

girl with money, about his not dancing, about his indifference to her dancing well, his objection to going where girls go in search of admiration, to paying vapid compliments. And for each of these peculiarities peculiar Janet Browne respects Mr. Lane more than other men, but above all for his

devotion to "the damp ragamuffins" of "the Ragged School."

At length she winds up her contemplation with a glance of coming triumph in her eye and a fixed resolve upon her lip.

"He shall admire me, though," she says to herself.

THE REPUBLICAN MOVEMENT IN EUROPE.

By EMILIO CASTELAR.

[Thirteenth Paper.]

III.—THE GERMANIC PEOPLES.—(Continued.)
RELIGIOUS IDEAS.—IV.

BUT as the eighteenth century is a revolutionary age, it necessarily has all the passion and all the injustice of revolutions. And its criticism—revolutionary and not historical, because the eighteenth century ignores every thing outside of its aspiration to emancipate intelligence, and with it mankind—its criticism is aimed principally at religions. In the opinion of a large majority of its thinkers they are all impostures, and more than all that one founded by Christ, the nearest and most immediate oppressor of reason. It is an age which neglects logic, the dialectic of the development of the idea and its sequence. It therefore detests revelation. It can not understand that the conscience should ever have declared its independence of itself. And in fact it was necessary to this end to break the harmony between man and nature, which was so beautifully manifested in the ancient Greeks and their marvelous statues; to combat not merely sensualism, but matter also, and the vivid universe; to create by pain, penitence, and maceration, in a terrible struggle with the senses, a human soul within itself, isolated, separated from the world as a being entire, independent, infinite. The philosophers of the past century saw nothing in Christianity but the present oppression, and declared against it with a genuine revolutionary fury which the nineteenth century, essentially human, serene, impartial, the century which has really created history, and which has done justice to all the manifestations of the human spirit, can not comprehend. But these exclusive passions of each age have been valuable to the education of the human race and the progressive development of its luminous ideal; because if these exaggerations have for a time been tyrannical, they have at the same time been destructive of error, and society has concluded by returning to its calm impartiality, and distributing in due proportion through all its organism the current of ideas, and entering into its indispensable equilibrium.

The eighteenth century was full of exalted ideas and noisy contradictions in the question of religion. Wolff, with great fidelity

to his philosophic ministry, opposed the supernatural, and maintained that every thing which is supposed to have come to us by the way of miracle could have arrived as well by means of natural reason. Philosophy thus prepared the way for a religious transformation, just as the religious transformation prepared the political. The writers who bore the new rationalist idea into all the spheres of practical life, into all the furries of controversy and all the passions of the schools, were writers of scanty reading, poor in science, passionate in their judgments, of a style deplorable in its mediocrity, and in moments of excitement more deplorable still for its violence and vulgarity. Edelman began as apologist for religion, and ended as skeptic. His doubts were singular in a Protestant so pious and a rationalist so recent. He questioned if dumb animals were not happier than men or angels, not having in their minds these religious problems filled with ideas, but swelled also with griefs and troubles. He asked how man, regenerated through Christ, could continue sinning, and, if he continued to sin, how he could have been regenerated. He asked if baptism was efficacious when it did not extinguish sin. He next attacked all dogmas, all beliefs, and declared that the whole of the Old Testament was written in the time of Esdras, and the New Testament in the time of Constantine, the first having been prepared in obedience to the prejudices of race, and the second in obedience to the necessities of politics.

Nicolai was an associate of Edelman in the criticism of historical religion. Dr. Strauss complains, in one of his most profound works on religious problems, of the contempt in which the German conservatives hold the eighteenth century, calling it the age of Nicolai, the worst of writers. Nevertheless this worst of writers was known by all the great geniuses of his time in a different way from Tacitus, who boasted that he did not know the emperors either through benefits or injuries (*nec beneficio nec injuria cogniti*). Nicolai was either the enthusiastic friend or the bitter enemy of all his literary or scientific contemporaries. His reckless criticism, his tone of buffoonery, his superficial acquire-

ments, his brusque sallies, his brutal insults, gained him a detestable reputation and inextinguishable enmities. He revenged himself noisily, classifying all writers in three categories—orthodox roundheads, æsthetic impostors, philosophic numskulls. He afterward published a novel against the morals of Protestant priests; and in his travels in Switzerland rudely and coarsely attacked the most illustrious professors, preachers, and poets of his time, accusing them of belonging to an immense Jesuitical society devoted to the subversion of character and the vitiation of ideas. Naturally all these men of genius, insulted and abused by a man of such vulgar mind and commonplace style, avenged themselves in phrases which, by their energy and cleverness, were long remembered. His reputation, therefore, is unmerited. It is true he dealt in exaggeration; but he fought with the same ardor as the Encyclopedists, although without their genius or their grace, a Protestant clergy in reality as ignorant and intolerant as the Catholic priesthood. His work greatly resembles that of the philosophers of the past century, who, avoiding theologic ideas, and placing above them common-sense, thought to accomplish a philosophic revolution, and in reality brought about a democratic one.

Bahrđt closes the cycle of these writers midway between religion and philosophy. Born in Protestantism, and destined to undermine the Protestant Church; nervous, impressionable, changeable, fickle; more attentive to his passions than to his studies; a preacher from his seventeenth year, and, like all precocious youths, without true development or maturity; a theologian by profession, philosopher by inclination, and, in addition, cook, barber, and tavern-keeper; always miserably poor, always in pursuit of money; the lover of one woman, the unhappy husband of another, the cudgeled suitor of still another; servant and lord at once; now surrounded by respect, and the next hour abandoned to general scorn and insult—his life, he said, appeared like one of those picturesque novels, his character like one of those odd types, which our writers copied from nature, and which the facile pen and the brilliant imitative talent of Le Sage made known to all Europe. Born and brought up in Protestantism, a preacher who might almost be called pietist, he went from one eccentricity to another so far as to construct a novel upon the life of Christ, and to say that, as Confucius and Moses were extraordinary men who preceded Christ, Christ was merely another extraordinary man who had learned his lesson in a secret society whose followers were ancient Masons, and who was destined by Providence to serve in turn as the predecessor of Bahrđt.

In reality the man who founded liberty of thought in Germany is Frederick II. In the

history of his race there is no character more attractive, because there is none more human. His idea is not that narrow one of Herrmann, nor is his passion the national passion of Luther: it is the idea and the passion of humanity. Those who survey history, with its rudenesses and obliquities, as if they were viewing the serene and tranquil region of philosophy, are in the habit of reproaching him with the fact that he wrote an ardent book against Machiavel, and made use of Machiavelian practices; that he sang the advantages of peace like a Virgil, and scattered war like a Cesar; that he execrated conquest like the Abbé St. Pierre, and was a conqueror like Cyrus and Alexander. But those who examine men and their acts, having in view the difficulties which they encounter, the obstacles they overcome, the evils which they abolish, and the progress they accomplish, will never sufficiently admire the crowned philosopher, who, alone in the world, persecuted by all sovereigns, worried by Russians, Tartars, Croats, Hungarians, and French, abandoned by his friends and allies, with his motley little army strong only in its rigorous discipline, and without other motive power than the great soul of its general, impelled in turn by another greater idea, creates in the centre of Germany the power destined to be, in respect to the liberty of thought, what the house of Orange and England were in respect to political liberty. No doubt the instrument which he used was a bad one, the absolute monarchy; the stains which disgrace his reign are serious ones, like the dismemberment of Poland; his conscience rarely rises to the ideal of justice; his lips utter epigrams which bring on wars; his skepticism degenerates into thoughtless sarcasm; but with all these defects, with others still greater, it may be, there is no personality of his time in which shines forth with such strength and brilliancy the immortal spirit of his age, that essentially humanitarian century. If he had no other glory, the king who received a dominion of barely two thousand square leagues and three millions of inhabitants destroyed to its foundations the formidable Holy Empire, the representative of tradition, the Goliath of absolutism, the jailer of nations, the enemy of William Tell, the executioner of John Huss, the assassin of Padilla, the poisoner of the Latin races, which, if it had triumphed, would have consumed the very marrow of our bones, reduced our consciences to ashes, and made of all Europe what, with its fatal authority and its terrible policy, it made of our haughty Spain, a desolate desert.

The conquest of Silesia, which has been so harshly criticised, was a conquest of liberty of conscience, for the inhabitants, being in large majority Catholics, all received the consecration of their rights from the hands

of a king educated in Protestantism and nurtured in philosophy. After the battle of Striegau, in 1749, two thousand peasants wished to cut the throats of all the Catholics of the border. The king was indignant. The humane spirit of tolerance beat in his heart; the spirit of the age took possession of his mind; the Eternal Divine Word rose to his lips, and invoking the theme of "Love your enemies," he pronounced a discourse, a worthy echo of the Sermon on the Mount, which caused the crazy fanatics to drop their murderous weapons. With a great memory, as befits a statesman; with scanty fancy, like his age; with ideas rather clear than profound, a fine and delicate irony, more brain than heart; a character sometimes served and sometimes commanded by a great intelligence; haughty with the powerful, simple with the humble; passionately devoted to genius and science; unconditional admirer of merit; commonplace in his verses, incorrect in his prose, vulgar in his philosophy, but worthy of comparison with Caesar when narrating his own exploits, not only in the sobriety of the narrative, but in its simple and natural modesty; gay, like the antique heroes; the most moral of administrators; eminent as a lawyer; zealous that justice should reach the lowest social classes; tolerant of the opinion of his people, whom he allowed to say what they pleased, reserving for himself the right to do as he pleased; firm in adversity, serene in danger, thoughtful in his plans, tenacious in his purposes—above all his qualities shines out that effusion with which he opened the frontiers of his kingdom, the gates of his palace, the arms of his friendship, to all those who thought, believed, or worked for any idea; to the philosophers of the Encyclopedia, persecuted by prejudice, and burned in effigy by hangmen; to the Moravian Brothers, with their Utopias; to the Freemasons, excommunicated by the popes; to the Jesuits, cursed by the kings; to all those who suffered for any faith. His brow rises above all others and shines, reflecting the light of the future, the thought of ages to come, because his soul embraced with ardent enthusiasm universal tolerance.

V.

The two men who really personify in Germany the climax of the religious revolution in the eighteenth century are Cimarus and Lessing. The first rose above pious traditions and universal revelation to seek, not in the skies which were deaf to his prayers, but in the depths of conscience, the law of the spirit, the natural religion derived from our inmost being, and in harmony with the principles and the rights of reason. And it is well to note this historic phenomenon; for from the moment when reason seeks outside of religious traditions the natural law

of conscience through a logical movement superior to the individual will, through a dialectic force self-imposed, it will seek also outside of political traditions the natural law of society. To-day the fundamental principle of Cimarus has become an ordinary principle of common-sense. Every man of ordinary instruction knows that religion should be sought not so much in revelations as in nature and conscience, just as every man of ordinary intelligence seeks in turn the basis of society not in traditions, but in fundamental human rights. But in ages different from ours, in times of obscurity, it costs a superhuman effort to rise to a new ideal, and grievous martyrdom to communicate to the blind and obstinate the splendor of that light.

But Cimarus did not restrict himself to the expression of new ideas; he attacked as well the old traditions. In his exaltation he showed little respect to ancient beliefs, and attracted implacable enmities. He understood as soon as he had begun to raise the veil from his thought that a great tumult was imminent. Therefore, after having written whole reams to interpret the Bible and the Gospel, he guarded with restless jealousy the product of his ideas, as a robber guards his spoils. The rigid education of the Lutheran schools, their narrow historic spirit, their fanatical dogmatism on the subjects of sin and pardon, their invincible repugnance to all the inspirations of human reason, had made of the philosopher who breathed all the vital air of his century a most ardent, intense, and at times reckless enemy of the ancient religious faith. Thus in his fragments he maintains that baptism imposed by force upon children was a usurpation of human rights and of Divine authority and of the ministry of reason; that the Trinity and its dogmas the more they are investigated appear not superior but contrary to human reason; that eternal punishments inflicted upon finite, weak, and ignorant beings are devoid of moral sense, mercy, and justice; that Christ and John the Baptist were two mere Jews, devoted to the Jewish ideal, worshipers of a material and tangible kingdom of their race, rebellious to the Roman yoke, conspirators against the authority of the Caesars, enemies of a priestly aristocracy more politic and wiser than they, and whose privileges, preserved through the tolerance of the praetors, our Saviour attacked on the day of His triumphal entry into Jerusalem, thus bringing Himself under the law and rendering Himself legally liable to death by crucifixion. All that Christianity has of more ample, more spiritual, more human, the kingdom of God as opposed to that narrow kingdom of the worldly Jews, its exaltation over the fragile crowns and the low ambitions of the world, was due principally to after-times, to the ac-

quisition of more philosophic ideas, and the natural progress of conscience.

As it is seen, the criticism of Cimarus was in the sense of irreconcilable opposition to Christianity, that is to say, the sentiment of his age. The dialectic development of ideas in history is like this. The generation which has to realize a certain term in the series of human progress is unjust, passionate, and even cruel toward preceding generations. When we gaze with rapture upon the perfect beauty of the Venus of Milo, and bless the benefactors who have saved from the wrath of men and the deluge of ages this rare prodigy of loveliness, the incarnation of the human ideal in marble, we can scarcely comprehend that the early Christians saw clearly in that grace, that serenity, that harmony in the incomparable beauty of the goddess, the deformed face of the devil and his angels. But perhaps there was need of this horror of nature, of the taste and of the art of the ancients, to create, with a formidable reaction of the human conscience, the saving Christian spiritualism. And as the business of the eighteenth century was to create the free man in the plenitude of his right, every bond which attached the spirit to the past, if it was not unfastened, was broken—was cut with fury and violence. How many beliefs, sweet and consolatory, fell like dry leaves! how many sources of consolation were dried up, after having satisfied for ages the devouring thirst of the infinite! how many cheering images, shining like stars in the night of the soul, were blotted out, and vanished from the horizon of our hopes! how many orphaned spirits lay naked, hungry, and cold at the feet of the altars, without God, in the midst of a society without faith! But the human spirit burst its fetters, overleaped its barriers, and plunged boldly among the tempests into the conquest, which was often a bloody one, of its imprescriptible rights.

The publisher of Cimarus's criticisms upon Christianity was to attain an immortal name in science, in the arts, in literature, in criticism and religious philosophy, as precursor of the great geniuses of Germany. His name was Lessing. We may call him the critic *par excellence*, as we may call his age the critical age of history. The thought which Frederick II. realized in politics Lessing sustained with enormous force in letters—universal tolerance; the human spirit rising purely above the discords of men; the eternal revelation of God by means of the various religions; the right of every conscience, of every being, to communicate freely and intimately with its religious ideal, which, in whatever form, always embodies the infinite. These ideas gained him bitter opponents, proceeding principally from the bosom of the Protestant orthodoxy. And his opponents, like all those who assume to pos-

sess absolute truth with their religious faith, far from consenting merely to refute the ideas contrary to their own, insult, defame, and persecute those who maintain such ideas, seeing a crime where perhaps there may be an error, in the case of beliefs, almost always independent of the human will, and imposed upon the understanding by forces superior to our own. To spread his ideas among the masses, to enlighten consciences and persuade minds, Lessing chose the sphere intermediate between the real and the ideal, the sphere of Art; and in art that manifestation which is most nearly related to life, which partakes most of its emotions and its incidents, the Theatre. Drawing his inspiration, like the great English dramatist, from the luminous narratives of Italian literature, from which dramatic subjects have been drawn, like the fine marbles from the rich quarries of Italy, Lessing took the foundation of his drama, a genuine defense of toleration, from the famous tales of the *Decameron* of Boccaccio. It is the time of the Crusaders. Jews, Christians, and Mussulmans meet about Jerusalem, the Holy City, where all have imbibed the idea of the unity of God, and whence all have departed from rivalries of race more than from motives of dogma and belief. And nevertheless that close communication between races, though it be made by means of so destructive and inhuman an element as war, teaches a truth which it is hard to hide from natural reason—that all those enemies, rivals, warriors, who hate, persecute, and kill each other, have the same affections and needs; live in common griefs and hopes; are all weak or strong in the same conditions; all hungering for the ideal, and needing the light and air of nature; subject to death; forced to join in mother earth those mortal frames which in life have kept apart their hostile creeds and religions; to wake perhaps in another life, and to discover there that one God illuminates and vivifies and nourishes with his uncreated light not only all worlds and suns, but all souls and consciences.

The Patriarch of Jerusalem is the type of the intolerant ecclesiastic materialist—avaricious, sensual; loaded with jewels and diamonds, dressed in costly brocades; more careful that the faithful should fear, venerate, and maintain himself than his God. Saladin is the Sultan, who has risen above the intolerance of his religion to a more intimate and profound worship of humanity and its rights. The young Templar, born in the feudal castles of Germany, a child of royal blood, who has sought beneath the palm-trees of Jerusalem the sepulchre of his God, represents the middle term between the intolerance of the Patriarch and the humane and generous spirit of Saladin. He is, without knowing it, the son of an Arab prince, the brother of the Sultan, and of a German gentlewoman

belonging to a noble family. The hero of the drama is the wise and prudent Jew named Nathan. Religious hatreds, intolerant fanaticism, have led the Christians to burn his home, and with it his children. He is at first filled with implacable horror of Christianity; but he afterward sees that these passions should give way to pure and intelligent tolerance, and receives in his home as his own child a daughter of his persecutors, the fair and pious Rachel, educated by her protector in sentiments more humane than those of selfish sectarianism. Saladin being in want of money, intends to extort it from this Jew by proposing to him a delicate question—which of the three monotheistic religions he prefers. The Jew tells this story: A certain lord possessed a beautiful ring, to which were attached all the advantages of life and fortune, and he ordained that the one of his sons who should receive the ring should be his sole heir, with the right to transmit it to his successors. It was traditional in the family that the best among the sons of these heirs should inherit the ring; but in the course of time it happened to one of these lords that his three sons were equally good and worthy, and he ordered to be made two rings identical with the ring of marvelous prestige, and gave them to his sons. The father having died, each one of them believed he had the true ring, and demanded the inheritance. A suit was begun, and when all the three rings were brought to the tribunal they were so identical that no distinction could be made; and the judge decided that he whose life should be most blameless should be held the possessor of the true ring. Saladin, who believed that he had left the Jew no escape, because if he declared in favor of Judaism or Christianity he would have to give up all his treasures as a blasphemer, and if he declared in favor of Mohammedanism he would have to give them up as a convert, was astounded with this dexterity and prudence. Such considerations persuaded him more and more toward tolerance; and it is afterward seen that the Jew's daughter Rachel and the Templar were niece and nephew of the Sultan, children of his brother, who, captivated by the beauty of a noble Christian woman, had listened to the voice of his affections more than to that of his creed: showing how nature brings together beings divided by the discords of men and their religions.

Lessing was not contented with defending toleration in the theatre; he raised it to a creed in his theory of the education of the human race. In the opinion of the great thinker, the glory of humanity does not lie in the quiet possession of truth, but in the contests and struggles which the truth has cost. He says that if God should call him and say, "In this hand I hold the truth, and in this other the rough and painful road

which leads to the truth—choose!" he would choose the road, although at the risk of moistening it with his sweat and his blood. Yes, sanctifying virtue of struggle, of labor, of pain, thou appearest to destroy, and thou createst! thou appearest to abase, and thou exaltest! thou appearest to be the sign of our inferiority, and thou art the splendid proof of our greatness and glory!

Lessing accepted the struggle for the truth to strengthen his spirit, as the ancient athlete entered the gymnasium to strengthen his body. And in these exercises of thought he found the truth that all religions are different grades, scattered fragments, varied shades, of one religion, which has progressively educated the human race. The religious ideal is not found contained in a single book, but in all the books which have sustained and consoled humanity on its rough and sorrowful road toward the realization of its ideal. As the labor of the East was not lost, nor the labor of Greece and its philosophers, nor of Rome and its lawyers, so also the work of the different churches will serve to clear and enlighten the human conscience. From the peaks of the Himalayas, to which the fathers of the earliest gods raised their supplicating arms; from the summit of Sinai, from which the Jehovah of Moses still speaks in lightning and thunder; from the sombre hill of Calvary, where flows the blood of the Son of Man; from Hybla, which saw the cradle of the Greek gods and heard the dialogues of the divine Plato; from the Coliseum, over whose arches shone the protecting genius of Rome, and in whose centre to-day the cross spreads out its arms, appearing to be nourished by the ashes of martyrs, as a tree by the sap of the soil; from the domes of St. Peter of Rome and of St. Paul of London; from the towers of the church of Worms which heard the protest of the monk Luther, and the towers of the Cathedral of Cologne, which still shelters the Catholic reaction—there comes no final discovery of the ultimate limits or signs of revelation. We can not see in the past the beginnings of religious tradition, nor in the future the limits of religious hopes. For as the book of the Vedas has been the book of nature, the book of the Persians the book of light, the book of the Old Testament that of God the Father, the New Testament of God the Son, and the Reformation that of the Holy Spirit; as the human understanding can never count the stars nor measure the infinite, so it can never know how many religious books full of disclosure and light may come hereafter in progressive ascension to continue the work which the others have begun, to embellish and sanctify the human spirit, for which are reserved in the depths of the heavens eternal and incessant revelations.

The fundamental idea of Lessing is that

all religions have powerfully contributed, although in different degrees, to the totality of human education. The spirit of progress entered, therefore, even in those secluded and sacred spots which appeared to be excepted from the movement and the renovation of all beings and ideas. The saints saw the fluttering of the leaves of their inert books of stone before the breath of the wind of their age; they saw the germs of new ideas taking life in progressive transformations in the very warmth of their sanctuaries. These agitations of conscience gave birth to high conceptions of human dignity; and whenever knowledge gives prominence to human dignity there follows of necessity an outburst of the conscience, freighted with ideas, and with this outburst comes perforce another victory of liberty.

WOODED BY AN ATTACHÉ.

I.

MR. BRENTON entered the ball-room at ten o'clock, with his wife on his arm, and followed by his four daughters, who resembled a flock of doves.

It was their first ball. The daughters were in a flutter of anticipation; Mr. Brenton found his cravat stiff; and Mrs. Brenton gave her rich gown a stealthy adjustment as she prepared to confront one thousand pairs of eyes. All this agony came of being sent to Congress by appreciative fellow-townsmen. The entertainment was given in honor of an Oriental prince, who sat in a stage-box. He carried a fan in one slender brown hand, with the pointed nails; and he wore an embroidered petticoat.

"He looks just like the figures on grandmother's best china tea-pot," whispered Fanny Brenton.

"Or an Eastern idol," added Kitty, saucily.

May Brenton scarcely heard these comments; she seemed to have entered an enchanted realm. Music floated down from some concealed height; the atmosphere was sweet with the breath of flowers; light glittered from gilded chandeliers; the eye was dazzled by a moving sea of color.

Ah, lovely, delicate May Brenton! soft violet eyes looking out shyly yet eagerly on this new life, yourself a gracious vision in cloudy white, with ivory shoulders and slender throat upholding a small head crowned with golden hair! Better to perish like one of those tropical insects which serve as the living gem of a night than never to have sipped the cup of revelry at all.

Every one was at the ball—foreigners of many classes, and free-born citizens innumerable; all with nuts to crack beneath the great central hammer. The city was a Christmas-tree hung with golden favors by

capricious fortune, and the flocking crowds hoped to find their individual names inscribed thereon. Along the stream of pilgrims ambition had hurried the Brenton family. It can not be said that they expected to find the fathers of their country draped in classical mantles while making laws; but still less were they prepared to discover them in easy lounging attitudes, bandying words and probing each other's weaknesses unmercifully.

Adelaide Brenton, a young woman whose audacity filled her relatives with pride at this critical juncture, coolly scanned the multitude with her fine black eyes, and received back the coin of masculine admiration. Mademoiselle, in shimmering raiment like the sunset, veiled in black lace, made an appearance not to be despised.

"I intend to set my cap for the minister from Patagonia," she remarked. "And, pa, mind that you get us presented to the French minister's wife: a vicomte has just joined the embassy."

"I don't see how it is to be managed, my dear," pleaded Mr. Brenton, with a furrowed brow.

Then little Mrs. Bird, who knew every body, and liked to consider her tiny self a female diplomatist, introduced a grave gentleman to May, who led her away for the Lancers. May was pleased with her partner, and with every one. Was it not her first ball? Mr. Cobb was a gentleman from New Jersey, proverbially supposed to carry specimen cranberries and oyster-shells in his pocket; but he made no allusion to these articles while dancing with May.

The next lady in the set rustled and sparkled; her diamonds would have graced a princess. She said,

"There's going to be a right smart of people at supper, I reckon."

Why was it that May became abstracted, confused, replying to her partner's remarks at random? Because her glance had met that of her vis-à-vis, a thrill had passed from one to the other, communicated by the contact of finger-tips; and although May curved her neck like a swan in assumed unconsciousness, she was aware, with a delicious sense of undefinable happiness, that his eyes continually reverted to her face. This vis-à-vis was Captain Charles Frederick Chevenix, attaché. He was a man in the prime of a grand type of beauty, superb physical development united with youthful grace, and regular features redeemed from effeminacy by a massive chin. He wore a diplomatic uniform, and evinced military training in every movement.

"A new girl from Yankeedom," said Miss Longford, in reply to a question of the captain's. "Do you think her pretty?"

But Captain Chevenix was far too wily a bird to be caught in any such feminine net.