

JAMES MAURICE THOMPSON

[1844—1902]

WILLIAM H. HAYNE

WHEN James Maurice Thompson died at Crawfordsville, Indiana, on February 15, 1902, one of the truest of American lyric poets passed away. He was born at Fairfield, Indiana, September 9, 1844. The combination of Dutch and Irish blood in his ancestry gave him an heredity of enthusiasm, mingled with prudence.

His parents were not born at the South, but settled on a farm in Gordon County, Georgia. Previously to this, they had sojourned in Kentucky, and doubtless the move was made because of the interesting fact that one of Daniel Boone's followers was a forbear of Maurice Thompson. The poet's father seemed to inherit the roving spirit of the Western pioneers, although it is said that he was a Baptist preacher of some distinction, and a man of rugged, sterling character. His wife was a woman of literary culture, so it is probable that Maurice learned from his mother about the world's great authors. And it is certain that the woods, and fields, and streams of Kentucky and Georgia were his first sources of inspiration in wood-lore and verse. In Gordon County schools were not abundant; so Maurice's father employed a private tutor. While Maurice was deprived of college training, he acquired some proficiency in Greek and French, and also gained knowledge of other languages, ancient and modern.

When the war between the States began, Thompson was still a beardless boy, but his Irish blood, and Southern environment made him respond quickly to the call to arms. He volunteered in 1862 and it is credited to him that he was especially efficient as a scout. He did not allow his army career to interrupt his education. He carried some good books on his scouting trips during the three years that he was a Confederate soldier.

After the struggle was over, his family was impoverished, largely because their home had been in line of Sherman's march to the sea. Young Thompson, however, took up the burden of life, and worked in the field by day, and read and studied by the lightwood fire by night. Later he prepared himself for the Bar, and was admitted to the practise of law at the little town of Calhoun, Georgia. These were the days of Reconstruction; therefore, he did not have much

chance to attain legal success. Having studied civil engineering, he very wisely decided to go back to Indiana and find work in railroad surveying. This he succeeded in obtaining, and continued at it until he had saved enough means to enter other fields. He ultimately returned to the law, and took an active part in politics, becoming one of the Cleveland electors for Indiana in 1888. He was appointed State Geologist of Indiana in 1885, and continued to fill the office until 1889.

In 1868 Thompson married Alice Lee, the eldest daughter of the Honorable John Lee, president of the railway of which Thompson had become chief engineer. They settled in Crawfordsville, Indiana, and their home was called Sherwood Place. The old mansion had belonged to Mrs. Thompson's family. Several children were the fruit of this union. Of Thompson's wife it is said that she was his inspiration and joy, and he is quoted as saying, with regard to their early married life: "We had no money; we were like two children, and in experience little more than children."

When Thompson went to Indiana he was poor and almost unknown; but in the course of time he accumulated a comfortable fortune, chiefly through his own labor and wise management. He kept in touch with southern scenery and associations by purchasing a winter home at Bay St. Louis, Mississippi, and delighted in the semi-tropical woods and waters about him. As far back as 1867 he explored Lake Okeechobee, Florida, making a list of its birds, animals, and plants; and he also made ornithological explorations in the Okefinokee Swamp and other places in Louisiana, Michigan, Alabama, Mississippi, and Georgia.

His literary career began before he left Georgia, when he contributed youthful essays, stories, and verses to *Scott's Magazine*—an Atlanta monthly which dragged out a precarious existence from about 1867 to 1868. These early efforts were only forerunners of the good work Thompson accomplished in his mature years. Probably his first book that won unqualified approval from the public was 'The Witchery of Archery,' which was warmly welcomed on account of the novelty of the theme, and its breezy, open-air treatment. It had the practical effect of bringing into vogue for several seasons a long forgotten and fascinating sport. He wrote many articles on the same subject, and a long list of stories of varying length.

His novels of southern life—such as 'A Tallahassee Girl' and 'His Second Campaign'—do not read as if written *con amore*—strange as this may appear. Little value attaches to his fiction, with the single exception of 'Alice of Old Vincennes.' That novel is ex-

ceedingly entertaining, compactly put together, and has a distinct historical flavor. It won the appreciation it deserves.

Thompson's editorial connection with the New York *Independent*—which began in 1890, and continued, I believe, until his death—gave him an ample opportunity to do much of his best critical work.

After due praise has been accorded to Thompson's versatility as a writer, it seems to me that his highest right to remembrance has been established by his poetry. It was a boon to the lovers of verse when Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company published Thompson's 'Songs of Fair Weather' (1872) and followed this slender volume by a fuller edition of his poems. William Dean Howells, referring to his lines "At the Window," pronounced Thompson "a real poet," and these words carry with them a sincerity of conviction which all of Thompson's admirers necessarily share. Mr. Howells also stated, in the anniversary number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, that he always welcomed the poet to "the hospitality of the magazine," on account of "the freshness of his note." In his threnody for Thompson, James Whitcomb Riley beautifully expressed for him the hope that illuminates dissolution:

"Perchance—with subtler senses than our own,
And love exceeding ours—he listens thus
To ever-nearer, clearer pipings blown
From out the lost lands of Theocritus.
O, happily, he is beckoned from us here
By knight or yeoman of the bosky wood;
Or, chained in roses, haled a prisoner
Before the blithe Immortal, Robin Hood."

Edgar Fawcett likened Thompson to a "Theocritus of the wood," and the comparison is in several respects an apt one.

Thompson had an unquenchable passion for groves and streams, and was a happy wanderer of hill and dale. His art was of that apparently unstudied kind which, as Thomas Bailey Aldrich properly insisted, should be the craftsman's "all in all." In recognizing this, it must not be asserted that his work always showed the spontaneity of thought and the final finish which assures perfection. He was a poet of unequal merit, and sometimes allowed his impulsiveness of feeling to drift him away from the sterner requirements of art. Especially is this noticeable in his semi-political poems, many of which possess fervor of expression, with passages here and there, of undeniable force.

In reading them, however, the judicious reader feels that the writer produced them while wrapped in his mantle of reform, and sounding his note of progress, rather than when clothed in his

"singing robes," which he wore with such grace and charm. He was essentially a poet of Nature, and whenever he stepped aside, even temporarily, from her domain, he trod upon uncertain territory.

A notable outcome of one of Thompson's higher lyrical moods is to be found in his poems on archery, which should be accorded a unique niche in literature. They have a straightforward realism, an unstudied ideality, and a musical movement which is attained only by one who climbs the slope of Parnassus with the wholesome wind of song to gladden him on his journey.

All the varied moods of sky, earth, and water; the enthusiasm of the hunter; the quiet expectancy of the fisherman; the zest for every phase of outdoor life—these were the poet's intimate, and never failing, sources of inspiration.

Wm H. Hayne

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AN EARLY BLUEBIRD

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Leap to the highest height of spring,
And trill thy sweetest note,
Bird of the heavenly plumes and twinkling wing
And silver-tonèd throat!

Sing, while the maple's deepest root
Thrills with a pulse of fire
That lights its buds. Blow, blow thy tender flute,
Thy reed of rich desire!

Breathe in thy syrinx Freedom's breath,
Quaver the fresh and true,
Dispel this lingering wintry mist of death
And charm the world anew!

Thou first sky-dipped spring-bud of song,
Whose heavenly ecstasy
Foretells the May while yet March winds are strong,
Fresh faith appears with thee!

How sweet, how magically rich,
Through filmy splendor blown,
Thy hopeful voice set to the promise-pitch
Of melody yet unknown!

O land of mine (where hope can grow
And send a deeper root
With every spring), hear, heed the free bird blow
Hope's charmèd flute!

Ah! who will hear, and who will care,
And who will heed thy song,
As prophecy, as hope, as promise rare,
Budding to bloom ere long?

From swelling bulbs and sprouting seed,
Sweet sap and fragrant dew,
And human hearts, grown doubly warm at need,
Leaps answer strong and true:

We see, we hear (thou liberty-loving thing,
That down spring winds doth float),
The promise of thine empyrean wing,
The hope that floods thy throat!

OUT OF THE SOUTH

A migrant song-bird I,
Out of the blue, between the sea and the sky,
Landward blown on bright, untiring wings;
Out of the South I fly,
Urged by some vague, strange force of destiny,
To where the young wheat springs,
And the maize begins to grow,
And the clover fields to blow.

I have sought,
In far wild groves below the tropic line,
To lose old memories of this land of mine;
I have fought
This vague, mysterious power that flings me forth
Into the North;
But all in vain. When flutes of April blow
The immemorial longing lures me, and I go.
I go, I go,
The sky above, the sea below,
And I know not by what sense I keep my way,
Slow winnowing the ether night and day;
Yet ever to the same green, fragrant maple grove,
Where I shall swing and sing beside my love,
Some irresistible impulse bears me on,
Through starry dusks and rosy mists of dawn,
And flames of noon and purple films of rain;
And the strain

Of mighty winds hurled roaring back and forth,
Between the caverns of the reeling earth,
 Cannot bewilder me
 I know that I shall see,
Just at the appointed time, the dogwood blow,
And hear the willows rustle and the mill-stream flow.

 The very bough that best
 Shall hold a perfect nest
Now bursts its buds and spills its keen perfume;
 And the violets are in bloom,
Beside the boulder, lichen-grown and gray,
 Where I shall perch and pipe,
 Till the dewberries are ripe,
And our brood has flown away,
 And the empty nest swings high
Between the flowing tides of grass and the dreamy violet
 sky.

 I come, I come!
Bloom, O cherry, peach, and plum!
Bubble brook, and rustle corn and rye!
Falter not, O Nature, nor will I.
Give me thy flower and fruit,
And I'll blow for thee my flute;
I'll blow for thee my flute so sweet and clear,
 This year,
 Next year,
And many and many a blooming coming year,
 Till this strange force
No more aloft shall guide me in my course,
High over weltering billows and dark woods,
Over Mississippi's looped and tangled floods,
 Over the hills of Tennessee,
 And old Kentucky's greenery,
 In sun, in night, in clouds, and forth
 Out of the South into the North,
To the spot where first the ancestral nest was swung,
Where first the ancestral song was sung,
 Whose shadowy strains still ravish me
 With immemorial melody.

BETWEEN THE POPPY AND THE ROSE

How tired! Eight hours of racking work,
 With sharp vexations shot between!
 Scant wages and few kindly words—
 How gloomy the whole day has been!
 But here is home. The garden shines,
 And over it the soft air flows;
 A mist of chastened glory hangs
 Between the poppy and the rose.

The poppy red as ruby is,
 The rose pale pink, fullblown, and set
 Amid the dark rich leaves that form
 The strong vine's royal coronet;
 And half-way o'er from this to that,
 In a charmed focus of repose,
 Two rare young faces, lit with love
 Between the poppy and the rose.

Sweet little Jessie, two years old,
 Dear little Mamma, twenty-four,
 Together in the garden walk
 While evening sun-streams round them pour.
 List! Mamma murmurs baby-talk!
 Hush! Jessie's talk to laughter glows!
 They both look heavenly sweet to me,
 Between the poppy and the rose.

Two flakes of sunshine in deep shade,
 Two diamonds set in rougher stone,
 Two songs with harp accompaniment
 Across a houseless desert blown—
 No, nothing like this vision is;
 How deep its innocent influence goes,
 Sweeter than song or power or fame,
 Between the poppy and the rose!

Between the poppy and the rose,
A bud and blossom shining fair,
A childlike mother and a child,
Whose own my very heart-throbs are!
Oh, life is sweet, they make it so;
Its work is lighter than repose:
Come any thing, so they bloom on
Between the poppy and the rose.

NECTAR AND AMBROSIA

If I were a poet, my sweetest song
Should have the bouquet of scuppernong,
With a racy smack in every line
From the savage juice of the muscadine.

The russet persimmon, the brown papaw,
The red wild plum and the summer haw,
Serviceberries and mandrake fruit,
Sassafras bark and ginseng root,
Should make my verse pungent and sweet by turns;
And the odor of grass and the freshness of ferns,
The kernels of nuts and the resins of trees,
The nectar distilled by the wild honey-bees,
Should be thrown in together, to flavor my words
With the zest of the woods and the joy of the birds!

Who sings by note, from the page of a book,
So sweet a tune as the brawl of a brook?
Shall Homer, or shall Anacreon
Suggest as much as the wind or the sun?
Give me a shell from the sea so green,
Cut me a flute from the Aulocrene,
Give me Nature's sweets and sour,
Her barks and nuts, her fruits and flowers;
And all the music I make shall be
Good as the sap of the maple-tree,
Whilst a rare bouquet shall fill my song
From the muscadine and the scuppernong.

THE ARCHER

The joy is great of him who strays
In shady woods on summer days,
With eyes alert and muscles steady,
His longbow strung, his arrows ready.

At morn he hears the woodthrush sing,
He sees the wild rose blossoming,
And on his senses, soft and low,
He feels the brook-song ebb and flow.

Life is a charm, and all is good
To him who lives like Robin Hood,
Hearing ever, far and thin,
Hints of the tunes of Gamelyn.

His greatest grief, his sharpest pain,
Is (when the days are dark with rain)
That for a season he must lie
Inert, while deer go bounding by;

Lounge in his lodge, and long and long
For Allan-a-Dale's delightful song,
Or smack his lips at thought of one
Drink from the Friar's demijohn.

But when the sky is clear again,
He sloughs his grief, forgets his pain,
Hearing on gusts of charming weather
The low laugh of his arrow feather!

THE BLUEBIRD

When ice is thawed and snow is gone,
And racy sweetness floods the trees;
When snow-birds from the hedge have flown,
And on the hive-porch swarm the bees—
Drifting down the first warm wind
That thrills the earliest days of spring,
The bluebird seeks our maple groves,
And charms them into tasselling.

He sits among the delicate sprays,
With mists of splendor round him drawn,
And through the spring's prophetic veil
Sees summer's rich fulfillment dawn;
He sings, and his is nature's voice—
A gush of melody sincere
From that great fount of harmony
Which thaws and runs when spring is here.

Short is his song, but strangely sweet
To ears weary of the low,
Dull tramp of Winter's sullen feet,
Sandalled in ice and muffed in snow:
Short is his song, but through it runs
A hint of dithyrambs yet to be—
A sweet suggestiveness that has
The influence of prophecy.

From childhood I have nursed a faith
In bluebird's songs and winds of spring;
They tell me after frost and death
There comes a time of blossoming;
And after snow and cutting sleet,
The cold, stern mood of Nature yields
To tender warmth, when bare pink feet
Of children press her greening fields.

Sing strong and clear, O bluebird dear!
While all the land with splendor fills,
While maples gladden in the vales
And plum-trees blossom on the hills:
Float down the wind on shining wings,
And do thy will by grove and stream,
While through my life spring's freshness runs
Like music through a poet's dream.

DIANA

She had a bow of yellow horn,
Like the old moon at early morn.

She had three arrows strong and good,
Steel set in feathered cornel wood.

Like purest pearl her left breast shone
Above her kirtle's emerald zone;

Her right was bound in silk well-knit,
Lest her bowstring should sever it.

Ripe lips she had, and clear gray eyes,
And hair pure gold blown hoiden-wise

Across her face, like shining mist
That with dawn's flush is faintly kissed.

Her limbs how matched and round and fine!
How free like song! how strong like wine!

And, timed to music wild and sweet,
How swift her silver-sandalled feet!

Single of heart and strong of hand,
Wind-like she wandered through the land,

No man (or king or lord or churl)
Dared whisper love to that fair girl.

And woe to him who came upon
Her nude, at bath, like Actæon!

So dire his fate that one who heard
The flutter of a bathing bird,

What time he crossed a breezy wood,
Felt sudden quickening of his blood;

Cast one swift look, then ran away
Far through the green, thick groves of May;

Afraid, lest down the wind of spring
He'd hear an arrow whispering!

UNAWARE

There is a song some one must sing,
In tender tones and low,
With pink lips curled and quivering,
And eyes with dreams aglow.

There is some one must hear the tune,
And feel the thrilling words,
As flowers feel, in early June,
The wings of humming-birds.

And she who sings must never learn
What good her song has done,
Albeit the hearer slowly turn
Him drowsily, as one

Who feels through all his being thrown
The influence sweet and slight
Of strange, elusive perfume, blown
Off dewy groves by night!

ATALANTA

When Spring goes old, and sleepy winds
Set from the south with odors sweet,
I see my love, in green, cool groves,
Speed down dusk aisles on shining feet.

She throws a kiss and bids me run,
In whispers sweet as roses' breath;
I know I cannot win the race,
And at the end I know is death.

But joyfully I bare my limbs,
Anoint me with the tropic breeze,
And feel through every sinew thrill
The vigor of Hippomenes.

O race of love! we all have run
Thy happy course through groves of spring,
And cared not, when at last we lost,
For life or death, or anything!

THE ROMANCE OF COMPOSITION

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BE sure of one thing: the immanent power of Christian civilization is freedom of investigation, and nothing which shrinks from the severest test will long appeal to credence. The stupendous composition called Greek mythology or Greek religion would be a living organism to-day had it been true in the first place. The higher criticism dissolved it because it was not a truth. The grip of fatality is fastened in the roots below every possible reading and revision. The composition, the attitude of groups and masses, the composite whole invite belief or disbelief. We are a Christian people because the composition of the Christian picture has met our approval. The moment that an arbitrary edict sets the picture aside as specially exempt from critical tests, that moment a smile and a wink of doubt disturb the face of Christendom. It looks too

much like a precaution against the dissolution of another mythology. The old way of enforcing educational measures was with a rod. Now we appeal, not by brute force, but by tender kindness. Not so long ago witches were burned a few miles from here, and just over yonder the Protestant felt fire and thumb-screw. To-day is the day of open freedom, and the difference must be respected. But education must not in the name of freedom assume license. The only safe taste is that grounded in the deepest meaning of our civilization. To me the word "heresy" is not a pleasing one; it brings to my ears the hissing of flames, to my nostrils the smell of burning human flesh. I like better the word "education," and I delight in coupling it with freedom and light. Search the Scriptures of all ages and all peoples; eternal life is visible by eternal light. Shut off one ray from the picture and the composition is blurred.

The finest quality of a composition is authenticity, which shows it steadfast after all mutations of time, manners, and creeds. Such a composition is a criterion only so long as it can resist the criticism of all comers; its inerrancy must meet and vanquish every new era's suggestion of readjustment, else suspicion will eat against it like an acid. Not all the critics and grammarians of the Alexandrine period could dim one flower of Homer. What "higher criticism" is likely to shake the solid pillars of the Bible? With every failure of the critic to remove the foundations of divinely inspired authority, the Book of Books takes deeper hold upon human credence and shows the more its solidity. So it is with the humanly inspired works of art. We put them to the test of higher criticism, and if they stand we know that their value is not a moment's accident or the result of a mere factitious vogue. It may be that some Callimachus of to-day dreams that Scott's day is over; but the vitality of organic composition keeps and will keep those grand romances alive. The groups and masses of history are there; the significance of true manhood and womanhood is there; the appeal of honor and courage is there, and life is there bearing itself heroically. Everybody loves a hero.

The fascination of a composition is always romance; good or evil it is still romance. Your sermon, your picture, your house, your novel, your poem, your religion, must satisfy the

imagination with romance. Romance is not a lie; it is the surprise of the picturesque. Call up Adam and Eve, or Romeo and Juliet, and there is the composition of romance. Come reverently and with unfaltering credence to the story of Christ's life and death, and tell me truly, did Æschylus, did Shakespeare ever write so picturesque a tragedy? When you tell that story to your child, it clutches his imagination and holds it fast. The wonder of it comes before any deeper significance is comprehended. Here lies the secret of imaginative appeal, whether the composition be of life or of fiction. Beecher, Phillips, Webster, and Emerson knew it, and used it in sermon, oration, lecture. Napoleon the First, Hugo, Scott, Shakespeare, Plato, Æschylus, Sappho felt its imperious power. Begin in the far mist of antiquity and come down to the present with microscopic scrutiny, and you cannot lay hand on any great achievement which had not its hero and its romance.

You academic men are fond of invoking the "scientific spirit." Well, invoke it now. Collect the facts of literary history, mass them, classify them, analyze them, and then show me one, just one immortal work of fiction, drama, oratory, or poetry, or religion which has not romance as its chief source of appeal. Throw in history for good measure, and still the rule holds. Heroism, extraordinary events, the roll and crash of war, great reforms, the villainies of tyrants, the divine patience of saints, the influence of beautiful women, the charm of poets, the building of temples, the destruction of cities, wonderful discoveries and inventions, revolutions in religion and philosophy—take these from history and who will read or remember it? Take any period of our country's life and eliminate the extraordinary features, the pioneers, the heroism of '76, the mediæval romance of slavery, the great war, Washington, Lincoln, Grant, Lee, Beecher, Whittier, Stonewall Jackson, Ossawatimie Brown, Grover Cleveland, the ocean telegraph, the stupendous growth of wealth and liberal education—take out the extraordinary and you have no book to write of us. Or if you should persist and write the book it would have no significance, no human appeal. Take the extraordinary from science and what is it?

Do you understand how Darwin's theory took hold of

mankind? Do you fancy that it captivated a mere "scientific" taste? Not that. Never did human imagination find a more wonderful romance than this story of the origin of species and the descent of man. Agnostics like to smile at the simple Bible story of creation as at a nursery tale. Well, the story may not be literally true, it may not be true at all; but this romance of evolution, is it literally true? Is it true at all? Go ask the sphinx if its ancestors knew. Like a child with a new toy, the human imagination plays with "natural selection" and "the survival of the fittest," and for a little while is content. For awhile it is Darwin; yesterday it was Humboldt or La Place; the day before it was Pythagoras. Always it is the genius who presents a great romantic composition. Darwin's theory may be true; it may be false; but it is extraordinary; it is picturesque, and it appeals to the elemental universal love of the wonderful in the human mind. When Leibnitz and Newton were discovering calculus, imagination was on tip-toe to catch the first glimpse of infinity.

If you plan to control men, you first captivate their imagination. Give me the key to a people's imagination and you may have the rest; I will lead them through nine crusades in spite of you. Peter the Hermit, John Law, Napoleon, Pasteur, old John Brown—every man who has shaken the world did it with the lever of imagination. When lately the curtain was rung up and Doctor Pasteur made his bow we were for a thrilling moment sure that there stood the master of disease and death. The light of perennial health flashed from continent to continent. To-morrow some other great romancer of science will arise. We shall turn our backs upon the epic of microbes and hang Pasteur's picture in the garret with those of Descartes, La Place, and Buffon. It all comes to one goal, which every creative genius grazes with the wheel of his chariot.

Eliminate from religion, any religion, its specific romance, and you still have left the ancient generic wonder of it. Take this away and the residual composition will not attract a second glance from mankind. Creeds are at best but persistent, refractory wounds upon the fair body of religion; mayhap some sweet day they will all coalesce and heal without a scar. But deprive religion of its vital romance and observe how quickly

it dies. If we can rid our minds of factitious reverence and give ourselves over to true reverence, we shall for the first time feel how God, the universe, religion, and duty form in the imagination a picture sphered on the radius of supreme beauty and harmony. How petty and trifling a religion becomes the moment it disengages itself, as Greek religion at last did, from that highest credulity which alone amounts to absolute faith, the credulity of the imagination! What the human soul longs for is the step beyond, the higher lift, the supreme surprise. Ethics enters the field to demand that this step beyond shall not be into the pit, that this higher lift shall not be to the mountain-top of temptation, that this supreme surprise shall not come of evil splendor. It requires that every scene of art shall be so composed as to have its focus in a cleanly and wholesome truth.

LADY TOXOPHILITES

From 'The Witchery of Archery.'

MUCH might be said why archery, as a lawn game, should be preferred to croquet by ladies; the reasons, however, for such a preference are not needed as arguments here. The preceding chapters of this book have shown that drawing the long-bow is an exercise, all at once, of the most important muscles of the body and limbs. Mr. Charles Reade and other eminent men lately have been at some pains to show that ambidexterity is a very great and a perfectly attainable accomplishment. How they have succeeded with the demonstration I do not care to consider; but that equal development of all the muscles of arms, legs, and body is quite desirable, and, in fact, necessary, in course of a complete physical training, no one can deny.

This matter of bodily education, so to speak, is greatly overlooked in the training of our boys; and, as for girls, such a thing has scarcely been thought fit for polite mention in connection with them. Croquet has done much. It has taught our mothers that sunshine and wind and a little outdoor physical exercise cannot quite spoil a girl. But croquet is objectionable for two reasons. The first is that, since ladies will wear corsets, stooping is to them a very unwholesome act, causing a

pressure upon organs of the body very sensitive and easily injured. The second is that the right hand and arm, or the left, if the player be left-handed, are the ones used all the time, and the effort of muscle required is too slight for working any appreciable benefit even to the active members.

Archery is performed in an erect attitude; it calls into action both hands and arms, the muscles of the shoulders and back, the chest and legs. The strain on all may be just as powerful and just as slight as one may desire, and the shock of relaxation may be perfectly governed. Another thing: one is sure to draw in a deep, full breath, expanding the lungs to their utmost with pure outdoor air, just before drawing the bow, or during the act of drawing.

Archery is rowing, boxing, fencing, and club-practice, all in one, so far as its exercise of the muscles is concerned, without any of the objectionable and dangerous features of those excellent athletic performances. A thoroughly trained archer is a perfectly built athlete. He has perfect control of all his physical powers. His arms are hard, supple-jointed, with biceps like those of a stone-cutter; his chest is full, his back is straight, his legs quick and firm, his neck muscular, and his head well poised, his movements easy and graceful.

Ladies who wish to have rounded and beautiful forms must learn that exercise in the open air and free light of outdoors is the one thing that will gratify the desire. Pure complexions come of pure blood, and pure blood comes of sunlight and free, pure air. Deep breathing and regular use of all the muscles bring perfect health and powerful vitality. A lady should be careful to begin shooting with a very weak bow. A twenty-pound weapon is not too light for the first month of practice. The act of bracing a bow is likely to produce pain in the right side when first attempted; but a few trials will overcome the difficulty, if the bow is not too long or too strong.

Ladies should always use the shooting-glove, as their fingers are too delicate to bear the friction of the bow-string.

It is surprising how rapidly a lady gains strength under well-directed training in archery. She begins a slow-moving, languid, half-invalid, and at the end of four weeks of regular practice you see her running across the lawn to recover her

arrows, like Diana pursuing the stags of old. She has thrown off her lassitude, and is already beginning to develop on her arms the outlines of perfect muscles. Let us see what has been done in modern times by female archers.

Eighty-eight years ago a match was shot at Branhope Hall, Yorkshire, England, between Miss Littledale, Mr. Wyborough, and Mr. Gilpin. The shooting lasted three hours. The targets were one hundred yards apart, four feet in diameter, with nine-inch golds. During the match, Miss Littledale hit the gold four times, *the last three shots being all in the gold!* Here was a lady winning a prize, by hard shooting, over two strong men! The most admirable part of it all is, that she closed up three hours of steady work with the three successive centre hits. What steadiness of nerve! what power of endurance! And then, too, to have accomplished this she must have been shooting at least a fifty-pound bow!

The Marchioness of Salisbury won the first prize of the "Hertfordshire Archers," which was a gold heart, bearing a bow set with diamonds.

In 1832, Miss Gresley won the gold bracelet, and Miss Isabel Simpson the turquoise gold knot, prizes offered by the "Woodmen of the Forest of Arden."

To this tolerance of archery by all, and the practice of it by so many distinguished ladies of England, during the past hundred years, the present generation of English women are in great part indebted for their fine physiques. Not that archery has directly done it all; but a proper appreciation of outdoor exercise was, by the fostering of target practice, thoroughly planted in the minds of mothers, and has borne fruit in the plump, muscular forms and healthful faces of their daughters.

Many of our city ladies, averse to the gayeties and fashionable dissipations of the watering-places, can find nothing to amuse them at the summer-houses in the country. Sylvan archery is just the thing they need. So soon as they have learned the use of bows and arrows, they may roam the green fields and shady woods, shooting at tufts of grass, or the slender stems of the young trees; nor need they have any fear of tramps or robbers, for a drawn bow, in the hands of a resolute woman, will bring the boldest villian to a halt, or to his

death, if necessary. An arrow from a thirty-pound bow will pass entirely through the body of a man.

If you wish to sketch, take your bow and arrows with you so as to shoot when you are tired of the pencil; and if you are fond of botanizing, your bow will serve you for a staff, and a strong arrow makes a first-rate utensil for digging up small plants.

On the soft white sand of the ocean's beach, and along the shores of our northern lakes, a party of ladies may have fine sport, and most vitalizing recreation, shooting flight shots or aiming at the curlews and sandpipers and plovers, a hundred yards away.

Social science begins with physical culture. The world must be moved by muscle as well as mind. The nearer women approach to the standard of the physical power possessed by men, the nearer they will be able to make their mental prowess recognized by the world. Vim, resistless energy, the magnetism of the great individual, come of powerful vital resources. The vigor of manhood on the world's fields of battle, its tireless strength of purpose and physical execution in clearing away the forests and hewing out civilizations in different ages, and its muscular force in every way, has done as much for the world as all the operations of mind or more. Women who are agitating the question of women's enfranchisement must learn that "might makes right" is not a maxim of immorality when clearly understood. The might of the liberally trained body, combined with the might of the broadly cultured mind gives the right to a higher sphere of physical and intellectual action, and no power can curtail the right without first weakening the might. The ocean has the might to fill the vast hollows of the earth wherein it lies, and it has the God-given right. So with a strong body and master-mind, the right to rule is inherent, and can never be eliminated by clever sophistries or impracticable theories of moral equality.

The end of social science is in the perfection and universal adoption of liberal humanities; but this must result from a lifting, not by a lowering process, to the highest equality. Men and women must be borne together to the high plane of the millennium, and none but the perfectly developed bodies and souls can bear the strain of the lifting.

UNDER THE CHERRY TREE

From 'Alice of Old Vincennes.' Copyright, The Bobbs, Merrill Company, and used here by permission.

ALICE ROUSSILLON was tall, lithe, strongly knit, with an almost perfect figure, judging by what the master sculptors carved for the form of Venus, and her face was comely and winning, if not absolutely beautiful; but the time and the place were vigorously indicated by her dress, which was of coarse stuff and simply designed. Plainly she was a child of the American wilderness, a daughter of old Vincennes on the Wabash in the time that tried men's souls.

"Jump, Jean!" she cried, her face laughing with a show of cheek-dimples, an arching of finely sketched brows and the twinkling of large blue-gray eyes.

"Jump high and get them!"

While she waved her sun-browned hand holding the cherries aloft, the breeze blowing fresh from the southwest tossed her hair so that some loose strands shone like rimpled flames.

The sturdy little hunchback did leap with surprising activity; but the treacherous brown hand went higher, so high that the combined altitude of his jump and the reach of his unnaturally long arms was overcome. Again and again he sprang vainly into the air comically, like a long-legged, squat-bodied frog.

"And you brag of your agility and strength, Jean," she laughingly remarked; "but you can't take cherries when they are offered to you. What a clumsy bungler you are!"

"I can climb and get some," he said with a hideously happy grin, and immediately embraced the bole of the tree, up which he began scrambling almost as fast as a squirrel.

When he had mounted high enough to be extending a hand for a hold on a crotch, Alice grasped his leg near the foot and pulled him down, despite his clinging and struggling until his hands clawed in the soft earth at the tree's root while she held his captive leg almost vertically erect.

It was a show of great strength; but Alice looked quite unconscious of it, laughing merrily, the dimples deepening in her plump cheeks, her forearm, now bared to the elbow, gleam-

ing white and shapely while its muscles rippled on account of the jerking and kicking of Jean.

All the time she was holding the cherries high in her other hand, shaking them by the twig to which their slender stems attached them, and saying in a sweetly tantalizing tone:

"What makes you climb downward after cherries, Jean? What a foolish fellow you are, indeed, trying to grabble cherries out of the ground, as you do potatoes! I'm sure I didn't suppose that you knew so little as that."

Her French was colloquial, but quite good, showing here and there what we often notice in the speech of those who have been educated in isolated places far from that babel of polite energies which we call the world; something that may be described as a bookish cast appearing oddly in the midst of phrasing distinctly rustic and local—a peculiarity not easy to transfer from one language to another.

Jean the hunchback was a muscular little deformity and a wonder of good nature. His head looked unnaturally large, nestling grotesquely between the points of his lifted and distorted shoulders, like a shaggy black animal in the fork of a broken tree. He was bellicose in his amiable way and never knew just when to acknowledge defeat. How long he might have kept up the hopeless struggle with the girl's invincible grip would be hard to guess. His release was caused by the approach of a third person, who wore the robe of a Catholic priest and the countenance of a man who had lived and suffered a long time without much loss of physical strength and endurance.

This was Père Beret, grizzly, short, compact, his face deeply lined, his mouth decidedly aslant on account of some lost teeth, and his eyes set deep under gray, shaggy brows. Looking at him when his features were in repose a first impression might not have been favorable; but seeing him smile or hearing him speak changed everything. His voice was sweetness itself and his smile won you on the instant. Something like a pervading sorrow always seemed to be close behind his eyes and under his speech; yet he was a genial, sometimes almost jolly, man, very prone to join in the lighter amusements of his people.

"Children, children, my children," he called out as he

approached along a little pathway leading up from the direction of the church, "what are you doing now? Bah, there, Alice, will you pull Jean's leg off?"

At first they did not hear him, they were so nearly deafened by their own vocal discords.

"Why are you standing on your head with your feet so high in air, Jean?" he added. "It's not a polite attitude in the presence of a young lady. Are you a pig, that you poke your nose in the dirt?"

Alice now turned her bright head and gave Père Beret a look of frank welcome, which at the same time shot a beam of willful self-assertion.

"My daughter, are you trying to help Jean up the tree feet foremost?" the priest added, standing where he had halted just outside of the straggling yard fence.

He had his hands on his hips and was quietly chuckling at the scene before him, as one who, although old, sympathized with the natural and harmless sportiveness of young people and would as lief as not join in a prank or two.

"You see what I'm doing, Father Beret," said Alice. "I am preventing a great damage to you. You will maybe lose a good many cherry pies and dumplings if I let Jean go. He was climbing the tree to pilfer the fruit; so I pulled him down, you understand."

"Ta, ta!" exclaimed the good man, shaking his gray head; "we must reason with the child. Let go his leg, daughter, I will vouch for him; eh, Jean?"

Alice released the hunchback, then laughed gayly and tossed the cluster of cherries into his hand, whereupon he began munching them voraciously and talking at the same time.

"I knew I could get them," he boasted; "and see, I have them now." He hopped around, looking like a species of ill-formed monkey.

Père Beret came and leaned on the low fence close to Alice. She was almost as tall as he.

"The sun scorches to-day," he said, beginning to mop his furrowed face with a red-flowered cotton handkerchief; "and from the look of the sky yonder," pointing southward, "it is going to bring on a storm. How is Madame Roussillon to-day?"

"She is complaining as she usually does when she feels extremely well," said Alice; "that's why I had to take her place at the oven and bake pies. I got hot and came out to catch a bit of this breeze. Oh, but you needn't smile and look greedy, Père Beret, the pies are not for your teeth!"

"My daughter, I am not a glutton, I hope; I had meat not two hours since—some broiled young squirrels with cress, sent me by René de Ronville. He never forgets his old father."

"Oh, I never forget you either, *mon père*; I thought of you to-day every time I spread a crust and filled it with cherries; and when I took out a pie all brown and hot, the red juice bubbling out of it so good smelling and tempting, do you know what I said to myself?"

"How could I know, my child?"

"Well, I thought this: 'Not a single bite of that pie does Father Beret get.'"

"Why so, daughter?"

"Because you said it was bad of me to read novels and told Mother Roussillon to hide them from me. I've had any amount of trouble about it."

"Ta, ta! read the good books that I gave you. They will soon kill the taste for these silly romances."

"I tried," said Alice; "I tried very hard, and it's no use; your books are dull and stupidly heavy. What do I care about something that a queer lot of saints did hundreds of years ago in times of plague and famine? Saints must have been poky people, and it is poky people who care to read about them, I think. I like reading about brave, heroic men and beautiful women, and war and love."

Père Beret looked away with a curious expression in his face, his eyes half closed.

"And I'll tell you now, Father Beret," Alice went on after a pause, "no more claret and pies do you get until I can have my own sort of books back again to read as I please."

She stamped her moccasin-shod foot with decided energy.

The good priest broke into a hearty laugh, and taking off his cap of grass-straw mechanically scratched his bald head. He looked at the tall, strong girl before him for a moment or two, and it would have been hard for the best physiognomist

to decide just how much of approval and how much of disapproval that look really signified.

Although, as Father Beret had said, the sun's heat was violent, causing that gentle soul to pass his bundled handkerchief with a wiping circular motion over his bald and bedewed pate, the wind was momentarily freshening, while up from behind the trees on the horizon beyond the river, a cloud was rising blue-black, tumbled, and grim against the sky.

"Well," said the priest, evidently trying hard to exchange his laugh for a look of regretful resignation, "you will have your own way, my child, and—"

"Then YOU WILL HAVE PIES GALORE AND NO END OF CLARET!" she interrupted, at the same time stepping to the withe-tied and peg-latched gate of the yard and opening it, "Come in, you dear, good Father, before the rain shall begin, and sit with me on the gallery" (the creole word for veranda) "till the storm is over."

Father Beret seemed not loath to enter, albeit he offered a weak protest against delaying some task he had in hand. Alice reached forth and pulled him in, then reclosed the queer little gate and pegged it. She caressingly passed her arm through his and looked into his weather-stained old face with a child-like affection.

There was not a photographer's camera to be had in those days; but what if a tourist with one in hand could have been there to take a snapshot at the priest and the maiden as they walked arm in arm to that squat little veranda! The picture to-day would be worth its weight in a first-water diamond. It would include the cabin, the cherry-tree, a glimpse of the raw, wild back-ground and a sharp portrait-group of Père Beret, Alice, and Jean the hunchback. To compare it with a photograph of the same spot now would give a perfect impression of the historic atmosphere, color and conditions which cannot be set in words. But we must not belittle the power of verbal description. What if a thoroughly trained newspaper reporter had been given the freedom of old Vincennes on the Wabash during the first week of June, 1778, and we now had his printed story! What a supplement to the photographer's pictures! Well, we have neither photographs nor graphic report; yet there they are before us, the gowned and straw-

capped priest, the fresh-faced, coarsely-clad and vigorous girl, the grotesque little hunchback, all just as real as life itself. Each of us can see them, even with closed eyes. Led by that wonderful guide, Imagination, we step back a century and more to look over a scene at once strangely attractive and unspeakably forlorn. What was it that drew people away from the old countries, from the cities, the villages and the vineyards of beautiful France, for example, to dwell in the wilderness, amid wild beasts and wilder savage Indians, with a rude cabin for a home and the exposures and hardships of pioneer life for their daily experience?