

hardly to breathe. Eleanor knelt beside her and propped her up higher, thrusting one arm under the pillow while she fanned her with the other hand.

"Beatrix!" she said softly.

She thought that the girl's eyelids quivered, and she called her again; but there was no answer, nor any movement of the hand this time, and the face was so white and deathly that any one might have believed life gone, but for the faintly perceptible breath that stirred the feathers of the Greek fan when the queen held it close to the lips. She grew anxious, and thought of calling the Norman serving-woman and of sending for her own physician. But, in the first place, she thought that Beatrix might have only fainted, to revive at any moment, in which case she had things to say which were not for other ears; and as for her physician, it suddenly occurred to her that, although he had been in her train five years, she had never under any circumstances had

occasion to consult him, and that he was probably what he looked, a solemn fool and an ignorant drencher, whereas there were younger men with wiser heads who had followed the army and made a fat living by concocting drafts for those who overcloyed themselves with Greek sweetmeats, and salves for bruises, who knew the cunning Italian trick of opening a vein in the instep instead of in the arm, and who, on occasion, could cast a judicial figure of the heavens and interpret the horoscope of the day and hour.

But while she hesitated, she brought water from a bright brass ewer and dashed drops upon the girl's face; she found also a cup with Greek wine in it, that smelled of fine resin, and she set it to the pale lips and held it there. Presently Beatrix opened her eyes a little, and suddenly she shuddered when she saw Eleanor and heard her voice in the deep stillness:

"As one woman to another—I ask your forgiveness."

(To be continued.)



A PRAYER OF THE HILL-COUNTRY.

"And the strength of the hills is His also."

BY MEREDITH NICHOLSON.

LIFT me, O Lord, above the level plain,
Beyond the cities where life throbs and thrills,
And in the cool airs let my spirit gain
The stable strength and courage of thy hills.

They are thy secret dwelling-places, Lord!
Like thy majestic prophets, old and hoar,
They stand assembled in divine accord,
Thy sign of stablished power forevermore.

Here peace finds refuge from ignoble wars,
And faith, triumphant, builds in snow and rime,
Near the broad highways of the greater stars,
Above the tide-line of the seas of time.

Lead me yet farther, Lord, to peaks more clear,
Until the clouds like shining meadows lie,
Where through the deeps of silence I may hear
The thunder of thy legions marching by.

GILBERT STUART'S PORTRAITS OF WOMEN.

MRS. JAMES GREENLEAF (ANN PENN ALLEN).

BY CHARLES HENRY HART.

WHEN Thackeray paid his historic visit to Philadelphia, which is one of the hallowed memories associated with the kindly satirist in America, he was enraptured with Gilbert Stuart's portrait of Mrs. Greenleaf; and well he might be. She was Ann Penn Allen, daughter of James Allen and granddaughter of William Allen, chief justice of Pennsylvania before the Revolution, up to which time the Allen family were in the front rank of colonial importance. She was named for her aunt, the wife of Governor John Penn, and was one of the most splendid beauties this country has produced, so that Stuart was put to his mettle, in painting her portrait, to do her and himself justice. The result is a canvas charming in the woman it depicts and in the art that depicts her. That the portrait of Mrs. Greenleaf was no perfunctory work, but that the painter threw his whole soul into it, is manifest from the fact that not once or twice, but thrice, did he portray her. One portrait is in France, another is in California, and the one so delightfully rendered by Mr. Wolf belongs to Mrs. J. G. Fell of Philadelphia.

Mrs. Greenleaf was born in 1769, and lived to the ripe age of fourscore and two. In the spring of 1800, she was married to James Greenleaf, a native of Massachusetts, then of the District of Columbia, who had been United States consul at Amsterdam, and was a partner with Robert Morris and John Nicholson in the gigantic North American Land Company, which, in its collapse, ruined all of its projectors. He was an exceedingly handsome man, to judge from his portrait by Stuart, at the age of thirty, now in the gallery of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts.

While Stuart escaped the old Fleet by removing from London to Dublin, he escaped the Irish bailiffs only for a short time, and soon found himself once more in confinement. So hardened, however, had he become to this condition of affairs, that one of his jokes was to tell how he had painted himself out of jail by painting the portrait of the jailer, who was so "penetrated at the honor" the artist had done him that he was only too glad

of "an opening" that offered for Stuart's escape.

After residing in Dublin for nearly four years, Stuart determined to return to his native land; but not having the means to pay for his passage, he engaged, as its equivalent, to paint the portrait of the owner of the ship, John Shaw, a wine-merchant of New York, and he landed toward the end of 1792. The commonly received tradition that it was his great admiration for the character of Washington, and his desire to paint his portrait, that brought Stuart back to America, is one of those half-truths that are equivalent to falsehoods. Sir Thomas Lawrence, upon hearing this reason assigned, said: "I knew Stuart well, and I believe the real cause of his leaving England was his having become tired of the inside of some of our prisons." And that was indeed the fact.

Stuart began a large number of portraits in Ireland, for which he was paid half the price at the first sitting. The majority of these he left unfinished when he returned to America, and he confided to Herbert, the author of "Irish Varieties," the true inwardness of his great desire to paint Washington: "I'll get some of my first sittings finished, and when I can net a sum sufficient to take me to America, I shall be off to my native soil. *There I expect to make a fortune by Washington alone.* I calculate upon making a plurality of his portraits, whole-lengths, that will enable me to realize; and if I should be fortunate, I will repay my English and Irish creditors. To Ireland and England I shall bid adieu." And when Herbert prodded him with, "And what will you do with your unfinished works?" Stuart impudently answered, "The artists of Dublin will get employment in finishing them."

We shall not quarrel with the cause that brought Stuart back to America, whatever it was, but rather congratulate ourselves that he came to live among us at the period when he did; for he was then in the fullness of his powers, and the pictures that he painted between this time and his taking up his residence in Boston, in 1805, are the finest productions of his brush on this side of the ocean.