America when this letter reaches you; so perhaps it may be refreshing to hear of mountains, lakes, and streams, of shady woods and cool breezes, though they be in the neighborhood of Rome. The Alban Hills, among which I now am, are the most attractive feature in the landscape of the Roman Campagna. Every visitor becomes familiar with their distant and graceful outline, as seen from the church-steps of St. John Lateran, or St. Pietro, in Montorio; but, from various causes, few are the travelers who explore the hills themselves. They are a volcanic group, rising abruptly out of the plain, and containing several extinct craters, two of which are converted into lovely little lakes, whose lofty banks are covered with rich vegetation.

Along the ridge of the larger lake once extended itself the city of Alba Longa, the head of the Latin Confederation, which prospered ages before Rome was born, and behind which rose the highest peak of the group, crowned with the massive Temple of Jupiter, the foundations of which still remain. The temple was preserved by the Romans long after they had destroyed the city; and a portion of the old pavement is still the only road to the summit. Alba Longa is now a wood, containing but one building—a Franciscan monastery; and the Temple of Jupiter serves as shelter to a few Passionist monks.

From this last position, now known as Monte Cavo, there is one of the finest and most interesting panoramas in the world. At one's feet lie the two sweet little lakes, separated only by a ridge, each of their slopes dotted with two romantically-situated monasteries and two quaint and ancient little towns. Farther down behind them is the Roman Campagna—with its patches of cultivation, but not a sign of a habitation—sweeping on to the Mediterranean, on which, in clear weather, one can count the ships. To the north, lies the far-famed city, the world's ancient mistress, a long streak in the hot plain, her seven hills quite undistinguishable, but her buildings glittering in the sun, and the dome of St. Peter's standing out in bold relief from everything else. To the south and east the panorama is closed in by the distant Sabine and Volscian mountains, the highest peaks covered with snow. I sat there a few days ago, gazing with delight on the fair prospect, carried back in thought through a period of three thousand years, and wonderingly and dimly attempting to look forward as I looked back. An old monk brought us of the food which his convent afforded and placed it on one of the huge stones of the temple, while my companion and I sat on another stone to partake of it. Some coarse bread, very inferior soup (one plate being provided between us, with two iron spoons to eat with) two stale eggs and a little wine and water—such was our refreshment. It seemed in harmony with the spot, and we ate and enjoyed—less, however, the food than the air and the view. We had started on donkeys at 6 A. M., and reached our little inn at 6 P. M. Our ride was one unbroken scene of beauty and delight. Now skirting the banks of a lake, now winding amid lovely forest paths, with trees meeting overhead and the fairest of wild-flowers luxuriating at our feet; now crossing a grassy valley—another old crater, where tradition says that Hannibal encamped when in the neighborhood of Rome—now coming through a picturesque old town on the mountain side, whose rough, rock-built dwellings climb almost perpendicular one above another. Our permanent halting-place is on the shore of the smaller lake, and as I sit writing, close to my window, I lift my eyes upon a scene not easily surpassed.

Before me lies, nestling in the bosom of the now peaceful crater, the sweet little lake, which, morning and evening, reflects every object on its opposite bank and every cloud flitting above, aye, and every star of any magnitude, with the faithfulness of the most highly-polished mirror. Directly in front of me, the bank being lower, I look beyond, across the checkered Campagna, to the sea. A little to the right, on a perpendicular cliff, clothed with verdure down to the water's edge, is an ancient town, with its mediæval palace and churches and its mass of poor houses; and, some three miles along the bank, among a group of cypress and live oaks, stands, in solitary beauty and in the most commanding position, the white monastery of the Franciscan fathers.

Nemi is full of interest for the antiquarian, and the shores of its little lake are a fertile field for the geologist and the archæologist. While the foot treads on roads made of streams of lava and of fine volcanic sand, the eye is delighted with tremendous masses of silex rising above one's head in all manner of fantastic shapes, supported by strata of soft and crumbling sand, and suggesting terrific convulsions of nature in a far remote period of the world's history. The volcanic soil furnishes nutriment for the most delicious fruit, and grapes, strawberries and apples are sent in immense quantities to Rome. These are grown on the immediate banks of the lake, while on the higher land there are fertile meadows filled with vegetables or waving with various kinds of grain. Not an inch that is not rich with fertility and beauty, and the fissures which time has made in the rocks are filled with ferns and mosses and every variety of wild flowers, among which tiny streams from the hills above trickle day and night, filling the eye and ear with delight and maintaining perpetual verdure.

Before the birth of Rome, the Lake of Nemi was dedicated to Diana, the fair huntress, and Etruscan architects had built for her a massive temple on the edge of the water, exactly at the foot of the rocky promontory on which the little town is situated. This worship was kept up by the Romans, and one temple succeeded another through many ages. An extensive bathing establishment was erected on another part of the shore, remains of which are yet to be seen in chambers hewn in the solid rock. The temple and the bath were kindred institutions; the latter deriving its efficacy from the former, and the former deriving support from the latter.

The baths of Diana were, undoubtedly, to the ancient Romans, specially to their women, what are to devout Roman Catholics of the present day the waters of our Lady of Lourdes. In the mediæval castle of Nemi there is a very interesting monument, found a few years ago on the site of the old temple. It is a square block of white marble, on which is recorded the list of objects presented by a certain person to the temple. In this list, a Roman Catholic bishop of to-day might recognize nearly all his own vestments in those of the priest of Diana. There is the stole, the tunic of white linen, the robe of purple silk, the girdle of gold and silver work, the pallium, the embroidered vestment with gold lace. Then there is the chalice, adorned with precious stones, the golden key for some sacred tabernacle, and, finally, the jewel-studded sheath for the sword, an indispensable appendage of this distinguished person, as the high-priest of the Temple of Diana attained to his office only by slaying his predecessors. But the associations of Nemi are not all heathen. About a quarter of a mile from the house in which I am, on the higher ridge of the lake, is an old post-road, running among the woods, formerly, and, indeed, up to fifty years ago, the great highway between Rome and Naples; and on that lovely, romantic road, from which he caught glimpses of these lakes and of this surrounding scenery, there traveled one day, eighteen hundred years ago, a weary old man, Paul, the aged, whose name survives as fresh to-day as if he had just left this