

FROM AN OLD ESCRITOIRE: MEMORIES OF GARIBALDI AND MAZZINI

At present all my thoughts are occupied with Garibaldi, and, far from my excitement decreasing after seeing him, it is just the contrary. Since I saw him drive past; since I saw that face, though only for a moment, that expression, which I shall never forget in all my life, my wish to approach him more closely, to speak to him, has become a restless desire. Last night, I dreamed only of Garibaldi!

Oh! It seems to me so small, so paltry, to write an 'Address' or anything of that sort, just as, when I first saw the Alps, all words seemed too shallow to describe them! On Monday, at 1 o'clock, we went to a coffee-house in the Strand, to witness Garibaldi's entrance. The crowd was so dense as only to be compared to a sea, a human, almost motionless sea, yet every wave of which had life and movement. Boys climbed up to the very reliefs of Nelson's statue; three had mounted the horse of Charles I, one of whom put his arm round the neck of the King and waved a red handkerchief. Every point, every corner, every lamp-post was thickly covered with human beings, and the whole, seen from the Strand, afforded a magnificent amphitheatrical picture.

There was no artistic effect, the houses were not decorated either with flags or draperies; it was merely the colossal masses of people, the hundreds of thousands of uplifted faces, all turned in one direction, which lent majesty to the spectacle. Hour after hour passed. A great procession of workmen came along, Freemasons, Italians, Poles, with waving flags and bands of music. Every eye strained to

see Garibaldi in the distance. In vain. My heart beat quite painfully. The procession had already vanished out of sight, and yet no Garibaldi. Again the hours passed. A gray mist overspread the Square; the people grew restless. Then a dull and distant murmur was heard, rolling like an advancing thunderstorm; and at last, at last, one distinguished in the distance loud shouts and hurrahs; one saw the waving of handkerchiefs and flags; nearer and nearer drew the interminable uproar of thousands of voices; close to us at last it broke forth from innumerable human throats, and slowly, slowly, the carriage pressed upon by the crowd approached. Garibaldi was standing up, like a Roman hero in his triumph, but beloved and idolized by the people as no Roman victor ever was, for this was not his capital, which he had glorified by his fame, into which he made his entry, but a foreign town, a foreign people.

The sight of the people pressing round him, kissing his hand, almost crushing him, closing behind his carriage like two mighty waves parted for a moment by a ship and meeting again, was inexpressibly noble and touching, and never to be forgotten. At last I could see him plainly,—could see, though only for a moment, the expression of noble heroism and really divine kindness that beamed on his face,—and then, all had vanished in mist and darkness, and only the jubilation and movement of the crowd told that it was no dream, but reality.

If such men existed in the old dark ages, it is, indeed, no wonder that the people made gods and demigods of

for where else, in all nature, is the *divine* so immediately revealed to mankind! Enviably and happy those who are his hosts, who can care for him and read his every wish in his eyes. I read Colonel Vecchi's book on Garibaldi at the right moment, when I was incapable of doing anything but read about the hero. What specially touched me in the story was when Garibaldi goes out at night to seek the lost lamb, takes it to his bed and feeds it, so that no one should hear it; and then, when he gives Vecchi the key and says, 'Come and amuse yourself'; and then, when he says, 'Poor boy, born at the foot of a throne, perhaps, and not by his own fault hurled from it; he too will have to feel the bitterness of exile without preparation'; and again, 'It was the duty of all of us to go, else how could there have been a united Italy?'; and then, when he says, 'Ah! why am I not twenty years younger! old and worn, I am a useless instrument of the majestic will of the people'; and 'when God puts you in the way of doing good, do it and hold your tongue. It is my duty to set a good example to these dear children.'

It is also touching how he treats flowers and animals; inexpressibly kind. I can quite understand how such a man charms all who know him.

It was really wonderful, during Garibaldi's visit to London, how all thought in that vast city centred on the one man. People seemed to lose their stiffness, shyness, and formality; their tongues were loosened; and there was a link between their thoughts that made them all feel no longer strangers to each other. It was wonderful how in the street, in the omnibus, in the train, the name of Garibaldi dwelt on every lip. Fine ladies spoke it to little beggar boys, asking whether the hero would pass that way; little children called to

crossing sweepers to know whether they had seen Garibaldi; shop keepers ran out of their shops, leaving everything open to be stolen, to get a glimpse of the people's darling. It was like an electric fluid passing through three millions of beating hearts; making everyone feel (alas! for a short time only) the brotherhood of human beings; the equality of feeling tearing down all the partitions that keep man asunder from man; perhaps the foreshadowing of an era of real and changeless fraternity. There seems to be a void in the air and in hearts since Garibaldi has left; something dear and precious gone from among us.

When I was walking down Park Lane, there were a number of street boys gathered round a house; I asked them what they were standing there for; they said they were expecting Garibaldi, so I, thinking he might be coming soon, stood still a little. A poor man drew his picture on the pavement getting a penny by it. A little Italian girl came to me in the street and gabbled a great deal of Italian to me, of which I only understood the word constantly repeated, of '*fame, fame*'; so, as I had no change by me, I told her to come home with me, and asked her if she had seen Garibaldi. She said 'Yes.' And did she love him? 'No, I love the Pope,' was the answer of the little thing; so I talked to her very vehemently, telling her that if Garibaldi were in Rome instead of the Pope, he would take care of poor people and of her, and would not let them want food and clothes, and would build schools for the poor children to learn and be comfortable at, instead of letting them run about the streets in rags, making music. 'Garibaldi loves all poor people,' I said, 'and would help them all if he could, so you should like him too little girl.' She had very bright, intelligent eyes, and understood me quite

well, I think, and she said she would in future. You see, I have turned into a kind of missionary!

The other day, Madame Saffi let me know that, now that Garibaldi had let himself be persuaded by the government to go away, she would have nothing more to do with him, and considered it superfluous to send an address of congratulation unless it came entirely from Englishwomen, in order to persuade him to remain longer. Madame Saffi, having thus withdrawn from the matter, a number of Englishwomen also retired, and the time was too short to get others. Without an Englishwoman of name, nothing could be done, and one would expose one's self to be laughed at.

It had been arranged that twelve women and twelve girls should present an address; the girls dressed in white with aprons in the Italian colors, and carrying either a nosegay or a wreath of laurel. In case Garibaldi remained only a few days longer, it might be managed, for Mrs. F——, who would join us, sent me word that Mary Howitt, the celebrated author, would probably place herself at the head. Mrs. F—— was quite unhappy that it fell to the ground. It is the fault of so much incredible hesitation and delay! But one might send an address to Caprera, should Garibaldi really go away on Friday, which I trust will not be the case. A grand demonstration of the English people to induce him to remain would be the only thing that could detain him. The whole affair originated, of course, with the French Government, and is abominable. Last Monday early, at 8.30, we went to Stafford House. We had given up all hope of having Garibaldi at our house, as he was overwhelmed with invitations.

We were led into a large, cold-looking reception room, where already

many English families were waiting. Saffi and Guerzoni, Garibaldi's secretary, came and said that Garibaldi, would soon come. My heart beat violently when at last people said: 'The General is coming!'

He came in, in his now well-known costume, his gray mantle thrown picturesquely back over his shoulder, a kind smile on his lips. He is rather stout than tall, and still walks with some difficulty. His head has something lion-like; his beard is reddish mixed with gray; his hands and feet are small. The forehead and nose form a perfectly straight line; the eyes are not large, dark brown in color, frank, open, honest, truthful, and very kind in expression. The whole face bears the impress of great firmness and energy. The deep wrinkles round the eyes show that he has been exposed to all weathers, but, on the whole, he does not look at all suffering. On the contrary, he looked well and healthy. But I must confess that he did not make, at close quarters, the immense and magical impression on me which I expected. I had perhaps read too much about the beaming smile which quite altered his face, and, apart from all that he has done, of his overwhelming and, as many said, electrifying personality, not to be disappointed.

I was much quieter than I had expected to be. When we were introduced to him, he begged me to be seated, and there was some conversation, and then he went to greet others who had come to shake hands with him, which he did with great willingness. When these people had left, he came to us again and said, '*Je suis enchanté de faire votre connaissance.*' We explained that it was impossible to present the address at the Crystal Palace, as Guerzoni had proposed, for there was no time to give proper notice. '*Mon cher ami,*' answered Gari-

bal di, '*vous pouvez faire tout-à-fait comme vous voulez.*' He said something more of that sort, and then we told him how sorry we were that he could not come and dine with us. '*Ne pourrai-je pas venir à présent?*' he asked. '*J'aime les choses faites dans le moment, sans préparation. Si vous voulez bien me recevoir, je viendrai avec vous.*' We said we should be only too happy if he would go with us. '*Oh, vous êtes trop bonnes, mesdames,*' and then he asked how far it was, and when he heard that Ledru-Rollin lived quite near, he wanted to visit him, too, and ordered the carriage. Meanwhile so many other visitors had arrived, that he had to leave us to speak to them. One gentleman and a lady seemed to be old friends from America. He sat a little way from us on a sofa, and spoke eagerly with the lady, shaking her hand and saying several times, '*Je suis enchanté de vous voir!*' I heard him say that strange things happened in life; he had fought for eight years in America and was never wounded; and also during the Italian war in 1860 nothing happened to him, and only at Aspromonte had an unlucky ball hit him; '*La balle est allée par là,*' he said and pointed to the place. After the Americans had left, Mrs. C—— came and drew Garibaldi into a corner, where she talked eagerly to him. I heard him say more than ten times, 'It is not possible; it is impossible, it is not possible'—he pronounced the second *i* very long. The lady would not let him go, held him by the elbow, and seemed to me like a little noisy dog barking round a majestic Newfoundland. At last he said, 'I will speak to you presently, Mrs. C——,' and turned to two very interesting-looking Italians, who had been waiting a long time in a window recess. With these he spoke a long time in Italian. Then Menotti Garibaldi came with a few young men,

whom he introduced to his father, who spoke a few words to each. Then the door opened again, and about ten men entered, who seemed eager to have his autograph, for he sat down with the greatest good-humor and, resting several pieces of paper on the top of a hat, wrote his name and gave it to the gentlemen. I was almost in despair, for I thought it would get too late for him to go with us. At last the carriage was announced, and Garibaldi took up his small felt cap, and came to us, saying, '*Maintenant je suis tout-à-fait à votre disposition,*' gave his arm to my mother, and we went through all the row of bowing visitors. On the way he said good morning to the Duke of Sutherland. Outside a great crowd had collected round the carriage, shouting with joy. I said that it must be a wonderful contrast to him to be transported from the quiet island of Caprera to this stormy life. '*Oh, oui,*' he replied, '*depuis que je suis en Angleterre, je n'ai pas un moment où je suis à moi seul, où je puis penser. Londres est un monde, la foule lundi était vraiment immense.*' '*On vous adore comme un dieu,*' said M——, '*le peuple vous aime tant.*' I believe such remarks do not please him; he seems to me very modest, and he said, '*Ca n'est pas du feu de paille que ça aura un résultat pour la cause, pour l'Italie.*'

Among other things he said, '*Je suis amoureux de la solitude.*' B—— turned the conversation to Schleswig-Holstein, and tried to explain the situation. Garibaldi passed his hand across his forehead and said, '*Oh, cette question est bien obscure. C'est triste que les peuples ne comprennent pas encore la liberté, même s'ils la cherchent pour eux-mêmes, ils ne donnent pas à leurs voisins.*'

We had arrived at home, and, as it would have been troublesome to Garibaldi to climb the stairs, we remained in the dining room. We made excuses

that nothing was ready, as we had not expected him to come that day, and he said, '*Si vous venez chez moi à Caprera, vous le trouverez encore beaucoup plus simple.*' The quiet seemed to do him good. He praised the Rhine wine we offered and said, '*Ah, l'Allemagne a du bon vin, l'Italie aussi pouvait l'avoir et en grande quantité; c'est la faute de son gouvernement qu'elle ne l'a pas; mais ce serait une trop longue histoire à vous conter maintenant. Ça prendrait des heures, mais l'Italie est très mal gouvernée, énormément mal gouvernée.*' He said, too, '*Les Italiens sont trop mous, c'est la faute de leurs prêtres.*' He said all this with great emphasis. When he says something of that kind, his harmonious voice acquires a really grand and penetrating tone. He also said that he wished to speak of Poland, that we ought not to let Poland die, for she gave an example that all people ought to imitate; everything ought to be done to succor Poland; she alone threw herself against tyrants; she did not cry for help like other peoples, nor for money or arms; if she had no sword, she took an axe; she would die, but not submit.

Ennobling, touching, and unforgettable was the fire with which he said all this. When we showed him his portrait he said he had never worn such a hat, nor a crooked sword. A few more words were exchanged; then he got up to go to Ledru-Rollin and thanked us for our kind reception, and then I said I should never have been happy if he had not come. He left us with a warm pressure of the hand. In the quiet street before our door, the people had seemed to rise out of the ground to see the beloved hero; neighbors thrust their hands through the railings; children held out flowers; and amid enthusiastic hurrahs the carriage drove away.

A little later, O—— came and I went

with her to Ledru-Rollin's that she might see Garibaldi. We could hardly get in, such a crowd was at the door. Garibaldi sat on the sofa, Ledru-Rollin opposite, in earnest conversation about the best form of government. Ledru-Rollin set forth at great length that a dictatorship was the only possible form after a revolution; that the French Republic in 1848 was destroyed for want of such a dictatorship, but that, as soon as the feeling for and understanding of freedom should have penetrated the whole nation, it should be left to the people to choose the particular form. Garibaldi declared that he was of quite the same opinion.

Ledru-Rollin was much pleased and said repeatedly that he was very happy that they agreed, to which Garibaldi replied, in French, 'What is wanting in the peoples who wish for liberty is unity, our principal object should now be to obtain it: Kings never move alone; they make treaties, they give each other their hands, but not to the peoples, who fight isolated, not yet aware that unity would render them invincible. Look at Poland, she is alone!' Garibaldi repeated his words about Poland, and insisted on the unity of all leaders.

This interview was the most interesting, to me, of all the time I was together with Garibaldi. All that he said was so great, so simple, so spontaneous, coming from the bottom of his heart. For the moment one was quite lifted out of one's self, raised above all commonplace to the pure ether of a higher, nobler love of humanity. A shiver ran through me; it was a glimpse of mighty feeling suddenly exhibited, with illimitable consequences; no longer men, but principles; ideas of incalculable importance.

When he left, Garibaldi said to Ledru-Rollin, 'Count on me always as one of your friends; believe me, it is

my heart that has led me to you.' He said this with infinite heartiness, and Ledru-Rollin replied, 'Believe me, General, I shall never forget this.' They pressed each other's hands. Garibaldi's health was drunk, even the servant maids joining in the toast. Outside, crowds again cheered their darling. I wish I could really express the impression made upon me. The grandeur, the largeness, the humanity that enveloped all minds like a broad flood, whelming them in an ocean of divinity! This moment gave us the real Garibaldi.

There is a feeling burned into me as with fire. Never would I, in society, go first to speak to any male friend, were he even a hundred years old. Not even to Mazzini, for whom I have limitless veneration, was I the first to speak on that evening, and you know I only went on his account. But Mazzini was with us one evening with Ledru-Rollin; came at eight o'clock, and, alas! left again at ten. So that I really had very little of him. His greeting was, '*Bon soir, ma philosophe!*' Then we talked about the *Lettres d'un Voyageur* by George Sand, which I had lately read, and because I said that I had been sometimes disappointed, Mazzini said, '*Oh, vous n'êtes pas une des nôtres!*' There is, in fact, a letter in the book, headed 'Le Prince,' which is very republican.

Then we talked of Byron, of whom Mazzini said that the kernel of his poems is the degrading of aristocracy, of Judaism, in contrast to the people, to humanity. I replied that I did not think so at all: on the contrary, Byron seemed to me to glorify Judaism, to raise the Hebrews defiantly above the crowd; his heroes were always full of contempt for the majority of mankind. 'Forgive me if I seem rude in order to be true,' Mazzini rejoined

with his indescribable smile, 'but this is superficial. I do not mean that your nature is superficial, because I do not think so, but your judgment in this is; you judge too quickly; read again and think it over.' But I did not certainly read Byron too quickly, for I read *Childe Harold* at least eight times through, and a little time ago, I knew it almost by heart. Though in Byron's poems there may be the swan song of his whole class, a symbolic picture of its decline, Byron himself certainly did not mean it, and Mazzini puts a portion of his own ideas into Byron's poems. M—— showed Mazzini my poem, which pleased him very much, and when I asked was he really in earnest, for he could not bear mediocre poetry, he replied, 'In this one a noble subject is clothed in lovely words; why should it not be beautiful?' And then '*Dormant, rêvant*' (he gave the words a quite peculiar expression). 'You should put that as a motto on your seal, for you go through life dreaming; not active, not working, but dreaming.' I said, 'You are mistaken; those words certainly express my mood as I wrote the poem, but, first, we do not always remain in the same mood, and, secondly, the poem was written five years ago; now I dream with wide open eyes.' Then he compared me to an Æolian harp; he said, 'You have a thoroughly poetic nature; you are an Æolian harp, from which every passing breeze draws another tone; everything sounds, but the wind brings it and takes it away again. Nothing remains; nothing is fixed.' Is this a true characteristic of me? Mazzini speaks beautifully, like a poet, with glowing words.

We have Mazzini's letter to the Pope in our house; I read it, as I read everything he wrote. It is bitter and sweet at the same time, like the scent of jasmine which he prefers to the odor of roses, because it tingles.

Mazzini had lately announced a visit to us. He came, and in the course of conversation reproached me with being an aristocrat, because I had more feeling for the sufferings of celebrated people than for those of unknown persons, though the latter were far more to be pitied. When he rose to take leave, I ran like lightning to put on my bonnet, rushed downstairs again, and soon overtook him outside the house. As we turned the corner of Townshend Road, I was so pleased at the success of my trick that I jumped and clapped my hands. Mazzini looked at me as one often looks at a child. He quite understood my action, and did not object to my walking with him. I accompanied him as far as the middle of Hyde Park. Our conversation turned on the most serious questions of life. It is so deeply engraved in my mind that I can never forget it. Naturally it touched on a very small portion of what I wanted to know. He said that he would need to write a thousand volumes to answer all my questions fully. He said I was too impatient and demanded that the aims of my life should grow up in one night like mushrooms. I ought to make myself clear about life and the world, learn to understand their plan and results in general and in particular. To this end he recommended, on the one hand, that I should carry on a serious study which should commence with astronomy, proceed to geology, and then to history from its beginnings, in connection with philosophy, down to the present time. He promised to point out the necessary books in every branch. Naturally, I have already begun. And I was fairly dazzled with the infinite distances that opened out before me as if by magic. On the other hand, he said I ought to examine my own character, which task is too often neglected in the crowd of daily events, and I should strive in every way to

advance spiritually. I asked him if he thought it my duty to help in the household. He said, not for its own sake, but that, where four or five persons live together, each one ought to bear his part, and it could only be of advantage to the formation of my character if I did so. I complained of the oppressive want of really intellectual companions; how, when I had often worked intellectually the whole day to the best of my powers, I was overtaken in the evening with a fierce hunger for an exchange of sentiments, and refreshing conversation with sympathetic souls, and that this hunger was so seldom satisfied that I felt quite worn out. He understood that perfectly. I spoke with extreme frankness, and it is wonderful how one feels exactly how far a person, even if he speaks no word, is really sympathetic to one. I parted from him at last with infinite peace in my soul, decided to carry out all. I threw myself into a cab, and repeated to myself every word that I had heard.

I believe that Mazzini is the only person in the world who could give me a belief, a firm conviction. He, whose whole soul is firm, but mild; severe yet loving; fiery and penetrated by poetry as with a flame; and who could raise, penetrate, and render my soul clear. If the influence of a Mazzini cannot raise a single woman-heart, how can it raise the world?

And how is it that the narrowest-minded, coldest women become the darlings of the best men? Ah! how such questions stare coldly in my face! How I drag them about without result! How deeply discouraged I often feel!

I could write a great deal about Mazzini's last visit, but if I began I should not know where to end. Enough, it was the most delightful evening I have ever passed with him. I look up to him as to a prophet, teacher, master.

The best in me is aroused, and a deep longing for something higher, for an Ideal for which I could strive, every time I see him. He stayed that day till 2 o'clock, and we again talked a great deal about Goethe. At dinner we talked very earnestly, so that I really forgot everything around me. But people made remarks, saying, 'They are quite a picture together!' I felt quite angry and wished the whole company, except ourselves, would sink into the ground, so that we might talk undisturbed!

Last Thursday I was together with Mazzini at a friend's house. How this man, with his fire, his glowing eloquence, his holy zeal, carries one away, I cannot describe. I hang with my whole soul upon his every word; I drink them all in with the same greediness with which a flower drinks in the rain, and I should like to remember every single word forever. As soon as we were seated, Mazzini asked what impression Garibaldi had made upon me, and then began to say what could be accomplished by every single person — what women, for example, might do, if they had any feeling for freedom, and would make it their daily task to do something for the cause. It was incredible what would be accomplished in a single year, if this were done. If all of us, he said, who were in that room would undertake to collect money, if even only a penny, from all our acquaintances, and they in their turn did the same, an incredible amount of money might be collected in one year. 'But you have no perseverance,' he continued, 'you take up everything enthusiastically, and after a short time let it drop. By perseverance alone can a goal be reached. All that I have achieved in my life has only succeeded through perseverance.' Mazzini wished us at once to consti-

tute ourselves as a committee, and I consented, but the others hesitated. I promised to try what I could do for it.

There was a tea-rose in the room which everyone smelled with delight, and it was offered to Mazzini, who said, 'I do not like the smell of a rose, it is eastern, it is sensuous, there is nothing rousing or stirring in the odor. I love the scent of the lily-of-the-valley, it is so pure and fresh; and of the jasmine, because in it the two qualities of odor are represented; there is the eastern languishing, but also the rousing, pricking essence which is needed to neutralize the first; all things that are perfect must embrace the two. I hold it quite a prejudice, this admiration of the rose and the nightingale; I love the lark far more, it is the most spiritual of birds, singing far up in the sky and full of unutterable joy and song.'

You will see from this that Mazzini is a man who judges of everything originally and independently, and perhaps often goes too far in this respect. Not only *what* he says, but *how* he says it, is valuable; it has just the indescribable magic of a nature full of genius.

According to my promise, I began the very next morning collecting money, and first with the postman, who willingly gave me a penny. On the same afternoon, another postman came of his own accord, and said he had heard a collection was to be made for Garibaldi and he wished also to give a penny. I always say that the money is for Garibaldi, else very few people would give. Altogether I have till now collected one pound sterling, which is very little. I am by nature not inclined to such things; it goes against me to ask people to give, but now I have promised, and it is for such a grand purpose, that it is quite different from the usual collecting for political aims.

AFRICAN BLOOD

CONSIDER three scenes:

In Central Africa, upon the low watershed which pours down the tributaries of the Congo on one side, and of the Zambesi on the other, the full moon is moving over the long ridges of black forest. In an open clearing outside a stockaded village of huts, black figures are dancing by her light. They dance in a broken circle. Now and again, one of them leaps out into the centre and dances alone, prancing with his legs, swinging his arms up and down, and especially delighting in wiggling his backbone like a snake. The more he wriggles, the louder do the other dancers clap their hands. Sometimes the circle suddenly breaks up, and, ranged in opposite lines, the men and women advance toward each other and then retire, clapping their hands, prancing, and wriggling their backbones to the utmost of their power. Sometimes they burst into song, chanting the praise of physical delights and domestic joys. 'I am going to my mother in the village, in the village,' is a favorite chant, usually set to a frog dance in which all squat and leap. Sometimes the song is accompanied by the twanging of the Ochisanji, an instrument of iron slats fastened to a wooden sounding board. And all the time, no matter what the dance may be, the great African drum, the Ochingufu, throbs and booms without cessation, sounding far through the forest, and striking terror into all the spirits of evil which swarm throughout the world. So the dance rages through the night, excitement reaching frenzy and then slowly subsiding till, as in an English dance,

'a silence falls with the waking bird, and a hush with the setting moon.'

A few hundred miles away two American doctors have pitched a little camp of huts like a native village. The fame of their healing miracles has spread far, and another little village of huts has gathered round them. From distant forests men and women have brought their sick—people with leprosy, people with putrefying sores, babies who seem to waste away, children with distended spleens. Three kings, afflicted with diseases from which even royalty is not free, are among the patients, and have constructed separate rows of huts for their numerous wives and royal families. Every morning the sick come up for treatment, kingly rank giving no precedence. In the afternoon the tents are visited, but in the evening the mind is raised above mortal things, and the doctors go out into the camp and begin singing beside a log fire. Its light falls upon black figures crowding round in a thick half circle—big, bony men, women shining with castor oil, and swarms of children. Eyes and teeth gleam suddenly in the firelight. Three songs are sung, the brief choruses repeated over and over again. One chorus is sung seventeen times on end, with steadily increasing fervor. A beautiful young woman sits singing with conspicuous enthusiasm. Her mop of hair, its tufts fashionably solid with red mud, hangs over her brow and round her neck, dropping odors, dropping oil. Her arms jingle with copper bracelets, and probably she is a princess, for at her throat she wears a section of a round white shell which is counted the