

principles, no traditions by which to perceive it. To them it meant unlimited prosperity; it meant provision for the future, which was to bring a new responsibility and a new care.

"We will take the parlor with the alcove, now," said Bartley. "Don't excite yourself," he added, with tender warning.

"No, no," she said, pillowing her head on his shoulder, and shedding peaceful tears.

"It doesn't seem as if we should ever quarrel again, does it?"

"No, no! We never shall," she murmured. "It has always come from my worrying you

about the law, and I shall never do that any more. If you like journalism better, I shall not urge you any more to leave it, now you've got your basis."

"But I'm going on with the law, now, for that very reason. I shall read law all my leisure time. I feel independent, and I shall not be anxious about the time I give, because I shall know that I can afford it."

"Well, only you mustn't overdo." She put her lips against his cheek. "You're more to me than anything you can do for me."

"Oh, Marcia!"

(To be continued.)

LECTURING IN TWO HEMISPHERES.

IN Great Britain there is no organized system of lecturing such as exists in America; no bureau, no lyceums, no habitual lecture-attending community. In this respect, as in many others, Old England is far behind this lusty, forward child of hers on the western side of the Atlantic. She has, indeed, a few organized lecture courses in her principal cities, such as those of the Royal Society and the London Institute in the metropolis, the Philosophical Institution in Edinburgh, and the Athenæum in Glasgow; and here and there a casual mechanics' institute may have a strictly local course; but there is no organized lecture machinery. When, after the Russo-Turkish war, I thought of taking to the stump, we searched in vain for precedents that would furnish some guide. There were the lecture tours of Thackeray and the reading tours of Dickens; but then Thackeray and Dickens were giants and I was but a pygmy. They had commanded audiences by the greatness of their reputations as well as by their genius; whereas I had but earned some casual prestige in perhaps the most precarious and ephemeral of all the fields of fame. Since the days of those Titans the lecture path had been deserted, and its very trail was overgrown. The manager with whom I was in treaty is a theatrical man, and he, in default of any sign-post, obeyed his theatrical instincts. I was to storm the country as if I had been a strong theatrical combination, condensed into the person of a very shy and mediocre man. There was to be an advance agent to secure the halls and bill the towns; another advance agent, a little later, to see that all the arrangements were in trim, and to talk to the newspaper men. I was to be

"personally conducted" by a smart manager, who took with him his own detachment of money-takers and ushers. The campaign began, and the auguries seemed favorable. The houses were always good, and for the most part crowded. After a fortnight of the country, I made a rush up to London. A friend had written to me of an eligible investment; and I was eager to embark in it some portion, at least, of the lecture-plunder. I hurried to the manager's office, in the full assurance that I should carry away a large check. The books had been duly made up, and the balance sheet on the fortnight's business showed: "Mr. Forbes, Dr. £5 6s. 9d."!

This was not wholly satisfactory. Large as had been the receipts, the expenses had more than eaten them up. Men who have a "mission" are no doubt glad to lecture for nothing, and treat it as immaterial that they should even be a trifle out of pocket. "Apostles" take with them neither staff nor scrip, and dollars would only disturb their rapt absorption in æsthetic dreams. But I am not an "apostle"; I have no particular "mission," except to amuse, and, frankly, it seemed to me that, if I could lecture only at a loss, I would much rather not lecture at all. So the advance agents and the rest of the costly machinery were suppressed; circulars were sent out to local people, naming definite terms; and the tour was continued under much more favorable conditions. It lasted for six months; and after the Zulu War, I pillaged the country for six months longer. Then I came to America, and now I am zig-zagging toward Australia.

The varying strains of an Æolian harp, the cats'-paws that wind-flurries make on calm water, the moods of a child—all these are monotonous in comparison with the varieties in the behavior of lecture audiences. In Great Britain, audiences are fairly demonstrative; often almost boisterously so. If at the commencement something happens to catch their fancy, they will applaud clear through, and sometimes, indeed, embarrass the lecturer by applauding him in places where he wonders what on earth they find to be demonstrative about. American audiences are, for the most part, much more self-restrained and critical. They are silentest, perhaps, in New England. Almost the first time I spoke in America was in Worcester, Mass. I toiled on for half an hour, doing my best, but the audience gave no sign. When I looked out over it, I saw only a sea of cold, attentive faces, immobile alike to my efforts at pathos and at humor. Then I began to feel mean. "You are a poor stick," I said to myself, "and it is sheer impudence for you to stand upon a platform and pretend to be a lecturer. They have found you out to be a fraud; only they are too civil to hiss you, or to get up and go away!" Well, I know I very nearly went away myself. But I hardened my heart and got through somehow, the whole audience remaining to the bitter end. There was scarcely a hand-clap when I ended, and I quailed to encounter the secretary of the committee. But he was quite satisfied. "Our people are not demonstrative," he observed,—no, faith, I was well aware of that,—"but you held them to the last, and we shall all be glad to have you back again next year!" Very soon I learned that the criterion of an American audience's satisfaction is whether it goes away in the middle or remains to the end. For the American is a free man, and does not at all understand why he should sit out a performance that fails to interest him. But some American towns are quite lavish in their cordiality; and, what is strange, you will find two places, not ten miles apart, whereof the audience in one will be as cold as a stone, the other as warm as a live coal; so that local idiosyncrasy can have nothing to do with the matter. A Boston audience has the reputation of being the most coldly critical in the republic; but my personal experience is quite the contrary of this. Baltimore is exceptionally warm; so is Charleston, S. C.; so is Hartford, Conn., and warmest and most appreciative of all is Cincinnati. It is less trying for the lecturer to see before him coldly critical faces, than stolidly bewildered faces. The former may thaw into appreciation; at least, he is being followed with intelligence, if not with sympathy. But

the stolid faces are reflexes of the mind within, heavily asking the questions: "What in creation is the man talking about? Who was Sedan? Is Plevna a member of Congress? Is Ignatieff a town?" And then the dull ray of intelligence when Bismarck is mentioned, because the listener happens to know a town by that name up in Dakota!

Before setting out on my lecture campaign in America, I found a gentleman who bore to me a remarkable resemblance, and promptly engaged him as traveling agent to accompany me. The number of times that good man has been interviewed as Mr. Forbes! He understood the business thoroughly, having, indeed, once been an interviewer himself; he had no perceptible American accent, and I think he spent his spare moments in inventing pretty stories wherewith to fill the note-books of the omnivorous interviewer. In the personal resemblance there was a pleasant sense of the fitness of things that substitutes do not always afford. During a recent tour which Dr. William Howard Russell made in America with the Duke of Sutherland, I have heard that the famous war correspondent of the London "Times" sometimes saved his Grace from the interviewer by confronting that personage himself. But this gave rise to confusion. There are regions of America where it is implicitly believed that his Grace of Sutherland is a dapper little clean-shaved man, with an iron-gray mustache and hair to match, and with a very pronounced Irish accent. This is not, to say the least, wholly accurate. The Duke is a tall man, with a huge brown beard, and a very marked English pronunciation.

The loyalty of the Canadians to the British Crown is beautifully fervent; they would rather, I am sure, be torn limb from limb than suffer annexation to the United States. Indeed, I have some idea that, deep down in the Canadian heart, there lurks the notion of, one of these fine mornings, annexing the United States to Canada. A little Canadian town will fly more loyal bunting on the Queen's birthday than you can see, on the same auspicious occasion, in the whole of the mother country. In the provincial regions of Canada, it is the practice to conclude all public gatherings with singing "God save the Queen." In every community there is a champion vocalist, for whose powers this practice gives scope; and he springs to the chance as if he had found a nugget. But occasionally the champion vocalist is not on hand; he may be "under the weather," or behind the bars, or may not have a taste for the performance of the evening. Probably the latter cause had kept away the champion on one occasion which I remember. The chairman had duly

made the stereotyped announcement, "The audience will disperse, singing 'God save the Queen,'" but there was no response. There was no one present who dared to initiate the vocal performance. Here was a predicament! Obviously, the loyalty of the place would be compromised if the audience should disperse without fulfilling the behest! In despair, the chairman, isolated on the platform as he was, himself essayed to set the ball a-rolling. But, in the first place, he could not sing; in the second place, he didn't know the words; in the third place, as I learned afterward, he was not popular, and the audience rather enjoyed his discomfiture. Valiantly he plunged into the breach. "God save our precious Queen!" came from him in an inharmonious strain; but he never got any further, and nobody would help him. He tried it again, but with the same untoward result; and then he turned and left the platform, "a sadder and a wiser man."

I remember a curious incident that happened in Canada in connection with the British national anthem. In one of my lectures I describe the pathetic abandonment of state ceremony at Sandringham, while the Prince of Wales lay sick there of what threatened so formidably to be a fatal illness. The audience listened spell-bound. I uttered the sentence: "The Queen strolled up and down in front of the house, unattended, in the brief interval she allowed herself from the sick-room." Suddenly came an interruption. A tall, gaunt figure in the crowd uprose, and, pointing at me a long finger on the end of a long arm, uttered the word "*Stop!*" Then, facing the audience, he exclaimed: "Ladies and gentlemen! This loyal audience will now sing 'God save the Queen!'" The audience promptly stood up and obeyed with genuine fervor, I meanwhile patiently waiting the finale of the interlude. When it had finished, I proceeded with my narrative, and, as a contrast to the sorrow of Sandringham, depicted the happy pageant in St. Paul's Cathedral on the thanksgiving-day for the Prince's recovery. It is the custom in Canada to propose a vote of thanks to the lecturer, and the chairman rose and uttered the usual formula. Again the tall, gaunt figure was on its legs. "Ladies and gentlemen," said he, "I rise to propose an amendment to the motion. I move that the lecturer be requested to repeat the portion of the lecture referring to our gracious sovereign." And repeat it I did.

Lecturing all over the habitable globe, one has often strange meetings, which go to prove how small a place, after all, this world of ours is. Up in Minnesota, a man came to me, after the lecture, and told me that he had once given me a thrashing in the old school-days—

a cheerful episode, which he succeeded in recalling to my somewhat reluctant memory. Once, in Canada, an old woman came to me, and told me that she had been my nurse in childhood, in the quiet rural parsonage in the old country. I also remember being received at the depot of an important American town by two gentlemen, one of whom told me that he was its mayor, and, further, that he had lived with me under my parental roof when we were both boys. To the latter statement I demurred. He must be in error, I said, for no one had ever lived with us except brothers and sisters. He re-asserted the statement, and I had no alternative but to repudiate it, for I believed that the recollection was of some one else. He had clearly been rather boasting to his companion of the familiarity; and, now that I was denying the statement, it was comic to note the disparaging air of suspicion with which his friend was coming to regard the worthy mayor. It was all sufficiently embarrassing to me, who was sure the man was wrong, and who, although I felt for him, could not assist him out of his dilemma. Finally, he snatched a moment, while his friend was looking the other way, to whisper to me behind his hand: "Mon, dinna ye mind me? I was the herd-laddie." A flood of revelation poured in on me, and next moment we had clasped hands. All was clear. He had not cared to tell his friend of the capacity in which he had, in truth, been an inmate of our homestead; but it was rather too much to expect me, in middle age, to carry about with me the memory of every member of a long succession of "herd-laddies."

In 1874, an emigrant ship was burned, on her voyage from England to New Zealand, and all on board perished, with the exception of the third mate and two seamen, who had kept alive, through long exposure in an open boat, by the terrible expedient of subsisting on the bodies of their comrades. I met the trio, on their return to England, and gathered from the lips of Macdonald, the mate, the full details of the ghastly story. I gave the poor wretch a sum of money for his information, and otherwise was of some service to him. He drifted away, and soon, in the turmoil of a campaign in Spain, I had forgotten altogether about the man who had told me that he had lived for ten days on human flesh, and owned, in his Scottish accent, that it "was no bad eatin', when once ye had gotten a bit used to it." Three or four years afterward, I chanced to be lecturing in Dundee. As I was leaving the hall, a man accosted me. "Mr. Forbes, ye'll no mind me?" I had to confess that I could not remember

him. He moved from one leg to the other in a curiously unsettled way, as if he were discussing to himself exactly in what relation he should recall himself; and, at length, in a hollow, gloomy voice, he said: "Mon, I'm the cannibal!"

A chairman is a very valuable strengthener of the lecturer's position; he gives him countenance and also confidence, in which latter quality you may have observed that most lecturers are very deficient. A chairman "bosses the show" generally, and furnishes the requisite finish to the *tout ensemble*. But there are chairmen and chairmen. It is not exactly agreeable, for instance, to be taken aside, by the gentleman to whom you have just been introduced as your chairman, and to listen to something like the following: "I have got to say a few words of introduction, you know; and I'm rather ashamed to say that I never heard of you before to-night. Just give me a little summary of your antecedents, will you? I've a vague notion you were in some war or other. Let me see, was it at Waterloo you were, or in the Crimea?" Then, there is the chairman who has a list of the season's course handed to him, and mistakes you for some other lecturer named therein. For instance, once, in New England, a chairman solemnly arose by my side, and said: "Ladies and gentlemen, allow me to present to you the lecturer of the evening, the Hon. Charles Bradlaugh, the celebrated English free-thinker and orator. It is possible that you may not agree with all he may utter, but I think I can promise him, from a New England audience, at least an attentive and patient hearing!"

But there are more terrible chairmen than even such a man as this. Once I was lecturing in a large town in the north of Ireland. My chairman was one of those civic knights with whom Ireland so much abounds—a comfortable, portly man of rotund exterior and pleasant manners. I had dined with him, and he had dined well and drunk well. He introduced me, and the lecture proceeded favorably. I was plowing away, right in the heart of my most pathetic passage,—a passage with the rendering of which I never was satisfied unless it made the audience weep, and in which I never felt I had achieved complete success unless it caused a lady or two to faint,—when, suddenly, I heard a titter, which presently swelled into a general guffaw. What! did the audience mean, then, deliberately to insult me? I paused in speechless indignation, and the laughter ceased, too. I recommenced, and still the tittering went on. This was too much. I again halted, and was turning to appeal to the chairman, when there fell on my ears the strange

sound of a prolonged and placid snore. My portly chairman was sound asleep! I, too, had to simulate amusement, and, thirsting for his blood, I smiled blandly as I went and stirred him up. He awoke, and smiled sweetly up in my face. "Where am I?" he asked, as Mr. Pickwick did in the wheelbarrow. Well, I recommenced, and so did he! Long before I had reached my next pathetic passage he was asleep again, and softly snoring. Pathos was wasted on this slumbrous gentleman, and I spent the rest of the hour, for the most part, in poking him up, amid the unrestrained laughter of the audience. If I knew a lecturer who was starting out with a comic lecture, about the success of which he had some doubt, I should advise him to secure a sleepy-headed chairman.

I may, perhaps, venture here to tell a little story about a lecturing experience of Mr. Stanley, the African explorer. When he had returned to England from that wonderful journey of his across the continent of Africa, and while he was writing his book, I suggested to a theatrical manager that he should propose to Mr. Stanley to make a lecturing tour through England, and tell the people of that country of his wonderful adventures. Stanley consented, and sallied forth. The tour was fairly successful. After some weeks' absence from London, Mr. Stanley returned for a few days, and his manager went to see him and ask him how the lecturing flourished. "Very well," said Stanley, "in a financial sense. The halls are always crowded when I begin; but, as I go on, the people go trickling out, till, at the end, I am left with only half an audience, and I don't like it. It seems to me they come to stare at me as if I were a gorilla, and, when they have stared their fill, they rise and go, not pretending to take any interest in what I am telling them." The manager suggested that, perhaps, he was too monotonous; that he ought to diversify his serious parts with some play of humor. But Stanley objected that there was no humor in his composition, which was quite true. "I'm not like Mark Twain or Artemus Ward," said he. "There is no fun in me, but only dead earnest." (This puts me in mind of the remark a Scotch ex-editor once made about the man who had succeeded him. "Aye," said he, candidly, "the new man is a much better man than me. It is true I can joke, but I joke with difficulty, whereas he jokes just spontaneous." Well, Stanley can't joke, either spontaneous or with difficulty.) Just then the manager heard a hideous howling, proceeding from the lower regions of the house.

"What, in the name of Cæsar, is that noise?" asked the manager.

"Oh," said Stanley, "it's only my black boy, Kalulu, that I brought from the interior of Africa, you know. He's singing one of his confounded war-songs while he polishes my boots."

A bright thought occurred to the manager.

"Have him up," he exclaimed, "and let us hear him."

Kalulu was summoned, and, nothing loath, gave his war-song and its accompanying wild dance, in their native, blood-curdling horror. In fact, he wanted to go on war-dancing and war-singing all day, and was with difficulty suppressed, after breaking most of the furniture, and was sent back to his boots.

"Now," said the manager, with the acumen of a showman, "here is your chance for the introduction of a diversion. About the middle of your lecture lead up to and introduce one of Kalulu's war-dances and songs, and say that the lecture will conclude with another exhibition!"

Stanley agreed, and the necessary intimation was duly given in the advertisements. Some weeks later, Stanley returned again to London, and the manager went to see him.

"Oh, yes," said Stanley, "the audiences stop right through to the end. By the way, you'd better alter that advertisement. It runs now: 'Lecture by Mr. Stanley on South Africa, with War-dance and Song by his Native Boy, Kalulu, in the middle and again at the conclusion.' You had better have it changed to this, I think: 'A South-African Concert by Kalulu, Mr. H. M. Stanley's Black Boy, accompanied by War-dances, with an Introduction and some Explanations by Mr. Stanley.' You see," continued Stanley, moodily, "the crowd keeps on encoring Kalulu's first performance till the time comes for the second; when I try to get a little show, they wont have me, but put me down with wild shouts for 'Kalulu! Kalulu!'"—which evidence of bad taste hurt Stanley's sense of self-esteem, and he felt quite jealous of poor Kalulu, who, however, soon died, partly of over-zeal for his war-dancing and singing, partly because he was too fond of rum.

A somewhat similar experience once befell myself. I was duly engaged to lecture in a small town in the western part of New York State. On the journey I happened to notice, occupying a seat in the same car with me, a very handsome woman, rather of the Spanish type of beauty. When I reached my destination, she appeared to have reached hers also. We got out together. The local secretary introduced himself to me on the platform, giving his name as my correspondent, and we seated ourselves together in the hotel-

omnibus. The lady followed, with rather a bewildered aspect, and presently, addressing the secretary, said: "Mr. —, I am Madame Serena." It was an awkward moment for the secretary. I was on my right date in the local lecture course, and the lady, who was a well-known *pianiste*, had been secured for the succeeding entertainment; but in writing to her, the secretary had heedlessly assigned to her my date. So here she was, with his letter in her hand to prove that the error was not hers; and here I was, too, iron-clad in my contract. What was to be done? The committee held a meeting, and the secretary came to me, and asked whether I would have any objections that the lady should play for a quarter of an hour before I began to lecture, that I should make an interval of a quarter of an hour in the middle, which she should fill up, the evening to conclude with a final quarter of an hour of piano-forte music. Of course, I consented, but to this day that New York town has not heard the latter half of that lecture! It endured me, as I thought with some reluctance, after the musical overture; but it would have none of me after the interlude. The gifted *pianiste* had to prolong her interlude till it merged in her finale; and I am quite sure I enjoyed listening to her more than talking myself. Only it would have done the audience good to have heard the latter half of that lecture!

It is bad enough to realize that you are a failure; but it is quite too harrowing to be told so to your face, and all the more harrowing when your informant does not know whom he is addressing. Once, long ago, I gave an isolated lecture in Manchester, on the Carlist war in Spain, from which I had recently returned. It was a poor subject, it was a bad lecture, and it was a worse lecturer. I felt rather miserable as I stood in the auditorium, trying to converse with the secretary while the fag end of the audience slowly dispersed. A young gentleman sauntered up and, not recognizing me as the lecturer, addressed the secretary. "Infernally poor lecture," this friendly creature observed. "Don't you think so?" he asked of the secretary. That official remained dumb in embarrassment. "Don't you think so, sir?" said he, addressing me. "I quite agree with you," was my reply, made in sad truth. "Of course it was," he continued. "We all know the fellow can write first-rate; but he ought to stick to his pen, and not try to lecture, for he can't lecture worth a blank! Isn't that so, sir?" again addressing me, as a previous sympathizer. Again I expressed agreement with him, and he was proceeding with detailed criticism of an emphatic character, when the

secretary, in a cold perspiration, clutched hold of him, dragged him to one side, and whispered something to him. The next thing I saw of the frank and ingenuous critic was his fluttering coat-tails, as he dashed headlong from the hall. He could not rally himself even to apologize; and, besides, what had he to apologize for?

Law-suits are unpleasant things, and I would counsel every one to shun them as he would a snake. I have had but one in my life, and that was about a lecture. Can any one tell exactly how long a lecture ought to last? Very few people know that there is a legal decision on this important point; that decision was given in the course of this law-suit in which I was involved. The trouble occurred in the town of Newport, in Monmouthshire, England. I was to lecture there, as it might be to-night, and I had promised Mrs. M——, the wife of the famous painter, to be present at the marriage of her daughter to an old Zuluwar comrade of mine, on the following morning in a church in the west end of London. I could only accomplish this by leaving Newport, after the lecture, by a train stopping at that place at 9:35 P. M. The lecture-hour was eight, the lecture would last an hour and a half, and I would have just five minutes to drive to the station and catch the train. Now, in South Wales punctuality is not a virtue with audiences; the chairman has a habit of making a speech when introducing the lecturer, and when the lecture is finished there is a vote of thanks to the lecturer and then to the chairman, all of which prolongs the performance to two hours. My plan was to begin at eight, tell the chairman to make no speech, and escape before the votes of thanks. I sent an intimation to the local agent to advertise punctual commencement, explaining my object. I reached Newport, dressed, and was sitting, waiting for the time to go to the hall, when my secretary rushed in with the tidings that the local agent would not consent to the arrangement I had suggested, and had told him he would not pay the fee unless the full ordinary programme was leisurely gone through. I at once went across, told the agent the lecture was advertised punctually for eight; that I would begin at that hour, would speak for an hour and a half, and that then I would have done my part and would go. He replied that in that case he would not pay the fee. Now, I should have carried out my programme, and so put him in the wrong; but I lost my temper for the moment, quietly said, "Then in that case I shall not lecture," and left the place.

When I drove up to the depot, an hour and a half later, an angry mob occupied the

platform, and the local agent was haranguing it and denouncing me. I got the most plentiful abuse. I had outraged the people of Newport, was bellowed at me, and there were threats of lynching me. Fists were flourished in my face, and every moment I expected to be attacked. When the train came up and I entered the carriage, a shower of mud and small stones broke the window and bespattered me. I duly attended the marriage, and, feeling that I had not acted with full consideration for my audience, I telegraphed the mayor of Newport that I would give a free lecture for the benefit of the local charities, which offer was accepted. A good sum was realized for the town infirmary, and I was reinstated in the good graces of Newport.

But the local agent went to law with me. He sued me for his expenses out of pocket, and concluded, besides, for one hundred pounds in the name of lost profits. The trial came off at the next South Wales assizes. His contention was that he was acting in the interests of the Newport people in prohibiting the curtailment of the lecture. Mine was that the lecture hour was eight, and that my lecture was only an hour and a half long; when the proceedings were protracted, it was because of unpunctuality and other people's oratory. In proof of my assertion I offered to read my lecture to the court, but the jury visibly shuddered, and the judge said life was too short for this kind of evidence. However, he summed up in my favor, and the jury followed his lead; so that I won my only law-suit. The plaintiff appealed to a higher court in London, and the case came on before Lord Coleridge, who made very short work of the matter.

"It is acknowledged," said he, "by the defendant that his lecture is an hour and a half long, and it seems the plaintiff wanted it longer. Now I hold," he continued, "that any lecture is a common nuisance that lasts longer than an hour, and so I dismiss the appeal."

At Newport I was threatened with violence because I had not lectured. Once, at Cork, in the south of Ireland, I was threatened with personal violence if I dared to lecture. Years before, when poor John Mitchell came back from America as the member-elect for Tipperary, and when the election was declared void because Mitchell was still under the sentence of felony, I had visited Ireland in a journalistic capacity. The scenes I witnessed were so full of humor that I could not refrain from describing them in my newspaper in a strain of badinage, and as Irishmen—who like nothing so well as to make jokes at

other people's expense—do not relish fun made of themselves, I became the temporary object of popular indignation. But I had thought all this interlude of nonsense had long been forgotten, and I journeyed serenely to Cork to lecture in its theater. On arriving, I found the dead-walls beplastered with the placard: "Men of Cork! The traducer of John Mitchell is among you to-night. You know how to receive him!" This did not greatly scare me, because I had no idea it was meant seriously, and, at the appointed hour, I betook myself to the theater. Long before I reached the stage-door, I heard the clamor inside. Behind, I found panic and demoralization raging. There was nobody to receive me, and only one old fellow in charge of the stage. I prevailed on him to find a table and a chair; then he and I pulled up the curtain, and I walked out from the wing upon the stage, alone and unbefriended. The crowd in the front had been amusing themselves by singing a doggerel ditty containing unpleasant allusions to myself, and by yelling their anxiety that England should be relegated to an unpleasantly warm region. My appearance was the signal for a howl that made the roof tremble. I bowed, pretending to mistake the clamor for a greeting of vociferous friendliness, and, opening my manuscript, essayed to commence. I never got beyond the first three words. The place became a bedlam of din; so I bowed and sat down, looking out blandly on the turmoil. The people in the stalls and the dress circle, who were friendly to me, were clapping their hands vigorously. The pit and the gallery were yelling down this demonstration, and yelling me down as well, with a fervor that did credit to their lungs. After twenty minutes of this turmoil there was a lull of exhaustion, of which I took advantage to stand up and try to begin again. But it had not been exhaustion—only temporary cessation. The moment I rose, the din recommenced worse than ever. I stood silent for a while, till some eggs began to whiz past my ears. It occurred to me that I had given the enterprise a fair trial, and that the eggs were rather a polite hint that it was time to go and own myself foiled. So I made a polite bow and leisurely withdrew, followed by a howl of triumph to which the previous noises had been child's play. I found chaos raging behind the scenes. The directors of the theater had turned up by this time, mad with impotent fury. "Bedad," cried one, "I'll have the place cleared at the point of the bayonet!" "Why," replied I, "the people have broken no law. They are only expressing their sentiments, which they have a perfect right to do." But, all the same, he sent for the lieutenant of

police, and requested him to clear the building. The lieutenant took my view, and declined to act. Then it was proposed that the manager should go on and appeal to the audience to be reasonable. I ventured to express my opinion that such an appeal would have no effect, and that it might as well be accepted at once that a continuation was not possible. The manager's wife was on hand, and she flung herself around her husband in an excess of frantic terror. "Oh, S——, S——!" she shrieked, "sure ye mustn't face the blagyardies. They'll kill my S——! They'll massacre ye, and tear ye limb from limb!" But, nevertheless, the manager went on, only to return very pale, with one rotten egg on his hat, and another in the bosom of his shirt. Then I went away. A young gentleman with a revolver in his hand offered to escort me. I declined the escort, and bade him put up his weapon. I know the Irish people; they bear no malice, and they become good-humored when they have gained their point. I walked out through the throng in the lobby, quite alone; and, so far from being molested, I was actually cheered. In Cork, they like a man to show that he is not afraid of them. There was a crowd at the depot when I left, two hours later, and as I drove up alone, the throng was quite demonstrative in its sudden friendliness. I might have lectured in Cork the following evening without encountering a single hiss.

There is in America a considerable proportion of colored population; but the "cultured folk" are not in any appreciable number among lecture audiences; indeed, I do not remember ever to have noticed a colored listener. On one occasion, however, I had reason to anticipate this pleasure. Arriving one afternoon at the station of a little town in Pennsylvania, I handed my valise to a colored man who offered to take it, and told him I would walk up to the hotel. I was standing at the hotel counter, talking with the local agent, when he arrived with the valise.

"What shall I give you, George?" was my question.

"D'know, boss," said he, in a bashful, winning way, "I'd like a ticket to the leckchaw to-night pow'ful!"

This was indeed a touching compliment, and at my request the local agent gave him a pass. I was so full of complacency that I asked the man whether he had a wife.

"Wife? Yes, boss, I'se got a wife, an' I'm sho' she'd like a ticket too!"

A ticket was handed him for the wife, and he departed, grateful; but when lecture-time came, I searched the audience in vain for a

colored man or a colored woman. Next morning, George duly turned up to carry my valise down to the station.

"I didn't see you at the lecture last night," I ventured to observe.

"Leckchaw!" retorted George, with un-

disguised contempt. "Psha! I don't shin around no leckchaws! Why, I traded off them 'ere tickets for twenty-fi' cents!"

And away he tramped with the valise, mumbling depreciatory comments in reference to "leckchaws."

Archibald Forbes.



THE STREET OF THE HYACINTH.

BY CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON,

Author of "Rodman the Keeper," "Anne," etc.

IN TWO PARTS:—I.

It was a street in Rome, narrow, winding, not over-clean. Two vehicles, meeting there, could pass only by grazing the doors and windows on either side, after the usual excited whip-cracking and shouts which make the new-comer imagine, for his first day or two, that he is proceeding at a perilous speed through the sacred city of the soul.

But two vehicles did not often meet in the street of the Hyacinth. It was not a thoroughfare, not even a convenient connecting link; it skirted the back of the Pantheon, the old buildings on either side rising so high against the blue that the sun never came down lower than the fifth line of windows, and looking up from the pavement was like looking up from the bottom of a well. There was no footwalk, of course; even if there had been one no one would have used it, owing to the easy custom of throwing from the windows a few ashes, and other light trifles, for the city refuse-carts, instead of carrying them down the long stairs to the door below. They must be in the street at an appointed hour, must they not? Very well, then—there they were; no one but an unreasonable foreigner would dream of objecting.

But unreasonable foreigners seldom entered the street of the Hyacinth. There were, however, two who lived there, one winter not long ago; and upon a certain morning in the January of that winter a third came to see these two. At least he asked for them, and gave two cards to the Italian maid who answered his ring; but when, before he had time to even seat himself, the little curtain over the parlor door was raised again, and Miss Macks entered, she came alone. Her

mother did not appear. The visitor was not disturbed by being obliged to begin conversation immediately; he was an old Roman sojourner, and had stopped fully three minutes at the end of the fourth flight of stairs to regain his breath, before he mounted the fifth and last to ring Miss Macks's bell. Her card was tacked upon the door: "Miss Ettie F. Macks." He surveyed it with disfavor, while the little, loose-hung bell rang a small but exceedingly shrill and ill-tempered peal, like the barking of a small cur. "Why in the world doesn't she put her mother's card here, instead of her own?" he said to himself. "Or, if her own, why not simply 'Miss Macks,' without that nickname?"

But Miss Macks's mother had never possessed a visiting-card in her life. Miss Macks was the visiting member of the family; and this was so well understood at home, that she had forgotten that it might not be the same abroad. As to the "Ettie," having been called so always, it had not occurred to her to make a change. Her name was Ethelinda Faith, Mrs. Macks having thus combined euphony and filial respect—the first title being her tribute to æsthetics, the second her tribute to the memory of her mother.

"I am so very glad to see you, Mr. Noel," said Miss Macks, greeting her visitor with much cordial directness of voice and eyes. "I have been expecting you. But you have waited so long—three days!"

Raymond Noel, who thought that, under the circumstances, he had been unusually courteous and prompt, was rather surprised to find himself thus put at once upon the defensive.

"We are not always able to carry out