

possible for a man to stand upright in the bedroom. Charcoal-burners, however, are philosophers; they say "nobody wants to sleep standing."

Generous Mother Earth provided Wash with the floor of his house. It was hard and dry, and could easily be swept with a broom made of shredded corn-husks tied to a stick. The hut was always tidy, in spite of a rat that would burrow in a corner. The charcoal-burner is not only his own architect and builder, but is also his own housekeeper and cook. There are some married men in the camps, whose wives and children live near the furnace or in some little settlement a few miles away. The unmarried men are, however, in the majority, and it would perhaps be necessary to invade a New York club to find more incorrigible bachelors than many of the men in a charcoal camp. "Wash" asserted that he "hadn't no fambly, nor didn't want none." He also made the astounding declaration that he could cook as well as his own mother. His bill of fare probably had little variety, but he had plenty of what he liked, and kings could have no more. Some pieces of bacon hung just inside his door, beside a fiddle with two strings. In a corner, which was both cellar and pantry, there were some potatoes, and two jugs, which one can hope contained molasses and vinegar. On a little shelf there were coffee, sugar, flour, and corn-meal; and the household expenses of Wash and Jack amounted to about nine dollars a month! These men would wonder what you meant if you told them they were picturesque. They were pretty sure they were comfortable, and any one sitting on the bench in Wash's chimney-corner on a crisp October day would be quite likely to agree with them.

The spirit of the charcoal-burner is half-gypsy, for he was born and bred among the hills. He is impatient of restraint, and could not be tied down to certain, regular hours of work. Each man is his own foreman, and the hours of labor each man decides for himself, for he is paid, not by the day or hour, but by the bushel of charcoal delivered to the furnace-wagons when they make the rounds of the camps in October. It is in winter that the chopping of the wood is done, and in April or May that the pits are built and fired. After firing, the charcoal-burner must be at his work early and late, for the pits must not be left unwatched for more than two or three hours at a time. The coaler must therefore rouse himself from his sleep and go out under the stars or into the storm, two, three, and sometimes four times between dark and daylight. His life would seem a hard one, perhaps, to the dwellers in cities, but the charcoal-burner hates the town. Wash spent one winter chopping wood near Washington, but said he "couldn't seem to stand it," so came back to his mountain camp again. Compared with the life of some of his fellow-men, who work in herds in factories and who climb into ill-smelling tenements to sleep when their day's work is done, the lot of Wash and his mates is a happy and independent one. He is almost a free man. And yet, because he is a charcoal-burner—would not, perhaps could not, be anything else—he is, in a sense, the slave of the furnace company for which he works. He may postpone for a week the building of a pit, and make instead the rock-bordered bed where his marigolds grow. He may take a day off any time in chopping season. And yet he is in the power of the furnace company to a great extent, for he is not usually paid for the charcoal he burns in money, but in tickets exchangeable at the furnace "store," where his few wants are supplied. He would prefer money if he could get it; as he cannot, he accepts his tickets with philosophic cheerfulness. As might be expected from their manner of life, the charcoal-burners spend as they go, and very few of them lay any money aside for a rainy day. This is probably due to the fact that, besides their gypsy improvident spirit, most of them have the fixed idea that a good time is inseparably connected with a jugful of whisky. This they manage to procure occasionally, though the furnace store has no whisky in stock.

Drunkenness seems to be the one, or, at any rate, the chief, vice of the coalers. They are honest, hospitable, and kindly. They love dogs and flowers, and though they

are rough and for the most part illiterate men, leading a rough life, in thirty years there has been no deed of violence committed on South Mountain by a charcoal-burner.



## The Author of the "Schönberg-Cotta Family"

By James MacArthur

Readers of the famous "Schönberg-Cotta Family," and of many other books, only less well known, by Mrs. Rundle Charles, will be glad to learn the following interesting particulars about their modest and retiring author, the result of an interview by a representative of the "British Weekly."

"My girlhood," she says, "was spent in Devonshire and Cornwall. My birthplace is close to Dartmoor, and of all English scenery that is dearest to me. My father was a most public-spirited and wide-minded man, full of sympathy for oppressed peoples. I owe it to him that my early sympathies were so much with distressed and suffering nations. I lived as a child an imaginative life beside my actual life, and one subject of my dreams was the righting of the wrongs of Ireland. I was also much interested in the wrongs of Poland; we had a Polish friend, who wrote for me a grammar and vocabulary of the language. I had also the keenest sympathy with the struggles of Young Italy. My Italian master, an exile and liberationist, inspired me with his ideas of freedom."

Referring to the origin of the "Schönberg-Cotta Family" in her mind, she says she was asked to write about Luther, and this gave her the idea of the story. "At first I thought I should like best to write history, pure and simple, but I came to see that deeper lessons may be taught through fiction. In dealing with historical characters it has always been my principle not to tamper with facts. I have so strong a sense of the sacredness of personality that I should feel it wrong to make a real personage say or do anything for which there is no authority in history." Here, it may be observed, lies the explanation of the difference between the noble language of Luther and Melancthon from that of the other characters in the book. Everything they say has been taken almost word for word from the records of the time. "I regard the honor of such men," says Mrs. Charles, "not only because they lived, but because they do live." Her acquaintance and sympathy with the scenes and characters in her work were largely derived and inspired by her knowledge of German life and literature. "I was steeped in German literature from my girlhood."

"Mrs. Kitty Trevelyan's Diary," another of Mrs. Charles's delightful stories, is associated with her early days among the Wesleyans. It describes Cornish life, and gives with wonderful truth pictures of Wesleyan circles. Remarking the simple piety and sincerity of the Wesleyan community, Mrs. Charles gave an instance from her reminiscences: "I remember one old man whose Bible always lay ready on the table when he came to dinner. He used to ask his children, when they came home from service, as the first question, how it was between them and God. There could be no doubt of the deep piety kindled in the heart of the West Country by Wesley."

The movement for the higher education of women has a warm supporter in Mrs. Charles. She is an excellent classical scholar, and reads six or more languages with ease. She is also warmly interested in social movements for the good of women. In reply to a question as to the books which had influenced her, Mrs. Charles mentioned among the poets specially Tennyson and Browning.

Mrs. Charles lives at Combe Edge, Branch Hill, a charming house near Hampstead Heath. She is not yet old, although her popular book was in a second edition in 1852. Dean Stanley—one of her cherished friends—once told her that Professor Brandis had pronounced her book to be the best popular life of Luther that existed. Mrs. Charles has written by request, it may be added, a paper on "Women under the Jewish and Christian Religions," to be read at the World's Fair.

## The Greater Glory<sup>1</sup>

By Maarten Maartens

Author of "God's Fool," "Joost Avelingh," "An Old Maid's Love," etc.  
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### CHAPTER VI.—Continued

As the Baroness's piety increased, she would have had all men share it—her particular form of piety, of course. And that is a difficult matter in a world whose good and evil are variously shadowed by each good man's individual eclectic light. Besides, Deynum was officially split up into two colors, Roman Catholic and Protestant. "Catholic and Beggar," the Baroness would have said. For the Romanists of Holland still daily insult their old antagonists with that most honorable byword of "Gueux."

The Baroness pitied all beggars, and would have fed them. But when they refused the communion of any other table than their own, her pity, turning under the thunder of papal anathemas, soured rapidly to wrath. And she made war upon them to drive them forth, as the Rexelaers, having themselves felt the weight of persecution, had never done before. She boycotted them, a very common thing in Holland, although rather an unfair one, because the Protestants, whether more tolerant or more indifferent, do not retaliate in this manner. And as the years went on she perfected her system of repression, cruel only to be kind. "In the choice between a son of the Church and an infidel, why choose an infidel?" she asked. The Baron could not deny that she was theoretically right. But he strove practically to minimize results. "Let us be faithful in little things, dearest," said the Baroness, "we who ask so great a thing of God."

And the hot breath of persecution opened up the blossoms in cold Calvinistic hearts, as is its mission, and there was a revival. There had never been a Protestant church at Deynum, the worshipers going to the neighboring parish of Rollingen, but now it became suddenly manifest that this state of affairs could not be allowed to continue. The difficulty was how to get it altered, for all the available land in the village belonged to the Baron. A movement was set on foot, but it proved unavailing, for, even had his wife not been there to instruct him, Reinout Rexelaer would hardly have consented to so startling an intrusion. "Let them worship as they have worshiped for ages," he declared. "If worship it be," added Gertrude. The dispute spread into the newspapers. And the powerful lord of the adjoining parish, Baron Borck, took it up. He was a man of easy indifference in matters of religion—the more modern name is "tolerance"—but some stories of *Mevrouw Rexelaer's* rigor had reached him, and his wife and daughters had petty grievances against their neighbors, and there had been a dispute about a ditch. Baron Borck was a Member of the States Deputed, which are a small governing body elected out of the States Provincial. He was a man of authority, and he used it in endeavor to get a Decree of Expropriation on the ground of general utility. But the Baroness fought him with dogged pertinacity. "Shall we bring down a curse upon us?" she repeated, incessantly. "We who have such especial need of a blessing?" She dragged up the chancel steps on her naked knees. She sent forth angry glances from her castle turret towards the impudent Protestant steeple of Rollingen. And she sent forth also from that same elevation, into the stormy night, her favorite snow-white carrier-pigeon, that he might lift up the story of her sufferings for the faith to the very bosom of the Queen of Heaven. But the pigeon was a nineteenth-century bird, and went back to his dovecot.

She conquered, whether by these means or others. She carried her cause up to the Privy Council, and there she conquered. Not a single member of that august assembly could see any connection between a church and a matter of general utility.

And then the gift, so strangely, so fearfully sweet to a hope deferred, came upon her as a reward. She accepted it, humbly before God, triumphantly before men. In those

days of calm expectancy, with the smile of Heaven upon her, she felt as Hebrew Hannah must have felt when the Lord took away his handmaid's reproach. She was more than forty years old. She had been married more than twenty. The child was born; and it was a girl.

When they told her, she said: "God's will be done." She said it aloud. And when they offered to bring her the babe, she answered: "Presently." Which shows what her heart said.

A little later its wailing cry broke in upon her faintness. She turned her head from the wall. "Is that the little one?" she asked. And they laid it upon her breast.

She went through the ceremony of her churching, and she regularly attended mass. But during six months she did not go to pray in the loneliness of the chapel, and throughout all that period its altar remained destitute of flowers. One morning she walked into the library and went straight up to the curtain which usually hung down over the book-shelves of the eighteenth-century Rexelaer who had explained away the lion-myth. She pushed it aside with resolute hand, and took down a volume—of Voltaire! She stood turning over the pages undecidedly for a few moments, then she shut it up with a shudder, and went away again. Her eyes were dry and hard.

She loved her baby girl; it was not against the child that her anger was kindled. The miraculous answer which need not have been, yet now was, and was not an answer, struck her in the face like a personal taunt. And she was as one in an open boat that drifts away from the friend he loves, beyond all loving, because that friend has cut the rope which held him moored.

"Reinout," she said one day, before her convalescence, while her life yet hung in danger, "give Baron Borck the bit of land he wants near the mill."

"Hush!" said her husband. "You musn't talk." He thought her mind was wandering.

"Somehow, I don't want you to sell it. Simply give it. Throw it in his face."

She lifted her eyes and looked at him. "You think I'm not—not conscious?" she murmured in surprise. "Reinout, I know I'm in danger. I may be dead to-morrow. Write, to-night, a scornful letter. Tell him it doesn't—matter—how—they—pray."

And he wrote, after some hesitation. It was her answer. A defiance to High Heaven, with Death at her chamber door.

Father Bulbius, who had bravely seconded her during the battle, opened his eyes wide with disappointment; and then he half closed them, as was his habit, and watched.

"My daughter," he said one day, after he had listened—in the confessional—to her recital of various peccadilloes, "you have difficulties of which you do not speak. The sun of your contentment does not shine as it did before."

"I am as you have always known me, Father," she answered. And he saw that that door was closed.

He waited another couple of months, and slept nine hours at night, and an hour after his noonday dinner. And of evenings, when not engaged with the Baron, he watched the Baroness's game of Patience, and he played his own little game of Patience too.

He won it on the day when the distressed Baron confided to him, as the greatest of secrets, that the Baroness had tried to read Voltaire. That evening the Father discoursed eloquently on the infidel writer, of whom he had never read a word, repeatedly regretting the speciousness of his arguments, which only your *deep* thinker, he said, could resist. In the lady's ignorance the name only stood out, a recollection of earliest eschewment, synonymous with Luther or the Devil. But her curiosity was aroused, and when she slipped into the library next morning, the volume containing "*La Pucelle*" came most easily to her hand. She turned from that in horror, successfully biased by a very few pages, and took down a controversial work. These, then, were the thoughts of an infidel. And as she read, carelessly at first, his attacks upon a faith which lay dead within her, that faith awoke in its grave and cried out. These things were false. Yonder accusation was absurd. Against this statement it could be argued—She

<sup>1</sup> Copyright, 1893, D. Appleton & Co., New York.