

the chestnut trees will be in bloom. The long staminate flowers of the chestnut are a soft cream-yellow with a greenish tint; and on the ridges where the trees grow in abundance the great irregular masses of their blossoming tops do not stand out against their background of the dark green foliage of midsummer, but blend softly with it, giving to all such an indescribable effect of lightness and airiness that the whole wooded ridge seems not to be fastened securely to the earth, but to be floating cloud-like above it. During that one week of the chestnut blossoming one stops at door or at window in the midst of the early morning work to watch for the moment when the first rays of the rising sun, falling on the cream-yellow of the chestnut tops, turn them into their own deep gold; and at the restful close of day one lingers on the

doorstep through the long June twilight till their blossoming tops can no longer be distinguished from the dark foliage of the other trees in the gathering darkness.

All one's life long the pictures of old meadow lands gray-blue with the mist of the houstonias are recalled by the alternate glinting sunshine and bleak gloom of an April day; and the blossoming chestnut woods form the background to many recollections of the old home life. But these pictures which have become a part of one's inmost consciousness are scarcely more dear than that one, seen for a few moments, of the low-lying Jersey meadows flushing rose-pink with the mallows in the misty morning sunshine; or that other "vision of scarce a moment," the river bluff scarlet with the flowers of the campion, seen from the windows of a railway train.

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## A CRY IN THE MARKET PLACE

BY CHESTER FIRKINS

I CRY, oh God, for refuge and for rest!  
I cannot pray; — there is no time to kneel.  
(Can the spoke stop the whizzing of the wheel?  
Can the cast coal in the red forge protest?)  
I cry, by my dead fathers of the West,  
Who, in their dire travail, yet could feel  
The wild, clean pulse of Nature in the peal  
Of storm upon the lordly mountain-crest.

I cry, by right of my ungotten sons,  
For respite, for some slacking of the pace,  
Some quiet in this rage of life that stuns  
The Soul for slaughter in the Market Place.  
I cry, in pity for the little ones,  
Whose shriveled shoulders must bear on the Race.

## IN UNKNOWN PORTUGAL

BY ISABEL MOORE

To the experienced and weary sight-seer, as well as to the Innocent Abroad, there lies a peculiar charm in the untrodden ways; indeed, perhaps even more so, for to the Innocent Abroad every way is yet untrodden, every country a fairy-land, every journey a magic carpet that transports one at the wishing. But to one who knows his continental tour, who has weathered the delights of Paris, basked in and survived the associations of Italy, and lived down the sombre pleasures of England, the untrodden ways are peculiarly "desirous to be in." And of such are the ways of Portugal.

Poor, proud, sunken Portugal! It is difficult for us to realize that she was ever an intrepid nation; and there is something distinctly pathetic in the manner in which a present-day Portuguese will revert several centuries in his pride of patriotic achievement. Vasco da Gama was Portugal's: and Camoens. There can be no doubt that she has been great. Let her people derive from the fact such solace as they may. Yet, in spite of this natural national feeling and the many evidences of past glory still existing throughout the land, the Portuguese, with a very few exceptions, have no true appreciation of their ancient treasures. When questioned about anything archaeological or historical, they invariably say that it is  *muito antigo* (very ancient), apparently quite satisfied, themselves, with such vague assurance.

Garcia de Resende, the Portuguese chronicler of the reign of D. João II, said that he compiled his general *Cancionero* in order to preserve poems, *trovas*, and romances which were in danger of being lost, "like so many other things in Portugal." Would that more of his countrymen had done likewise! Sir Richard

Burton struck the same note when, traveling in Portugal in 1866, he observed, "There is still much to do in identifying the Moslem remains of Portugal as well as of Spain."

This is only too true, not alone of the Moslem remains, but also of the Roman and Gothic antiquities, the literature, the music, the art, the prehistoric remains. The treasures of ancient Portugal are to-day in a chaotic condition, little known to the world at large or appreciated by the Portuguese; and perhaps it is for this very reason, however deplorable in itself, that the untrodden ways of Portugal afford a keen pleasure alike to the jaded traveler and to the Innocent Abroad.

### I

There stands a little white town, dignified and gracious, on the top of a hill which is like a natural fortification rising almost abruptly from a sea of rolling grainfields marked now and again with long lines of shaggy eucalyptus trees, a deserted convent, or the brandishing lateen sails of a stout windmill on some lower eminence.

It is Evora, a city of about eleven thousand inhabitants, a *capital alemtejana*, or ancient capital of the province of Alemtejo in the south of Portugal (part of the Roman province of Lusitania), to be reached to-day by train from Lisbon, through low-lying lands of cork-tree groves. The serenity that rests upon it like a hand of benediction could result only from the combination of a wonderful urbanity of climate with an inborn human consciousness of having seen the world in the making; of standing by, and observing, and weighing, and thereby attaining a poise of