

In the possession of a branch of a Newport family, whose ancestors had welcomed him almost as a member of the household during his Rhode Island stay, there is a miniature of him painted a few years after Marie Antoinette's death. He who was called once "the god of Sweden," is old and saddened. As a member of Rochambeau's military family, we think of him as he looks in a drawing credited to Hall—a being of radiant youth, chiseled features, fair hair lightly powdered and eyes of Norse blue. As a fitting lover for a Marie Antoinette immortalized by Pajou, his Newport ghost must be the ghost of young manhood. About her Vernon-house bust, looking out to the little courtyard garden some of his aura seems to linger—They are dreaming things . . . the still marble . . . the throb of wind through shrunken panels—the light touch of starbeam and shadow . . . that haunting something which comes near for a moment and then vanishes. These tales and legends of a dying Newport are part of the charm of the new Newport. Magnificent French chateaux born in the twentieth century do not seem so many leagues from the

country which inspired them when one enters into Newport's long-dead French period and finds that many sprigs of the greatest families of France once made part of the old town's life. The elegant spirit of Versailles arrived probably very dampened and bedraggled, but long after Rochambeau's fleet sailed away the memory of it remained. "It's her past that makes Newport so endearing," said one of her distinguished old inhabitants. "Just think of the thousands of beautiful women who have come here in the last hundred years."

The "Eden of America," Jedediah Morse called it, and scarcely a port in the world has welcomed so many of the daughters of Eve and their mammas—kings and presidents, painters, poets, novelists, statesmen, generals, and admirals follow in their train. "You say that you have a girl's name scratched on one of your window panes with a diamond?—Polly Lawton!—Ah, you can read of her in the memoirs of the Comte de Segur. But think of the fair names that were never written . . ."

We must sense that pageant of lost loveliness to know Newport. It is part of the soul stuff of the place—her breath.

## Requiem

BY HARRY KEMP

IT seems so strange men walk about the street  
Moving as if with automatic will,  
While you lie without motion, hushed and still,  
Somehow, though dead, so perfect and complete.

We hurry on, stooped to our small affairs,  
Doing what matters not with serious face,  
Slandering, loving, lying, 'changing wares—  
But you abide forever in one place.

Pity us, from your calm, majestic sleep,  
Pity us, if we laugh or if we weep:  
'Tis you who live . . . death is for such as we  
Who move within the shadow of his wrath  
While earth goes onward down its thundering path  
Hurling us all across eternity!

# The Alabaster Box

BY JAMES LANE ALLEN

A PROCESSION passed along the main street slowly. Not because our homage often lies in being deliberate with the dead; the solemnly measured pace but marked a stubborn trait of old Southern life which would have disapproved of hurry in such a rite. Even at the burial of the plainest people horses must not trot; if they began to trot with the plain, they would some day trot with the proud.

A livery of the stiff-necked old town kept a pair of fat black horses and a pair of fat white horses to render more poignant to the eye events of this drab kind—and a hearse distantly descended from the one that furnished pomp for Napoleon. To-day it felt small concern to make public display of its high regard for matched animals as roadsters of the dead: a black horse and a white horse would do—they happened to be in the stable. As they were led out of their stalls and harnessed, no one thereabouts, certainly, thought of them side by side as constituting a symbol of every human being's life: black and white jogging along together and accomplishing the one same journey through mutual help. But beyond a doubt when the driver slipped off his workaday garments to dress for his own ceremonial part, he chose his second-best suit and second-best hat as proclaiming the degree of his respect or disrespect for the deceased. Incited perhaps by the same impulse to don suitable apparel for the event, he decided to wear once more his white summer waistcoat which the advancing autumn had often of late admonished him to have washed and laid away; its contradictory colors brought it now into harmony with the horses.

The hat he reached for and smoothed with strokes of an elbow sleeve had been given him by a friendly family in return for attentions shown them when he had buried the head of the house. It did not fit and to ease the pressure upon an artery he wore it tilted to a side. Whenever, thus topped, he occupied his mourning seat, he must have enlivened an indifferent looker-on with the feeling that if he could not take the sting out of death, he pretty nearly took it out of melancholy: he seemed a solemn rake bent on skylarking.

Should he be driving his two black horses or be driving his two white horses, dressed from end to end in black—his better black—and finished off with the hat that conformed to the shape of his skull, he usually felt constrained to forego indulgence in tobacco. No such suffering from self-denial was exacted of him this afternoon: the companionable quid bulged in a red cheek of his plump, leathery, good-natured face.

When the procession reached the cemetery edge of the town, an autumn flock of English sparrows had alighted in the middle of the pike, feeding. Reluctantly they rose upon the approach of the hearse, dividing and flying to the ragged, dust-white maples along the curb. He snapped the cracker of his whip accurately first at one bevy, then at the other, as while hunting when a boy he would discharge his gun barrels in quick succession at flaring quail or scattering wild duck.

He wished he were off somewhere hunting now! A large vacant lot choked with grasses and weeds yellow and brown offered an engaging spot to his roving eye as he drove past. Something else to divert him he saw there.