

was composed chiefly of adjectives, substantives, and exclamation points.

Our little company disbanded at Tacubaya, the suburban city four miles from Mexico. The horses of the gentlemen were suffering, and we were all quite ready to step out of the middle ages into a comfortable nineteenth-century hack. The servants led the horses into the city, and we rejoiced in the prospect of our carriage. But none was to be found—not one. So we ignominiously jingled into the city in the horse-cars!

Don Pepe had been requested to bring our faithful *mozos* to the hotel the next evening, to receive the usual *pourboire*, and to say good-bye. They were all there except Rafael. When inquiries were made for him, a smile went around, and Bonifacio mildly suggested that Rafael was "*con las mulas.*" Bonifacio had broken my pitcher of Charo, to his sorrow and mine, and now produced another as a substitute,—a very good substitute, indeed, which was always to be called Bonifacio's pitcher. After all had gone there came a soft, uncertain tap at the door, and Rafael entered—his placidity exalted into a trance-like blissfulness. His eyes saw nothing; he stretched out his

arms vaguely to embrace those "noble gentlemen," the engineers, who gently evaded him, slipping some money into his hand; then with an unexpected impulse he turned toward me, huskily murmuring, "*Adios, niña!*" Whereupon A—— plucked him between the shoulders by his jacket, and shunted him out of the door. And so the dusky *dramatis personæ* of our ride made their exit, and went their way back into the middle ages. We had ridden about two hundred and fifty miles in six days. This same ride has since been repeatedly made by an English gentleman, traveling with but one servant, in three days!

Our elaborate outfit represented not so much the necessities of the journey, as the magnificent courtesy of our friends in Morelia.

To them also we owed our entertainment at the *haciendas*—those unique feudal communities set in the solitude of a vast country, traversed at present by but one high-road. In another year the railroad will thunder past the gray stone defenses of Tepitongo, and startle the herds grazing in the green levels of Quieréndero. Tepititlan will keep its seclusion on the height, withdrawn above the valley.

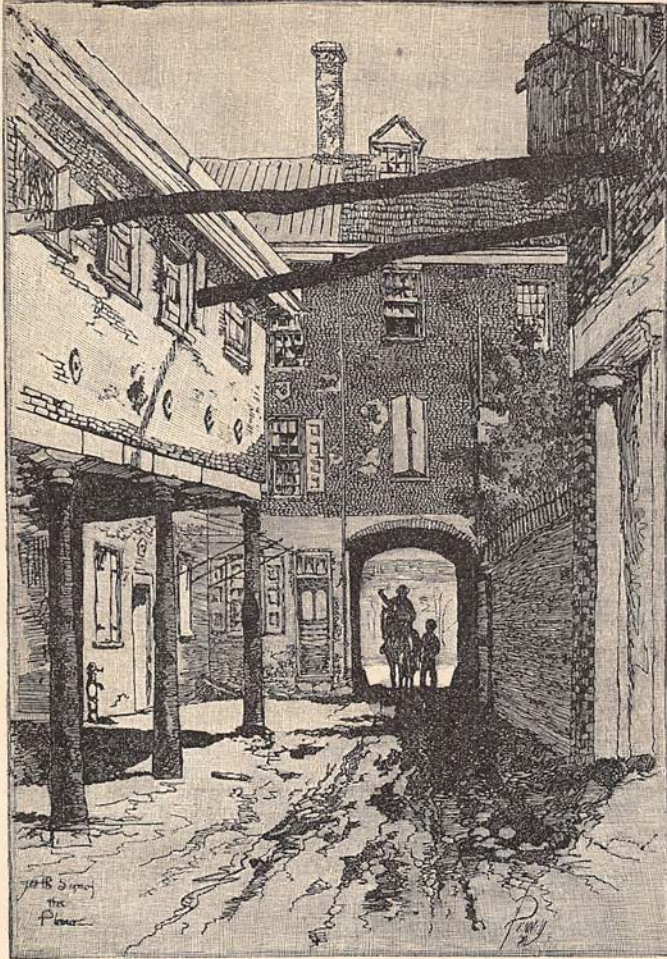
A RAMBLE IN OLD PHILADELPHIA.

PHILADELPHIA is, perhaps, of all American cities the most unpromising at first sight to the artist. The narrow, straight streets and the rows after rows of uniform brick houses give a monotonous effect. Except that some streets are lined with shops, while others are monopolized by dwelling-houses, one is very like another. A casual observer might walk along Second street in this city and think that it was now given over entirely to small tradesmen, and that nothing could be more hopelessly commonplace than the cheap shops which extend almost from one end of it to the other. The inquiring pedestrian, however, will discover in it inns which perhaps, like old dowagers, have put on false fronts to conceal the ravages of time; he will dive into courtyards and inn-yards, which one might think had been brought spinning through the air, like the house of Loretto, from an English, Dutch, or Italian town; he will pick out narrow lanes and alleys rich in Revolutionary tradition; in short, he will, if you follow him in his wanderings, make it seem to you as if you had entered into a world of the past, and had lost a century.

It is instinctive in the artist, be he of pencil

or pen, to describe old inns,—possibly for the reason that, as it is the association with humanity which makes ancient houses interesting, inns, as having been more crowded, must be proportionally more attractive. "Do you object to talk about inns?" asks Thackeray in one of his "Roundabout Papers"; "it always seems to me to be very good talk. Walter Scott is full of inns. In 'Don Quixote' and 'Gil Blas' there is plenty of inn-talk. Sterne, Fielding, and Smollett constantly speak about them." This "inn-talk" is especially dear to English authors; for, from Chaucer down to Dickens, there is scarcely a popular writer who has not drawn for us at least one inn, with which we are as familiar as with our own houses.

This thought originated in a visit I paid, one cool November morning, to the Plow Tavern of Second street, Philadelphia. On this street, between Pine and Lombard, there is an old market-place which, like many Philadelphia markets, occupies the center of the street. On Wednesdays and Saturdays it is the scene of great confusion and bustle. Hucksters, and butchers, and fish-merchants carry on an active trade. The street is filled with market-wagons, and the air is alive

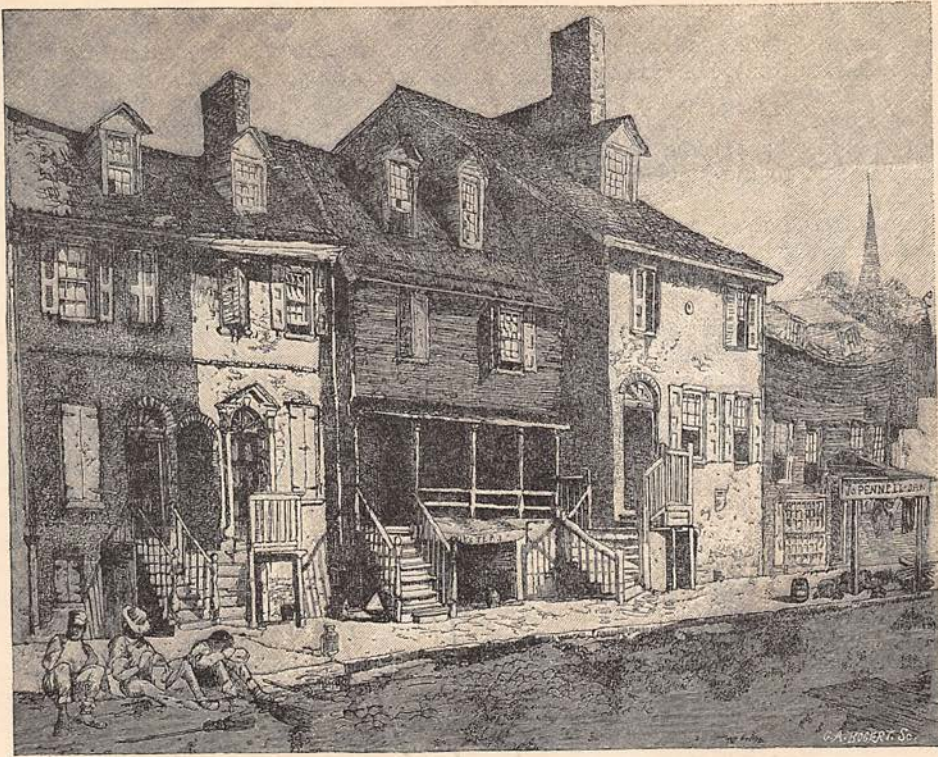


YARD OF THE PLOW HOTEL.

with the high-pitched cries of women and the gruff voices of men, all—as in Corinth of old—bent on driving a hard bargain. This busy spot is necessarily the home of much traffic, and suggests at once to the practical mind an excellent locality for a tavern or lodging-house. Therefore, I was not surprised to find to the east of the market a respectable, comfortable-looking tavern. At first sight, there is nothing very remarkable about this establishment, unless it be its sign, on which is painted a house, with a glimpse beyond of green trees and blue sky, and further ornamented with the name "Plow Hotel" drawn in very large letters, forming altogether a charming little piece of naive or unconventional art. The tavern window is like all other windows of the kind. In one corner, "Fritz" Emmet smiled at us roguishly; in the other, a tragic melodramatic actress clutched her hair in a transport of rage; while in

the center, a modern tragedy queen leaned on the spear of her subdued barbarian. But above the window I saw a wall like a checker-board of red-and-black bricks, in the real old Philadelphia fashion—a fashion which may possibly have suggested the regular, checker-board-like plan of the city. Truly, the early Quakers did all things on the square. People no longer build houses in this style, nor do we often see queer little rounded arch-ways like that which separates the lower part of the Plow Hotel from the house next to it.

Passing through this arch-way, I at once left modern Philadelphia and the nineteenth century, and went back into good old colony days, when we were under the King. I looked at the rambling porches and at the stable at the foot of the court-yard; I examined the thin, whitewashed pillars which run in a line by house and stable alike, supporting



IN A SIDE STREET.

the first floor of the latter and the porch of the former. There was a noise on the street, and I was almost sure I heard the coachman's horn. The stage-coach would arrive directly, and then —

Just at this moment a man came out of the stable. His costume was very modern. He called to some one within, but his language was not at all like that I have heard when journeying with Dr. Smollett or the Rev. Mr. Sterne. A vehicle came rolling through the arch-way. It was a Jersey wagon, which will be a curiosity some day, but which was not the expected coach, and then I knew that I had been dreaming dreams. Thus awakened to reality, I looked around me more coolly and critically. The stable was quite empty. It was evidently not market-day. In one corner was a high pile of dust and ashes, which looked like the accumulation of years. Lying in the only spot where the sun's rays had, as yet, reached the inn-yard, was a cat lazily eating the head of a fish. An empty bird-cage hung above her on the outer wall. Could there be any chain of events, I wondered, linking the emptiness of the one with the appetite of the other? The landlady opened the door and looked out. She was not accustomed to see people, plainly not beggars,

loitering around her premises, and eagerly examining every stone and brick, from her garret to her basement. She may have taken us for well-dressed burglars. We said "Good-morning" to her, politely, and she showed willingness to enter into conversation.

"Have you been here long?" I asked.

"Only since last March," was her answer.

With some confused recollections of clever peasants and humble householders, in various parts of the world, who have had the legends of their country or their own particular neighborhood at their fingers' ends, I attempted to draw her out.

"This is a very old house," I remarked, blandly and insinuatingly.

"So folks tell us," assented the landlady.

"Such an old house must have many stories told about it," I said, coming to the point, but she gave no answer. I looked longingly through the half-open door, and asked her if the house was as queer inside as out. She invited us at once to enter. We saw a long, narrow room in dim light. A long table, probably that at which the farmers sit at dinner, was pushed to one side, and on it all the chairs of which the room could boast were piled. From this I concluded it was cleaning-day in the Plow Hotel. Mine host-

ess showed us, with awakening pride, the only staircase there is in the house. It was steep, narrow, dark, and antique. At the sight of this stair-way, hope for the marvelous revived within me. What a superb scene for a ghost-story!

"You must have some ghosts in your house," I said to the landlady, in imploring tones.

"No ghosts, but when we first came there were plenty of rats, which are quite as bad," broke in mine host, who had joined our party.

Rats! Notwithstanding this last disappointment, we said good-bye amiably, for though our landlady could not give us what we wanted, it was not her fault, and she had entertained us to the best of her abilities.

We left the Plow Hotel and the marketplace in which, as early as the year 1745, Edward Shippen and Joseph Wharton erected stalls, and started to walk northward. The morning was cool and bright, and business seemed brisk. Less than a hundred years ago this was the fashionable part of the town. Despite the modern shops, there still lingers here and there a touch of antiquity. Men hardly old can remember when all of Second street was thus quaintly old-time-like. In those days the one low step of the front door was almost level with the ground, and the parlor fire-place was set with blue tiles of Liverpool make. My uncle, Mr. Charles G. Leland, who went with me to see the old buildings, tells me that the chimney-piece of the room in which he was born, in Chestnut street, below Third, was such a curiosity of this kind as to be visited in a small way by strangers, as one of the ancient marvels of the city. Then the swallow flitted across the streets at noonday, and people talked for years about Lafayette's visit as the last great event. In colonial days, and during the Revolutionary period, matrons and maidens in neat, fresh costumes used, toward twilight, to sit in front of their houses. With skirts well spread out by the enormous hoops then worn, and feet daintily shod in high-heeled slippers and clocked silk stockings, the belles calmly waited for their admirers, who at this hour walked leisurely along Second street. Neighbors exchanged greetings, and discussed the latest news from the mother country or the daring deeds of the Indians. The cares of business were set aside, and social enjoyment became, for the time, the only duty. It was a cheerful, old-fashioned custom, which still survives in some Southern towns and country villages, but has long since disappeared from Philadelphia.

We passed the corner where Mr. McCall,

the India merchant, lived and had his private zoölogical garden. We passed the spots where the houses of General Cadwalader, Edward Shippen, and Charles Wharton once stood, and which were then the headquarters of a growing aristocracy. When the British were in possession of the city, General Howe stationed himself in this neighborhood, and later, when England sent her minister, he also had his residence here. As we walked through these old haunts of fashion, we contrasted the glory that had been with the degeneracy of the present. Not far from where beaux and belles and brave officers used to congregate, now stand what seemed at first sight to be rows of smartly dressed chained and manacled convicts. On nearer view, this phenomenon was explained. The goods of cheap-clothing shops were placed on the pavement, in tempting array. A wire stand wearing an overcoat, the sleeves of which are joined together by an iron chain, while its breast is ticketed with its price, has at a distance the effect of a prisoner, jauntily dressed, wearing the convict's badge.

A favorite witticism of an earlier generation was associated with Christ Church. Judging from this specimen of a *bon mot*, we can understand why Washington Irving was so painfully bored by the puns and jokes of Philadelphia wits. The witticism was this: One young man meeting another would exclaim: "Did you hear that there was a brilliant ball in Second street last night?" The second youth, hurt and mortified to think that he had been neglected by the gay world, would ask, angrily, "Where?" Then the other, with a laugh, would retort, "Why, on Christ Church steeple." One of the first rectors of this church was a Rev. Mr. Coombe. He was a loyalist, and during the early days of the rebellion returned to England, where he finally became chaplain to George III. It was probably after him or one of his family that an alley a short distance above Christ Church, and running eastward, was named. Coombe's Alley was at first known as Garden Alley. This name would be very inappropriate now, for the alley is dreary and dirty, though it bears traces of better days. Here it was that William Penn, Jr., who had cut away from all restraints of his Quaker training, once got into a brawl. He was spending an evening in Enoch Story's inn, when he fell to quarreling with some of his fellow-citizens who were acting as the watch, as was then the custom, and received a severe beating.

A gutter runs down the center of the street. A horse and wagon occupied the sidewalk. We wondered which of the houses

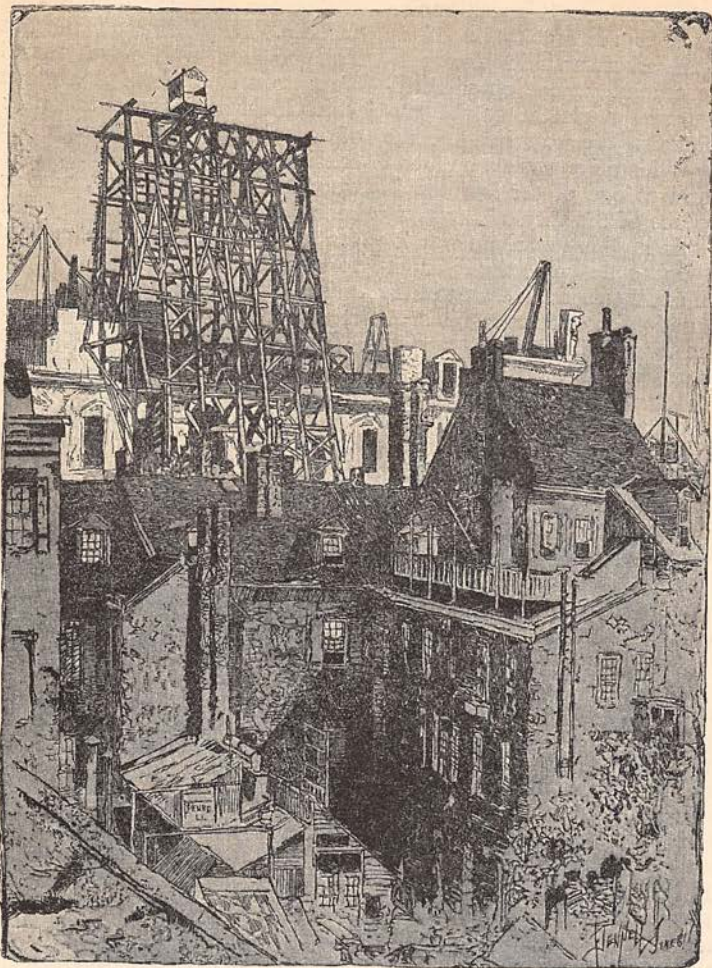
which looked as if they had been unearthed for our benefit was the scene of young Penn's un-Friendly conduct. It is well known that clergymen's sons are apt to be of all men the most unclerical, and in like manner many of the second generation of Pennsylvania Quakers were neglectful of the precepts of their fathers. We can imagine the grief of the elder William Penn when he found that his own son was one of the foremost in disturbing the peace of the City of Brotherly Love. A fine trait in this reprobate was his honesty. Even before he came to Philadelphia he told James Logan in a letter that he knew an ill reputation had preceded his coming, but that he was firmly resolved not to become a prey to the Church party. In his day, Coombe's Alley was a prosperous quarter. In 1795, it had a very large population for such narrow limits. It had its half a dozen boarding-houses, its merchants and laborers, its soldiers and mariners, its bakers and hucksters. Nor was it entirely without its cares and troubles; for during the famous epidemic of 1793, thirty-two people died in the course of a year in this one small street. The old houses still standing in it are built of red and black bricks. Though fine glazed black bricks are now often made, the cheap ones which were so plentiful in Penn's days have disappeared. These began to be used in Philadelphia as early as 1700, when the Old Swedes Church was built in the checkered style, but the fashion went out about 1785. The last building in which they were used is the Catholic Church of the Holy Trinity, at the corner of Spruce and Sixth streets. It has been supposed that the bricks were imported by the colonists from England or Holland. But the truth seems to be that they were made in New Jersey before Penn settled in Philadelphia, and soon after this city was founded they were manufactured in its immediate neighborhood. Odd wooden projections, like unfinished roofs, divide the first story of the houses in Coombe's Alley from the second, making the latter look as if it had been an afterthought. These have entirely gone from two houses, but marks in the bricks show where they were once fastened to the walls.

Besides the horse, which was apparently its own master, and a small, ragged child who examined us curiously, there were no signs of life in the alley the morning we visited it. Yet the houses, with the exception of two, were occupied. The door of one was open; the stairs leading to it were so rickety that we decided there must be some private mode of egress and ingress known to the people who live there. I glanced carelessly through the door and saw by the wainscoting, now

fast moldering away, that the house in its prime was one of great respectability, if not of elegance. These old houses make one melancholy. They have all the shabby-genteel look of men who have seen better days. Next to one of them is a carpenter's shop, which looks very spruce and neat by the side of decayed gentility. Its sign is charming. It consists of a young man, of the painted wooden toy-soldier type, who is clasping a beam of wood and stepping boldly out into the air, as if he were veritably starting forth to seek his fortunes.

Running from Coombe's Alley to Arch street, and parallel with Second street, is Chancery Lane. Its original name was Chancellor Lane, and it was so called, Watson says, because a certain Captain Chancellor, a sail-maker, once lived there. In London there is a lane of the same name, and this, some would-be authorities declare, is derived from the fact that the street is always full of chance sellers or peddlers. As the Artful Dodger would say, this is explanatory, but not satisfactory. My first impression of Chancery Lane was that its human population had retired before an invasion of cats, for there were cats in the gutter, cats on the sidewalk, cats on the door-steps. The people of some countries believe that unless cats are well treated by the laundresses, they bring rain on wash-day. This superstition must be current here, for all the cats I saw had a fat, prosperous look, as if they were well cared for. On the east side of the street stands a house which is fresh and clean, and nicely painted. On the door is a brightly polished brass knocker. Inside the windows are white shades. Opposite to it is a real old-fashioned blacksmith's shop, next to which are two more black-and-red checkered houses. In one, two women were washing. When they saw us they paused, leaning on their elbows, and stared at us as if visitors were seldom seen in their neighborhood, and as though they had determined to enjoy the novelty to the utmost. One of them, an old Irish woman, wearing a white frilled cap, opened the door, and I then saw what I had not noticed before, that it was made in two pieces, the upper part of which can be opened while the lower half remains shut. In the summer months, the houses in Chancery Lane are decorated with flowers and plants. Poverty cannot always crush beauty, and a few simple flowers during the warm weather are to the poor what a trip to the mountains or the seashore is to the richer class. Cold as it was in November, one or two hardy shrubs still remained on the window-sills.

If we go from Chancery Lane to Arch

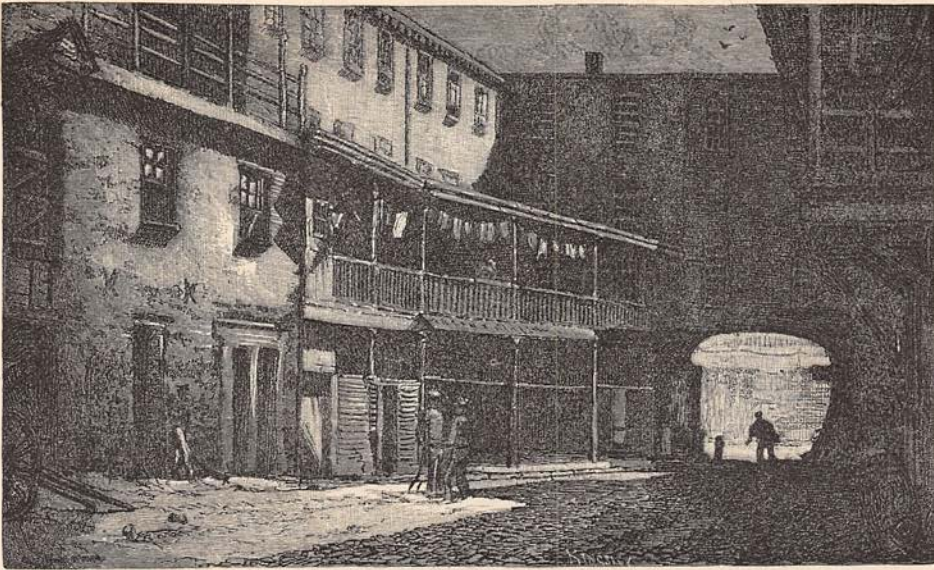


NEAR THE NEW PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

street and walk eastward, we must, to reach Water street, descend the rather steep hill which slopes down to the Delaware. On the top of this hill a party of gay young men met one night, during colonial days, and sent rolling into the river grindstones, which they had carried off from an iron-monger's shop on Second street. Their noisy prank could not escape unnoticed, and the next day their pleasure was lessened when they found their parents were obliged to pay costs and damages to the defrauded tradesman. Water street, or King street, as it was at first called, is as narrow as an alley. On either side are tall brick buildings, five and six stories high, with "not a single front awry," which breathe an atmosphere of merchandise. Ancient legend states that through this very street Captain Kidd was wont "to strut and

stride," followed by his troop of rollicking pirates. Now it is blocked by horses and wagons. Bales and boxes of goods obstruct the sidewalk, so that the passer-by is often forced to cross the muddy cobble-stones. Indeed, our walk for two or three squares was almost as intricate as the twistings and turnings of an old-fashioned country dance.

It is in this street that some of the most interesting relics of the earliest colonial times are to be found. The steepness of the river bank, which could not be done away with, was provided for by stair-ways, which were regulated by laws. The plans for laying Water street were made in 1690, and it was then resolved that stone stair-ways leading up to Front street should be built for public use, and should be placed at intermediate distances between the streets running from the river. They were

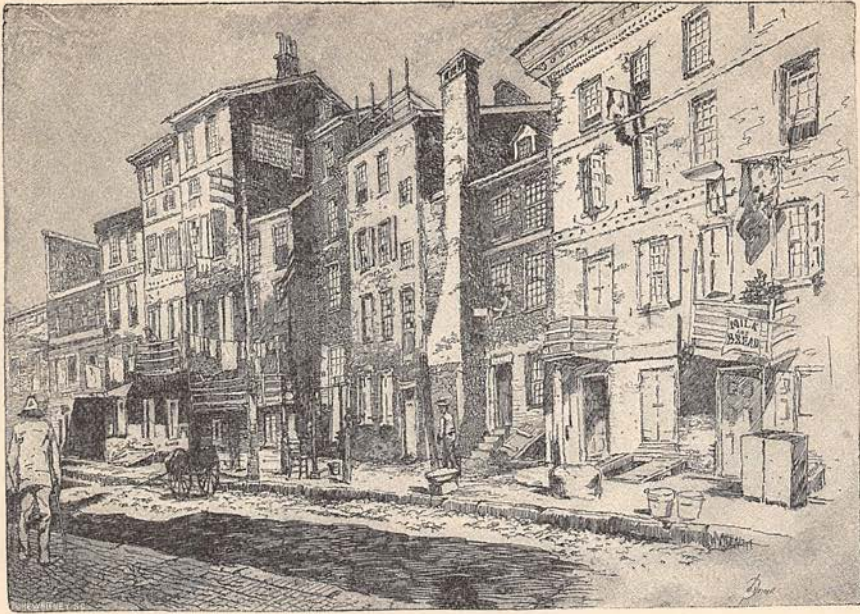


RED HORSE INN YARD.

to be kept in order by the property-owners in their immediate vicinity. These stair-ways still stand, and make a curious picture, breaking in like dream-views of the past upon the busy modern street. From the foot of the stairs, one can look up into the street above and see the gas-lamps, the signs of shops, and the heads of people, and the tops of wagons going to and fro, until it seems like watching the scenes of a well-managed panorama. Funny little wooden balconies project from the houses on either side over the steps, and on these, sometimes, hangs the week's wash of one of the families living in the upper stories. The white clothes, blowing backward and forward in the wind, give a pleasant touch of white to the otherwise somber picture. Opposite the stairs, a narrow, dark alley leads to the river. Through it we caught a glimpse of the water. The view was somewhat broken by thick, detached rafters which stretch from one house to the other, and which are probably intended to give them additional support. However, we could see the gulls flying across the water, and as we watched them a boat came sailing by.

Not many years ago there was in Water street, not far from the stairs, a rum-cellar with the sign of "The Boy and the Barrel." The boy had been Bacchus—Bacchus riding a barrel as Silenus rode the ass, not an uncommon sign in olden time. But the word Bacchus would have been a puzzle to seamen, so it was changed to The Boy. Near "The Boy and the Barrel" was the tavern known as "The Battle of the Kegs," so that one

could then say very literally that Bacchus led the way to Battle. Sailors about 1785 must have been hard-drinkers, for we have a long list of the taverns that stood in Water street in that year. In one square alone, besides the two above mentioned, there were the "Green Tree," the "Jolly Tar," the "Three Jolly Irishmen," and the "Red Cow." In this neighborhood there is a very old and very picturesque house, one of the few survivals of old Philadelphia. It is low and wide, and is like a dwarf "between the houses high." The lower part is at present used as a broom warehouse. The proprietor, a Mr. Snellbaker, greeted us with great kindness, and we stopped for a minute to speak to him. The room we entered was on the ground floor, and the ceiling was so low that our heads almost touched it. Brooms and brushes hung all around us, and we stood on the only vacant space visible. There was not much to be seen, and there was still less to be heard. The upper part of the house, Mr. Snellbaker told us, was occupied by a Dutchman. We could only examine the exterior of the premises, but this in itself was sufficiently attractive. The first floor, like that of the old Loxley House, projects far out beyond the second, and its roof makes a very pretty porch, which is partly sheltered by the roof above. A strange effect is given by the fact that every story is on a different angle. On wires which run from the bottom to the top of the porch a few leaves of a trailing vine still clung. In summer this vine makes the second story of the house look like a beautiful bower, but the



MAMMY SAURKRAUT'S ROW.

space thus hidden was open when I saw it, and gave full view of the windows, which are rambling, and irregular in size.

All along the lower part of Race street are wholesale stores and warehouses of every description. Some carts belonging to one of them had just been unloaded. The stevedores who do this—all negroes—were resting while they waited for the next load. They were tall, powerful-looking men, selected, probably, for their strength, and were coal-black. They wore blue overalls, and on their heads they had thrown old coffee-bags, which, resting on their foreheads, passed behind their ears and hung loosely down their backs. This made a wonderfully effective Arab costume. One of them was half-leaning, half-sitting on a pile of bags, his Herculean arms were folded, and he had unconsciously assumed an air of dignity and defiance. He might have passed for an African chief. If we were in Cairo and saw such men, we would be eloquent in their praise. The mixture of races in our cities is rapidly increasing, and we hardly notice it, because we have gradually grown accustomed to it. Yet it is a strange and interesting fact that a large part of our population is Dutch and Irish, that our streets are full of Italian fruit-dealers and organ-grinders, that Jews from Jerusalem peddle goods on our sidewalks, that Chinamen are monopolizing the washing and ironing trade, and that many of the laboring class are Norwegians, Bohemians, and blacks.

The prim provincial element which still predominated in my younger years has not been able to resist the influx of foreigners, and Quaker monotony and strong conservatism are vanishing, while Philadelphia becomes more and more cosmopolite.

As we left the handsome negroes and continued our walk on Water street, an Italian passed us. He was very dirty and dilapidated, his clothes were of the poorest, and he carried a rag-picker's bag over his shoulder; but his face, as he turned it toward us, was really beautiful.

"*Siete Italiano?*" (Are you an Italian?) asked Mr. Leland.

"*Sì, signore*" (Yes, sir), he answered, showing all his white teeth, and opening his big brown eyes very wide.

"*E come lei piace questo paese?*" (And how do you like this country?) said Mr. Leland.

"Not at all. It is too cold," was his honest, straightforward answer, and, laughing good-humoredly, he continued his search through the gutters. He would have made a perfect model for an artist, for he had, what we do not always see in Italian immigrants, the real Southern beauty of face and expression. Next we met a woman, decently enough dressed, with black eyes and hair, and looking not unlike a gypsy. "A Romany!" I cried with delight. Her red shawl made me think of gypsies, and when I caught a glimpse of her eye I saw the indescribable flash of the *kalorat*, or black

blood. It is very curious that Hindus, Persians, and gypsies have, in common, an expression of the eye which distinguishes them from all the other oriental races, and this characteristic is especially noticeable in the Romany. Captain Newbold, who first studied the gypsies of Egypt, declares that, however disguised, he could always detect them by their glance, which is unlike that of any other human being, though something very much like it is often seen in the ruder type of the rural American. I believe myself that there is something in the gypsy eye which is inexplicable, and which enables its possessor to see further through that strange millstone, the human soul, than I can explain. Any one who has ever seen an old fortune-teller of "the people" keeping some simple-minded maiden by the hand, while she holds her by her glittering eye, like the Ancient Mariner, with a basilisk stare, will agree with me. As Schele De Vere writes: "It must not be forgotten that the human eye has, beyond question, often a power which far transcends the ordinary purposes of sight and approaches the boundaries of magic."

My companion whispered:

"Answer me in Romany when I speak, and don't seem to notice her."

And then in a loud tone he remarked, while staring across the street:

"*Adovo's a kushto puro rinkeno kër adoi!*" (That is a pretty nice old house there!)

"*Avali rya*" (Yes, sir), I replied.

There was a perceptible movement on the part of the party in the red shawl to keep within earshot of us. Meister Karl resumed:

"*Sa kushto coova se ta rakkerav a jib te kek Gorgio jinella.*" (It's nice to talk a language that no Gentile knows.)

The Red Shawl was on the trail.

"*Je crois que ça mord,*" remarked my companion.

We allowed our artist guide to pass on,

when, as I expected, I felt a twitch at my outer garment. I turned, and the witch-eyes, distended with awe and amazement, were glaring into mine, while she said in a hurried whisper:

"Wasn't it Romanes?"

"*Avali,*" I replied, calmly. "*Mendui rakker sarja adovo jib. Butikumi ryeskro lis se denna Gorgines.*" (Yes, we always talk that language. Much more genteel it is than English.)

"*Te adovo wavero rye?*" (And that other gentleman?) with a glance of suspicion at our artist friend.

"*Sar tãcho*" (He's all right), remarked Meister Karl. Which I greatly fear meant, when correctly translated in a Christian sense, "He's all wrong."

But there is a natural sympathy and intelligence between Bohemians of every grade all the world over, and I never knew a gypsy who did not understand an artist. One glance satisfied her that he was quite worthy of our society.

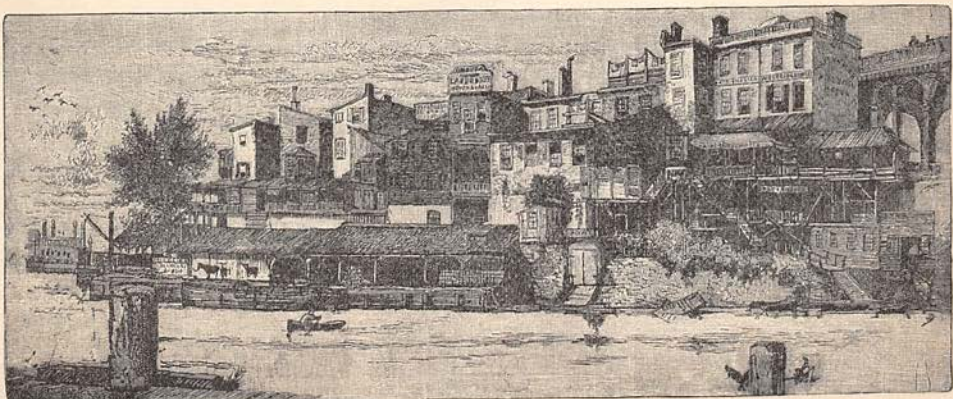
"And where are you *tannin kennã?*" (tenting now) I inquired.

"We are not tenting at this time of year: we're *kairin*"—i. e., house-ing or home-ing. It is a good verb, and might be introduced into English.

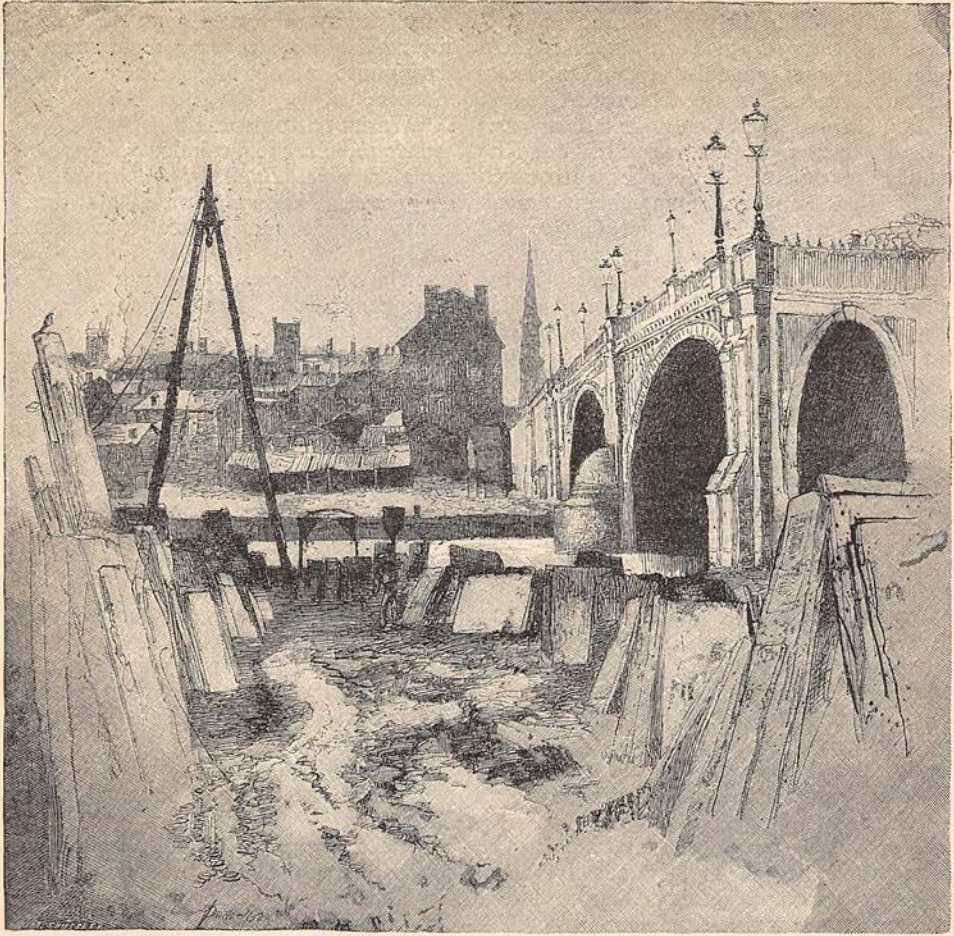
"And where is your house?"

"There. Right by Mammy Saurkraut's Row. Come in and sit down."

I need not give the Romany which was spoken, but will simply translate. The house was like all the others; we passed through a close, dark passage in which lay canvas and poles, a kettle, and a *sarshta*, or the iron which is stuck into the ground, and by which a kettle hangs. The old-fashioned tripod, popularly supposed to be used by gypsies, in all probability never existed, since the Roms of India to-day use the *sarshta*, as Mr. Leland



NEAR THE CALLOWHILL-STREET BRIDGE.



STONE-YARD ON THE SCHUYLKILL.

tells me he learned from a *ci-devant* Indian gypsy Dacoit, or nomad thief, who was one of his intimates in London.

We entered an inner room, and I was at once struck by its general indescribable unlikeness to ordinary rooms. Architects declare that the type of the tent is to be distinctly found in all Chinese and Arab or Turkish architecture; it is also as marked in a gypsy's house—when he gets one. This room, which was evidently the common home of a large family, suggested, in its arrangement of furniture and the manner in which its occupants sat around, the tent and the wagon. There was a bed, and also a roll of sail-cloth which evidently did duty for sleeping on at night, but which now, rolled up, acted the part described by Cowper:

“A thing contrived a double part to play,
A bed by night, a sofa during day.”

There was one chair and a saddle, a stove and a chest of drawers. I observed an en-

graving hanging up, which I have several times seen in gypsy wagons. It represents a very dark Neapolitan boy. It is a favorite, also, with some Roman Catholics, because the boy wears a consecrated medal. The gypsies, however, believe that the boy stole the medal. The Catholics think the picture represents a Roman, and the gypsies call it a Romany, so that all are satisfied. There were some eight or nine children in the room, and among them more than one whose resemblance to the dark-skinned saint might have given color enough to the theory that he was

“ — one whose blood
Had rolled through gypsies ever since the flood.”

There was also a girl of the pantherine type, and one damsel of about ten, who had light hair and fair complexion, but whose air was gypsy, and whose youthful countenance suggested not the golden but the brazenest age of life. Scarcely was I seated in the only chair when this little maiden, after

keenly scrutinizing my appearance and apparently taking in the situation, came up to me and said:

"Yer come here to have yer fortune told. I'll tell it to yer for five cents."

"*Can tute pen dukkerin aja?*" (Can you tell fortunes already?) I inquired.

If that damsel had been lifted at that instant by the hair into the infinite glory of the seventh sphere, her countenance could not have manifested more amazement. She stood stock-still, staring with wide-opened mouth.

"This 'ere rye," remarked Meister Karl, affably in Middle English, "is a hartist. He puts 'is heart into all he does. That's why. He aint Romanes, but he may be trusted. He is come here—that's wot he has—to draw this 'ere Mammy Saurkraut's Row, because it's interestin'. He aint a tax-gatherer. We don't approve o' payin' taxes, or wastin' money. Who was Mammy Saurkraut?"

"I know," cried the youthful would-be fortune-teller. "She was a witch."

"*Tool yer chiv!*" (Hold your tongue) cried the parent. "Don't bother the lady with stories about *chovahanis*" (witches).

"But that's just what I want to hear," I cried. "Go on, my little dear, about Mammy Saurkraut and you will get your five cents, if you only tell me enough."

"Well, then, Mammy Saurkraut was a witch, and a little black girl who lives next door told me so. And Mammy Saurkraut used to change herself into a pig of nights, and that's why they called her Saurkraut. This was because they had pig-ketchers going about in them old times, and once they ketched a pig that belonged to her, and to be revenged on them she used to look like a pig, and they would follow her clear out of town, way up the river, and she'd run, and they'd run after her, till, by and by, fire would begin to fly out of her bristles, and she jumped into the river and sizzed."

This I thought worth the five cents. Then Meister Karl began to put questions in Romany.

"Where is Anselo W.—he that was *staruben* for a gry?" (imprisoned for a horse).

"*Staruben apopli*" (imprisoned again).

"I am sorry for it, Sister Nell. He used to play the fiddle well. I wot he was a canty chiel'. And dearly lo'ed the whusky, oh!"

"Yes, he was too fond of that. How well he could play!"

"Yes," said Meister Karl, "he could. And I have sung to his fiddling when the *tatto-pani* [hot-water, *i. e.*, spirits] boiled within us and made us gay, O my golden sister! That's the way we Hungarian gypsies always call the ladies of our people. I sang in Romany."

"I'd like to hear you sing now," remarked a dark, handsome young man, who had just made a mysterious appearance out of the surrounding shadows.

"It's a *kamaben-gilli*—a love song," said the Rye, "and it is beautiful, deep Romanes, enough to make you cry."

There was the long sound of a violin, clear as the note of a horn. I had not observed that the dark young man had found one to his hand, and, as he accompanied, the Rye sang, and I give the lyric as he afterward gave it to me, both in Romany and English:

AN ANGLO-AMERICAN ROMANY BALLAD.

"KE TRINALI.

"Tu shan miri pireni
Me kamava tute,
Kamlidiri, rinkeni
Kames mandy buti?"

"Sa o miro kushto gry
Taders miri wardi,—
Sa o boro buno rye
Rikkers lesto stardi,—

"Sa o bokro dré o char
Hawala adovo,—
Sa i choramengeri
Lels o ryas lovoo,—

"Sa o sasto levonor
Kairs amandy matto,—
Sa o yag adro o tan
Kairs o geero tatto,—

"Sa i puri Romni chi
Pens o kushto dukk'rin,—
Sa i gorgi dinneli
Patsers lakis pukkrin,—

"Tute taders tiro rom
Sims o gry, o wardi,
Tute chores o ze adrom
Rikkers sa i stardi.

"Tute haws te chores m'ri ze.
Tute kairs me matto,
Tiri rink'ni, kali yakk
Kairen mande tatto.

"Tu shan tachi choo'hani
Tute's dukkered buti,
Tu shan miro jivabén
Me t'vel paller tute.

"Paller tute sarasa
Pardel puv te pani,
Trinali—o krallisa!
Miri Chovihani!"

"TO TRINALI.

"Now thou art my darling girl,
And I love thee dearly;
Oh, beloved, and my fair,
Lov'st thou me sincerely?"

"As my good old trusty horse
Draws his load or bears it,—
As a gallant cavalier
Cocks his hat and wears it,—

"As a sheep devours the grass
When the day is sunny,—
As a thief who has the chance
Takes away our money,—

"As strong ale when taken in
Makes the strongest tipsy,—
As a fire within a tent
Warms a shivering gypsy,—

"As a gypsy grandmother
Tells a fortune neatly,—
As the Gentile trusts in her
And is done completely,—

"So you draw me there and here,
Where you like you take me;
Or you sport me like a hat—
What you will you make me.

"So you steal and gnaw my heart,
For to that I'm fated!
And by you, my gypsy Kate,
I'm intoxicated.

"And I own you are a witch,
I am beaten hollow;
Where thou goest in this world
I am bound to follow,—

"Follow thee where'er it be,
Over land and water,
Trinali, my gypsy queen!
Witch and witch's daughter!"

"Well, that *is* deep Romanes," said the woman, admiringly. "It's beautiful."

"I should think it was," remarked the violinist. "Why, I didn't understand more than one-half of it. But what I caught I understood."

"My children," said Meister Karl, "I could go on all day with Romany songs. And I can count up to a hundred in the Black Language. And I know three words for a mouse, three for a monkey, and three for the shadow which falleth at noonday. And I know how to *pen dukkerin, lel dudikabin te chiv o manzin apré latti.*" *

"So *kushito bak!*" (Good luck!) I cried, rising to go. "We will come again."

"Yes, we will come again," said Meister Karl. "Look for me with the roses at the races, and tell me the horse to bet on. You'll find my *patteran*" (a mark or sign to show which way a gypsy has traveled) "at the next church-door, or may be on the public-house step. Child of the old Egyptians! Mother of all the witches! Sister of the stars,—farewell!"

This bewildering speech was received with

* A brief resumé of the most characteristic gypsy mode of obtaining property.

admiring awe, and we departed. I should like to have heard the comments on us which passed that evening among the gypsy denizens of Mammy Saurkraut's Row.

We finished our walk by visiting another inn on Second street, between Callowhill and Vine. This last was the Black Horse, many squares north of the Plow Hotel, and probably the older of the two, as it is mentioned in the Directory for 1785. It is immediately distinguished from the surrounding houses by the black steed, with forehoof gracefully uplifted, that decorates its sign. To one side is the customary arch-way. The inn-yard is long and tolerably wide. At the end is the stable, on one side is a meat-market, and on the other the inn itself. A covered porch runs along the second story of the back building, and windows open out upon it. The place is very clean, and must have been well renovated within the last few years. Notwithstanding the butchers and the butchers' wagons, one immediately thinks of it as the head-quarters for a line of coaches. With the invention of the steam-engine and rapid means of transit coach after coach disappeared, and the decay of staging brought with it the decline of inns, and lessened their importance as social and commercial centers. They have deteriorated into lager-beer saloons and farmers' lodging-houses, and are interesting only as relics of a former age and a different mode of life. They are among the few remaining links which bind us to the pre-steam age.

Long after the new settlement on the banks of the Delaware had begun to look quite city-like, the country around the Schuylkill remained wild and uncleared. Colonists often made up large parties to penetrate through the thick forest of oaks and sycamores that lay so near their houses, and that was full of grape-vines, berries, and all the loveliest of American wild-flowers. Foxes and raccoons made excellent sport for huntsmen, while the sky was often blackened by the large flocks of wild ducks and geese. As the colony grew larger and richer, the wealthy built their country-houses out by this river, and several of these are still to be seen in Fairmount Park. But in the city proper there are no old haunts near the Schuylkill like those which are to be found near the Delaware, since that part of the town has been comparatively but lately built. But the river is rich in picturesque scenery. The boats and bridges on the water, and the stone and lumber yards on the banks, make up a picture to attract the artist. From the bridge just without Fairmount, as one looks down the river, the view is especially fine. On one side the houses are close to the water's edge. By the shore lie long, flat canal-

boats. The west side of the river is more broken and varied. Meadows, russet-green in hue, run back for many feet; at high-tide they are often completely immersed. Covered coal-yards stretch far into the water,

and in the background is a bridge. It is a view such as Turner would have loved to paint. The majority of men, unfortunately, are not so quick in discovering the picturesque as artists.

THE COPYRIGHT NEGOTIATIONS.

NEGOTIATIONS between Great Britain and the United States for an international copyright treaty have now been pending for a considerable time, and through the various publications put forward on both sides of the Atlantic the public has obtained already a pretty accurate general knowledge of their character. The present movement originated with American publishers, who discovered, as it was long ago predicted they would ultimately discover to their cost, that the manufacturers of books have quite as much at stake in the protection of copyright as the writers of them. There was a species of poetical justice in the rude manner in which their eyes were opened to the real facts of the case. The stock argument which the great piratical houses had always employed on the subject of copyright had been that, if international copyright was protected, cheap literature in this country would be at an end. It was piracy, they said, and piracy alone, that enabled persons of moderate means to get good books, and the general advancement of learning was thus made to appear bound up in the perpetuation of the primitive right of private theft. But with a curious and instructive inconsistency, the very publishers who advanced this argument soon began to insist that, while as against the foreign author the right was inalienable as well as necessary for the protection of the public against dear books, as between themselves it had no existence, but that there must be a right of first discovery and appropriation somewhat analogous to that recognized by maritime nations with regard to new territory—*i. e.*, that the American publisher who first announced his intention to take the work of a foreign author was entitled to the profits of his piratical venture as against all domestic comers. This was known as the "courtesy of the trade," and under it a sort of volunteer copyright system grew up, the large publishers paying a royalty to the foreign author for the right of "authorization," and securing this right as against competitors in this country by means of the courtesy of the trade. It was always difficult to understand how the growth of this

practice was reconcilable with a zeal for cheap books, because of course the payment of royalties increased the price of books just as so much copyright would have done. The new generation of piratical publishers who have come into existence since the war understand all this perfectly. They have broken up the courtesy of the trade, through an ingenious system of piracy within piracy, and their piratical editions of foreign books constitute the cheapest literature that the country has ever seen. If the old arguments on the subject were to be relied upon, the United States would now be an intellectual paradise; anybody can pirate, and the price of books has been fabulously reduced. But the publishers who used to insist that piracy was necessary for just this purpose, now that their ideal is attained, strongly object to it, and insist that the foreign author must be protected against the causes which have produced it.

But if the road has been long, and its course tortuous, the result is none the less satisfactory. To authors who have watched as curious, but not indifferent, spectators the various ingenious arguments by which the appropriation of their property was excused, justified, or extolled, the end of the long discussion in a general agreement among the publishers of both countries that literary property must in some way be protected, cannot but be very gratifying. Hitherto the supposed conflict between the interests of publishers and authors has been the main obstacle in the way of arriving at any understanding on the subject. That publishers now generally see that there is a real identity of interest, and that, to protect themselves, authors must be protected too, is a proof that we have arrived at a stage of the copyright discussion which must ultimately lead to international copyright.

But whether the present negotiations are destined to result in anything is a very different question. The general scheme of the treaty which is proposed is that of giving the English author the right to an American copyright on the condition of his publishing