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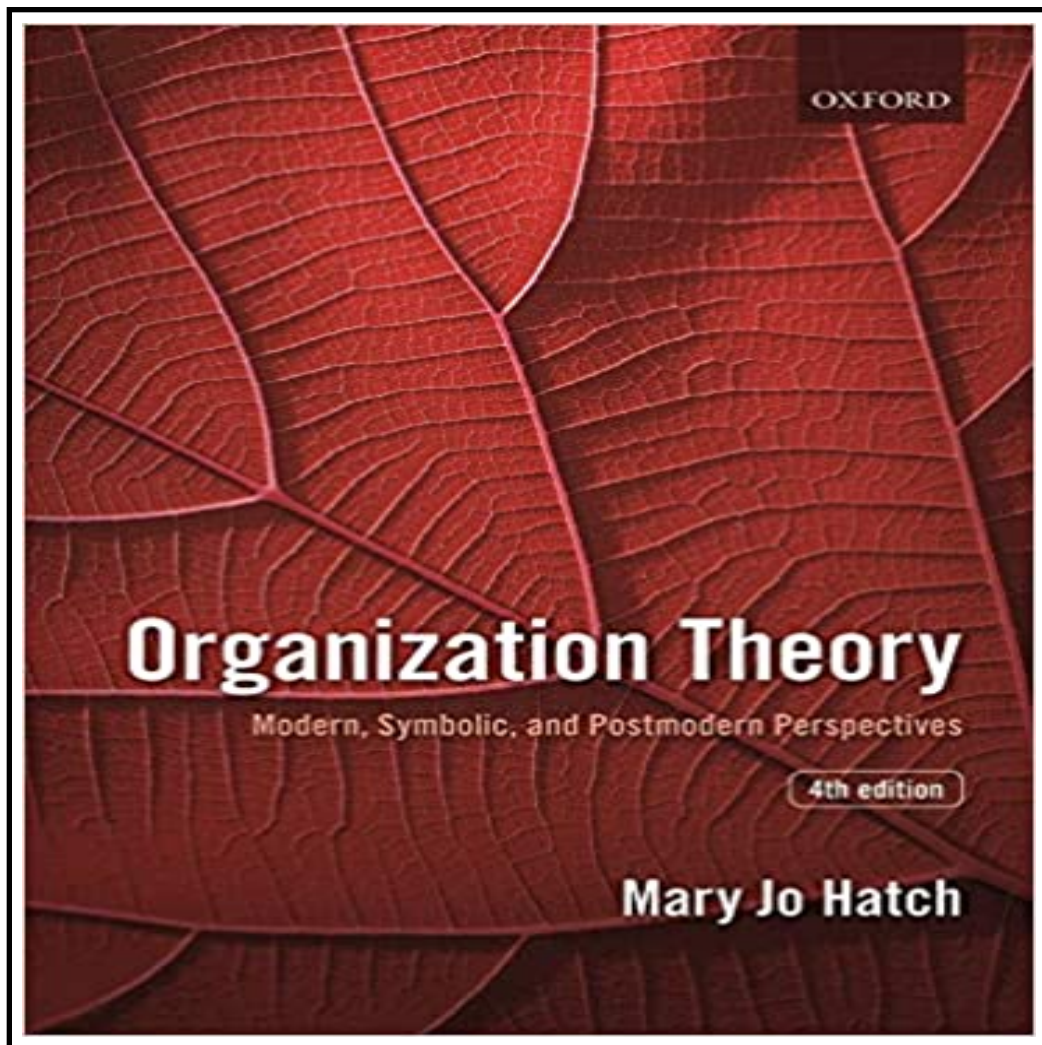
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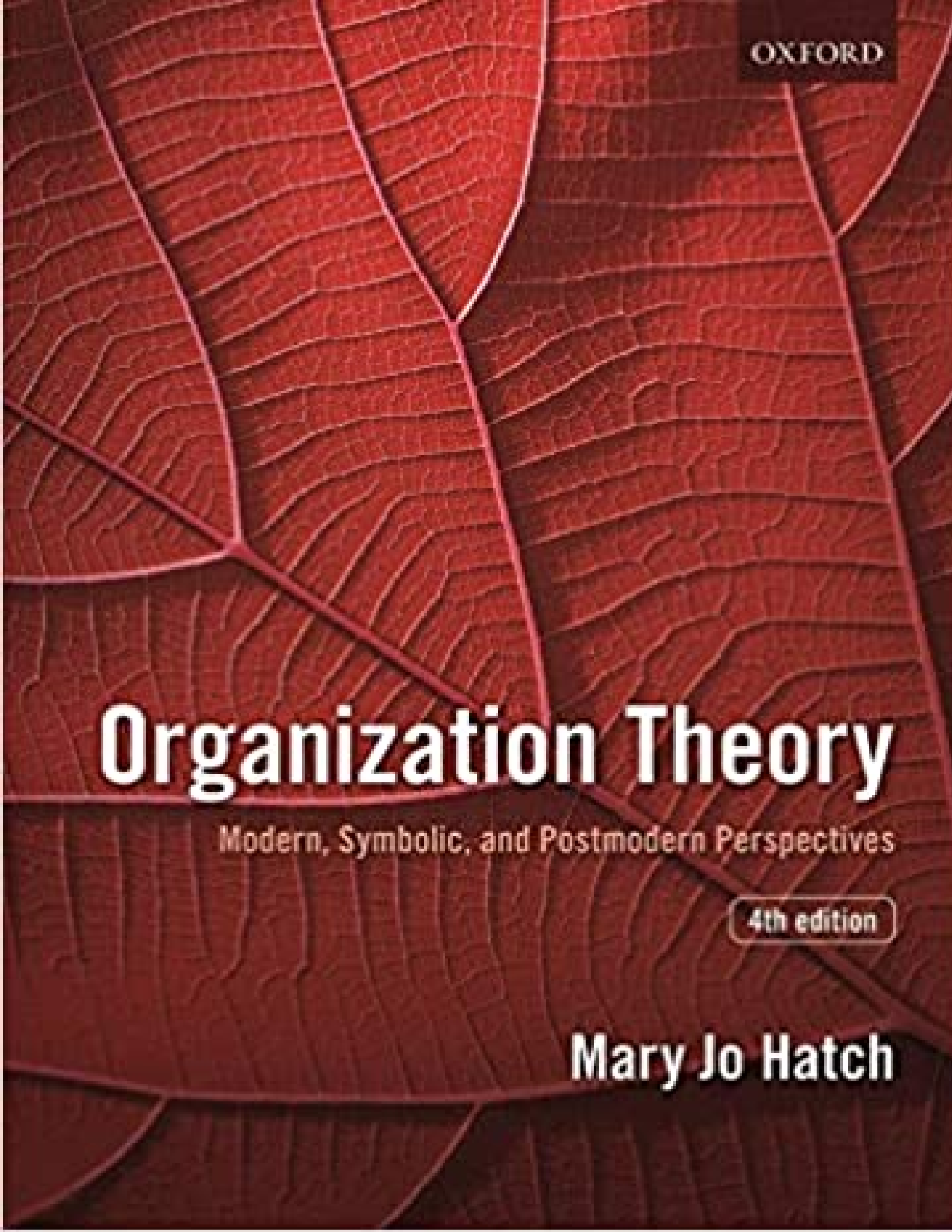
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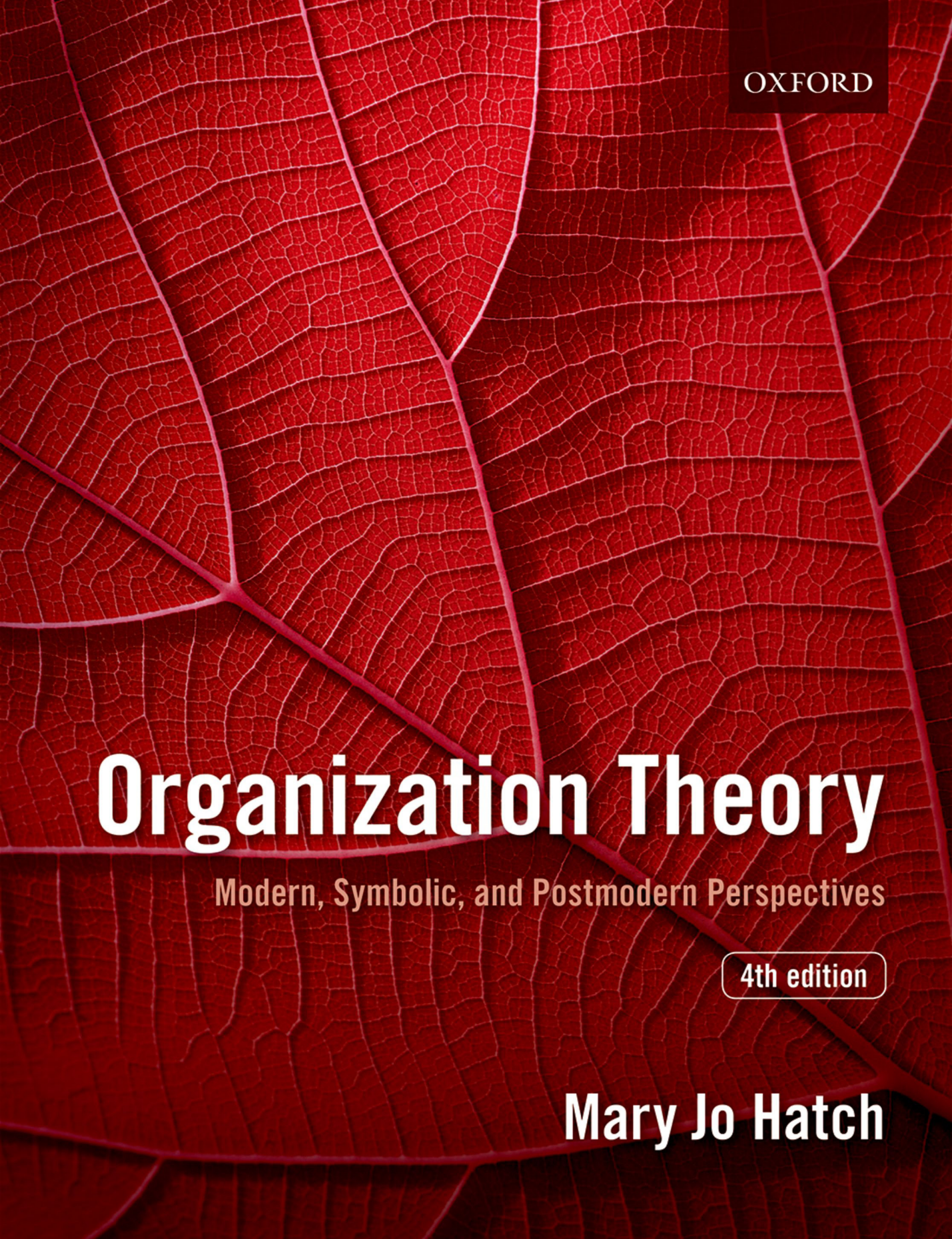
Organization Theory

Modern, Symbolic, and Postmodern Perspectives

4th edition

Mary Jo Hatch

(Ebook Pdf) Organization Theory: Modern,
Symbolic, And Postmodern Perspectives 4Th
Edition

The background of the book cover is a close-up, high-resolution photograph of a red leaf. The leaf's veins are clearly visible, creating a complex, branching pattern across the entire surface. The color is a deep, vibrant red, and the texture appears slightly glossy.

OXFORD

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CASTE AND CHRIST.

"He is not ashamed to call them brethren."

Ho! thou dark and weary stranger
From the tropic's palmy strand,
Bowed with toil, with mind benighted,
What wouldst thou upon our land?

Am I not, O man, thy brother?
Spake the stranger, patiently,
All that makes thee, man, immortal,
Tell me, dwells it not in me?

I, like thee, have joy, have sorrow;
I, like thee, have love and fear;
I, like thee, have hopes and longings
Far beyond this earthly sphere.

Thou art happy,—I am sorrowing;
Thou art rich, and I am poor;
In the name of our *one* Father,
Do not spurn me from your door.

Thus the dark one spake, imploring,
To each stranger passing nigh;
But each child and man and woman,
Priest and Levite passed him by.

Spurned of men,—despised, rejected,
Spurned from school and church and hall,
Spurned from business and from pleasure,
Sad he stood, apart from all.

Then I saw a form all glorious,
Spotless as the dazzling light,
As He passed, men veiled their faces,
And the earth, as heaven, grew bright.

Spake he to the dusky stranger,
Awe-struck there on bended knee,
Rise! for *I* have called thee *brother*,
I am not ashamed of thee.

When I wedded mortal nature
To my Godhead and my throne,
Then I made all mankind sacred,
Sealed all human for mine own.

By Myself, the Lord of ages,
I have sworn to right the wrong;
I have pledged my word, unbroken,
For the weak against the strong.

And upon my Gospel banner
I have blazed in light the sign—
He who scorns his lowliest brother,
Never shall have hand of mine.

Hear the word!—who fight for freedom!
Shout it in the battle's van!
Hope! for bleeding human nature!
Christ the *God*, is Christ the *man*!

ANDOVER, JULY 22, 1852.

LETTER FROM THE EARL OF CARLISLE TO THE SECRETARY OF THE SOCIETY.

LONDON, JULY 8, 1852.

MADAM,—I should be very sorry indeed to refuse any request addressed to me from the "Rochester Ladies' Anti-Slavery Association."

At the same time I really should feel at a loss what to send, but as I am on the point of sending off a letter to the authoress of Uncle Tom's Cabin, I venture to submit a copy of it to those who I feel sure must be fond of such a countrywoman.

Your very faithful Servant,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read "e Carlisle", with a horizontal line underneath it.

LONDON, JULY 8, 1852.

MADAM,—I have allowed some time to elapse before I thanked you for the great honour and kindness you did me in sending to me, from yourself, a copy of Uncle Tom's Cabin. I thought it due to the subject of which I perceived that it treated, not to send a mere acknowledgment, as I confess from a motive of policy I am apt to do, upon the first arrival of the book. I therefore determined to read, before I wrote.

Having thus read, it is not in the stiff and conventional form of compliment, still less in the technical language of criticism, that I am about to speak of your work. I return my deep and solemn thanks to Almighty God, who has led and enabled you to write such a book.

I do feel, indeed, the most thorough assurance that in His good providence such a book cannot have been written in vain. I have long felt that slavery is by far the *topping* question of the world and age we live in, involving all that is most thrilling in heroism, and most touching in distress,—in short, the real epic of the universe. The self-interest of the parties most nearly concerned on the one hand, the apathy and ignorance of unconcerned observers on the other, have left these august pretensions to drop very much out of sight, and hence my rejoicing that a writer has appeared who will be read, and must be felt, and that happen what may to the transactions of slavery, they will no longer be suppressed, “*carent quia vate sacrâ.*”

I trust that what I have just said was not required to show the entire sympathy I entertain with respect to the main truth and leading scope of your high argument, but we live in a world only too apt to regard the accessories and accidents of a subject above its real and vital essence; no one can know so well as you how much the external appearance of the negro detracts from the romance and sentimentality which undoubtedly might attach to his position and his wrongs, and on this account it does seem to me proportionately important that you should have brought to your portraiture great grace of style, great power of language, a play of humour which relieves and brightens even the dark depth of the back-ground which you were called upon to reveal, a force of pathos which, to give it the highest praise, does not lay behind even all the dread reality, and, above all, a variety, a discrimination, and a truth in the delineation of character, which even to my own scanty and limited experience of the society you describe accredits itself instantaneously and irresistibly. Seldom, indeed, could I more forcibly apply the line of a very favourite poet,—

"Chase her out, Lord," cried Brother Brawn, "this adulterous woman!"

"No," said Brother Browning, nervously, bravely. "She repents; the Lord will be for mercy." The three Brothers fell to disputing on the dais, and the discussion spread to the whole body of the Saints till there was a veritable hubbub in the Room. Brother Quappleworthy quelled it by calling out in a loud voice: "The Lord will show His will by means of a vote. Now those brethren who think it right that Sister Lucy Fry, the self-confessed sinner, be excluded from the Lord's table put up their hands."

Thirty-six hands were counted.

"Now those brethren who think that she, the sinning woman, should remain in fellowship."

Twenty hands only were shown. Thus by sixteen votes the Lord, who is merciful, voted against poor Lucy.

Then a surprising thing happened. My Grandmother, for the only time in my experience, stood up: "I have one question, brethren. Who is the man?"

No one had thought of that. No one does.

There was a whispering. It was confirmed that Lucy's guilty partner—whatever that might mean—was not a Saint and that nothing could therefore be done.

Brother Quappleworthy with sure dramatic instinct had reserved till the last the super-sin: Sugar. "This work of Satan persevered in over so long a period in a human heart ... For nineteen years ..." and so on. He wound up by conjuring the sinner to confess, to repent ere it was too late.

There was no response to his appeal, and a flat and rather foolish silence ensued. Then Pentecost Dodderidge prayed lengthily and

earnestly that the sinner might be moved to reveal himself. Then another long fruitless silence.

Pentecost arose again, solemn and determined: "Brethren, we must slay the Evil One working in one poor sinner's heart, now, this evening—now or never. No one shall leave this room until the guilty one has confessed, not if we stay here for forty days and forty nights. Let us pray silently that he may be moved."

A new silence followed, but this time I was somehow expectant. The minutes, however, dragged on, five, ten, fifteen; I watched the crawling clock. Surely it could not last for ever, surely the patience of the sinner must be worn out by our unending vigil.

There was a noise of some one moving. Every one opened their eyes and looked up. It was only Pentecost Dodderidge on his feet again. "The Lord hath made it plain to me. He saith 'I will send a sign and then the sinner will confess.'" Hardly had he sat down than there was a great pelting of hail on the roof which continued for two or three minutes. With the noise no one heard Brother Marks, my spectacled Personal Devil, until he stood in front of the Lord's Table facing us all with a countenance of ghost-like white.

What followed I could never have believed had I not seen it with my own eyes. He took a dark blue paper package from one pocket and emptied it on one side of the Lord's Table; a shower of sugar came forth: little white lumps, the sort with which he had fooled us—preserving sugar the grocers call it, the sort with which jam is made. Then he took out from his other pocket a little cloth bag and poured out into a separate heap on the other side of the Lord's Table a shining heap of golden coins. Then he knelt down in front of us all and sobbed and groaned and rocked himself to and fro in an extreme agony that was terrible to see.

No one knew what to do, no one except Pentecost, who went up to him and lifted him to his feet; "Jesus forgives thee," he said, "let all of us praise His Holy Name."

The whole Meeting sprang to its feet, and burst forth into a hymn of praise. A solemn fast was declared for seven days, and we sang the Good-night Hymn:

Good night, dear saints, adieu! adieu!
Still in God's way delight;
May grace and truth abide with you—
Good night, dear saints, good night.

When we ascend to realms above,
And view the glorious sight,
We'll sing of His redeeming love,
And never say Good night.

Good night, dear saints, adieu! adieu!
Still in God's way delight;
May grace and truth abide with you—
Good night, dear saints, good night.

FOOTNOTE:

[\[2\]](#) Colonel Ferguson-Davie of Crediton and Mr. George Potts of Trafalgar Lawn, Tawborough, the two candidates successfully returned for the Borough at the Election of 1859.

CHAPTER XII: THE GREAT DISCLOSURE

Soon after this, somewhere about my tenth birthday, in the early spring of 1858, an important relaxation in my rule of life was made. I was allowed, under strict limitations, to go out on the Lawn for a certain period every afternoon, and to mix with the children there.

In view of my Great-Aunt's principle, namely, to make my life as harsh and pleasureless as possible, and of my Grandmother's steadfast prayers and endeavours to keep me pure and unspotted from the world, this was a big concession. The reason was my health. Grandmother saw that I never got out of doors half enough, and that a couple of hours' play with other children in the open air would be likely to make me brighter in spirit and to bring colour to my cheeks. One Lord's Day, as we were walking home from Breaking of Bread, I overheard Brother Browning: "If you don't take care she will not be long for this world,"—nodding his head sadly, sagely and surreptitiously in my direction. Anyway, the amazing happened, and with stern negative injunctions from Aunt Jael not to abuse the new privilege, nor to play "monkey tricks," for which I should be well "warmed," and with more positive and more terrible instructions from my Grandmother to use my opportunity among the other children to "testify to my Lord," I was launched on the sea of secular society, the world of the Great Unsaved.

Except for what little I saw of them at the Misses Clinkers' I had no acquaintance with other children, nor any knowledge of their "play." While in the obedient orbit of my own imagination, I was bold, none bolder, in the situations I created, the climaxes I achieved, the high astounding terms with which I threatened the attic walls; face to face with flesh-and-blood children of my own age, I soon found I

was shy to a degree, until they were out of my sight, and I was alone again, when they joined the ever-lengthening cast of my puppet show, and, like everybody else, did as they were bid. Not that I was shy of grown-ups; it was the fruit of my upbringing that I was at ease with any one but my equals.

It was a horrible ordeal, that first afternoon, when I stepped through our garden gate on to the Lawn. I walked unsteadily, not daring to look towards the grass slope at the higher end, where all the Lawn children were assembled in a group. "Waiting for you! Staring at you!" said self-consciousness; and fear echoed. I flushed crimson. I was half sick with shyness. It seemed to my imagination that every child was staring at me with a hundred eyes—they knew, they knew! Marcus had heralded the fact, had played Baptist to my coming—they were all assembled here to stare, to flout, to mock. How I wished the earth would open and swallow me up or that the Lord would carry me away in a great cloud to Heaven. I dared not fly back into our garden: that way lay eternal derision. Yet my legs would not carry me forward to the group of children who stood there staring at me without mercy, without pity, with the callous fixity of stars. I was filled with blind confusion, and prayed feverishly for a miraculous escape.

Miracle, in the body of Marcus, saved me. He came forward from the group.

"Hello, Mary Lee, we've been talking about you." (Of course they had.) "I've told everybody you're allowed to play on the Lawn now, but we don't know which League you ought to belong to."

"What do you mean? What's a League?"

"Well, all Lawn children are in two sides for games and everything. Leagues means that. If your father and mother go to Church, you belong to the Church League, if they go to Chapel, you belong to the Chapel League."

"I see." Secular distinction based on religious ones was a principle I understood.

"Yes, but you're not one or the other. Brethren aren't Church, are they? And they aren't *really* Chapel."

"You're a Brethren too."

"Not like you are. Mother goes to the Bible Christian Chapel, and father really belongs there too, for all he goes to your meeting. So I count as Chapel."

"What do Papists count as?"

"There aren't any. If there were any and if they were allowed to go about, they'd be like you, neither one thing nor the other."

"Like me indeed! Papists like Brethren! Saints like sinners!"

"Not really, not like that; Brethren are more like Chapel, I know. Besides *I* want you to belong to our League, but—Joe Jones says you're not to. There's a meeting about it tomorrow. All our rules and sports and everything are decided at the meeting we have—not like Brethren meetings—usually up at the top of the bank, near the big poplar. Joe Jones sits on the wall, and he's our president. I'll let you know what happens about you afterwards. Till then I don't think you'd better play with us. *I* don't mind, but the others say you'd better not. If Joe Jones caught you! *I* don't like Joe Jones,—don't you ever whisper that, it's a terrible secret—but he doesn't like you, and he's the top dog."

Joe Jones, topmost of dogs, Autocrat of the Lawn, pimpled despot against whose evil pleasure little could prevail, was a good deal older than the rest of the children, by whom he was obeyed and feared. From what Marcus said his heavy hand was against me from the start. I knew why. He lived next door to us at Number Six, with an invalid, widowed mother (whom I had only seen once or twice in my life, as she was kept indoors by some mysterious infirmity which some described as grief and others drink) and his sister Lena, a big

freckled flaxen girl about a year younger than himself. We rarely saw any of the three, and our household of course had nothing to do with theirs (Church of England, strict). But one morning as I was walking up the Lawn path on my way from school, Lena had called out to me over the privet hedge.

"Hello, you!"—and then something else, including a word I did not know, though instinct told me it was bad. The obscenity of the traditional filth words lies as much in their sound as in their signification. She repeated the words several times, combining artistic pleasure of mouthing the abomination with sheer joy of wickedness in shocking me and staining my imagination.

I went straight indoors and appealed to the dictionary. No help there; Lena Jones had wider verbal resources than Doctor Johnson. Grandmother would be sure to know. I went to that dear blameless old soul with the foul word on my lips.

"What does —— mean?"

"Nothing good, my dear," she replied calmly, imperturbably, without a trace of the flush that would have appeared in the cheeks of ninety-nine parents out of a hundred. "Nothing good, my dear. Where did you hear it?"

"Lena Jones—just now."

Grandmother walked out of the house and rang the next-door bell. What passed between her and the grief- (or gin-) stricken Mrs. Jones I do not know, but the results were, first, that Lena was sent away to a boarding-school, where I have no doubt she added suitably to the virgin vocabulary of her companions; second, that Joe, taking up the cudgels for his sister's honour, became suddenly and most unfavourably aware of my existence. He would threaten me if I passed him on my way to school, when I would cower to Marcus for protection. Once he chased me with a cricket bat. And now that at last I was near to gaining the status of "one of the Lawn children," he was going to revenge himself by standing in my way. With the

Lawn community a word from Joe Jones could make or mar. If he forbade the others to speak to me, they would not dare to; if he ordered them to persecute or tease me, they would obey. He was the typical bully ruling with the rod of fear by the right of size. He was the typical plague-spot too, polluting the whole life of the little community.

For the Lawn was, in the true sense, a community. The well-defined bournes that were set to the oblong patch of greensward—the steep, poplar-crowned grass bank at one end, surmounted by a wall over which you looked down into a back lane and a stable some twenty feet below you; at the opposite end that marched with the street the high brick wall with one ceremonious gate in the middle for only egress to the outside world; then the two rows of houses the full length of both sides—gave to it a separate and self-contained character; the charm and magical selfishness of an island. All the children who lived in the Lawn houses played there, and played nowhere else. Though divided into two mutually hostile leagues, they felt themselves to be one blood and one people as against the strange world without the gates. Of this community Joe Jones was the uncrowned King. Like the early Teutonic monarchs he was limited in power by the folk-moot, or primitive parliament of all his subjects. Questions of Lawn politics were decided at democratic meetings under the poplars at the top of the grass bank. There were equal suffrage, decisions by majorities, and the feminine vote. Unfortunately Joe Jones had the casting vote, and as there prevailed the show-of-hands instead of the secret ballot, a look from his awful eye influenced a good many other votes as well. In short, the Lawn, like all other democracies, was, as wise old Aristotle saw, always near the verge of tyranny. At the tribal meetings were discussed and decided sports and competitions, penalties and punishments, ostracisms and taboos; unpopular proposals were consigned to Limbo, unpopular persons to Coventry. In all doings that allowed of "sides"—cricket, nuts-in-May, most ball games, tug of war, tick, Red Indians, clumps (what were they, these mysteries?)—the two leagues, Marcus told me, were arrayed in battle against each other.

The chief was listening attentively, for she spoke in Paumotuan. Hiram Mervin interposed:

"Teamo went away from Hikueru on that wave and stayed three days," said he. "She was numbered with the dead when the count of the living was made by my father."

Teamo squatted on the sand of the road. I was afraid she would weary in her relation, as do her race. "*Parau vinivini!*" I said, and smoothed her shoulders.

"I kept upon its back," she resumed. "All through that night I swam or floated, fighting the waves, and fearing the sharks. I called on Birigi'ama Iunga and on Ietu Kirito, and on God. Hours and hours I kept up until the dawn. Then I saw a coral-reef, and swam for it. I was nearly crushed time and time on the rocks, but at last I crawled up on the sand above the water, and fell asleep.

"When I awoke I was all naked. The waves had torn my dress from me, and the sun was burning my body. I was bruised and wounded, but I prayed my thanks to the God of the Mormons. I stood upon my feet, and I saw all about me the *pohe roa*, the blackening and broken bodies of people of Hikueru. They, too, had floated on the same wave, but they had perished. They were all about me. I searched for cocoanuts, for I was drying up with thirst and shaking with hunger. At last I found one under the body of my cousin, and, breaking it with a rock, I drank the water in it, and again fell asleep.

"Now when I awoke I was stronger, and a distance away in the water I saw a box floating. I broke it open, and found it had in it tins of salmon. They were from some store in Hikueru, for I soon knew there was no living human on that atoll but me. I could not open the tins of salmon but pierced holes in them with a piece of coral and sucked out the fish. God was even better to me, for I found a camphor-wood chest with a shirt and *pareu* in it, and I put them on. I then found a canoe thrown up on the beach, and it was half full of rain-water. I made up my mind to return to my home in the canoe.

It was broken and there was no paddle. I patched it, I found the outrigger, and tied it on with cocoanut-fiber which I plaited. I made a paddle from the top of the salmon case, and lashed it to the handle of a broom I found. I kept enough fresh water in the canoe, and after two days of eating and resting I pushed out in the canoe, with the remainder of the salmon. I could not see any other atoll, but I trusted to God and prayed as I paddled. I pushed over the reef at daybreak of the third day, and paddled until the next morning, when I saw Hikueru, and reached the remnants of my village."

Teamo gathered up her burdens and, with a reminiscent smile, walked on.

"*Monsieur l'Americain*," said Hiram, "you may be sure that when she returned to Hikueru from Tekokota—that atoll was fifteen miles away—they were afraid of her, as the friends of Lataro when Ietu Kirito raised him from the dead."

The chief's restlessness increased, as if he must deliver me somewhere quickly; but I thought of the man they called the king of the Paumotus.

"The house of Mapuhi, is it—"

"The chief is taking you there now," said Hiram. "The elders are there. My father was long-time the partner of Mapuhi. They sailed their schooners together and had their divers."

"You and your father are Mormons?"

"*Nous sommes bons Mormons*," replied the half-caste, seriously. "Am I not named for the king who built the temple of Solomon. It is a shame, Monsieur, that those *Konito* are permitted in these islands. They corrupt the true religion."

The chief touched my arm, and we proceeded, after an exchange of bows with the son of the American. We walked to the very end of the small *motu* or islet. The *motus* are often long but always very narrow, between three hundred and fifteen hundred feet.

The people of Takaroa had chosen to pitch their huts on this spot of the whole atoll because of the pass into the lagoon being there. That was the determining factor just as the banks of rivers and bays were selected by American pioneers. Where the salt water was on three sides—the moat, the lagoon, and the channel between the next *motu*—was the residence of our seeking.

It was a neat domicile of dressed lumber, raised ten feet from the ground on stilts. It was fenced about, and here and there a banana-plant or fig-tree grew in a hole dug in the coral, surrounded by a little wall of coral and with rotting tin cans heaped about. Driven in the trunks were nails. I asked the chief the reason, and he replied vaguely that the trees needed the iron of the cans and the nails.

We were entering the grounds now, and I guessed it was Mapuhi's house.

"Mapuhi is here?" I inquired.

"'E, he is at prayer, maybe."

The chief shrank back, as we were on the porch.

"*Faaea oe; tehaeri nei au*. You stay; I go," he said.

On the side veranda, a girl of seventeen or so, in a black gown, lay on a mattress and yawned as she scratched her knee with her toes—not of the same leg. She was almost naked, slender and very brown. These Paumotuans are darkened by the sun, their hair is not long and beautiful like the Tahitians'. Beauty is a matter of food and fresh water. She lay on this bare mattress, without sheets or pillows, evidently just awakening for the day. She made quite a picture when she smiled. The daughter of the king, doubtless.

There was a noise in response to my knock, and the door opened. A tousled pompadour of yellowish-red hair above hazel eyes peeped out, the eyes snapped in amazement, and their owner, a strapping chap of twenty-five, put out his hand.

"Hello! Where are you from?" he said.

"Off the *Marara* just now, and from the United States not long ago."

"Well, gee cricketty, I'm glad to see you! My name's Overton, T. E. Overton of Logan, Utah. Come here, Martin! He's Martin De Kalb of Koosharem, Utah. We're Mormon elders. Say, it's good to talk United States!"

A body leaped out of bed in an inner room, and a pair of blue eyes under brown hair, an earnest face, supported by an athletic figure in pajamas, rushed out. The owner seized my hand.

"I'll be doggoned! I didn't know anything was in sight. The *Marara*! Any mail for me? Come in, and we'll dress."

The king's daughter had fled when the missionaries appeared. I entered the living-room and found a chair, while the elders flooded me with questions from their sleeping quarters, as they put on their clothes. While I answered, I looked at the home of this foremost of the Paumotuans, whose father and mother had eaten their kind.

A dining-room table and half a dozen cheap chairs were all the furniture. South Sea Islanders found sitting in chairs uncomfortable, and these were plainly guest seats, for governors and pearl-buyers and missionaries.

The walls held prints curiously antagonistic. Brigham Young, founder of the Utah Mormon colony, with a curly white beard, smooth upper lip, and glorified countenance, sat in an arm-chair, holding a walking-stick of size, with a gilded head. A splendiferous colored lithograph of the temple at Salt Lake flanked the portrait.

On the other wall was a double pink page from a New York gazette, usually found in barber-shops and on boot-black stands, with pictures of two prize-fighters, Jeffries and Johnson, one white and the other black, glaring viciously at each other, and with threatening gloved fists. Beneath this picture was in handwriting:

Teferite e Tihonitone
na

Taata Moto

Emerging from their bedroom, the elders caught my eyes fastened on the pink page, and they looked grieved, as housewives whose kitchen is found in disorder.

"They're crazy about boxing," said Overton. "That's young Mapuhi who put that up and wrote that. We reprove them for such ungodly interests, but they are good Mormons, anyhow."

I led the conversation to their own work in this group. They became enthusiastic. Sincere faces they had, simple and strong, of the pioneer type. They were sons of healthy peasantry, and products of plain living in the open. De Kalb had left a wife and child in Koosharem, and Overton a sweetheart in Logan, to take their part in spreading their gospel among these natives. They were voluntary missionaries, paying their own expenses for the two or three years they were to give to proselytizing, according to the rule of their church, they said. They were eager to return to their women and their farms, and their service was soon to be at an end. Each had spent a year or so in Papeete in the Mormon Mission House, learning the Paumotuan language and the routine of their duties, and now for a year and more they had journeyed from atoll to atoll where they had churches, preaching and making converts, they said. They talked with fervor of their success.

"The Lord has been mighty good to us," said De Kalb, who was in his twenties. "We've got this island hog-tied. If it weren't for the Josephites and some of those Catholic priests, we'd have every last one. Those Josephites are sorest, because they are deserters from Mormonism. Why are they? Why, their so-called prophet was Joseph. I forget his other name. Oh, no, he was not our martyr, Joseph Smith. They split off from the real church. They don't amount to a hill of beans, but when the Mormons left these islands, because the French were hostile, these Josephites sneaked in and got quite a hold by lying about us, before we got on to their game and came back here. They're out for the stuff. The real name of our church

"Oh, Lord!" cried Tom Creswell. "Miss Prim coming too! That'll be a clear saving of the governor's vinegar and olives all the time she's here. She's a nice creature, she is!"

And he screwed up his mouth with an air of excessive distaste.

"Well, at all events, she's going to be your father's guest, and we must all do our best to make the visit pleasant to them," said Gertrude, who, like most people who are most proud of what they do least well, thought she was playing dignity admirably.

"Oh, I don't care!" said Tom. "If the governor likes to have them here, and you two girls are so sweet upon them all of a sudden, I say, all right. Only look here--no interference with me in any way. The sight of me mustn't make the old lady break down and burst out blubbering, or anything of that sort, and no asking me how I'm getting on with my lessons, and that kind of thing. Stow that, mind!"

"You needn't trouble yourself, I think," said Maude; "it is scarcely likely that either Mrs. or Miss Ashurst will feel very keen interest in you or your pursuits."

And out of Maude's flashing eyes, and through Maude's tightly compressed lips, the sarcasm came cutting like a knife.

But when their visitors had been but a very short time established at Woolgreaves, it became evident not merely to Mr. Creswell, but to all in the house, that Master Tom had at last met with some one who could exercise influence over him, and that some one was Marian Ashurst. It was the treatment that did it. Tom had been alternately petted and punished, scolded and spoiled, but he had never been turned into ridicule before, and when Marian tried that treatment on him he succumbed at once. He confessed he had always thought that "he could not stand chaff," and now he knew it. Marian's badinage was, as might be supposed, of a somewhat grave and serious order. Tom's bluntness, uncouthness, avarice, and self-love were constantly betraying themselves in his conversation and

conduct, and each of them offered an admirable target at which Marian fired telling shots. The girls were at first astonished and then delighted, as was Mr. Creswell, who had a faint hope that under the correction thus lightly administered his son might be brought to see how objectionable were certain of his views and proceedings. The lout himself did not like it at all. His impossibility of standing "chaff," or of answering it, rendered him for the first time a nonentity in the family circle; his voice, usually loud and strident, was hushed whenever Marian came into the room. The domestic atmosphere at Woolgreaves was far more pleasant than it had been for some time, and Mr. Creswell thought that the "sweet little girl" was not merely a "dead hand at a bargain," but that she possessed the brute-taming power in a manner hitherto undreamed of. Decidedly she was a very exceptional person, and more highly gifted than any one would suppose.

Tom hated her heartily, and chafed inwardly because he did not see his way to revenging himself on her. He had not the wit to reply when Marian turned him into ridicule, and he dared not answer her with mere rudeness; so he remained silent and sulky, brooding over his rage, and racking his brains to try and find a crack in his enemy's armour--a vulnerable place. He found it at last, but, characteristically, took no notice at the time, waiting for his opportunity. That came. One day, after luncheon, when her mother had gone up for a quiet nap, and the girls were practising duets in the music-room, Marian set out for a long walk across the hard, dry, frost-covered fields to the village; the air was brisk and bracing, and the girl was in better spirits than usual. She thoroughly appreciated the refined comforts and the luxurious living of Woolgreaves, and the conduct of the host and his nieces towards her had been so perfectly charming, that she had almost forgotten that her enjoyment of those luxuries was but temporary, and that very shortly she would have to face the world in a worse position than she had as yet occupied, and to fight the great battle of life, too, for her mother and herself. Often in the evening, as she sat in the drawing-room buried in the soft cushions of the sofa, dreamily

listening to the music which the girls were playing, lazily watching her mother cosily seated in the chimney-corner, and old Mr. Creswell by her, quietly beating time to the tune, the firelight flickering over the furniture and appointments bespeaking wealth and comfort, she would fall into a kind of half-trance, in which she would believe that the great desire of her life had been accomplished, and that she was rich--placed far above the necessity of toil or the torture of penury. Nor was the dream ever entirely dispelled. The comfort and luxury were there, and as to the term of her enjoyment, how could that be prolonged? Her busy brain was filled with that idea this afternoon, and so deeply was she in thought, that she scarcely started at a loud crashing of branches close beside her, and only had time to draw back as Tom Creswell's chestnut mare, with Tom Creswell on her back, landed into the field beside her.

"Good heavens, Tom, how you startled me!" cried Marian; "and what's the matter with Kitty? She's covered with foam, and trembling all over!"

"I've been taking it out of the blunder-headed brute, that's all, Miss Ashurst," said the lout, with a vicious dig of his spurs into the mare's sides, which caused her to snort loudly and to rear on end.--"Ah, would you, you brute?--She's got it in her head that she won't jump to-day, and I'm showing her she will, and she must, if I choose.--Stand still, now, and get your wind, d'ye hear?" And he threw the reins on the mare's neck, and turned round in his saddle, facing Marian. "I'm glad I've met you, Miss Ashurst," he continued, with a very evil light in his sullen face, "for I've got something to say to you, and I'm just in the mood to say it now."

He looked so thoroughly vicious and despicable, that Marian's first feeling of alarm changed into disgust as she looked at him and said--

"What is it, Tom?--say on!"

"Oh, I intend to," said the lout, with a baleful grin. "I intend to say on, whether you like it or not. I've waited a precious long time, and I intend to speak now. Look here. You've had a fine turn at me, you have! Chaffin' me, and pokin' your fun at me, and shuttin' me up whenever I spoke. You're doosid clever, you are, and so sharp, and all that; and I'm such a fool, I am, but I've found out your game for all that!"

"My game, Tom! Do you know what you're talking about, and to whom you are talking?"

"Oh, don't I! That's just it. I'm talking to Miss Marian Ashurst, and Miss Marian Ashurst's game is moneymaking! Lord bless you, they know all about it down in the village--the Crokes, and the Whichers, and them, they're full of stories of you when you was a little girl, and they all know you're not changed now. But look here, keep it to yourself, or take it away from our place. Don't try it on here. It's quite enough to have those two girls saddled on the family, but they are relations, and that's some excuse. We don't want any more, mark that. My father's getting old now, and he's weak, and don't see things so clearly as he did, but I do. I see why your mother's got hold of those girls, and how you're trying to make yourself useful to the governor. I heard you offering to go through the Home-Farm accounts the other day."

"I offered because your--because---- Oh, Tom, how dare you! You wicked, wicked boy!"

"Oh yes, I know, very likely; but I won't let any one interfere with me. You thought you were going to settle yourself on us. I don't intend it. I'm a boy--all right; but I know how to get my own way, and I means to have it. This hot-tempered brute" (pointing to the pony) "has found that out, and you'll find it out, too, before I have done with you. That's all.--Get on, now!"

The pony sprang into the air as he gave her a savage cut with his whip, and he rode off, leaving Marian in an agony of shame and rage.

CHAPTER XII.

A REMOVAL.

Some few minutes passed before Marian felt sufficiently recovered to move. The attack had been so unexpected and so brutal that she would have been perfectly paralysed by it even if the words which the boy had used had been the outpourings of mere random savagery, instead of, as they evidently were, the result of premeditated and planned insult--insult grounded on hate, and hate springing from fear. Marian's quick intelligence made that plain to her in a moment. The boy feared her, feared that she might obtain an ascendancy over his father, and get the old gentleman to advance money to Mrs. Ashurst--money that ought not to go out of the family, and should be his at his father's death--or perhaps fancied she was scheming to quarter herself at Woolgreaves, and---- Good heavens, could he have thought that! Why, the idea had never crossed her mind. She dismissed it at once, not without a half smile at the notion of the retribution she could inflict, at the thought that the boy had suggested to her what might be such a punishment for himself as she had never dreamed of.

She walked on quickly, communing with herself. So they had found her out, had they? Tom's blurted warning was the first intimation she had had that what she knew to be the guiding

purpose of her life, the worship of, love for, intended acquisition of money, was suspected by any, known to any one else. No syllable on the subject, either jestingly or reproachfully, had ever been breathed to her before. It was not likely that she would have heard of it. Her father had considered her to be perfect; her mother had set down all her small economies, scrapings, and hoardings which were practised in the household to Marian's "wonderful management;" and however the feminine portion of the Whicher and Croke families might talk among themselves, their respect for the schoolmaster and their dread of Marian's powers of retort always effectually prevented them from dropping any hints at the schoolhouse. So Marian heard it now for the first time. Yet there was nothing in it to be ashamed of, she thought; if her poor father had been guided by this sentiment his life might have been perhaps preserved, and certainly an immense amount of misery would have been spared to them all. Love of money, a desire to acquire wealth,--who should reproach her for that? Not Mr. Creswell, of whose good opinion she seemed to think first, for had not his whole life been passed in the practice, and was not his present position the result, the example to which she could point in defence of her creed? Not Maude or Gertrude Creswell, who if they had possessed the smallest spark of independence would have been earning their bread as companions or governesses. Not the people of the village, who---- Yes, by Tom's account they did talk of her; but what then? What the people in the village thought or said about her had never been of the smallest interest to Marian Ashurst when she lived among them, and was brought into daily communion with them; it was therefore not likely that she would take much heed of it now, as she had made up her mind that she and her mother must go and live in another place, far away from all old scenes and associations, when they left Woolgreaves.

When they left Woolgreaves! Hitherto she had not bestowed much thought upon that necessarily closely approaching event, but now she turned her attention to it. Under ordinary circumstances, even if things had gone on pleasantly as heretofore, if their stay had been made as comfortable to them, the attention of Mr. Creswell and

his nieces had been as great, and the general desire for them to remain as obvious, they would have had in common decency to propose some date for the expiration of their visit. And now that Tom, who had hitherto been only a negative nuisance, developed into a positive enemy, it was doubly necessary that they should take precaution not to outstay their welcome. Yes, they must go! Give up all the comforts and luxury, the fine airy rooms, the bedroom fires, the carriage drives, the good living, the wine, and attention, all of which combined had done Mrs. Ashurst so much good, and rendered her stronger and sounder than she had been for years--all these must be given up, and they must go away to poky, stivy lodgings, with dirt and discomfort of every kind; with wretched cooking which would turn her mother sick, and the attendance of a miserable maid-of-all-work, who would not understand any of their ways, and the perpetual presence of penury and want making itself felt every hour of their lives. The picture was so horrible, so repugnant to Marian, that she determined not to let it engross her thoughts in anticipation; it would be quite sufficient to cope with when it came, and she should require all her energies fresh and untaxed for the encounter. So she walked briskly on, and as she had now reached the village her attention was soon quickly absorbed by the greetings which she received, and the talk in which she had to take part.

The first greetings were from Mr. Benthall. Marian had determined that she would not go down Southwood Lane, which led to the schoolhouse, as she had no desire of encountering either master or boys in her then mood. She had not been near the school since she and her mother left the house, and she had arranged in her mind a little farewell on her part to both when she left the village. And now here was Mr. Benthall advancing straight towards her, and there was no possibility of escape, as she remembered that it was the Saturday half-holiday, and that she should probably have to run the gauntlet of a score of friends. Mr. Benthall was a brisk, lively, agreeable man, with cheerfulness and pleasant manners, and plenty of small talk. He was, moreover, a gentleman and a man of the world, and he knew exactly how to pitch the key of his conversation to a young lady, the

daughter of his predecessor, who might or might not--Mr. Benthall's experience of human nature told him might, and probably would--feel somewhat antipathetic towards him. So Mr. Benthall talked of Mrs. Ashurst, and of Mr. Creswell, and of the young ladies, and of Tom. "My friend Trollope's young charge," as Mr. Benthall spoke of him, with a somewhat malicious sparkle in his eye. And the weather was quite cold, was it not? and the frost had set in quite early, had it not? And Miss Ashurst was looking so blooming that Mr. Benthall had no need to ask her how she was, which was, indeed, the reason why he had not done so long since, but must beg her to take charge of his kindest compliments for her mother and the young ladies and Mr. Creswell. And Mr. Benthall had taken off his well-brushed hat, and had skipped across the road in his well-brushed, shapely boots, and Marian was contrasting him with that figure which was ever present to her memory--her father, bowed, and shrunken, and slatternly, and ill-dressed--when she heard her Christian name called aloud, and Dr. Osborne, in his little four-wheeled pony-carriage, drew up by her side.

"Well, Princess!" said the cheery old medico; "for since I have made you hear I may as well address you by your title--well, Princess, how goes it?"

"It goes very well indeed, dear Dr. Osborne," said Marian, returning his hand-pressure. "But why Princess?"

"Why Princess! What lower rank could a girl be who lives in a palace, over there, I mean, with 'vassals and slaves by her side,' as I've heard my girl sing years ago, and all that kind of thing?"

"But surely only a princess of the Cinderella style, my dear doctor; only enjoying the vassals and the slaves, and what you call 'that kind of thing,' for a very limited time. Twelve o'clock must strike very soon, dear old friend, in our case, and then this princess will go back to the pots and kettles, and cinder-sifting, and a state of life worse than ever she has known before."

here is, *Te Etaretia a Jesu Metia e te feia mo'a i te Mau Mahana Hopea Nei.*"

"Gosh, I'd like to get my hair cut and roached," said Elder Overton. "It was fine, when I left Papeete. I just have to let it go," and he stirred his golden shock with the air of a man who has abandoned comfort for an ideal.

"Do the Paumotuans cling to their heathen customs?" I asked.

Overton looked at the floor, but De Kalb, the older, spoke up.

"They will circumcise," he said hesitatingly. "We try to stop it, but they say it is right; that it makes them a separate people. They often wait until thirteen years of age before prompted to perform the rite. The kids don't appreciate it."

"And tithes? Your church members give a tenth of their incomes?"

Again De Kalb replied:

"They should," he said. "These Takaroans are just beginning to see the beauty of that divine law. It is hard to make them exact. Perhaps they give a twentieth. It's cocoanuts, you know, and it's hard to keep account."

"Of course, polygamy is—" I was about to say "forbidden," when I felt that I had broached a delicate topic. I was stupid. Here in a lagoon surrounded by a narrow fringe of coral, to bang the eternal polyangle of one man and many women! The elders looked pained. I was about to withdraw the remark with an apology, but Westover made the most of his twenty-four years and waived aside my amends.

"It must be met," he said. "We obey the laws of the land. The American law forbids plural marriages, and our church expressly forbids them. We are loyal Americans. We say to these people that polygamy is not to be practised. That's true, no matter what the Josephites say."

Elder De Kalb, who was watching me, interposed:

"I suppose you're not a Mormon, but, as a matter of fact, isn't polygamy, with wives and children to the extent of a man's purse, all avowed and cherished, better than adultery?"

Overton got upon his feet. "You bet it is," he declared, with intense feeling. "It's nature's law. There are more women than men by millions. Men are polygamous by instinct. And, by heavens! look at all those old maids at home and in England!"



Photo from Underwood and Underwood
Mormon elders baptizing in the lagoon

Considering the sorrows of old maids, I felt my standards being endangered, but was saved from downright perversion by accepting the royal favor of a tub of fresh water from a cistern that caught the rain-water from the roof. I was seeking to immerse myself in the inadequate bath when I saw the daughter of the king gazing at me interestedly, and I hope that I blushed. But the princess distinctly

winked in the direction of my hosts as I attempted to sink into oblivion in the ten-gallon pail.



Over the reef in a canoe

"And truths divine came mended from that tongue."

I have been told, that in an English periodical the quality of genius has been denied to your book. The motives which must have guided its composition will probably have made you supremely indifferent to mere criticism, especially to any which argues so much obfuscation both of head and heart. Your work has genius of the highest order, and it is the lowest of its merits.

There is one point which, in face of all that your book has aimed at and achieved, I think of extremely slight importance, but which I will nevertheless just mention, if only to show that I have not been bribed into this fervour of admiration. I think, then, that whenever you speak of England and her institutions, it is in a tone which fails to do them fair justice. I do not know what distinct charges you think could be established against our aristocracy and capitalists, but you generally convey the impression that the same oppressions in degree, though not in kind, might be brought home to them which are now laid to the charge of Southern slave-holders. Exposed to the same ordeal, they might very probably not stand the test better. All I contend for is, that the circumstances in which they are placed, and the institutions by which they are surrounded, make the parallel wholly inapplicable. I cannot but suspect that your view has been in many respects derived from composers of fiction and others among ourselves who, writing with distinguished ability, have been more successful in delineating and dissecting the morbid features of our modern society, than in detecting the principle which is at fault, or suggesting the appropriate remedy. My own belief is, liable, if you please, to national bias, that our capitalists are very much the same sort of persons as your own in the Northern States, with the same mixtures and inequalities of motive and action. With respect to our aristocracy, I should really be tempted to say that, tried by their conduct on the question of Free Trade, they do not sustain an unfavourable comparison with your uppermost classes. Allow me to add, that when in one place you refer to those who have already emancipated their slaves, I think a case more directly in point than the proceedings of the Hungarian nobles might have been selected:

such, at least, I feel sure would have been the case, if the passages in question had been written by one who certainly was keenly alive to the faults of England, but who did justice to her good qualities and deeds with a heartiness exceeding that of most of her own sons,—your great and good Dr. Channing.

I need not repeat how irrelevant, after all, I feel what I have said upon this head to be to the main issues involved in your work; there is little doubt, too, that as a nation we have our special failings, and one of them probably is that we care too little about what other nations think of them.

Nor can I wish my countrymen ever to forget that their own past history should prevent them from being forward in casting accusations on their transatlantic brethren on the subject of slavery. With great ignorance of its actual miseries and horrors, there is also among us great ignorance of the fearful perplexities and difficulties with which its solution could not fail to be attended. I feel, however, that there is a considerable difference between reluctant acquiescence in what you inherit from the past, and voluntary fresh enlargements and reinforcements of the system. For instance, I should not say that the mode in which such an enactment as the Fugitive Slave Law has been considered in this country has at all erred upon the side of overmuch indignation.

I need not detain you longer; I began my letter with returning thanks to Almighty God for the appearance of your work, and I offer my humble and ardent prayer to the same Supreme Source that it may have a marked agency in hastening the great consummation, which I should feel it a practical atheism not to believe must be among the unfulfilled purposes of the Divine power and love.

I have the honour to be, Madam,

Your sincere admirer and well-wisher,

CARLISLE.

MRS. BEECHER STOWE.

MOMMA CHARLOTTE.

"Slavery is merely an idea!" said Mr. S——; "the slaves are, in reality, better off than we are, if they had sense enough to know it. They are taken care of—(they must be, you know, because it is the master's interest to keep them in good condition, and a man will always do what is for his interest). They get rid of all responsibility,—which is what we are groaning under; and if they were only let alone, they would be happy enough,—happier than their masters, I dare say."

"You think it, then, anything but kindness to urge their emancipation?"

"To be sure I do! and I would have every one that teaches them to be discontented hung up without judge or jury."

"You seem particularly interested for the slave,—"

"Interested! I would have every one of them sent beyond the Rocky Mountains, if I could,—or into 'kingdom come,' for that matter. They are the curse of the country; but as long as they are *property*, I would shoot any man that put bad ideas in their heads or that interfered with my management of them, as I would shoot a dog that killed my sheep."

"But do they never get what you call 'bad ideas' from any but white people?"

"O, there is no knowing where they get them,—but they are full of 'em. No matter how kind you are to them, they are never satisfied!"

"I can tell you where they get some of their ideas of slavery, if you will allow me."

