

Deronda was a little startled by this clear-sightedness; but before he could reply, Mordecai added, "It is all one. Had you been in need of the money, the great end would have been that we should meet again. But you are rich?" he ended, in a tone of interrogation.

"Not rich, except in the sense that every one is rich who has more than he needs for himself."

"I desired that your life should be free," said Mordecai, dreamily—"mine has been a bondage."

It was clear that he had no interest in the fact of Deronda's appearance at the Cohens' beyond its relation to his own ideal purpose. Despairing of leading easily up to the question he wished to ask, Deronda determined to put it abruptly, and said,

"Can you tell me why Mrs. Cohen, the mother, must not be spoken to about her daughter?"

There was no immediate answer, and he thought that he should have to repeat the question. The fact was that Mordecai had heard the words, but had to drag his mind to a new subject away from his passionate preoccupation. After a few moments, he replied, with a careful effort such as he would have used if he had been asked the road to Holborn:

"I know the reason. But I will not speak even of trivial family affairs which I have heard in the privacy of the family. I dwell in their tent as in a sanctuary. Their history, so far as they injure none other, is their own possession."

Deronda felt the blood mounting to his cheeks at a sort of rebuke he was little used to, and he also found himself painfully baffled where he had

reckoned with some confidence on getting decisive knowledge. He became the more conscious of emotional strain from the excitements of the day; and although he had the money in his pocket to redeem his ring, he recoiled from the further task of a visit to the Cohens', which must be made not only under the former uncertainty, but under a new disappointment as to the possibility of its removal.

"I will part from you now," he said, just before they could reach Cohen's door; and Mordecai paused, looking up at him with an anxious, fatigued face under the gas-light.

"When will you come back?" he said, with slow emphasis.

"May I leave that unfixed? May I ask for you at the Cohens' any evening after your hour at the book-shop? There is no objection, I suppose, to their knowing that you and I meet in private?"

"None," said Mordecai. "But the days I wait now are longer than the years of my strength. Life shrinks: what was but a tithing is now the half. My hope abides in you."

"I will be faithful," said Deronda—he could not have left those words unuttered. "I will come the first evening I can after seven: on Saturday or Monday, if possible. Trust me."

He put out his ungloved hand. Mordecai, clasping it eagerly, seemed to feel a new instreaming of confidence, and he said, with some recovered energy, "This is come to pass, and the rest will come."

That was their good-by.

Editor's Easy Chair.

IT would be an Easy Chair culpably negligent of the last phenomenon of manners which should fail to observe the recent return of old times in the form of the stage-coach. In English tradition there is something very blithe and breezy in all mention of the coach, and the music of the guard's horn is one of the most inspiring sounds in the story of old England. In the "Shades" of every kind and degree, and in every part of the world, nothing is so characteristically English as the engravings of coaching that hang upon the walls. There is one familiar series, representing the start, the night-fall, the dawn, and the arrival, so full of happy movement and comfort and coziness that the spectator, musing over his pint as he sits by the little table in the dingy room with the sanded floor, half expects to hear the winding horn and the rattling arrival at the door. As the pint before him shrinks to a gill and disappears, he feels sadly that the life of England and America, in losing the stage-coach, has lost half its poetry; and as he drains the final drop, and the mug is inverted toward his nose, the world also seems to be turned upside down, and the railroad and the locomotive to be personal grievances for which he is ready to call George Stephenson and Commodore Vanderbilt to stern account.

There are stage-coach scenes in the old English novels which every reader remembers, and which would not be possible in the vast community of a railroad train. The coach was the inn put upon

wheels, and rolling forward through the country, the guests sharing the feeling of the sanded public room. There are stage-coach scenes, also, nearer home in the experience of Easy Chairs of half a century's standing—the spanking team dashing into the spacious grounds of the country boarding-school on a bright spring morning, with the coach like a triumphal chariot, to take up a merry load of school-boys going home for vacation. There is no purer pleasure than that, so long vanished. The sunny freshness of that morning air; the vague, eager hope in those bounding hearts; the very creak of the springs as the coach took the unevenness of the turnpike; the stir of curiosity in the little villages as it bustled through; and the hearty young huzzas that greeted the slow-going country traveler along the road—what delight it was, and what music to remember! To the eyes that looked from the top of the coach the most familiar objects were enchanted. Each was alive, also, and saluted with a witticism not worthy, indeed, of the old masters, although often old, but good for the young—'twas enough, 'twould serve. "Good-by, old meeting-house; your steeple's short, but 'twill be long, thank Heaven, before we meet again!" "Good-by, old pump; you'll shed a daily drop for us in vain, in vain." "Ah! Mrs. Birch, seater of trowsers, we're off to cut out work for you."

There are stage-coaches yet among the White Mountains. But when there is a rail to the top of Mount Washington, it is foolish to speak of

genuine coaching. Yet it is not many years since a dash upon the coach up the valley of the Saco and through the Notch was one of the most inspiring trips possible. And still longer ago he was a happy traveler who could bowl down the valley of the Connecticut from Littleton to Greenfield on the top of the coach, and then turning westward, wind along the secluded and exquisite valley of the Deerfield, through Shelburne Falls, Charlemont, Zoar, and Florida, and over the mountain—which is now pierced by the Hoosac Tunnel—descending in the shadow of Greylock to Berkshire and the Housatonic Valley. If then he chose to go southward through that beautiful county and see Bashpish Falls and the lakes of Salisbury before he stopped, he would have in his memory a picture whose beauty the illumined shores of Naples Bay and the tender lines of Bellaggio upon Lake Como would not efface.

The revival of coaching seems to be the restoration of whatever is traditionally most poetic in the old system. The bloods and dandies of London, instead of making themselves Mohocks, as in the days of the *Spectator*, or wrenching off door-knockers with the sparks of the Regency, have wisely preferred to canonize Tony Weller and drive a coach. Forming a four-in-hand club, the more zealous members, owning coaches and horses, have selected various routes from London to some neighboring village, a score of miles or so away, and make a daily trip, the member of the club himself taking the part of Weller on the box. There is a booking-office in a fashionable street, where the passenger, as he takes his seat, may recall Mr. Lovell, in the opening of the *Antiquary*, securing his place, and daily the coach for Dorking, or Maidenhead, or some other rural point, departs and daily returns, conforming to all the conditions of poetic tradition. In this pastime several New Yorkers have taken degrees. Stage-coach driving in England by Americans has not, indeed, been wholly unknown hitherto, but never before has there been a club and a system, and for the first time the taste and the practice have been transferred to this country. This has been done so effectively that the lounge upon "the Avenue" may now see all the poetry of stage-coaching, so far as an arbitrary imitation can restore it.

A true English coach, with its spacious outside accommodation, whirls up to the door of the Hotel Brunswick, which, for readers of the year 2876 who may make excavations in our magazine literature, the Easy Chair will record is at the southeastern corner of Fifth Avenue and Twenty-sixth Street. It is an attractive-looking house, and its sunny southern aspect is toward Madison Square. The dining-room, on the lower floor, and opening upon the square, recalls, on a warm spring day, the pleasant *cafés* of Paris in the early summer. If the dinner is in harmony with this general appearance and suggestion—and of that the Easy Chair cherishes no doubt whatever, leaving its readers to "settle" the matter for themselves—the Hotel Brunswick is an exceedingly desirable place to which to return after a gay excursion into the country. Before the coach has reined up at the door, however, the sound of a real horn, blown by a real English guard, has been heard; and when the coach stops, a coachman in a white box-coat, with top-boots, and a large nosegay at his breast, throws down the "ribbons" which

guide the four horses, each with a nosegay at his left ear, and so leaps to the sidewalk. This driver is a gentleman of New York, Mr. Delancey Kane, who drives the coach daily to the Markis of Granby, or, more accurately, to the old Lorillard House, at Pelham Bridge.

The gay company, whose names have been booked long before, climb to their seats. The attentive guard sees that all is right. Then the accomplished driver mounts the box, takes the ribbons, or the lines, or the reins—as they are variously called by the spectators—the guard winds his horn, the crowd stares, the horses start, and up the Avenue rolls the stage-coach, the 'buses drawing out of the way, and all of the "town" that is on the street looking on content. Swiftly through the leafing and blossoming Park, along the broad way beyond, over the bridge, and out to the placid fields of Westchester the team gallops and runs. Presently it is changed. The good-humored passengers, excited by the novelty of the circumstances and the beauty of the landscape, enjoy the scene, familiar, yet strange, and in an hour and a half have reached their bourn, and alight. Four hours with luncheon swiftly pass. Then on with the coach, let joy be unconfined; and galloping and running back again, the coach dashes up on time at the Brunswick, and the "lark" is ended. Except, indeed, that the passengers will not forget to fee the driver and the guard, who both bow respectfully, and pocket the two shillings from each one of the company.

It is as good a bit of poetic stage-coaching as could be had, and very much pleasanter on a pleasant day than much of the real coaching in the good old English times, when the strain and labor of six and sometimes eight horses drew the carriage through the mire. The passengers were constantly out, upon a long journey, two hours before day, and after dark in the winter. Horace Walpole in 1752 describes the roads near Tunbridge Wells, which were so different from those in our Central Park that the young gentlemen were obliged to drive their carriages with oxen. And ten years later Lord Hervey writes from Kensington, a suburb of London, that the road is so "infamously bad" that there is an impassable gulf of mud between him and town, and he is as solitary as if he were upon a rock in the middle of the ocean. The word that has dropped naturally from the pen is the true comment. The pretty excursion of to-day is not real coaching. It is a delightful drive, a pleasant play. But then how much better to be alive and young in 1876, driving on the top of a light-springing coach over perfect roads and with a jolly company, than to have lived in 1728 and to have toiled up to town with Mrs. Delany from Gloucestershire, the coach breaking down, and we obliged to get out and take shelter—even Mrs. Delany—in an ale-house, then jogging on again, and about an hour later "flop we went into a slough, not overturned, but stuck!" There is no flopping and sticking for the merry company that depart from the Brunswick, stepping with the brightening season out of the drawing-room into the fresh air, and finding upon the coach top a new zest in their pleasures as they whirl from Easter to St. John's Day, from New York to Newport.

LAST month the Easy Chair spoke of the admirable and affectionate memoir which Mr. G.