THIRD PART.

THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

PAGES 17 TO 20.

PITTSBURG, SUNDAY, APRIL 5, 1891.

A CHILD OF A CHIEF.

Robert Louis Stevenson Formally Adopted Into the Family of Paaaeua.

THE CEREMONY IN DETAIL.

How the Jealousy of Rival Rulers Made Itself Apparent.

MOIFU AND THE PHOTOGRAPHS.

Family Relationships and How Women Manage Two Husbands.

A SENTIMENT TOWARD MRS. STEVENSON

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

Letter No. 7.

It had chanced, as the Casco beat through the Bordelais Straits for Taahauku, she approached on one board very near the land in the opposite isle of Tauata where houses were to be seen in a grove of tall cocoa palms. Brother Michael pointed out the spot.

"I am at home now," said he. "I believe I have a large share in these cocoanuts; and in that house madame, my mother, lives with her two husbands!"

"With two husbands?" somebody inquired.

"C'est ma honte," replied the brother dryly.

A word in passing on the two husbands. I conceive the brother to have expressed himself loosely. It seems common enough to find a native lady with two consorts; but these are not two husbands. The first is still the husband, the wife continues to be referred to by his name; and the position of the coadjutor, or pikio, although quite regular, appears undoubtedly subordinate. We had opportunities to observe one household of the sort.

The Pikio's Relations to the Husband.

The pikio was recognized; appeared openly along with the husband when the lady was thought to be insulted, and the pair made common cause like brothers. At home the inequality was more apparent. The husband sat to receive and entertain visitors; the pikio was running the while to fetch cocoanuts like a hired servant, and I remarked he was sent on these errands in preference even to the son. Plainly we have here no second husband; plainly we have the tolerated lover. Only, in the Marquesas, instead of carrying his lady's fan and mantle, he must turn his hand to do the husband's housework.

The sight of Brother Michael's family estate led the conversation for some while upon the method and consequence of artificial kinship. Our curiosity became extremely whetted; the brother offered to have the whole of us adopted, and some two days later we became accordingly the children of Paaaeua, appointed chief of Atuona. I was unable to be present at the ceremony, which was primitively simple.

Ceremonies Incident to Adoption.

The two, Mrs. Stevenson and Mr. Osbourne, along with Paaaeua, his wife and an adopted child of theirs, son of a shipwrecked Austrian, sat down to an excellent island meal, of which the principal and the only necessary dish was pig. A concourse watched them through the apertures of the house; but none, not even Brother Michael, might partake, for the meal was sacramental and either creative or declatory of the new relationship.

In Tahiti things are not so strictly ordered; when Ori and I "made brothers" both our families sat with us at table, yet only he and I, who had eaten with intention, were supposed to be affected by the ceremony. For the adoption of an infant I believe no formality to be required; the child is handed over by the natural parents, and grows up to inherit the estates of the adoptive. Presents are doubtless exchanged, as at all junctures of island life, social or international; but I never heard of any banquet—the child's presence at the daily board perhaps sufficing.

Modification of the Arabian Idea.

We may find the rationale in the ancient Arabian idea that a common diet makes a common blood, with its derivative axiom that "He is the father who gives the child its morning draught." In the Marquesan practice, the sense would thus be evanescent; from the Tahitian, a mere survival, it will have entirely fled. An interesting parallel will probably occur to many of my readers.

What is the nature of the obligation assumed at such a festival? It will vary with the characters of those engaged, and with the circumstances of the case. Thus it would be absurd to take too seriously our adoption at Atuona. On the part of Paaaeua it was an affair of social ambition; when he agreed to receive us in his family the man had not so much as seen us, and knew only that we were inestimably rich and traveled in a floating palace. We, upon our side, ate of his baked meats with no true animus affiliandi, but moved by the single sentiment of curiosity. The affair was formal and a matter of parade, as when in Europe sovereigns call each other cousin. Yet, had we stayed at Atuona, Paaaeua would have held himself bound to establish us upon his land, and to set apart young men for our service and trees for our support.

He Has Foresworn the Sea.

I have mentioned the Austrian. He sailed in one of two sister ships, which left the Clyde in coal, both rounded the Horn, and both, at several hundred miles of distance, though close on the same point of time, took fire at sea on the Pacific. One was destroyed; the derelict iron frame of the second, after long, aimless cruising, was at length recovered, refitted, and hails today from San Francisco. A boat's crew from one of these disasters reached, after great hardships, the Isle of Hiva-oa. Some of these men vowed they would never again confront the chances of the sea; but alone of them all, the Austrian has been exactly true to his engagement, remains where he landed, and designs to die where he has lived.

Now, with such a man, falling and taking root among islanders, the processes described may be compared to a gardener's graft. He passes bodily into the native stock; ceases wholly to be alien; has entered the commune of the blood, shares the prosperity and consideration of his new family, and is expected to impart with the same generosity the fruits of his European skill and knowledge.

Two Parties to Every Bargain.

It is this implied engagement that so frequently offends the ingrafted white. To snatch an immediate advantage—to get (let us say) a station for his store—he will play upon the native custom and become a son or a brother for the day, promising himself to cast down the ladder by which he shall have ascended, and repudiate the kinship so soon as it shall grow burdensome. And he finds there are two parties to the bargain.

Perhaps his Polynesian relative is simple and conceived the blood bond literally, perhaps he is shrewd and himself entered the covenant with a view to gain. And either way the store is ravaged, the house littered with lazy natives; and the richer the man grows, the more numerous, the more idle, and the more affectionate he finds his native relatives. Most men thus circumstanced contrive to buy or brutally manage to enforce their independence; but many vegetate without hope, strangled by parasites.

They Made Very Respectable Parents.

We had no cause to blush with Brother Michael. Our new parents were kind, gentle, well-mannered, and generous in gifts; the wife was a most motherly woman, the husband a man who stood justly high with his employers. Enough has been said to show why Moipu should be deposed; and in Paaaeua the French had found a reputable substitute. He went always scrupulously dressed, and looked the picture of propriety, like a dark, handsome, stupid, and probably religious young man hot from a European funeral.

In character he seemed the ideal of what is known as the good citizen. He wore gravity like an ornament. None could more nicely represent the desired character as an appointed chief, the outpost of civilization and reform. And yet were the French to go and native manners to revive, fancy beholds him crowned with old men's beards and crowding with the first to a maneating festival. But I must not seem to be unjust to Paaaeua. His respectability went deeper than the skin; his sense of the becoming sometimes nerved him for unexpected rigors.

Prisoners During a Festival.

One evening Captain Otis and Mr. Osbourne were on shore in the village. All was agog, dancing had begun, it was plain it was to be a night of festival, and our adventurers were overjoyed at their good fortune. A strong fall of rain drove them for shelter to the house of Paaaeua, where they were made welcome, wiled into a chamber, and shut in. Presently the rain took off, the fun was to begin in earnest, and the young bloods of Atuona came round the house and called to my fellow travelers through the interstices of the wall.

Late into the night the calls were continued and resumed, and sometimes mingled with taunts; late into the night the prisoners, tantalized by the noises of the festival, renewed their efforts to escape. But all was vain; right across the door lay that God-fearing householder, Paaaeua, feigning sleep; and my friends had to forego their junketing. In this incident, so delightfully European, we thought we could detect three strands of sentiment.

In the first place, Paaaeua had a charge of souls; these were young men, and he judged it right to withhold them from the primrose path. Secondly, he was a public character, and it was not fitting that his guests should countenance a festival of which he disapproved. So might some strict clergyman at home address a worldly visitor: "Go to the theater if you like; but, by your leave, not from my house!" Thirdly, Paaaeua was a man, jealous, and with some cause (as shall be shown) for jealousy; and the feasters were the satellites of his immediate rival, Moipu.

For the adoption had caused much excitement in the village; it made the strangers popular. Paaaeua, in his difficult posture of appointed chief, drew strength and dignity from their alliance, and only Moipu and his followers were malcontent. For some reason nobody (except myself) appears to dislike Moipu. Captain Hart, who has been robbed and threatened by him; Father Orens, whom he has fired at and repeatedly driven to the woods; my own family, and even the French officials—all seemed smit with an irrepressible affection for the man. His fall had been made soft; his son, upon his death, was to succeed Paaaeua in the chieftancy; and he lived, at the time of our visit, in the shoreward part of the village in a good house, and with a strong following of young men, his late braves and pot-hunters.

How Moipu Felt About It.

In this society, the coming of the Casco, the adoption, the return feast on board, and the presents exchanged between the whites and their new parents, were doubtless eagerly and bitterly canvassed. It was felt that a few years ago the honors would have gone elsewhere. In this unwonted business, in this reception of some hitherto undreamed-of and outlandish potentate—some Prester John or old Arsarachus—a few years back it would have been the part of Moipu to play the hero and the host, and his young men would have accompanied and adorned the various celebrations as the acknowledged leaders of society.

And now, by a malign vicissitude of fortune, Moipu must sit in his house quite unobserved; and his young men could but look in at the door the while their rivals feasted. Perhaps M. Grevy felt a touch of bitterness toward his successor when he beheld him figure on the broad stage of the centenary of 89; the visit of the Casco which Moipu had missed by so few years was a more unusual occasion in Atuona than a centenary in France; and the dethroned chief determined to reassert himself in the public eye.

Mr. Osbourne had gone into Atuona photographing; the population of the village had gathered together for the occasion on the place before the church, and Paaaeua, highly delighted with this new appearance of his family, played the master of ceremonies. The church had been taken, with its jolly architect before the door; the nuns with their pupils; sundry damsels in the ancient and singularly unbecoming robes of tapa; and Father Orens in the midst of a group of his parishioners.

I know not what else was in hand, when the photographer became aware of a sensation in the crowd, and, looking around, beheld a very noble figure of a man appear upon the margin of a thicket and stroll nonchalantly near. The nonchalance was visibly affected; it was plain he came there to arouse attention, and his success was instant. He was introduced; he was civil; he was obliging, he was always ineffably superior and certain of himself: a well-graced actor. It was presently suggested that he should appear in his war costume; he gracefully consented; and returned in that strange, inappropriate and ill-omened array (which very well became his handsome person) to strut in a circle of admirers, and be thenceforth the center of photography.

Paaaeua Asserted His Rights.

Thus had Moipu effected his introduction, as by accident, to the white strangers, made it a favor to display his finery, and reduced his rival to a secondary role on the theater of the disputed village. Paaaeua felt the blow; and with a spirit which we never dreamed he could possess, asserted his priority. It was found impossible that day to get a photograph of Moipu alone; for whenever he stood up before the camera his successor placed himself unbidden by his side, and gently but firmly held his position. The portraits of the pair, Jacob and Esau, standing shoulder to shoulder, one in his careful European dress, one in his barbaric trappings, figure the past and present of their island. A graveyard with its humble crosses would be the aptest symbol of the future.

We are all impressed with the belief that Moipu had planned his campaign from beginning to end. It is said that he lost no time in pushing his advantage. Mr. Osbourne was inveigled to his house; various gifts were fished out of an old sea chest; Father Orens was called into service as interpreter, and Moipu formally prepared to "make brothers" with Mata-Galahi-Glass-Eyes—the not very euphonious name under which Mr. Osbourne passed in the Marquesas.

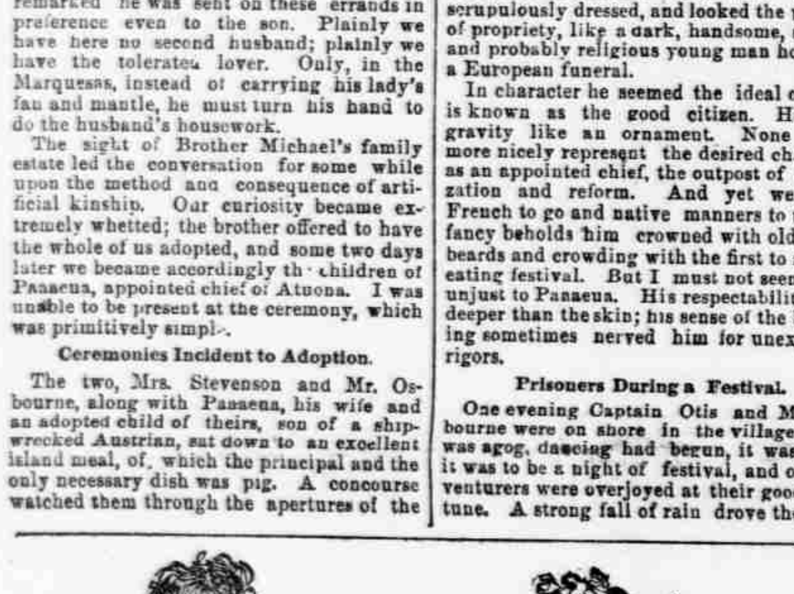
The Rivals at the Feast.

The feast of brotherhood took place on board the Casco. Paaaeau had arrived with his family, like a plain man; and his presents, which had been numerous, had followed one another at intervals through several days. Moipu, as if to mark at every point the opposition, came with a certain feudal pomp, attended by retainers bearing gifts of all descriptions, from plumes of old men's beard to little, pious Catholic engravings.

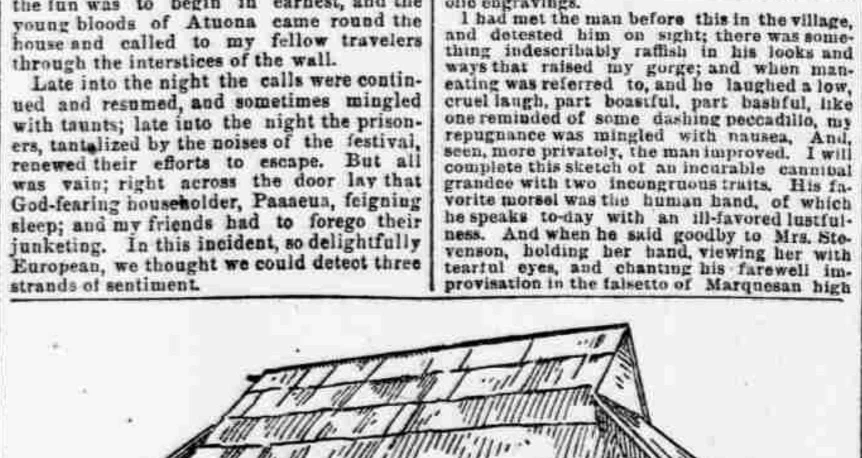
I had met the man before this in the village, and detested him on sight; there was something indescribably raffish in his looks and ways that raised my gorge; and when maneating was referred to, and he laughed a low, cruel laugh, part boastful, part bashful, like one reminded of some dashing peccadillo, my repugnance was mingled with nausea. And, seen, more privately, the man improved. I will complete this sketch of an incurable cannibal grandee with two incongruous traits. His favorite morsel was the human hand, of which he speaks to-day with an ill-favored lustfulness. And when he said goodby to Mrs. Stevenson, holding her hand, viewing her with tearful eyes, and chanting his farewell improvisation in the falsetto of Marquesan high society, he wrote upon her mind a sentimental impression which I try in vain to share.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

MOIPU POSING.



SINGING GIRLS.



A BIG DANCING HOUSE.

TWO HINTS FOR SMOKERS.

How to Carry Cigars and How to Smoke an Old Soldier.

Albany Argus.]

A well-known tobacconist says: "If you are a smoker and don't own a cigar case on carry your cigars in your upper vest pocket, the left, with the mouth end downward. The constant motion of your right arm is sure to crush the tobacco and loosen the wrapper, if the cigars be on the right side, and the result is more readily attained with the match end down. If you have to let a cigar go out and are not too fastidious to smoke an 'old soldier,' do not pull in the last puff, but blow it through the burning end. In this way the nicotine is expelled, which would otherwise gather at the mouth and prevents the cigar from having a rank taste."

HARRISON ON THE GO.

The President Will Roll in Luxury on His Proposed Tour.

GOOD WHITE HOUSE TRAVELERS.

George Washington Went in Style and Liked Clean Horses.

HISTORY OF POLK'S NOMINATION

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.]

WASHINGTON, April 4.—The tour which President Harrison is said to be planning is the biggest and longest ever made by a President while in office. If it is taken at all it will include the biggest cities of the country and will be memorable as the first tour a President ever made to the northern part of the Pacific slope.

President Harrison is a good traveler. He enjoys the changes of scenery and people, and he keeps himself alive to his surroundings. He is a ready speaker, and is very careful in his statements upon all occasions, so that there is little danger of his hurting his party by imprudent utterances and actions. He has a good constitution, and the trip will be taken with all modern travel conveniences and the President will have time to rest between towns.

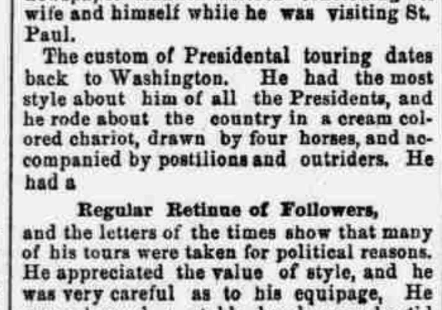
Unfortunate Presidental Tourists.

If he comes out of the tour, however, unscathed, he will be much more successful than his predecessors. Nearly all the Presidents who have traveled have met with misfortune on their tours, and the most unpleasant things of their administrations have happened at such times. Garfield was assassinated when he was starting out to travel to Long Branch. Tyler came very near being blown up on the Trenton, Andrew Jackson had his nose pulled on a trip down the Potomac, and Andrew Johnson's famous "swing around the circle" aided materially in his defeat for renomination. President Arthur got sick during his tour to Florida, and one of the most bitter insults offered to President Cleveland was the newspaper slander uttered concerning his wife and himself while he was visiting St. Paul.

The custom of Presidental touring dates back to Washington. He had the most style about him of all the Presidents, and he rode about the country in a cream colored chariot, drawn by four horses, and accompanied by postilions and outriders. He had a

Regular Retinue of Followers,

and the letters of the times show that many of his tours were taken for political reasons. He appreciated the value of style, and he was very careful as to his equipage. He once whipped a stable boy because he did not clean his horses quite as well as he thought they ought to be cleaned, and he made his hostlers wash the teeth of his horses and clean them with toothpicks daily. It was his test of a well groomed horse to rub him over with his fine pocket handkerchief, and if a bit of dust came off or the linen was soiled in the least the horse had to be gone over again.



General Washington's Coach.

His first tour after he assumed the Presidency, was a trip to New England, which he took in connection with his private secretary, six servants and some noted men. His second tour was taken from Philadelphia in 1791. At this time he went to the South, and took a tour through the Southern States. He had a fine turnout as usual, and he had a saddle horse led with his coach, in order that he might rest himself by riding on horseback when he got tired.

Didn't Have Modern Luxuries.

Washington carried a good supply of provisions with him, but he had no idea of the luxuries of the colored porter who can mix a cocktail or get up a dish of terrapin on a half-hour's notice. President Harrison's car will be stocked with all the delicacies of the season. It will contain bedrooms and bathroom. It will probably have a library and a piano, and the touch of an electric button will bring the President anything he wants.

Andrew Jackson was one of the leading Presidental tourists, and he was one of the best mixers among the Presidents. He was a good judge of human nature, and during his tour thousands of babies were presented for him to kiss. He was a kind-hearted man, and he did kiss a few hundreds of them, but he often relegated the duty to his Cabinet, who accompanied him. Colonel A. R. Boteler, who was a member of the Congress of the United States before the war, was attending Princeton College when Jackson made one of these tours, and he accompanied the procession from Princeton to Trenton.

A Very Sweet-Faced Baby.

During the trip, so he tells me, while General Jackson and General Eaton were riding along in the carriage together, a lean, lank, homely woman was seen rushing across the field with a baby in her arms. She headed off the procession and crawled through the fence just as Jackson and Eaton came up. President Jackson stopped the carriage and spoke to her. She held up the baby and he noticed that its face was well covered with molasses. He seized the child and then holding it out before him, said, "Madam, you have a fine son here, and he may be President of the United States some day. He will doubtless do credit to you, and his face is a sweet one." He thereupon thrust him toward General Eaton, and said, "Here, Eaton, you kiss him," and this the Secretary of War did, making the woman smile with joy.

Jackson had an old-fashioned family coach which had been presented to his wife about the time he built the Hermitage. It was very heavy, but he would not ride in any other. A part of this old coach was in the hands of a Southern planter some years ago, and one of the panels of the cream chariot which President Washington used is in the National Museum. It was painted by a celebrated Italian painter, and is a work of art.

Monroe's Visit to Pittsburg.

It was left to Monroe to make the second great Presidental tour. Monroe visited New York and New England, and he had a series of ovations from the beginning to the close of his trip. He was well treated at New York, and he was the first President of the United States who visited Rhode Island. He met old John Adams at Boston and dined with him, and went up to Portland, Me., and then went as far West as Cleveland, and came back by way of Pittsburg. He traveled more than 3,000 miles in his carriage, and his tour was perhaps the most remarkable that a President ever made.

A new statue is now being erected to Lafayette in Washington. It is just opposite the White House, and it recalls the grand farewell tour which General Lafayette made in this country. John Quincy Adams went with him. He was Secretary of State at the time. The French Republican was received with honor everywhere, and the country went wild over him. It was John Quincy Adams who was the first President to travel on a railroad, but his traveling was done after he left the Presidency, and he was in a railroad accident in which two people were killed.

President Harrison's grandfather, William Henry Harrison, took the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad at Wheeling to come to Washington, but he rode from his home to that point in a coach. He had a saddle horse with him, and he was so fond of horseback riding that when he went out to the Capitol to be inaugurated he refused to ride in a coach-and-four which had been prepared for him, and rode on horseback. The day was bitterly cold and he made his speech without an overcoat, catching, it is said, at his inauguration, a cold which aided in causing his death a few weeks later.

President Lincoln traveled somewhat while he was in the White House, but his life was too busy a one for the ordinary Presidental junket. His first trip to Washington was made by the Michigan Southern and the New York Central. He was received with great respect everywhere, except at Baltimore, where it was feared the Southern sympathizers would mob him, and through which city it is said he went disguised. He had a special train, and he made his speeches from the baggage car. Andrew Johnson's tour was a speech making one. He was under

The Influence of Liquor

during a part of it, and some of his utterances were injudicious in the extreme. He went nominally to lay the corner stone of the Stephen A. Douglas monument at Chicago, but he traveled all over the country to get there, taking in New York, Philadelphia and Cleveland. He spoke everywhere, and hurt himself every time he spoke.

President Hayes was a great traveler. He was a constant frequenter of Grand Army reunions, and his Southern policy made his Southern tour a very popular one. He was accompanied by leading Southerners, and he received a great deal of praise and taffy from the South. He did a great deal more traveling while in the White House than he has done since he left it. It was different with General Grant. He traveled but little while President, going only now and then to Long Branch or New York. He started out on his trip around the world, however, just after he left the White House, and no man has ever had such a tour as that of his around the world. All men—all nations tried to do him honor.

How Polk Was Nominated.

James K. Polk did not do a great deal of traveling while in the White House. His nomination was a surprise to him and to his friends. Colonel John Brownlow, a son of the famous fighting parson, tells me there is a letter now in existence, written by Polk a few weeks before he was nominated at Baltimore. In this letter Polk writes to Andrew Jackson Donelson, endeavoring to get the support of "Old Hickory" to make him Vice President. After stating his qualifications for the place he closes as follows: "I hope the Tennessee delegation will exert its influence in my behalf as the candidate for Vice President. This has been the ambition of my life. Four years ago I desired the nomination, but I gave way to others, and now I hope my friends will support me."

"The Tennessee delegation," said Colonel Brownlow, "had no idea of making Polk their candidate for the Presidency, and their support of him as Vice President was merely nominal. The convention, however, did not know this. The friends of the other candidates were fighting hard, and it was in one of the bitterest of the struggles that, merely to divert the attention of the convention, Major Donelson arose and nominated James K. Polk as a candidate for the Presidency. Donelson was supposed to be the mouthpiece of "Old Hickory," and the influence of Andrew Jackson was such that this caused a stampede toward Polk and he was nominated.

Why Jackson Didn't Like Polk.

When Andrew Jackson heard of it he was not pleased. He had a contempt for Polk, because Polk would not fight a duel with Henry A. Wise when he pulled his nose during his stay in Washington as Speaker of the House of Representatives.

"What did Polk say as to his nomination?" I asked.

"They tell a queer story concerning it in Tennessee," replied Colonel Brownlow. "The news was announced to him by his brother, William Polk, and James K. Polk would not believe it. William Polk was a much brighter man than James K. Polk. He was the Tom Corwin of Tennessee in his days, and was noted as a wag. He was ruined, however, by drinking, and it was a curious thing that drink made his face white rather than red. Well, William Polk was the first man to get the news of James K. Polk's nomination. He heard it while his brother was trying a petty ten-dollar Justice of the Peace case in the town, and he came into the lawyer's office and interrupted the trial, saying: "Jim, have you heard the news from Baltimore?"

The future President replied that he had not.

"Well, Jim, the nominations are made, and I am blank blanked if you are not nominated for the Presidency."

James K. Polk laughed, and so did the rest of the crowd. They all thought it was one of Bill Polk's jokes, but they soon learned that it was truth.

How Polk Was Killed.

"President Polk was killed by anxiety and hard work," Colonel Brownlow went on. "He was laid in his grave by the Mexican war, and and in some way he got the idea that the responsibility for that war rested upon him. He was conscience-stricken and felt himself responsible for the lives lost in it. When he entered the White House he was young, straight, black-haired, and about 50 years of age. When he came out, he was a stooped, wrinkled old man, whose hair was grey and whose step was feeble. He went back to Nashville, and he died a few months after he left the Presidency.

"I often see it stated that Andy Johnson was a Presbyterian. The fact is he was an agnostic. I knew him very well, and according to my understanding, he was inside a church only three times while he was President of the United States. The first time was at the memorial services over President Lincoln in the Senate Chamber. The second time was at the funeral services of Colonel Elliot Dahlgren, and the third time when Henry Ward Beecher came to Washington. Beecher had come out in a sermon, and had supported 'My policy,' as Johnson's policy was called. Beecher had received considerable criticism for this action."

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

THE CHLOROFORM DRUNKARD.

He Runs the Risk of Death for What Gives No Pleasure.

New York Morning Journal.]

The Chinaman, throwing himself on his bunk, with pipe and lamp and shell of "dope," knows that visions of beautiful lands and comely maidens will soon be his. The hasheesh-eater knows, after one experience, that the green paste which he swallows will fill him with a godlike sense of power, a feeling as though he could bear the earth on his shoulders. But chloroform gives no dreams, no visions, no mighty strength. It stupefies; that is all. The chloroform drunkard is a slave to his own morbidness and no more.

The method of becoming drunk is simple in the extreme. The drunkard saturates a cloth or sponge with the anæsthetic. He lies down near the edge of the bed or lounge. The arm and hand which holds the drug is braced in such a position that were it relaxed it would hang down beside the couch.

As the subtile vapor begins its work, and unconsciousness steals upon him, the muscles of his arm relax, his hand drops, and the sponge falls from his inert fingers to the floor. Thus he avoids the danger of death through an overdose of the poison.

—An official return states that the number of tobacco plantations in Russia last year was 607,582, as compared 518,335 in 1889, the area under cultivation being about 105,000 acres, as against 90,000 in 1889, while the quantity of tobacco grown was about 115,000 tons, or about 20,000 tons more than last year.

PENS OF TWO WOMEN

And What They Accomplished in Political and Social Life.

THEIR POWER FOR FREE TRADE.

Mrs. Marcet's Conversations and Harriet Martineau's Stories.

THE LATTER'S IDEAS OF SLAVERY

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

Two women of England did very much more than the philosophers in making the subject of political economy popular in that country. In their books upon this subject Mrs. Marcet and Harriet Martineau presented the facts set forth by Adam Smith in his "Wealth of Nations" in such form of interest and simplicity that even the common people became well posted upon the great subject—at least as regards protection and free trade.

Mrs. Marcet was the author of two books that made her the teacher of hundreds of thousands of people. Her "Conversations on Chemistry," a work inspired by her husband, a noted physician and chemist who had been driven out of his own country, Switzerland, for political mesdemeanors, became a textbook on the subject in England, and also in America, where it held its own for over 30 years. Before the public schools had been generally established in this country, and before it was freely admitted that girls needed any education to speak of, Mrs. Marcet's book passed through 160 editions.

Was Not Credited to Her.

That this work on chemistry was really written by a woman was not believed, or perhaps the boys who were trained on it would not have been allowed to have laid their foundations of chemical knowledge by a study of the simple methods presented in its pages. Mrs. Marcet got her share of scorn and ridicule from those to whom a woman with any pretensions to learning became an object of distrust and dislike, but she received plenty of praise and appreciation as well from the men of science whose acquaintance she enjoyed.

The declaration of independence made the year 1776 the most memorable in the history of the United States. The same year was distinguished by the publication of the great work on political economy, which eventually brought about the commercial revolution which converted England from the protection policy to that of free trade. Mrs. Marcet was but a child when Smith's great work was published, but she doubtless studied it for herself and formed her own opinions. At all events, when her mind was matured and her judgment assured, she published her "Conversations on Political Economy," containing much wisdom on the subject in such style as to suit ordinary readers. The book became immediately popular and was considered of vast value in promoting intelligence among the working classes of England on the subject of taxation. "Every girl," says Macauley, "who has read Mrs. Marcet's 'Conversations on Political Economy' could teach Montague and Walpole lessons on finance."

Mrs. Marcet's little book did much to help in making free trade the policy of England, and as she lived to be 90, she doubtless had the satisfaction of seeing the progress made in England by the adoption of the views she advocated.

A Political Old Maid.

Following in her footsteps a few years later came Harriet Martineau, a political old maid, who occupies a no small place in the foreground of modern English history. Like Miss Willard and Miss Anthony, she had a natural taste for politics, and manifested more interest in public affairs than did the ordinary women whose chief interest and pursuit was, as Shakespeare puts it, "to suckle fools and chronicle small beer." A turn of mind for politics in a woman was much more remarkable a half a century ago than at present, and Harriet had, of course, a double burden of contempt and derision to bear from the stupid and bigoted of her time, in that she was not only an old maid, but was "strong-minded" as well.

Took Her Cue From Mrs. Marcet.

Her mind was early directed to the subject of political economy by Mrs. Marcet's "conversations" on the subject, and she conceived the plan of writing a series of tales illustrating the need of reform in the poor laws, of justice in methods of taxation, and the virtue and morality of true political economy as contrasted with the evils of the false, then in vogue. These stories met with immense favor and were large factors in the conversion of England to free trade.

"Independent of their value as expositions of great principles," says a writer, "some of these tales will always be read for their truthful pictures of life, and the ingenious construction of a story limited by its special purpose." They were eagerly read, not only by the working classes, but by all people. In the form of a story they reached readers who would not have looked twice at a political tract. England at that time was going through the same controversy between protection and free trade that is now carried on in the hammer and tongs fashion in this country and Harriet Martineau used her pen so powerfully that in recognition and appreciation of her services and the good she had done by spreading the principles of free trade before the people, she was tendered a pension by the British Government. This she declined, preferring to retain her independence as a political writer.

Her Stand Against Slavery.

The abolition of slavery found in her a powerful advocate, and during the War of the Rebellion some of the warmest and strongest articles in support of the North and the Union were written by this "strong-minded old maid." In the stirring days when William Lloyd Garrison and the small band of abolitionists were mobbed and rotten-egged in Boston, Harriet Martineau visited this country. Her great reputation as a writer had preceded her, and she was received with warmest welcome and highest honor. She visited some of the palatial homes of the South, and enjoyed the hospitality of some of its most prominent people.

When at last she reached Boston, she attended a little private meeting of the Woman's Anti-Slavery Society, which had the courage to get together on the very afternoon that Garrison was mobbed.

Miss Martineau was asked to speak and though she knew the cost, she had the courage of her convictions and expressed her sympathy for the slave and her abhorrence of slavery. This turned public sentiment against her. Every door hitherto open to her was banged shut, and from having been praised and honored and sought after, she was abused, vilified and scorned as a black abolitionist, as a woman who had gone beyond the bounds of feminine modesty, as a dreadful and pestilent being who had abused the hospitality of her entertainers by stepping upon the toes of their pet prejudice, and by refusing to indorse slavery as a virtue. All this clamor and evil speaking, while it must have excited her indignation, did not prevent her from doing justice to the many virtues of the American people in her book on this country on the subject of slavery. Miss Martineau lived to see the change in public sentiment and to rejoice in the emancipation proclamation that removed this blot from the history of the American Republic.

Character of the Woman.

Miss Martineau takes rank with the most eminent writers of her age and country. Her fame was won as a novelist, a historian, a philosopher and a reformer. She had a little sharpness of tongue in criticism, and was, it may be, somewhat egotistical. Thackeray was, she said, a "snob," N. P. Willis was a "lying dandy;" "Macaulay had no heart," and the political party to which she was opposed was made up of a lot of "conceited imbeciles." But such remarks, it must be admitted, are "middling mild," as compared with the cruel slashings of the Scotch reviewers.

Miss Martineau lived a long and useful life. From being devoutly pious in her youth, she gave up her religious beliefs and became a materialist. This brought great censure from many orthodox people, but she evinced as much courage in the utterance of her opinions, as does Ingersoll to-day. She rejoiced in her later life, as she says, "to have escaped from the little enclosure of dogma, and to stand free to learn." If she had written nothing else than the "History of the Thirty Years War," or "Biographical Sketches" she would still be an honor to her age and country. These stand as monuments to the intellectual greatness of a "political old maid."

BESSIE BRAMBLE.

A FANTASTIC TALE, INTRODUCING HYPNOTIC THEORIES.

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH

BY F. MARION CRAWFORD,

Author of "Mr. Isaacs," "Dr. Claudius," "A Roman Singer," and Many Other Stories That Have Taken Rank as Standard Literature.

CHAPTER XVIII.

IN THIS, at least, there was therefore comfort. On the morrow she would see him again. The moment of complete despair had passed when she received that assurance from his lips, and as she thought of it, sitting in the absolute stillness of her room, the proportions of the storm grew less, and possible dimensions of a future hope greater—just as the seafarer, when his ship lies in the flat calm of the oily harbor, thinks half incredulously of the danger past, despises himself for the anxiety he felt, and vows that on the morrow he will face the waves again, though the winds blow ever so fiercely. In Unorna the master passion was as strong as ever. In a dim vision the wreck of her pride floated still in the stormy distance, but she turned her eyes away, for it was no longer a part of her. The specter of her humiliation rose up and tried to taunt her with her shame—she almost smiled at the thought that she could still remember it. He lived, she lived, and he should yet be hers.

She paced the corridor, passing and repassing beneath the light of the single lamp that hung in the middle, walking quickly, with a sensation of pleasure in the movement and in the cold draught that fanned her cheek. Then she heard footsteps distinct from the echo of her own, and she stood still. Two women were coming toward her through the gloom. She waited near her own door, supposing that they would pass her. As they came near she saw that one was a nun, habited in the plain gray robe and black and white head-dress of the order. The other was a lady dressed like herself, in black. The light burned so badly that as the two stopped and stood for a moment conversing together, Unorna could not clearly distinguish their faces. Then the lady entered one of the rooms, the third or the fourth from Unorna's, and the nun remained standing outside, apparently hesitating whether to turn to the right or the left, or asking herself in which direction her occupations called her. Unorna made a movement, and at the sound of her foot the nun came toward her.

"Sister Paul!" Unorna exclaimed, recognizing her as her face came under the glare of the lamp, and holding out her hands.

"Unorna!" cried the nun, with an intonation of surprise and pleasure. "I did not know that you were here. What brings you back to us?"

"A caprice, Sister Paul—nothing but a caprice. I shall perhaps be gone to-morrow."

"I am sorry," answered the Sister. "One night is but a short retreat from the world." She shook her head rather sadly.

"Much may happen in a night," replied Unorna with a smile. "You used to tell me that the soul knew nothing of time. Have you changed your mind? Come into my room and let us talk. I have not forgotten your hours. You can have nothing to do for the moment, unless it is supper time."

"We have just finished," said Sister Paul, entering readily enough. "The other lady who is staying here insisted upon supping in the guests' refectory—out of curiosity, perhaps, poor thing—and I met her on the stairs as she was coming up."

"Are she and I the only ones here?" Unorna asked carelessly.

"Yes. There is no one else, and she only came this morning. You see, it is still the carnival season in the world. It is in Lent that the great ladies come to us, and then we have often not a room free."

The nun smiled sadly, shaking her head again in a way that seemed habitual with her.

"After all," she added, as Unorna said nothing, "it is better that they should come then, rather than not at all, though I often think it would be better still if they spent carnival in the convent and Lent in the world."

"The world you speak of would be a gloomy place if you had the ordering of it, Sister Paul," observed Unorna, with a little laugh.

"Ah, well! I daresay it would seem so to you. I know little enough of the world as you understand it, save for what our guests tell me—and, indeed, I am glad that I do not know more."

"You know almost as much as I do."

The Sister looked long and earnestly into Unorna's face, as though searching for something. She was a thin, pale woman, over forty years of age. Not a wrinkle marked her waxen skin, and her hair was entirely concealed under the smooth headdress; but her age was in her eyes.

"What is your life, Unorna?" she asked suddenly. "We hear strange tales of it sometimes, though we know, also, that you do great works of charity. But we hear strange tales and strange words."

"Do you?" Unorna suppressed a smile of scorn. "What do people say of me? I never asked."

"Strange things, strange things," repeated the nun, with a shake of the head.

"What are they? Tell me one of them, as an instance."

"I should fear to offend you—indeed, I am sure I should, though we were good friends once."

"And are still. The more reason why you should tell me what is said. Of course, I am alone in the world, and people will always tell vile tales of women who have no one to protect them."

"No, no," Sister Paul hastened to assure her. "As a woman, no word has reached us that touches your fair name. On the contrary, I have heard worldly women say much more that is good of you in that respect than they will say of each other. But there are other things, Unorna—other things which fill me with fear for you. They call you by a name that makes me shudder when I hear it."

GOOD NIGHT, SAID SISTER PAUL.

"A name?" repeated Unorna in surprise and with considerable curiosity.

"A name—a word—what you will—no, I cannot tell you, and besides it must be untrue."

Unorna was silent for a moment, and then understood. She laughed aloud with perfect unconcern.

"I know!" she cried. "How foolish of me! They call me the Witch—of course!"

Sister Paul's face grew very grave, and she immediately crossed herself devoutly, looking askance at Unorna as she did so. But Unorna only laughed again.

"Perhaps it is very foolish," said the nun, "but I cannot bear to hear such a thing said of you."

"It is not said in earnest. Do you know why they call me the Witch? It is very simple. It is because I can make people sleep—people who are suffering, or mad, or in great sorrow—and then they rest. That is all my magic."

"You can put people to sleep? Anybody?" Sister Paul opened her faded eyes very wide. "But that is not natural," she added in a perplexed tone. "And what is not natural cannot be right."

"And is all right that is natural?" asked Unorna thoughtfully.

"It is not natural," repeated the other. "How do you do it? Do you use strange words and herbs and incantations?"

Unorna laughed again, but the nun seemed shocked by her levity, and she forced herself to be grave.

"No, indeed!" she answered. "I look into their eyes and tell them to sleep—and they do. Poor Sister Paul! You are behind the age in the dear old convent here! The thing is done in half of the great hospitals of Europe every day, and men and women are cured in that way of diseases that paralyze them in body as well as in mind. Men study to learn how it is done—it is as common to-day as a means of healing as the medicines you know by name and taste. It is called hypnotism."

Again the Sister crossed herself.

"I have heard the word, I think," she said, as though she thought there was something diabolical in it. "And do you heal the sick in this way by means of this—thing?"

"Sometimes," Unorna answered. "There is an old man, for instance, whom I have kept alive for many years by making him sleep—a great deal." Unorna smiled a little.

"But have you no words with it? Nothing?"

"Nothing. It is my will. That is all."

"But if it is of good, and not of the evil one, there should be a prayer with it. Could you not say a prayer with it, Unorna?"

"I dare say I could," replied the other, trying not to laugh. "But that would be doing two things at once—my will would be weakened."

"It cannot be of good," said the nun. "It is not natural, and it is not true that the prayer can distract the will from the performance of a good deed." She shook her head more energetically than usual. "And it is not good, either, that you should be called a witch, you who have lived here among us."

"It is not my fault!" exclaimed Unorna, somewhat annoyed by her persistence. "And besides, Sister Paul, even if the devil is in it, it would be right all the same."

The nun held up her hands in holy horror and her jaw dropped.

"My child! my child! How can you say such things to me?"

"It is very true," Unorna answered, quietly smiling at her amazement. "If people who are ill are made well, is it not a real good, even if the evil one does it? Is it not good to make him do good if one can, even against his will?"

"No, no!" cried Sister Paul in great distress. "Do not talk like that—let us not talk of it at all! Whatever it is, it is bad, and I do not understand it, and I am sure that none of us here could, no matter how well you explained it. But if you will do it, Unorna, my dear child, then say