

space near the entrance. The right wing was occupied by the choir, and the whole space between the wings was taken up with the images altars, candlesticks, etc. In the far end of the room behind the images of the Virgin and the saints was a piano, and seats that I think must be occupied by the choir during regular service.

It was a novel sight to me to see the people, young and old, as they entered, kneel before the images and cross themselves and then take up a kneeling position on the bare floor, where they remained during the entire service, which lasted more than two hours. I was amused with the dramatic effect with which the services were conducted, and when the little bell tinkled looked up half expecting to see the curtain rise, but instead some little boys would advance solemnly from a side door, kneel and cross themselves before the image, and then proceed to light the candles for pour some water into the vases, or else a monk would enter and after kneeling would advance to the rail and read something in the Spanish language, while the people all rose to their feet and with bowed heads repeated it to themselves. After a while the bishop came in, dressed like a king. He had on a loose frock made either of silk or satin, on the back of which was worked a large cross, and while he was performing his oblations before the image the people were performing theirs before the cross on his back. I was very much impressed with the apparent devotion of the Indian portion of the audience, which was fully two-thirds of those present. They did not seem to miss a single item of the service and during the whole time they were engaged in counting beads or in silent prayer. These poor people will slave during the week and deprive themselves of many of the necessities of life in order that they may contribute for the support of the church on Sunday. They will carry willingly and without a murmur the heavy wooden crosses at the many processions gotten up by the church and do almost anything else required of them by the priests. I asked myself time and again "What is it in Catholicism that fastens it so indelibly upon the minds of these poor untutored people to the exclusion of everything else?" Here, through Mexico and South America, are millions of people to whom have been made promises as great or greater than were ever made to any other people and of whom great things are expected. Yet we find their minds so completely hedged about that it is apparently impossible for those influences upon which depend the fulfilment of those promises and the realization of those great works to ever obtain access to or power over them. But we know that those promises will be fulfilled and those works realized; by what means is beyond our ken to say.

JORL RICKS.

KATE CHASE IN 1893.

WASHINGTON, D. C. Oct. 11, 1893.—I spent a morning this week with Mrs. Kate Chase at Edgewood, her home near Washington. It lies on the outskirts of the city on a high hill overlooking the basin in which Washington is built. The estate now comprises thirty six acres, and it includes the old brick mansion in which Salmon P. Chase lived while he was Chief justice of the

United States. This is a great two story brick containing many large rooms and covered by a ridge roof, out of which the little windows of the attic poke their heads and gaze at the magnificent views about them. A wide hall runs through the center of the house. Rare old furniture which Mrs. Chase picked up in Europe fills many of the rooms and the library where the chief justice was wont, as his daughter tells me to translate Latin poetry into English verse for amusement is still intact.

KATE CHASE IN 1893.

Driving up a winding road through great trees, which hide from me the October sun I was met at the door of the house by Mrs. Chase herself. She was dressed in black, with an old fashioned broad-brimmed hat coming well down over her eyes, and she had been paying attention to her farming. She has managed everything connected with the estate for years and has turned it from a farm into a park. She is a good farmer and the same brains which made her so powerful in the days of 1860 come to her service now in making the ends meet off of this thirty six acres of clay soil. As we walked up the steps Mrs. Chase removed her hat and I could see that she still possesses some of the beauty which made her so famous in the days gone by. She is straight as an arrow. Her form is rounded but not fat. Her face has but few wrinkles and her hair as yet shows no signs of grey. As she talks her eyes brighten and the magnetism for which she was so noted again comes to the surface. She must be now nearly fifty but she does not look more than forty and in my conversation with her no word of complaining or fault finding dropped from her lips. The day upon which I called was a pleasant one and we chatted in the open air, surrounded by one of the finest views in the United States.

From the wide veranda on which we sat we could see the golden dome of the new library, view the many columned capitol, with its flags flying over the Houses of Congress, and off in the distance fill our eyes with the snowy spire of the Washington monument, which pierced the blue sky about three miles away. We could see the Potomac, and look down as it were upon the great red brick city packed with its wealth and its misery, its vices and its virtue, its shoddy and its shams. About our feet stretched acres of velvety lawn, on which Jersey cattle tied by long ropes to stakes here and there sleepily browsed. Above us the enormous branches of natural oaks waved their many colored leaves in the autumn sun and all of our surroundings were those of peace casting their shadow upon the great city of discord below. The famous woman who sat beside me seemed also at peace. She has tested to the full all of the pomps and vanities of political and social life and she is now apparently happy here on the edge of it though not in it. A generation ago there was no woman in Washington more powerful, more courted and more admired than Mrs. Kate Chase. She played the game of politics as no woman in our history has ever played it and her pawns were men. As I looked over at the Capitol where the Senate was wrangling just as they did when Salmon P. Chase sat there early in the fifties, and where Chief Justice Fuller was presiding over the doings of the Court as Chief Justice

Chase did a little more than two decades ago, I could not help thinking of the wonderful history of the woman at my side. I pointed to the city and asked her to give me her first memories of it.

A GIRL'S RECOLLECTIONS OF CLAY AND WEBSTER.

Said Mrs. Chase:

"It is now more than forty years since I first came to Washington. I was a little girl then and my father had been elected to the United States Senate. He brought me east with him and placed me in a celebrated school in New York. I spent most of my time at school, but now and then I had a vacation, in which I came over here to visit father and at those times I saw something of the great men of the day. Father often took me on the floor and introduced me to his brother Senators. I remember it well. I knew Clay, Webster and Calhoun. Henry Clay made a strong impression upon me. My father was a tall man but Clay was much taller. He towered above me, but he was pleasant in his manners and fond of children. He made much of me and I liked him. I remember Daniel Webster, too. He seemed to me at that time to be my ideal of how a statesman ought to look. He was very sober and impressive in his manner. He seldom laughed but he was very kind and he used to send me his speeches. I don't suppose he thought I would read them, but he wanted to compliment me and show that he remembered me and I know that I felt very proud when I saw Daniel Webster's frank upon pieces of mail which came to me at the New York school. Another great man who was my friend up to the time of his death was Charles Sumner. He was a noble man, warm, kind and great. I knew him when he was a bachelor and I saw much of him after his marriage and the trouble which followed."

"How did Sumner happen to marry?" I asked.

CHARLES SUMNER'S UNHAPPY MARRIAGE.

"He was not married until late in life," replied Mrs. Chase. "He spent most of his existence in bachelorhood, and he was married to his studies and his profession. He was a great friend of Congressman Hooper of Massachusetts, and it was at Hooper's house that he met the young widow whom he married. She had married Hooper's son and he had died. I used to see Mr. Sumner nearly every day at this time. He was father's friend and spent much of his time at our house. Father joked him about his approaching marriage and in a jesting way, cited the examples of prominent men who had married young wives. Charles Sumner was happy, however, in the approaching marriage, and it was not until his wedding day had for some time gone by, that he appreciated the mistake he had made. He found that instead of a helpmeet and a companion he had married a butterfly, who cared more for the German and for the social festivities of the capital than for her husband and his studies. For a time he went with her to parties and receptions. I have sat beside him on some such occasions when I could see that he was miserable. He had work to do and he felt that he should be at it and the result was the separation. He felt the blow terribly and it was this, I believe, that hastened his death."