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A SAPPHO OF GREEN SPRINGS.

BY

BRET HARTE,

AUTHOR OF "THE LUCK OF ROARING CAMP," "THE OUTCASTS OF POKER FLAT," "GABRIEL CONROY," ETC.

PHILADELPHIA:

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY.
CHAPTER I.

"COME in," said the editor.

The door of the editorial room of the *Excelsior Magazine* began to creak painfully under the hesitating pressure of an uncertain and unfamiliar hand. This continued until with a start of irritation the editor faced directly about, throwing his leg over the arm of his chair with a certain youthful dexterity. With one hand gripping its back, the other still grasping a proof-slip, and his pencil in his mouth, he stared at the intruder.

The stranger, despite his hesitating entrance, did not seem in the least disconcerted. He was a tall man, looking even taller by reason of the long formless overcoat he wore, known as a "duster," and by a long straight beard that depended from his chin, which he combed with two reflective fingers as he contemplated the editor. The red dust which still lay in the creases of his garment and in the curves of his soft felt hat, and left a dusty circle like a precipitated halo around his feet, proclaimed him, if not a countryman, a recent inland importation by coach. "Busy?" he said, in a grave but pleasant voice. "I kin wait. Don't mind me. Go on."

The editor indicated a chair with his disengaged hand and plunged again into his proof-slips. The stranger surveyed the scant furniture and appointments of the office with a look of grave curiosity, and then,
taking a chair, fixed an earnest, penetrating gaze on the editor’s profile. The editor felt it, and, without looking up, said,—

“Well, go on.”

“But you’re busy. I kin wait.”

“I shall not be less busy this morning. I can listen.”

“I want you to give me the name of a certain person who writes in your magazine.”

The editor’s eye glanced at the second right-hand drawer of his desk. It did not contain the names of his contributors, but what in the traditions of his office was accepted as an equivalent,—a revolver. He had never yet presented either to an inquirer. But he laid aside his proofs, and, with a slight darkening of his youthful, discontented face, said, “What do you want to know for?”

The question was so evidently unexpected that the stranger’s face colored slightly, and he hesitated. The editor meanwhile, without taking his eyes from the man, mentally ran over the contents of the last magazine. They had been of a singularly peaceful character. There seemed to be nothing to justify homicide on his part or the stranger’s. Yet there was no knowing, and his questioner’s bucolic appearance by no means precluded an assault. Indeed, it had been a legend of the office that a predecessor had suffered vicariously from a geological hammer covertly introduced into a scientific controversy by an irate Professor.

“As we make ourselves responsible for the conduct of the magazine,” continued the young editor, with mature severity, “we do not give up the names of our contributors. If you do not agree with their opinions——”

“But I do,” said the stranger, with his former composure, “and I reckon that’s why I want to know who wrote those verses called ‘Underbrush,’ signed ‘White Violet,’ in your last number. They’re pow’ful pretty.”

The editor flushed slightly, and glanced instinctively around for any unexpected witness of his ludicrous mistake. The fear of ridicule was uppermost in his mind, and he was more relieved at his mistake not being overheard than at its groundlessness.

“The verses are pretty,” he said, recovering himself, with a critical
air, "and I am glad you like them. But even then, you know, I could not give you the lady's name without her permission. I will write to her and ask it, if you like."

The actual fact was that the verses had been sent to him anonymously from a remote village in the Coast Range,—the address being the post-office and the signature initials.

The stranger looked disturbed. "Then she ain't about here anywhere?" he said, with a vague gesture. "She don't belong to the office?"

The young editor beamed with tolerant superiority: "No, I am sorry to say."

"I should like to have got to see her and kinder asked her a few questions," continued the stranger, with the same reflective seriousness. "You see, it wasn't just the rhymin' o' them verses,—and they kinder sing themselves to ye, don't they?—it wasn't the chyme o' words,—and I reckon they allus hit the idee in the centre shot every time,—it wasn't the idees and moral she sort o' drew out o' what she was tellin',—but it was the straight thing itself,—the truth!"

"The truth?" repeated the editor.

"Yes, sir. I've bin there. I've seen all that she's—seen in the brush,—the little flicks and checkers o' light and shadder down in the brown dust that you wonder how it ever got through the dark of the woods, and that allus seems to slip away like a snake or a lizard if you grope. I've heard all that she's heard there,—the creepin', the sighin', and the whisperin' through the bracken and the ground-vines of all that lives there."

"You seem to be a poet yourself," said the editor, with a patronizing smile.

"I'm a lumberman, up in Mendocino," returned the stranger, with sublime naïveté. "Got a mill there. You see, sightin' standin' timber and selectin' from the gen'ral show of the trees in the ground and the lay of roots bez sorter made me take notice." He paused. "Then," he added, somewhat despondingly, "you don't know who she is?"

"No," said the editor, reflectively; "not even if it is really a woman who writes."
"Eh?"

"Well, you see, 'White Violet' may as well be the nom-de-plume of a man as of a woman,—especially if adopted for the purpose of mystification. The handwriting, I remember, was more boyish than feminine."

"No," returned the stranger, doggedly, "it wasn't no man. There's ideas and words there that only come from a woman: baby-talk to the birds, you know, and a kind of fearsome keer of bugs and creepin' things that don't come to a man who wears boots and trousers. Well," he added, with a return to his previous air of resigned disappointment, "I suppose you don't even know what she's like?"

"No," responded the editor, cheerfully. Then, following an idea suggested by the odd mingling of sentiment and shrewd perception in the man before him, he added, "Probably not at all like anything you imagine. She may be a mother with three or four children; or an old maid who keeps a boarding-house; or a wrinkled school-mistress; or a chit of a school-girl. I've had some fair verses from a red-haired girl of fourteen at the Seminary," he concluded, with professional coolness.

The stranger regarded him with the naïve wonder of an inexperienced man. Having paid this tribute to his superior knowledge, he regained his previous air of grave perception. "I reckon she ain't none of them. But I'm keepin' you from your work. Good-by. My name's Bowers,—Jim Bowers, of Mendocino. If you're up my way, give me a call. And if you do write to this yer 'White Violet,' and she's willin', send me her address."

He shook the editor's hand warmly,—even in its literal significance of imparting a good deal of his own earnest caloric to the editor's fingers,—and left the room. His foot-fall echoed along the passage and died out, and with it, I fear, all impression of his visit from the editor's mind, as he plunged again into the silent task before him.

Presently he was conscious of a melodious humming and a light leisurely step at the entrance of the hall. They continued on in an easy harmony and unaffected as the passage of a bird. Both were pleasant and both familiar to the editor. They belonged to Jack Hamlin, by vocation a gambler, by taste a musician, on his way from his apartments on the upper floor, where he had just risen, to drop
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into his friend's editorial room and glance over the exchanges, as was his habit before breakfast.

The door opened lightly. The editor was conscious of a faint odor of scented soap, a sensation of freshness and cleanliness, the impression of a soft hand like a woman's on his shoulder and, like a woman's, momentarily and playfully caressing, the passage of a graceful shadow across his desk, and the next moment Jack Hamlin was ostentatiously dusting a chair with an open newspaper preparatory to sitting down.

"You ought to ship that office-boy of yours if he can't keep things cleaner," he said, suspending his melody to eye grimly the dust which Mr. Bowers had shaken from his departing feet.

The editor did not look up until he had finished revising a difficult paragraph. By that time Mr. Hamlin had comfortably settled himself on a cane sofa, and, possibly out of deference to his surroundings, had subdued his song to a peculiarly low, soft, and heart-breaking whistle as he unfolded a newspaper. Clean and faultless in his appearance, he had the rare gift of being able to get up at two in the afternoon with much of the dewy freshness and all of the moral superiority of an early riser.

"You ought to have been here just now, Jack," said the editor.

"Not a row, old man, eh?" inquired Jack, with a faint accession of interest.

"No," said the editor, smiling. Then he related the incidents of the previous interview, with a certain humorous exaggeration which was part of his nature. But Jack did not smile.

"You ought to have booted him out of the ranch on sight," he said. "What right had he to come here prying into a lady's affairs? —at least a lady as far as he knows. Of course she's some old blowzy with frumpeld hair trying to rope in a greenhorn with a string of words and phrases," concluded Jack, carelessly, who had an equally cynical distrust of the sex and of literature.

"That's about what I told him," said the editor.

"That's just what you shouldn't have told him," returned Jack. "You ought to have stuck up for that woman as if she'd been your own mother. Lord! you fellows don't know how to run a
magazine. You ought to let me sit on that chair and tackle your customers."

"What would you have done, Jack?" asked the editor, much amused to find that his hitherto invincible hero was not above the ordinary human weakness of offering advice as to editorial conduct.

"Done?" reflected Jack. "Well, first, sonny, I shouldn't keep a revolver in a drawer that I had to open to get at."

"But what would you have said?"

"I should simply have asked him what was the price of lumber at Mendocino," said Jack, sweetly, "and when he told me, I should have said that the samples he was offering out of his own head wouldn't suit. You see, you don't want any trifling in such matters. You write well enough, my boy," continued he, turning over his paper, "but what you're lacking in is editorial dignity. But go on with your work. Don't mind me."

Thus admonished, the editor again bent over his desk, and his friend softly took up his suspended song. The editor had not proceeded far in his corrections when Jack's voice again broke the silence.

"Where are those d—d verses, anyway?"

Without looking up, the editor waved his pencil towards an uncut copy of the *Excelsior Magazine* lying on the table.

"You don't suppose I'm going to read them, do you?" said Jack, aggrievedly. "Why don't you say what they're about? That's your business as editor."

But that functionary, now wholly lost and wandering in the *non sequitur* of an involved passage in the proof before him, only waved an impatient remonstrance with his pencil and knit his brows. Jack, with a sigh, took up the magazine.

A long silence followed, broken only by the hurried rustling of sheets of copy and an occasional exasperated start from the editor. The sun was already beginning to slant a dusty beam across his desk; Jack's whistling had long since ceased. Presently, with an exclamation of relief, the editor laid aside the last proof-sheet and looked up.

Jack Hamlin had closed the magazine, but with one hand thrown over the back of the sofa he was still holding it, his slim forefinger between its leaves to keep the place, and his handsome profile and
dark lashes lifted towards the window. The editor, smiling at this unawonted abstraction, said, quietly,—

"Well, what do you think of them?"

Jack rose, laid the magazine down, settled his white waistcoat with both hands, and lounged towards his friend with audacious but slightly veiled and shining eyes. "They sort of sing themselves to you," he said, quietly, leaning beside the editor's desk and looking down upon him. After a pause he said, "Then you don't know what she's like?"

"That's what Mr. Bowers asked me," remarked the editor.

"D——n Bowers!"

"I suppose you also wish me to write and ask for permission to give you her address?" said the editor, with great gravity.

"No," said Jack, coolly. "I propose to give it to you within a week, and you will pay me with a breakfast. I shouild like to have it said that I was once a paid contributor to literature. If I don't give it to you, I'll stand you a dinner, that's all."

"Done?" said the editor. "And you know nothing of her now?"

"No," said Jack, promptly. "Nor you?"

"No more than I have told you."

"That'll do. So long!" And Jack, carefully adjusting his glossy hat over his curls at an ominously wicked angle, sauntered lightly from the room. The editor, glancing after his handsome figure and hearing him take up his pretermitted whistle as he passed out, began to think that the contingent dinner was by no means an inevitable prospect.

Howbeit, he plunged once more into his monotonous duties. But the freshness of the day seemed to have departed with Jack, and the later interruptions of foreman and publisher were of a more practical character. It was not until the post arrived that the superscription on one of the letters caught his eye and revived his former interest. It was the same hand as that of his unknown contributor's manuscript,—ill formed and boyish. He opened the envelope. It contained another poem with the same signature, but also a note—much longer than the brief lines that accompanied the first contribution—was scrawled upon a separate piece of paper. This the editor opened first, and read
the following, with an amazement that for the moment dominated all
other sense:

"Mr. Editor,—

"I see you have got my poetry in. But I don't see the spondulix
that oughter follow. Perhaps you don't know where to send it. Then
I'll tell you. Send the money to Lock Box 47, Green Springs P. Q.,
per Wells Fargo's Express, and I'll get it there, on account of my
parents not knowing. We're very high-toned, and they would think
it's low making poetry for papers. Send amount usually paid for
poetry in your papers. Or maybe you think I make poetry for
nothing? That's where you slip up!

"Yours truly,

"White Violet.

"P.S.—If you don't pay for poetry, send this back. It's as good
as what you did put in, and is just as hard to make. You hear me?
that's me,—all the time.

"White Violet."

The editor turned quickly to the new contribution for some cor-
roboration of what he felt must be an extraordinary blunder. But
no! The few lines that he hurriedly read breathed the same atmos-
phère of intellectual repose, gentleness, and imagination as the first
contribution. And yet they were in the same handwriting as the sin-
gular missive, and both were identical with the previous manuscript.

Had he been the victim of a hoax, and were the verses not original?
No; they were distinctly original, local in color, and even local in the
use of certain old English words that were common in the Southwest.
He had before noticed the apparent incongruity of the handwriting
and the text, and it was possible that for the purposes of disguise the
poet might have employed an amanuensis. But how could he recon-
cile the incongruity of the mercenary and slangy purport of the mis-
sive itself with the mental habit of its author? Was it possible that
these inconsistent qualities existed in the one individual? He smiled
grimly as he thought of his visitor Bowers and his friend Jack. He
was startled as he remembered the purely imaginative picture he had himself given to the seriously interested Bowers of the possible incongruous personality of the poetess.

Was he quite fair in keeping this from Jack? Was it really honorable, in view of their wager? It is to be feared that a very human enjoyment of Jack's possible discomfiture quite as much as any chivalrous friendship impelled the editor to ring eventually for the office-boy.

"See if Mr. Hamlin is in his rooms."

The editor then sat down and wrote rapidly as follows:

"DEAR MADAM,—

"You are as right as you are generous in supposing that only ignorance of your address prevented the manager from previously remitting the honorarium for your beautiful verses. He now begs to send it to you in the manner you have indicated. As the verses have attracted deserved attention, I have been applied to for your address. Should you care to submit it to me to be used at my discretion, I shall feel honored by your confidence. But this is a matter left entirely to your own kindness and better judgment. Meantime, I take pleasure in accepting 'White Violet's' present contribution, and remain, dear madam,

"Your obedient servant,

"THE EDITOR."

The boy returned as he was folding the letter. Mr. Hamlin was not only not in his rooms, but, according to his negro servant Pete, had left town an hour ago, for a few days in the country.

"Did he say where?" asked the editor, quickly.

"No, sir: he didn't know."

"Very well. Take this to the manager." He addressed the letter, and, scrawling a few hieroglyphics on a memorandum-tag, tore it off, and handed it with the letter to the boy.

An hour later he stood in the manager's office. "The next number is pretty well made up," he said, carelessly, "and I think of taking a day or two off."
“Certainly,” said the manager. “It will do you good. Where do you think you’ll go?”
“I haven’t quite made up my mind.”

CHAPTER II.

“Hullo!” said Jack Hamlin.

He had halted his mare at the edge of an abrupt chasm. It did not appear to be fifty feet across, yet its depth must have been nearly two hundred to where the hidden mountain-stream, of which it was the banks, alternately slipped, tumbled, and fell with murmuring and monotonous regularity. One or two pine-trees growing on the opposite edge, loosened at the roots, had tilted their straight shafts like spears over the abyss, and the top of one, resting on the upper branches of a sycamore a few yards from him, served as an aerial bridge for the passage of a boy of fourteen to whom Mr. Hamlin’s challenge was addressed.

The boy stopped midway in his perilous transit, and, looking down upon the horseman, responded, coolly, “Hullo yourself!”

“Is that the only way across this infernal hole, or the one you prefer for exercise?” continued Hamlin, gravely.

The boy sat down on a bough, allowing his bare feet to dangle over the dizzy depths, and critically examined his questioner. Jack had on this occasion modified his usual correct conventional attire by a tasteful combination of a vaquero’s costume, and, in loose white bullion-fringed trousers, red sash, jacket, and sombrero, looked infinitely more dashing and picturesque than his original. Nevertheless the boy did not reply. Mr. Hamlin’s pride in his usual ascendancy over women, children, horses, and all unreasoning animals was deeply nettled. He smiled, however, and said, quietly,—

“Come here, George Washington. I want to talk to you.”

Without rejecting this august yet impossible title, the boy presently lifted his feet and carelessly resumed his passage across the chasm until, reaching the sycamore, he began to let himself down squirrel-wise, leap by leap, with an occasional trapeze swinging from bough to bough,
dropping at last easily to the ground. Here he appeared to be rather
good-looking, albeit the sun and air had worked a miracle of brown
tan and freckles on his exposed surfaces, until the mottling of his oval
cheeks looked like a polished bird’s egg. Indeed, it struck Mr. Ham-
lin that he was as intensely a part of that sylvan seclusion as the
hidden brook that murmured, the brown velvet shadows that lay like
trappings on the white flanks of his horse, the quivering heat, and the
stinging spice of bay. Mr. Hamlin had vague ideas of dryads and
fauns, but at that moment would have bet something on the chances
of their survival.

“I did not hear what you said just now, general,” he remarked,
with great elegance of manner, “but I know from your reputation that
it could not be a lie. I therefore gather that there is another way
across.”

The boy smiled; rather his very short upper lip apparently van-
ished completely over his white teeth, and his very black eyes—which
showed a great deal of the white around them—danced in their orbits.

“But you couldn’t find it,” he said, slyly.

“No more could you find the half-dollar I dropped just now,
unless I helped you.”

Mr. Hamlin, by way of illustration, leaned deeply over his left
stirrup and pointed to the ground. At the same moment a bright half-
dollar absolutely appeared to glitter in the herbage at the point of his
finger. It was a trick that had always brought great pleasure and
profit to his young friends and some loss and discomfiture of wager to
his older ones.

The boy picked up the coin: “There’s a dip and a level crossing
about a mile over yer,” —he pointed,—“but it’s through the woods,
and they’re that high with thick bresh."

“With what?”

“Bresh,” repeated the boy; “that,”—pointing to a few fronds of
bracken growing in the shadow of the sycamore.

“Oh I underbrush?”

“Yes; I said ‘bresh,’” returned the boy, doggedly. “You might
get through, ef you war spry, but not your hoss. Where do you want
to go, anyway?”
“Do you know, George,” said Mr. Hamlin, lazily throwing his right leg over the horn of his saddle for greater ease and deliberation in replying, “it’s very odd, but that’s just what I’d like to know. Now, what would you, in your broad statesmanlike views of things generally, advise?”

Quite convinced of the stranger’s mental unsoundness, the boy glanced again at his half-dollar, as if to make sure of its integrity, pocketed it doubtfully, and turned away.

“Where are you going?” said Hamlin, resuming his seat with the agility of a circus-rider, and spurring forward.

“To Green Springs,—where I live,—two miles over the ridge on the far slope,”—indicating the direction.

“Ah!” said Jack, with thoughtful gravity. “Well, kindly give my love to your sister, will you?”

“George Washington didn’t have no sister,” said the boy, cunningly.

“Can I have been mistaken?” said Hamlin, lifting his hand to his forehead, with grieved accents. “Then it seems you have. Kindly give her my love.”

“Which one?” asked the boy, with a swift glance of mischief. “I’ve got four.”

“The one that’s like you,” returned Hamlin, with prompt exactitude. “Now, where’s the ‘bresh’ you spoke of?”

“Keep along the edge until you come to the log-slide. Foller that, and it’ll lead you into the woods. But ye won’t go far, I tell ye. When you have to turn back, instead o’ comin’ back here, you kin take the trail that goes round the woods, and that’ll bring ye out into the stage road ag’in near the post-office at the Green Springs crossin’ and the new hotel. That’ll be war ye’ll turn up, I reckon,” he added, reflectively. “Fellers that come yer gunnin’ and fishin’ gin’rally do,” he concluded, with a half-inquisitive air.

“Ah!” said Mr. Hamlin, quietly shedding the inquiry. “Green Springs Hotel is where the stage stops, eh?”

“Yes, and at the post-office,” said the boy. “She’ll be along here soon,” he added.

“If you mean the Santa Cruz stage,” said Hamlin, “she’s here already. I passed her on the ridge, half an hour ago.”
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The boy gave a sudden start, and a quick uneasy expression passed over his face. "Go 'long with ye!" he said, with a forced smile: "it ain't her time yet."


But his companion had already vanished in the thicket with the undeliberate and impulsive act of an animal. There was a momentary rustle in the alders fifty feet away, and then all was silent. The hidden brook took up its monotonous murmur, the tapping of a distant woodpecker became suddenly audible, and Mr. Hamlin was again alone.

"Wonder whether he's got parents in the stage, and has been playing truant here," he mused, lazily. "Looked as if he'd been up to some devilment,—or more like as if he was primed for it. If he'd been a little older I'd have bet he was in league with some road-agents to watch the coach. Just my luck to have him light out as I was beginning to get some talk out of him." He paused, looked at his watch, and straightened himself in his stirrups. "Four o'clock. I reckon I might as well try the woods and what that imp calls the 'bresh; I may strike a shanty or a native by the way."

With this determination, Mr. Hamlin urged his horse along the faint trail by the brink of the watercourse which the boy had just indicated. He had no definite end in view beyond the one that had brought him the day before to that locality,—his quest of the unknown poetess. His clue would have seemed to ordinary humanity the faintest. He had merely noted the provincial name of a certain plant mentioned in the poem and learned that its habitat was limited to the southern local range; while its peculiar nomenclature was clearly of French Creole or Gulf State origin. This gave him a large though sparsely-populated area for locality, while it suggested a settlement of Louisianians or Mississippians near the Summit, of whom, through their native gambling proclivities, he was professionally cognizant. But he mainly trusted Fortune. Secure in his faith in the feminine character of that goddess, he relied a great deal on her well-known weakness for scamps of his quality.

It was not long before he came to the "slide,"—a lightly-cut or shallow ditch. It descended slightly in a course that was far from
straight, at times diverging to avoid the obstacles of trees or boulders, at times shaving them so closely as to leave smooth abrasions along their sides made by the grinding passage of long logs down the incline. The track itself was slippery from this, and preoccupied all Hamlin’s skill as a horseman, even to the point of stopping his usual careless whistle. At the end of half an hour the track became level again, and he was confronted with a singular phenomenon.

He had entered the wood, and the trail seemed to cleave through a far-stretching, motionless sea of ferns that flowed on either side to the height of his horse’s flanks. The straight shafts of the trees rose like columns from their hidden bases and were lost again in a roof of impenetrable leafage, leaving a clear space of fifty feet between, through which the surrounding horizon of sky was perfectly visible. All the light that entered this vast sylvan hall came from the sides; nothing permeated from above; nothing radiated from below; the height of the crest on which the wood was placed gave it this lateral illumination, but gave it also the profound isolation of some temple raised by long-forgotten hands. In spite of the height of these clear shafts, they seemed dwarfed by the expanse of the wood, and in the farthest perspective the base of ferns and the capital of foliage appeared almost to meet. As the boy had warned him, the slide had turned aside, skirting the wood to follow the incline, and presently the little trail he now followed vanished utterly, leaving him and his horse adrift breast-high in this green and yellow sea of fronds. But Mr. Hamlin, imperious of obstacles, and touched by some curiosity, continued to advance lazily, taking the bearings of a larger red-wood in the centre of the grove for his objective point. The elastic mass gave way before him, brushing his knees or combing his horse’s flanks with wide-spread elfin fingers, and closing up behind him as he passed, as if to obliterate any track by which he might return. Yet his usual luck did not desert him here. Being on horseback, he found that he could detect what had been invisible to the boy and probably to all pedestrians,—namely, that the growth was not equally dense, that there were certain thinner and more open spaces that he could take advantage of by more circuitous progression, always, however, keeping the bearings of the central tree. This he at last reached, and halted his panting horse.
Here a new idea which had been haunting him since he entered the wood took fuller possession of him. He had seen or known all this before! There was a strange familiarity either in these objects or in the impression or spell they left upon him. He remembered the verses! Yes, this was the "underbrush" which the poetess had described: the gloom above and below, the light that seemed blown through it like the wind, the suggestion of hidden life beneath this tangled luxuriance, which she alone had penetrated,—all this was here. But, more than that, here was the atmosphere that she had breathed into the plaintive melody of her verse. It did not necessarily follow that Mr. Hamlin's translation of her sentiment was the correct one, or that the ideas her verses had provoked in his mind were at all what had been hers: in his easy susceptiblity he was simply thrown into a corresponding mood of emotion and relieved himself with song. One of the verses he had already associated in his mind with the rhythm of an old plantation melody, and it struck his fancy to take advantage of the solitude to try its effect. Humming to himself, at first softly, he at last grew bolder, and let his voice drift away through the stark pillars of the sylvan colonnade till it seemed to suffuse and fill it with no more effort than the light which strayed in on either side. Sitting thus, his hat thrown a little back from his clustering curls, the white neck and shoulders of his horse uplifting him above the crested mass of fern, his red sash the one fleck of color in their olive depths, I am afraid he looked much more like the real minstrel of the grove than the unknown poetess who had transfigured it. But this, as has been already indicated, was Jack Hamlin's peculiar gift. Even as he had previously outshone the cavuoro in his borrowed dress, he now silenced and supplanted a few fluttering blue-jays—rightful tenants of the wood—with a more graceful and airy presence and a far sweeter voice.

The open horizon towards the west had taken a warmer color from the already slanting sun when Mr. Hamlin, having rested his horse, turned to that direction. He had noticed that the wood was thinner there, and, pushing forward, he was presently rewarded by the sound of far-off wheels, and knew he must be near the high-road that the boy had spoken of. Having given up his previous intention of cross-
ing the stream, there seemed nothing better for him to do than to follow the truant’s advice and take the road back to Green Springs. Yet he was loath to leave the wood, halting on its verge, and turning to look back into its charmed recesses. Once or twice—perhaps because he recalled the words of the poem—that yellowish sea of ferns had seemed instinct with hidden life, and he had even fancied, here and there, a swaying of its plumed crests. Howbeit, he still lingered long enough for the open sunlight into which he had obtruded to point out the bravery of his handsome figure. Then he wheeled his horse, the light glanced from polished double bit and bridle-fripperies, caught his red sash and bullion buttons, struck a parting flash from his silver spurs, and he was gone!

For a moment the light streamed unbrokenly through the wood. And then it could be seen that the yellow mass of undergrowth had moved with the passage of another figure than his own. For ever since he had entered the shade a woman shawled in a vague shapeless fashion had watched him wonderingly, eagerly, excitedly, gliding from tree to tree as he advanced, or else dropping breathlessly below the fronds of fern whence she gazed at him as between parted fingers. When he wheeled she had run openly to the west, albeit with hidden face and still clinging shawl, and taken a last look at his retreating figure. And then, with a faint but lingering sigh, she drew back into the shadow of the wood again and vanished also.

CHAPTER III.

At the end of twenty minutes Mr. Hamlin reined in his mare. He had just observed in the distant shadows of a by-lane that intersected his road the vanishing flutter of two light print dresses. Without a moment’s hesitation he lightly swerved out of the high-road and followed the retreating figures.

As he neared them, they seemed to be two slim young girls, evidently so preoccupied with the rustic amusement of edging each other off the grassy border into the dust of the track that they did not perceive his approach. Little shrieks, slight scufflings, and interjeo-
tions of "Cynthy! you limb!" "Quit that, Eunice, now!" and "I just call that real mean!" apparently drowned the sound of his canter in the soft dust. Checking his speed to a gentle trot, and pressing his horse close beside the opposite fence, he passed them with gravely-uplifted hat and a serious preoccupied air. But in that single, seemingly conventional glance Mr. Hamlin had seen that they were both pretty and that one had the short upper lip of his errant little guide. A hundred yards farther on he halted, as if irresolutely, gazed doubtfully ahead of him, and then turned back. An expression of innocent—almost child-like—concern was clouding the rascal's face. It was well, as the two girls had drawn closely together, having been apparently surprised in the midst of a glowing eulogy of this glorious passing vision by its sudden return. At his nearer approach the one with the short upper lip hid that piquant feature and the rest of her rosy face behind the other’s shoulder, which was suddenly and significantly opposed to the advance of this handsome intruder with a certain dignity, half real, half affected, but wholly charming. The protectress appeared—possibly from her defensive attitude—the superior of her companion.

Audacious as Jack was to his own sex, he had early learned that such rare but decomposing graces as he possessed required a certain apologetic attitude when presented to women, and that it was only a plain man who could be always complacently self-confident in their presence. There was, consequently, a hesitating lowering of this hypocrite’s brown eyelashes as he said, in almost pained accents,—

"Excuse me, but I fear I’ve taken the wrong road. I’m going to Green Springs."

"I reckon you’ve taken the wrong road wherever you’re going," returned the young lady, having apparently made up her mind to resent each of Jack’s perfections as a separate impertinence: "this is a private road." She drew herself fairly up here, although gurgled at in the ear and pinched in the arm by her companion.

"I beg your pardon," said Jack, meekly. "I see I’m trespassing on your grounds. I’m very sorry. Thank you for telling me. I should have gone on a mile or two farther, I suppose, until I came to your house," he added, innocently.
“A mile or two! You’d have run chock ag’in’ our gate in another minit,” said the short-lipped one, eagerly. But a sharp nudge from her companion sent her back again into cover, where she waited expectantly for another crushing retort from her protector.

But, alas! it did not come. One cannot be always witty, and Jack looked distressed. Nevertheless he took advantage of the pause.

“It was so stupid in me, as I think your brother”—looking at Short-lip—“very carefully told me the road.”

The two girls darted quick glances at each other. “Oh, Bawb!” said the first speaker, in wearied accents,—“that limb! He don’ keer.”

“But he did care,” said Hamlin, quietly, “and gave me a good deal of information. Thanks to him, I was able to see that ferny wood that’s so famous,—about two miles up the road. You know,—the one that there’s a poem written about!”

The shot told! Short-lip burst into a display of dazzling little teeth and caught the other girl convulsively by the shoulders. The superior girl bent her pretty brows, and said, “Eunice, what’s gone of ye? Quit that!” but, as Hamlin thought, paled slightly.

“Of course,” said Hamlin, quickly, “you know,—the poem everybody’s talking about. Dear me! let me see! how does it go?” The rascal knit his brows, said, “Ah, yes,” and then murmured the verse he had lately sung quite as musically.

Short-lip was shamelessly exalted and excited. Really she could scarcely believe it! She already heard herself relating the whole occurrence. Here was the most beautiful young man she had ever seen—an entire stranger—talking to them in the most beautiful and natural way, right in the lane, and reciting poetry to her sister! It was like a novel,—only more so. She thought that Cynthia, on the other hand, looked distressed, and—she must say it—“silly.”

All of which Jack noted, and was wise. He had got all he wanted—at present. He gathered up his reins.

“Thank you so much, and your brother too, Miss Cynthia,” he said, without looking up. Then, adding, with a parting glance and smile, “But don’t tell Bob how stupid I was,” he swiftly departed.

In half an hour he was at the Green Springs Hotel. As he rode
into the stable yard he noticed that the coach had only just arrived, having been detained by a land-slip on the Summit road. With the recollection of Bob fresh in his mind, he glanced at the loungers at the stage office. The boy was not there, but a moment later Jack detected him among the waiting crowd at the post-office opposite. With a view of following up his inquiries, he crossed the road as the boy entered the vestibule of the post-office. He arrived in time to see him unlock one of a row of numbered letter-boxes rented by subscribers, which occupied a partition by the window, and take out a small package and a letter. But in that brief glance Mr. Hamlin detected the printed address of the *Ecclesior Magazine* on the wrapper. It was enough. Luck was certainly with him.

He had time to get rid of the wicked sparkle that had lit his dark eyes and to lounge carelessly towards the boy as the latter broke open the package and then hurriedly concealed it in his jacket-pocket and started for the door. Mr. Hamlin quickly followed him, unperceived, and, as he stepped into the street, gently tapped him on the shoulder. The boy turned and faced him quickly. But Mr. Hamlin’s eyes showed nothing but lazy good-humor.

"Hullo, Bob. Where are you going?"

The boy again looked up suspiciously at this revelation of his name.

"Home," he said, briefly.

"Oh, over yonder," said Hamlin, calmly. "I don’t mind walking with you as far as the lane."

He saw the boy’s eyes glance furtively towards an alley that ran beside the blacksmith’s shop a few rods ahead, and was convinced that he intended to evade him there. Slipping his arm carelessly in the youth’s, he concluded to open fire at once.

"Bob," he said, with irresistible gravity, "I did not know when I met you this morning that I had the honor of addressing a poet,—none other than the famous author of ‘Underbrush.’"

The boy started back and endeavored to withdraw his arm, but Mr. Hamlin tightened his hold, without, however, changing his careless expression.

"You see," he continued, "the editor is a friend of mine, and,
being afraid this package might not get into the right hands,—as you didn’t give your name,—he deputized me to come here and see that it was all square. As you’re rather young, for all you’re so gifted, I reckon I’d better go home with you and take a receipt from your parents. That’s about square, I think?"

The consternation of the boy was so evident and so far beyond Mr. Hamlin’s expectation that he instantly halted him, gazed into his shifting eyes, and gave a long whistle.

"Who said it was for me? Wot you talkin’ about? Lemme go!" gasped the boy, with the short intermittent breath of mingled fear and passion.

"Bob," said Mr. Hamlin, in a singularly colorless voice which was very rare with him, and an expression quite unlike his own, "what is your little game?"

The boy looked down in dogged silence.

"Out with it! Who are you playing this on?"

"It’s all among my own folks; it’s nothin’ to you," said the boy, suddenly beginning to struggle violently, as if inspired by this extenuating fact.

"Among your own folks, eh? White Violet and the rest, eh? But she’s not in it?"

No reply.

"Hand me over that package. I’ll give it back to you again."

The boy handed it to Mr. Hamlin. He read the letter, and found the enclosure contained a twenty-dollar gold-piece. A half-supercilious smile passed over his face at this revelation of the inadequate emoluments of literature and the trifling inducements to crime. Indeed, I fear the affair began to take a less serious moral complexion in his eyes.

"Then White Violet—your sister Cynthia, you know," continued Mr. Hamlin, in easy parenthesis,—"wrote for this?" holding the coin contemplatively in his fingers, "and you calculated to nab it yourself?"

The quick searching glance with which Bob received the name of his sister, Mr. Hamlin attributed only to his natural surprise that this stranger should be on such familiar terms with her; but the boy responded immediately and bluntly,—
"No! She didn't write for it. She didn't want nobody to know who she was. Nobody wrote for it but me. Nobody knew folks was paid for po'try but me. I found it out from a feller. I wrote for it. I wasn't goin' to let that skunk of an editor have it himself!"

"And you thought you would take it," said Hamlin, his voice resuming its old tone. "Well, George—I mean Bob, your conduct was praiseworthy, although your intentions were bad. Still, twenty dollars is rather too much for your trouble. Suppose we say five and call it square?" He handed the astonished boy five dollars. "Now, George Washington," he continued, taking four other twenty-dollar pieces from his pocket and adding them to the enclosure, which he carefully refolded, "I'm going to give you another chance to live up to your reputation. You'll take that package and hand it to 'White Violet' and say you found it, just as it is, in the lock box. I'll keep the letter, for it would knock you endways if it was seen, and I'll make it all right with the editor. But, as I've got to tell him that I've seen White Violet myself and know she's got it, I expect you to manage in some way to have me see her. I'll manage the rest of it; and I won't blow on you, either. You'll come back to the hotel and tell me what you've done. And now, George," concluded Mr. Hamlin, succeeding at last in fixing the boy's evasive eye with a peculiar look, "it may be just as well for you to understand that I know every nook and corner of this place, that I've already been through that underbrush you spoke of once this morning, and that I've got a mare that can go wherever you can, and a d—-d sight quicker!"

"I'll give the package to White Violet," said the boy, doggedly.
"And you'll come back to the hotel?"
The boy hesitated, and then said, "I'll come back."
"All right, then. Adios, general."

Bob disappeared around the corner of a cross-road at a rapid trot, and Mr. Hamlin turned into the hotel.
"Smart little chap that!" he said to the barkeeper.
"You bet!" returned the man, who, having recognized Mr. Hamlin, was delighted at the prospect of conversing with a gentleman of such decided dangerous reputation. "But he's been allowed to run a little wild since old man Delatour died, and the widder's got
enough to do, I reckon, lookin' arter her four gals and takin' keer of old Delatour's ranch over yonder. I guess it's pretty hard sleddin' for her sometimes to get clo'ees and grub for the famerly, without follerin' Bob around."

"Sharp girls too, I reckon: one of them writes things for the maga-
zines, doesn't she?—Cynthia, eh?" said Mr. Hamlin, carelessly.

Evidently this fact was not a notorious one to the barkeeper. He, however, said, "Dunno; mabbee; her father was eddicated, and the widder Delatour too, though she's sorter queer, I've heard tell. Lord! Mr. Hamlin, you oughter remember old man Delatour! From Opelousas, Louisiany, you know! High old sport,—French style, frilled bosom,—open-handed, and us'ter buck ag'in' faro awful! Why, he dropped a heap o' money to you over in San Jose two years ago at poker! You must remember him!"

The slightest possible flush passed over Mr. Hamlin's brow under the shadow of his hat, but did not get lower than his eyes. He sud-
denly had recalled the spendthrift Delatour, perfectly, and as quickly regretted now that he had not doubled the honorarium he had just sent to his portionless daughter. But he only said, coolly, "No," and then, raising his pale face and audacious eyes, continued in his laziest and most insulting manner, "No: the fact is, my mind is just now preoccu-
pied in wondering if the gas is leaking anywhere, and if anything is ever served over this bar except elegant conversation. When the gentle-
man who mixes drinks comes back, perhaps you'll be good enough to tell him to send a whiskey sour to Mr. Jack Hamlin in the parlor. Meantime, you can turn off your soda-fountain: I don't want any fizz in mine."

Having thus quite recovered himself, Mr. Hamlin lounged grace-
fully across the hall into the parlor. As he did so, a darkish young man, with a slim boyish figure, a thin face, and a discontented expres-
sion, rose from an arm-chair, held out his hand, and, with a saturnine smile, said,—

"Jack!"

"Fred!"

The two men remained gazing at each other with a half-amused, half-guarded expression. Mr. Hamlin was first to begin. "I didn't
think you'd be such a fool as to try on this kind of thing, Fred," he said, half seriously.

"Yes, but it was to keep you from being a much bigger one that I hunted you up," said the editor, mischievously. "Read that. I got it an hour after you left." And he placed a little triumphantly in Jack's hand the letter he had received from White Violet.

Mr. Hamlin read it with an unmoved face, and then laid his two hands on the editor's shoulder. "Yes, my young friend, and you sat down and wrote her a pretty letter and sent her twenty dollars,—which, permit me to say, was d——d poor pay! But that isn't your fault, I reckon: it's the meanness of your proprietors."

"But it isn't the question, either, just now, Jack, however you have been able to answer it. Do you mean to say seriously that you want to know anything more of a woman who could write such a letter?"

"I don't know," said Jack, cheerfully. "She might be a devilish sight funnier than if she hadn't written it,—which is the fact."

"You mean to say she didn't write it?"

"Yes."

"Who did, then?"

"Her brother Bob."

After a moment's scrutiny of his friend's bewildered face, Mr. Hamlin briefly related his adventures, from the moment of his meeting Bob at the mountain-stream to the barkeeper's gossipping comment and sequel. "Therefore," he concluded, "the author of 'Underbrush' is Miss Cynthia Delatour, one of four daughters of a widow who lives two miles from here at the crossing. I shall see her this evening and make sure; but to-morrow morning you will pay me the breakfast you owe me. She's good-looking, but I can't say I fancy the poetic style: it's a little too high-toned for me. However, I love my love with a C, because she is your Contributor; I hate her with a C, because of her Connections; I met her by Chance and treated her with Civility; her name is Cynthia, and she lives on a Cross-road."

"But you surely don't expect you will ever see Bob again?" said the editor, impatiently. "You have trusted him with enough to start him for the Sandwich Islands,—to say nothing of the ruinous
precedent: you have established in his mind of the value of poetry. I am surprised that a man of your knowledge of the world would have faith in that imp the second time."

"My knowledge of the world," returned Mr. Hamlin, sententiously, "tells me that’s the only way you can trust anybody. Once doesn’t make a habit, nor show a character. I could see by his bungling that he had never tried this on before. Just now the temptation to wipe out his punishment by doing the square thing, and coming back a sort of hero, is stronger than any other. ’Tisn’t everybody that gets that chance," he added, with an odd laugh.

Nevertheless, three hours passed without bringing Bob. The two men had gone to the billiard-room, when a waiter brought a note which he handed to Mr. Hamlin with some apologetic hesitation. It bore no superscription, but had been brought by a boy who described Mr. Hamlin perfectly and requested that the note should be handed to him with the remark that "Bob had come back."

"And is he there now?" asked Mr. Hamlin, holding the letter unopened in his hand.

"No, sir; he run right off."

The editor laughed, but Mr. Hamlin, having perused the note, put away his cue. "Come into my room," he said.

The editor followed, and Mr. Hamlin laid the note before him on the table. "Bob’s all right," he said, "for I’ll bet a thousand dollars that note is genuine."

It was delicately written, in a cultivated feminine hand, utterly unlike the scrawl that had first excited the editor’s curiosity, and ran as follows:

"He who brought me the bounty of your friend—for I cannot call a recompense so far above my deserts by any other name—gives me also to understand that you wished for an interview. I cannot believe that this is mere idle curiosity, or that you have any motive that is not kindly and honorable, but I feel that I must beg and pray you not to seek to remove the veil behind which I have chosen to hide myself and my poor efforts from identification. I think I know you—I know I know myself—well enough to believe it would give neither of us any
happiness. You will say to your generous friend that he has already given the Unknown more comfort and hope than could come from any personal compliment or publicity, and you will yourself believe that you have all unconsciously brightened a sad woman's fancy with a Dream and a Vision that before to-day had been unknown to

"White Violet."

"Have you read it?" asked Mr. Hamlin.
"Yes."
"Then you don't want to see it any more, or even remember you ever saw it," said Mr. Hamlin, carefully tearing the note into small pieces and letting them drift from the windows like blown blossoms.
"But I say, Jack! look here; I don't understand! You say you have already seen this woman, and yet——"
"I haven't seen her," said Jack, composedly, turning from the window.
"What do you mean?"
"I mean that you and I, Fred, are going to drop this fooling right here and leave this place for Frisco by first stage to-morrow, and—that I owe you that dinner."

CHAPTER IV.

When the stage for San Francisco rolled away the next morning with Mr. Hamlin and the editor, the latter might have recognized in the occupant of a dust-covered buggy that was coming leisurely towards them the tall figure, long beard, and straight duster of his late visitor, Mr. James Bowers. For Mr. Bowers was on the same quest that the others had just abandoned: like Mr. Hamlin, he had been left to his own resources, but Mr. Bowers's resources were a life-long experience and technical skill; he too had noted the topographical indications of the poem, and his knowledge of the sylva of Upper California pointed as unerringly as Mr. Hamlin's luck to the cryptogamous haunts of the Summit. Such abnormal growths were indicative of certain localities only, but, as they were not remunerative from a pecuniary point of view, were to be avoided by the sagacious woodman. It was clear,
therefore, that Mr. Bowers's visit to Green Springs was not professional, and that he did not even figuratively accept the omen.

He baited and rested his horse at the hotel, where his bucolic exterior, however, did not elicit that attention which had been accorded to Mr. Hamlin's charming insolence or the editor's cultivated manner. But he glanced over a township map on the walls of the reading-room, and took note of the names of the owners of different lots, farms, and ranches, passing that of Delatour with the others. Then he drove leisurely in the direction of the woods, and, reaching them, tied his horse to a young sapling in the shade, and entered their domain with a shambling but familiar woodman's step.

It is not the purpose of this brief chronicle to follow Mr. Bowers in his professional diagnosis of the locality. He recognized Nature in one of her moods of wasteful extravagance,—a waste that his experienced eye could tell was also sapping the vitality of those outwardly robust shafts that rose around him. He knew, without testing them, that half of these fair-seeming columns were hollow and rotten at the core; he could detect the chill odor of decay through the hot balsamic spices stirred by the wind that streamed through their long aisles,—like incense mingling with the exhalations of a crypt. He stopped now and then to part the heavy fronds down to their roots in the dank moss, seeing again, as he had told the editor, the weird second twilight through their miniature stems, and the microcosm of life that filled it. But, even while paying this tribute to the accuracy of the unknown poetess, he was, like his predecessor, haunted more strongly by the atmosphere and melody of her verse. Its spell was upon him too. Unlike Mr. Hamlin, he did not sing. He only halted once or twice, silently combing his straight narrow beard with his three fingers, until the action seemed to draw down the lines of his face into limitless dejection, and an inscrutable melancholy filled his small gray eyes. The few birds who had hailed Mr. Hamlin as their successful rival fled away before the grotesque and angular half-length of Mr. Bowers, as if the wind had blown in a scarecrow from the distant farms.

Suddenly he observed the figure of a woman, with her back towards him, leaning motionless against a tree and apparently gazing intently in the direction of Green Springs. He had approached so near to her
that it was singular she had not heard him. Mr. Bowers was a bashful man in the presence of the other sex. He felt exceedingly embarrassed; if he could have gone away without attracting her attention he would have done so. Neither could he remain silent a tacit spy of her meditation. He had recourse to a polite but singularly artificial cough.

To his surprise, she gave a faint cry, turned quickly towards him, and then shrank back and lapsed quite helpless against the tree. Her evident distress overcame his bashfulness. He ran towards her.

"I'm sorry I frighted ye, ma'am, but I was afraid I might skeer ye more if I lay low and said nothin' ."

Even then, if she had been some fair young country girl, he would have relapsed after this speech into his former bashfulness. But the face and figure she turned towards him were neither young nor fair: a woman past forty, with gray threads and splashes in her brushed-back hair, which was turned over her ears in two curls like frayed strands of rope. Her forehead was rather high than broad, her nose large but well shaped, and her eyes full but so singularly light in color as to seem almost sightless. The short upper lip of her large mouth displayed her teeth in an habitual smile, which was in turn so flatly contradicted by every other line of her care-worn face that it seemed gratuitously artificial. Her figure was hidden by a shapeless garment that partook equally of the shawl, cloak, and wrapper.

"I am very foolish," she began, in a voice and accent that at once asserted a cultivated woman, "but I so seldom meet anybody here that a voice quite startled me. That, and the heat," she went on, wiping her face, into which the color was returning violently,—"for I seldom go out as early as this,—I suppose affected me."

Mr. Bowers had that innate Far-Western reverence for womanhood which I fancy challenges the most polished politeness. He remained patient, undemonstrative, self-effacing, and respectful before her, his angular arm slightly but not obtrusively advanced, the offer of protection being in the act rather than in any spoken word, and requiring no response.

"Like as not, ma'am," he said, cheerfully, looking everywhere but in her burning face. "The sun is pow'ful hot at this time o' day; I felt it myself comin' yer, and, though the damp of this time be..."
sets it back, it's likely to come out ag'in. Ye can't check it no more
than the sap in that chocked limb thar,"—he pointed ostentationally
where a fallen pine had been caught in the bent and twisted arm of
another, but which still put out a few green tassels beyond the point of
impact. "Do you live far from here, ma'am?" he added.

"Only as far as the first turning below the hill."

"I've got my buggy here, and I'm goin' that way, and I can jist
set ye down thar cool and comfortable. Ef," he continued, in the
same assuring tone, without waiting for a reply, "ye'll jist take a
good grip of my arm thar," curving his wrist and hand behind him
like a shepherd's crook, "I'll go first, and break away the brush
for ye."

She obeyed mechanically, and they fared on through the thick
ferns in this fashion for some moments, he looking ahead, occasionally
dropping a word of caution or encouragement, but never glancing at
her face. When they reached the buggy he lifted her into it carefully,
—and perpendicularly, it struck her afterwards, very much as if she
had been a transplanted sapling with bared and sensitive roots,—and
then gravely took his place beside her.

"Bein' in the timber trade myself, ma'am," he said, gathering up
the reins, "I chanced to sight these woods, and took a look around.
My name is Bowers, of Mendocino; I reckon there ain't much that
grows in the way o' stannin' timber on the Pacific Slope that I don't
know and can't locate, though I do say it. I've got ez big a mill, and
ez big a run in my district, as there is anywhere. Ef you're ever up
my way, you ask for Bowers,—Jim Bowers,—and that's me."

There is probably nothing more conducive to conversation between
strangers than a wholesome and early recognition of each other's
foibles. Mr. Bowers, believing his chance acquaintance a superior
woman, naïvely spoke of himself in a way that he hoped would re-
assure her that she was not compromising herself in accepting his
civility, and so satisfy what must be her inevitable pride. On the
other hand, the woman regained her self-possession by this exhibition
of Mr. Bowers's vanity, and, revived by the refreshing breeze caused
by the rapid motion of the buggy along the road, thanked him
graciously.
"I suppose there are many strangers at the Green Springs Hotel," she said, after a pause.

"I didn’t get to see ’em, as I only put up my hose there," he replied. "But I know the stage took some away this mornin’: it seemed pretty well loaded up when I passed it."

The woman drew a deep sigh. The act struck Mr. Bowers as a possible return of her former nervous weakness. Her attention must at once be distracted at any cost,—even conversation.

"Perhaps," he began, with sudden and appalling lightness, "I’m a-talkin’ to Mrs. McFadden?"

"No," said the woman, abstractedly.

"Then it must be Mrs. Delatour? There are only two township lots on that cross-road."

"My name is Delatour," she said, somewhat wearily.

Mr. Bowers was conversationally stranded. He was not at all anxious to know her name, yet, knowing it now, it seemed to suggest that there was nothing more to say. He would, of course, have preferred to ask her if she had read the poetry about the Underbrush, and if she knew the poetess, and what she thought of it; but the fact that she appeared to be an "edicated" woman made him sensitive of displaying technical ignorance in his manner of talking about it. She might ask him if it was "subjective" or "objective,"—two words he had heard used at the Debating Society at Mendocino on the question, "Is poetry morally beneficial?" For a few moments he was silent. But presently she took the initiative in conversation, at first slowly and abstractedly, and then, as if appreciating his sympathetic reticence, or mayhap finding some relief in monotonous expression, talked mechanically, deliberately but unostentatiously about herself. So colorless was her intonation that at times it did not seem as if she was talking to him, but repeating some conversation she had held with another.

She had lived there ever since she had been in California. Her husband had bought the Spanish title to the property when they first married. The property at his death was found to be greatly involved; she had been obliged to part with much of it to support her children,—four girls and a boy. She had been compelled to withdraw the
girls from the convent at Santa Clara to help about the house; the
boy was too young—she feared, too shiftless—to do anything. The
farm did not pay; the land was poor; she knew nothing about
farming; she had been brought up in New Orleans, where her
father had been a judge, and she didn’t understand country life. Of
course she had been married too young,—as all girls were. Lately
she had thought of selling off and moving to San Francisco, where
she would open a boarding-house or a school for young ladies. He
could advise her, perhaps, of some good opportunity. Her own girls
were far enough advanced to assist her in teaching: one particularly,
Cynthia, was quite clever and spoke French and Spanish fluently.

As Mr. Bowers was familiar with many of these counts in the
feminine American indictment of life generally, he was not perhaps
greatly moved. But in the last sentence he thought he saw an opening
to return to his main object, and, looking up cautiously, said,—

“And mebbe write po’try now and then?”

To his great discomfiture, the only effect of this suggestion was to
check his companion’s speech for some moments and apparently throw
her back into her former abstraction. Yet, after a long pause, as they
were turning into the lane she said, as if continuing the subject,—

“I only hope that, whatever my daughters may do, they won’t
marry young.”

The yawning breaches in the Delatour gates and fences presently
came in view. They were supposed to be reinforced by half a dozen
dogs, who, however, did their duty with what would seem to be the
prevailing inefficiency, retiring after a single perfunctory yelp to shame-
less stretching, scratching, and slumber. Their places were taken on
the veranda by two negro servants, two girls respectively of eight and
eleven, and a boy of fourteen, who remained silently staring. As Mr.
Bowers had accepted the widow’s polite invitation to enter, she was
compelled, albeit in an equally dazed and helpless way, to issue some
preliminary orders:

“Now, Chloe,—I mean Aunt Dinah,—do take Ennice—I mean
Victorine and Una—away, and—you know—tidy them; and you,
Sarah—it’s Sarah, isn’t it?—lay some refreshment in the parlor for
this gentleman. And, Bob, tell your sister Cynthia to come here with
Eunice."  As Bob still remained staring at Mr. Bowers, she added, in weary explanation, "Mr. Bowers brought me over—from the Summit woods in his buggy,—it was so hot. There,—shake hands and thank him, and run away,—do I!"

They crossed a broad but scantily-furnished hall. Everywhere the same look of hopeless incompleteness, temporary utility, and premature decay; most of the furniture was mismatched and misplaced; many of the rooms had changed their original functions or doubled them; a smell of cooking came from the library, on whose shelves, mingled with books, were dresses and household linen, and through the door of a room into which Mrs. Delatour retired to remove her duster Mr. Bowers caught a glimpse of a bed, and of a table covered with books and papers, at which a tall, fair girl was writing. In a few moments Mrs. Delatour returned, accompanied by this girl, and Eunice, her short-lipped sister. Bob, who joined the party seated around Mr. Bowers and a table set with cake, a decanter, and glasses, completed the group. Emboldened by the presence of the tall Cynthia and his glimpse of her previous literary attitude, Mr. Bowers resolved to make one more attempt.

"I suppose these yer young ladies sometimes go to the wood, too?" As his eye rested on Cynthia, she replied,—

"Oh, yes."

"I reckon on account of the purty shadows down in the brush, and the soft light, eh? and all that?" he continued, with a playful manner but a serious accession of color.

"Why, the woods belong to us. It's Mar's property!" broke in Eunice, with a flash of teeth.

"Well, Lordy, I wanter know!" said Mr. Bowers, in some astonishment. "Why, that's right in my line, too! I've been sightin' timber all along here, and that's how I dropped in on yer mar." Then, seeing a look of eagerness light up the faces of Bob and Eunice, he was encouraged to make the most of his opportunity. "Why, ma'am," he went on, cheerfully, "I reckon you're holdin' that wood at a pretty stiff figger, now."

"Why?" asked Mrs. Delatour, simply.

Mr. Bowers delivered a wink at Bob and Eunice, who were still...
watching him with anxiety. "Well, not on account of the actoosal
timber, for the best of it ain't sound," he said, "but on account of its
bein' famous! Everybody that reads that pow'ful pretty poem about
it in the Excelsior Magazine wants to see it. Why, it would pay the
Green Springs hotel-keeper to buy it up for his customers. But I
s'pose you reckon to keep it—along with the poetess—in your famerly?"

Although Mr. Bowers long considered this speech as the happiest
and most brilliant effort of his life, its immediate effect was not perhaps
all that could be desired. The widow turned upon him a restrained
and darkening face. Cynthia half rose with an appealing "Oh, mar!"
and Bob and Eunice, having apparently pinched each other to the last
stage of endurance, retired precipitately from the room in a prolonged
giggle.

"I have not yet thought of disposing of the Summit woods, Mr.
Bowers," said Mrs. Delatour, coldly, "but if I should do so I will
consult you. You must excuse the children, who see so little company
they are quite unmanageable when strangers are present.—Cynthia,
will you see if the servants have looked after Mr. Bowers's horse?
You know Bob is not to be trusted."

There was clearly nothing else for Mr. Bowers to do but to take
his leave, which he did respectfully, if not altogether hopefully. But
when he had reached the lane his horse shied from the unwonted
spectacle of Bob, swinging his hat, and apparently awaiting him, from
the fork of a wayside sapling.

"Hol' up, mister. Look here!"

Mr. Bowers pulled up. Bob dropped into the road, and, after a
backward glance over his shoulder, said,—

"Drive 'longside the fence in the shadder." As Mr. Bowers
obeyed, Bob approached the wheels of the buggy in a manner half
shy, half mysterious. "You wanter buy them Summit woods, mister?"

"Well, per'aps, sonny. Why?" smiled Mr. Bowers.

"Coz I'll tell ye suthin'. Don't you be fooled into allowin' that
Cynthia wrote that po' try. She didn't,—no more'n Eunice nor me.
Mar kinder let ye think it, 'coz she don't want folks to think she did
it. But Mar wrote that po' try herself; wrote it out o' them thar
woods,—all by herself. Thar's a heap more po' try thar, you bet, and
jist as good. And she's the one that kin write it,—you hear me? That's my mar, every time! You buy that thar wood and get Mar to run it for po'try, and you'll make your pile, sure! I ain't lyin'. You'd better look spry: that's another feller snoopin' 'round yere,—only he barked up the wrong tree, and thought it was Cynthia, jist as you did."

"Another feller?" repeated the astonished Bowers.

"Yes; a rig'lar sport. He was orful keen on that po'try, too, you bet. So you'd better hump yourself afore somebody else cuts in. Mar got a hundred dollars for that pome, from that editor feller and his pardner. I reckon that's the rig'lar price, eh?" he added, with a sudden suspicious caution.

"I reckon so," replied Mr. Bowers, blankly. "But—look here, Bob! Do you mean to say it was your mother—your mother, Bob, who wrote that poem? Are you sure?"

"'Dye think I'm lyin'?" said Bob, scornfully. "Don't I know? Don't I copy 'em out plain for her, so as folks won't know her hand-write? Go 'way! you're loony!" Then, possibly doubting if this latter expression were strictly diplomatic with the business in hand, he added, in half-reproach, half-apology, "Don't ye see I don't want ye to be fooled into losin' yer chance o' buying up that Summit wood? It's the cold truth I'm tellin' ye."

Mr. Bowers no longer doubted it. Disappointed as he undoubtedly was at first,—and even self-deceived,—he recognized in a flash the grim fact that the boy had stated. He recalled the apparition of the sad-faced woman in the wood,—her distressed manner, that to his inexperienced mind now took upon itself the agitated trembling of disturbed mystic inspiration. A sense of sadness and remorse succeeded his first shock of disappointment.

"Well, are ye goin' to buy the woods?" said Bob, eying him grimly. "Ye'd better say."

Mr. Bowers started. "I shouldn't wonder, Bob," he said, with a smile, gathering up his reins. "Anyhow, I'm comin' back to see your mother this afternoon. And meantime, Bob, you keep the first chance for me."

He drove away, leaving the youthful diplomatist standing with
his bare feet in the dust. For a minute or two the young gentleman amused himself by a few light saltatory steps in the road. Then a smile of scornful superiority, mingled perhaps with a sense of previous slights and unappreciation, drew back his little upper lip and brightened his mottled cheek.

"I'd like ter know," he said, darkly, "what this yer God-forsaken famerly would do without me!"

CHAPTER V.

It is to be presumed that the editor and Mr. Hamlin mutually kept to their tacit agreement to respect the impersonality of the poetess, for during the next three months the subject was seldom alluded to by either. Yet in that period White Violet had sent two other contributions, and on each occasion Mr. Hamlin had insisted upon increasing the honorarium to the amount of his former gift. In vain the editor pointed out the danger of this form of munificence; Mr. Hamlin retorted by saying that if he refused he would appeal to the proprietor, who certainly would not object to taking the credit of this liberality.

"As to the risks," concluded Jack, sententiously, "I'll take them; and as far as you're concerned, you certainly get the worth of your money."

Indeed, if popularity was an indication, this had become suddenly true. For the poetess's third contribution, without changing its strong local color and individuality, had been an unexpected outburst of human passion,—a love-song, that touched those to whom the subtler meditative graces of the poetess had been unknown. Many people had listened to this impassioned but despairing cry from some remote and charmed solitude, who had never read poetry before, who translated it into their own limited vocabulary and more limited experience, and were inexpressibly affected to find that they too understood it; it was caught up and echoed by the feverish, adventurous, and unsatisfied life that filled that day and time. Even the editor was surprised and frightened. Like most cultivated men, he distrusted popularity; like all men who believe in their own individual judgment, he doubted collective wisdom. Yet now that his protégée had been accepted by others he questioned that judgment and became her critic. It struck
him that her sudden outburst was strained; it seemed to him that in this mere contortion of passion the sibyl's robe had become rudely disarranged. He spoke to Hamlin, and even approached the tabooed subject.

"Did you see anything that suggested this sort of business in—that woman—I mean in—your pilgrimage, Jack?"

"No," responded Jack, gravely. "But it's easy to see she's got hold of some hay-footed fellow up there in the mountains, with straws in his hair, and is playing him for all he's worth. You won't get much more poetry out of her, I reckon."

It was not long after this conversation that one afternoon, when the editor was alone, Mr. James Bowers entered the editorial room with much of the hesitation and irresolution of his previous visit. As the editor had not only forgotten him, but even dissociated him with the poetess, Mr. Bowers was fain to meet his unresponsive eye and manner with some explanation.

"Ye disremember my comin' here, Mr. Editor, to ask you the name o' the lady who called herself 'White Violet,' and how you allowed you couldn't give it, but would write and ask for it?"

Mr. Editor, leaning back in his chair, now remembered the occurrence, but was distressed to add that the situation remained unchanged, and that he had received no such permission.

"Never mind that, my lad," said Mr. Bowers, gravely, waving his hand. "I understand all that; but, ez I've known the lady ever since, and am now visitin' her at her house on the Summit, I reckon it don't make much matter."

It was quite characteristic of Mr. Bowers's smileless earnestness that he made no ostentation of this dramatic retort, nor of the undisguised stupefaction of the editor.

"Do you mean to say that you have met 'White Violet,' the author of these poems?" repeated the editor.

"Which her name is Delatour,—the widder Delatour,—ez she has herself give me permission to tell to you," continued Mr. Bowers, with a certain abstracted and automatic precision that dissipated any suggestion of malice in the reversed situation.

"Delatour!—a widow!" repeated the editor.
"With five children," continued Mr. Bowers. Then, with unalterable gravity, he briefly gave an outline of her condition and the circumstances of his acquaintance with her.

"But I reckoned you might have known suthin' o' this; though she never let on you did," he concluded, eying the editor with troubled curiosity.

The editor did not think it necessary to implicate Mr. Hamlin. He said, briefly, "I? Oh, no?"

"Of course you might not have seen her?" said Mr. Bowers, keeping the same grave troubled gaze on the editor.

"Of course not," said the editor, somewhat impatient under the singular scrutiny of Mr. Bowers; "and I'm very anxious to know how she looks. Tell me, what is she like?"

"She is a fine, pow'ful, eddicated woman," said Mr. Bowers, with slow deliberation. "Yes, sir,—a pow'ful woman, havin' grand ideas of her own, and holdin' to 'em." He had withdrawn his eyes from the editor, and apparently addressed the ceiling in confidence.

"But what does she look like, Mr. Bowers?" said the editor, smiling.

"Well, sir, she looks—like—it! Yes,"—with deliberate caution,—"I should say, just like it."

After a pause, apparently to allow the editor to materialize this ravishing description, he said, gently, "Are you busy just now?"

"Not very. What can I do for you?"

"Well, not much for me, I reckon," he returned, with a deeper respiration, that was his nearest approach to a sigh, "but suthin' perhaps for yourself and—another. Are you married?"

"No," said the editor, promptly.

"Nor engaged to any—young lady?"—with great politeness.

"No."

"Well, mebbe you think it a queer thing for me to say,—mebbe you reckon you know it ez well ez anybody,—but it's my opinion that White Violet is in love with you."

"With me?" ejaculated the editor, in a hopeless astonishment that at last gave way to an incredulous and irresistible laugh.

A slight touch of pain passed over Mr. Bowers's dejected face, but
left the deep outlines set with a rude dignity. "It's so," he said, slowly,—"though, as a young man and a gay feller, ye may think it's funny."

"No, not funny, but a terrible blunder, Mr. Bowers, for I give you my word I know nothing of the lady and have never set eyes upon her."

"No, but she has on you. I can't say," continued Mr. Bowers, with sublime naïveté, "that I'd ever recognize you from her description, but a woman o' that kind don't see with her eyes like you and me, but with all her senses to onet, and a heap more that ain't senses as we know 'em. The same eyes that seed down through the brush and ferns in the Summit woods, the same ears that heerd the music of the wind trailin' through the pines, don't see you with my eyes or hear you with my ears. And when she paints you, it's nat'ril for a woman with that pow'ful mind and grand idees to dip her brush into her heart's blood for warmth and color. Yer smilin', young man. Well, go on and smile at me, my lad, but not at her. For you don't know her. When you know her story as I do, when you know she was made a wife afore she ever knew what it was to be a young woman, when you know that the man she married never understood the kind o' critter he was tied to no more than ef he'd been a steer yoked to a Morgan colt, when ye know she had children growin' up around her afore she had given over bein' a sort of child herself, when ye know she worked and slaved for that man and those children about the house—her heart, her soul, and all her pow'ful mind bein' all the time in the woods along with the flickerin' leaves and the shadders,—when ye mind she couldn't get the small ways o' the ranch because she had the big ways o' Natur' that made it,—then you'll understand her."

Impressed by the sincerity of his visitor's manner, touched by the unexpected poetry of his appeal, and yet keenly alive to the absurdity of an incomprehensible blunder somewhere committed, the editor gasped almost hysterically,—

"But why should all this make her in love with me?"

"Because ye are both gifted," returned Mr. Bowers, with sad but unconquerable conviction; "because ye're both, so to speak, in a line o' idees and business that draws ye together,—to lean on each other
and trust each other ez pardners. Not that ye are ezakly her ekal," he went on, with a return to his previous exasperating note.

"though I've heerd promisin' things of ye, and ye're still young, but in matters o' this kind there is allers one ez has to be looked up to by the other,—and gin'rally the wrong one. She looks up to you, Mr. Editor,—it's part of her po'try,—ez she looks down inter the brush and sees more than is plain to you and me. Not," he continued, with a courteously deprecating wave of the hand, "ez you hain't bin kind to her—mebbe too kind. For thar's the purty letter you writ her, thar's the perlite, easy, captivatin' way you had with her gals and that boy,—hold on!"—as the editor made a gesture of despairing renunciation,—"I ain't sayin' you ain't right in keepin' it to yourself,—and thar's the extry money you sent her every time. Stop! she knows it was extry, for she made a p'int o' gettin' me to find out the market price o' po'try in papers and magazines, and she reckons you've bin payin' her four hundred per cent. above them figgers—hold on! I ain't sayin' it ain't free and liberal in you, and I'd have done the same thing; yet she thinks—"

But the editor had risen hastily to his feet with flushing cheeks.

"One moment, Mr. Bowers," he said, hurriedly. "This is the most dreadful blunder of all. The gift is not mine. It was the spontaneous offering of another who really admired our friend's work,—a gentleman who——" He stopped suddenly.

The sound of a familiar voice, lightly humming, was borne along the passage; the light tread of a familiar foot was approaching. The editor turned quickly towards the open door,—so quickly that Mr. Bowers was fain to turn also.

For a charming instant the figure of Jack Hamlin, handsome, careless, graceful, and confident, was framed in the door-way. His dark eyes, with their habitual scorn of his average fellow-man, swept superciliously over Mr. Bowers and rested for an instant with caressing familiarity on the editor.

"Well, sonny, any news from the old girl at the Summit?"

"No-o," hastily stammered the editor, with a half-hysterical laugh.

"No, Jack. Excuse me a moment."

"All right; busy, I see. Hasta mañana."
The picture vanished, the frame was empty.

"You see," continued the editor, turning to Mr. Bowers, "there has been a mistake. I—-" but he stopped suddenly at the ashen face of Mr. Bowers, still fixed in the direction of the vanished figure.

"Are you ill?"

Mr. Bowers did not reply, but slowly withdrew his eyes and turned them heavily on the editor. Then, drawing a longer, deeper breath, he picked up his soft felt hat, and, moulding it into shape in his hands as if preparing to put it on, he moistened his dry grayish lips, and said, gently,—

"Friend o' yours?"

"Yes," said the editor,—"Jack Hamlin. Of course you know him?"

"Yes."

Mr. Bowers here put his hat on his head, and, after a pause, turned round slowly once or twice, as if he had forgotten it and was still seeking it. Finally he succeeded in finding the editor's hand, and shook it, albeit his own trembled slightly. Then he said,—

"I reckon you're right. There's bin a mistake. I see it now. Good-by. If you're ever up my way, drop in and see me." He then walked to the door-way, passed out, and seemed to melt into the afternoon shadows of the hall.

He never again entered the office of the Excelsior Magazine, neither was any further contribution ever received from White Violet. To a polite entreaty from the editor, addressed first to "White Violet" and then to Mrs. Delatour, there was no response. The thought of Mr. Hamlin's cynical prophecy disturbed him, but that gentleman, preoccupied in filling some professional engagements in Sacramento, gave him no chance to acquire further explanations as to the past or the future. The youthful editor was at first in despair and filled with a vague remorse of some unfulfilled duty. But, to his surprise, the readers of the magazine seemed to survive their talented contributor, and the feverish life that had been thrilled by her song in two months had apparently forgotten her. Nor was her voice lifted from any alien quarter; the domestic and foreign press that had echoed her lays seemed to respond no longer to her utterance.
It is possible that some readers of these pages may remember a previous chronicle by the same historian wherein it was recorded that the volatile spirit of Mr. Jack Hamlin, slightly assisted by circumstances, passed beyond these voices at the Ranch of the Blind Fisherman, some two years later. As the editor stood beside the body of his friend on the morning of the funeral, he noticed among the flowers laid upon his bier by loving hands a wreath of white violets. Touched and disturbed by a memory long since forgotten, he was further embarrassed, as the cortège dispersed in the Mission grave-yard, by the apparition of the tall figure of Mr. James Bowers from behind a monumental column. The editor turned to him quickly.

"I am glad to see you here," he said, awkwardly, and he knew not why; then, after a pause, "I trust you can give me some news of Mrs. Delatour. I wrote to her nearly two years ago, but had no response."

"Thar's bin no Mrs. Delatour for two years," said Mr. Bowers, contemplatively stroking his beard; "and mebbe that's why. She's bin for two years Mrs. Bowers."

"I congratulate you," said the editor; "but I hope there still remains a White Violet, and that, for the sake of literature, she has not given up——"

"Mrs. Bowers," interrupted Mr. Bowers, with singular deliberation, "found that makin' po'try and tendin' to the cares of a growin'-up famerly was irritatin' to the narves. They didn't jibe, so to speak. What Mrs. Bowers wanted—and what, po'try or no po'try, I've bin tryin' to give her—was Rest! She's bin havin' it cumfor'bly up at my ranch at Mendocino, with her children and me. Yes, sir,"—his eye wandered accidentally to the new-made grave,—"you'll excuse my sayin' it to a man in your profession, but it's what most folks will find is a heap better than readin' or writin' or actin' po'try,—and that's—Rest!"

THE END.
KARMA.*

I.

WITH all her exceptional mental training, there was an almost childish ingenuousness in her every word and act,—a simplicity and directness of manner that invited every worthy confidence; yet he had never presumed to praise her. Behind that radiant girlliness, natural to her life as azure to sky, he knew some settled power,—some forceful intelligence to which a compliment would seem a rudeness. And, coerced to plainest frankness by his very sense of her personality, he found that it needed no little courage to make his declaration. For weeks he had attempted in vain to devise some way of softening the difficulty by preliminaries,—of giving some turn to conversation that might help him to approach the matter by gentle degrees. But she remained always so invulnerable to suggestion,—so strangely impregnable in her maidenly self-possession! . . . To many lovers thus ill at ease, intuition tells the advantage of being alone with the adored girl somewhere beyond the shadow of walls,—in some solitude where Nature softens hearts with her silence and her loveliness and perpetual prompting of what is tender and true,—a park, a wood, an unbragged lane. But to her, Nature and silence seemed to give larger power to awe him;—the splendid light itself seemed to ally with her against him. He lived near enough to be often with her; and they walked much together on quiet beautiful country-roads; and he never could find courage to do more than admire her by stealth, while conversing on subjects totally foreign to his thoughts. But each time more and more her charm bewildered him: the secret of ideal grace seemed to live in her,—that something in every motion and poise which is like melody made visible,—which makes you think you hear music when you see it.

With the passing of time his embarrassment only grew. Sometimes he would even find it impossible to maintain a sensible conversation,—conscious of nothing but his idolatry; answering questions vaguely, or not at all. . . . And at such a moment of his confusion, one day,—as they were returning from a walk to her home,—she turned near the little gate, and, looking into his face with her arched smile, exclaimed:—

—"Well, what is it? Tell me all about it. . . ."

II.

Who does not know that luminous hour of Love's illusion, when the woman beloved seems not a woman,—never of earth, never shaped of the same gross substance forming man,—but a creature apart, unique, born of some finer, subtler, pearlier life? In her the lover no longer beholds the real: she has become to him so wonderful that he cannot

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guard his secret,—that he must speak of her so as to betray himself,—
that he feels anger when questioned friends declare their inability to see
those marvels which he discerns in her. And then, with this exqui-
site delirium of the senses, mysterious above aught else in the all-cir-
cirling mystery of life;—with this wondrous bewitchment, sung of since
song found voice, yet ever uninterpretable save as the working magic
of that Will wherefrom, as ether-dartings from a sunburning, are souls
thrilled out;—with the astonishment of woman’s charm thus made
divine,—the miracle of her grace and purity of being,—there comes to
the lover a cruel sense of his own unworthiness. . . . What are you,
O man! poisoned with passions and knowledge of evil, that you should
think to mingle the lucid stream of her life with the turbid current
of your own? Were it less than sacrilege to dream of it? All limpid
and fleckless the azure of her thought: would you make it gray?—
darken it?—call into it the cloudings that scathe with fire? . . . What
are you, that she should make you her chosen of all men,—accept her
fate from you? . . . What are you, that she should ever caress you,—
suffer you to touch her, to learn her thought, to seek the infinite in her
eyes, to know the sweet warm soft shock of her kiss?

Yet the illusion of her in those hours of delicious madness when all
the veins burn with thirst of sacrifice for her sake;—the illusion of her
during all the tense, fiery, magnetic drawing of your life to hers with
insensate longing to absorb it utterly and be therein impossibly ab-
sorbed,—to blend with it, to die for it: that illusion, however seeming-
celestial, is less beautiful, infinitely less admirable, than the complex
reality of her worth,—if she be indeed of the finer, rarer type of woman-
hood,—if she be indeed one of those marvellously-specialized human
flowers that bloom only in the higher zones of aspirational being,—
even at the verge of God’s snow-line. . . . Have you ever thought
what she truly is,—this perfumed chalice-blossom stored with all
sweetness of humanity?—have you ever dreamed what she is worth?

. . . For all the myriads of the ages have wrought to the making
of her. Aions of struggle and blood and tears are the price of her.
And in that she is good,—because of the soul-sweetness of her,—is she
not the utmost yet-possible expression of divinity working through
man? . . . Think you what her sweetness means,—the free beauty of
her mind,—the tenderness of her,—the sensitive exquisiteness of her
being! It signifies so much more than she . . ! It means the whole
history of love striving against hate, aspiration against pain, truth
against ignorance, sympathy against pitilessness. She,—the soul of
her!—is the ripened passion-flower of the triumph. All the heroisms,
the martyrdoms, the immolations of self,—all strong soarings of will
through fire and blood to God since humanity began,—conspired to
kindle the flame of her higher life.

And yet, perhaps, she is willing to be yours!
Viewlessly your being has become slowly interorbed with hers;—
each life is secretly seeking union with the other through interweaving
of wishes unconfessed. Within her charming head are thoughts and
dreams and beliefs about you. Something shadowy,—an emanation of you, an illusion,—has entered into that limpid life, and tinted all its thinking, as clearest water is tinted by one touch of eosin, and flushes through with rose-color of dawn. Her blood has learned of you in the blind sweet pink chambers of her life,—quickens its throbbing at the echo of your step, at the sound of your voice . . . even at the remembrance of your face. In sleep she speaks to you,—to your Eidolon,—to the shadow of you apotheosized by the wondrous mirroring of her girl's-love. Her wishes are of you; her plans are shapen for you: some thought you uttered has been utilized in that secret splendid architecture of faith being builded within her dainty brain. Was it real enough, strong enough, flawless enough to serve for so holy a use?—or was it sleazy and false,—ready to yield at the first unlooked-for pressure, and bring down with its breaking all the charming gracious fabric innocently confided to its support?

—"Have I the generous skill to make her happy? . . . Have I the methods of wealth to keep want far from her? . . . Have I the force to wrestle with the world for her,—and win? . . . Am I strong enough to protect her from all harm? . . . Shall I be able to provide for her and for her children in all things, should death come suddenly to take me away?" . . . Are these all the honest questions that you ask yourself? And having asked, and found the power to cry out Yes to every asking, do you think you have asked enough? . . . Nay! such questions are babble to other questions which selfishness or ignorance may have prevented you from asking, but which it remains your duty to demand: your duty to her,—your duty to the future,—your duty to mankind,—your duty to the Supreme Father of all life and love.

. . . For what purpose was she formed? . . . Surely to be loved. . . . But for what purpose loved? Ah! never for yours alone!

Only for the divine purpose came she into being,—this Love-Kindler,—foam-born out of life's sea-bitterness under the lashing of all the Winds of pain. And through her, as through each so-far-perfected form, the eternal Will is striving to bring souls out of Night into the splendor of that time when the veil between divine and human shall have been taken away.

In her beauty is the resurrection of the fairest past;—in her youth, the perfection of the present;—in her girl-dreams, the promise of the To-Be. . . . Million lives have been consumed that hers should be made admirable; countless minds have planned and toiled and agonized that thought might reach a higher and purer power in her delicate brain;—countless hearts have been burned out by suffering that hers might pulse for joy;—innumerable eyes have lost their light that hers might be filled with witchery;—innumerable lips have prayed for life that hers might be kissed. . . .

And can you dare to love her without ghostly fear?—without one thought of all the hopes, strivings, sacrifices, sufferings which created her?—without terror of your weird responsibility to the past and its dead pains,—to all those vanished who labored that she might see the
light? Numberless they may have been; yet how unspeakably vaster the multitude of possibilities involved by her single slender existence! Not to the sacrificial past alone are you responsible, but to the mysterious To-Come also and much more,—and to that unknowable likewise, working within and beyond all time,—that Will which is Goodness... Through her young heart throbs rosily the whole God-Future: its love, its faith, its hope are seeking there to quicken,—all flower-wise folded up in the bud of her exquisite life... . . .

III.

. . . She did not appear surprised when he uttered his wish; she only became a little serious,—and met his gaze without one sign of shyness, as she made answer:—

"I do not yet know... . . . I am not sure you love me."

"Oh, could you but try me!—what would I not do! . . . ."

Placid as sculpture her face remained, while her fine silky-shadowed eyes observed,—as with a curious doubting sympathy,—the passionate eagerness of his look.

"But I do not approve of those words," she said. "If I thought you meant all that is in them, I might not like you."

"Why?" he queried, in surprise.

"Because there are so many things one should not do for anybody... . . . Would you do what you suspected or knew to be wrong for the purpose of pleasing me?"

He was afraid to answer at once;—but she read his thought in the quick hot blush that followed it,—and the blush pleased her more than his words.

"I do not really know," she resumed, after a moment's silence, —moving, as she spoke, to pluck a flower from the neighboring hedge,

"I do not know yet whether I ought to allow myself to like you."

. . . Her expression of doubt made him happy,—suddenly, wildly happy. His heart filled full almost to breaking with the delight of her words: yet he could imagine nothing to say or do. He feared this strange girl,—feared her as much as he loved her. . . . For fully a minute she played with the flower in silence,—and that minute seemed to him very long. The flower photographed itself upon his brain with a vividness that remained undiminished to the day of his death. It was a purple aster... . . .

"Let me tell you,"—she continued at last, looking straight into his eyes with her clear keen sky-gray frankness,—"let me tell you what to do... . . . Go home now: then,—as soon as you feel able to do it properly,—write out for me a short history of your life;—just write down everything you feel you would not like me to know. Write it,—and send it... . . ."

"And then?" he asked, as she paused a little.

"And then I shall tell you whether I will marry you,"—she finished, resolutely... . . . "Now, good-by!"

"But," he persisted, clinging almost desperately to the slender hand extended,—"you will believe me... ?"
—"How believe you? ... If I did not think I could believe you," she answered, surprised into sternness, and at once withdrawing her hand,—"I should already have told you very plainly, No!"
—"Only that I love you," he explained.
She only smiled, and repeated,—
—"Good-by!"

IV.

... "Write out for me a short history of your life; ... write down everything you feel you would not like me to know. ..."

So easy a task it seemed that he hurried homeward filled with the impulse to do it at once,—wondering at the length of the way in his impatience to begin. ... "Then I shall tell you whether I will marry you. ..." Something joyous filled his whole being with lightness and force,—the elixir of hope! He thought of the duty imposed on him as almost pleasurable,—without knowing why. ... Perhaps because in reviewing our own faults we are wont to compassionately ourselves as victims of circumstances, and to betray our weaknesses to a friend is therefore to invite the consolation of sympathy with our own self-pity. ...

But this eagerness was of the moment only,—the moment of nervous reaction succeeding suspense, before he had yet time to think. In a little while it passed away under the influence of a growing conviction that the undertaking was serious enough to decide his whole life. A single phrase might lose him incomparably more than he had gained,—might even condemn him irrevocably. And the indulgent manner of her own words recurred to him as a gentle caution against impulsiveness:—"As soon as you feel able to do it properly."

And ere reaching home he had ceased to feel at all confident. Unexpectedly,—one after another,—there had recurred to him certain incidents of his career as a young man which could not be written down with ease. The simple recollection of them came with a little sharp shock: a young man's follies, of course, but follies that could not be recorded without extreme care of expression. ...

... "Everything you feel you would not like me to know. ..."

Surely she could not have understood the full possible significance of her command! Neither could she suppose, unless most strangely innocent, that men were good like women! ... But what if she could and did suppose it? In that event, the faintest reference to certain passages of his life must cause her cruel surprise. ... "Everything you feel you would not like me to know. ..." All or nothing!

And he found himself almost startled by this first definite comprehension of the duty to be performed,—the problems to be solved,—the delicate subtle severity of that moral test he had so lightly welcomed as a relief from love's incertitude.

V.

To make a rough draft of all that ought to be written, and then amend, refine, compress, correct, and recopy,—had first appeared to him
the readiest way of obeying her wishes. But subsequent reflection led him to believe that such a method involved temptation to vanity of style, conceit of phrase,—general insincerity of expression. With his freshly-acquired right to the hope of winning her, there began to stir and expand within him a sense of gratitude unspeakable to the giver, and a new courage of trustfulness likewise, which momentarily conquered his doubts. No: it would be more loyal to write down each fact as it came to memory,—simply, bravely, candidly,—and send her the original record in its plain spontaneous sincerity. . . . For a little while he felt himself exalted with zeal of frankness,—with high resolve to master his sensitiveness,—to overrule any secret wish to appear better than he was.

. . . But after having remained more than an hour at his desk, he found this second courage of purpose also fail him. The record of his childhood and early youth,—even the detailed narrative of his first struggle in the world of adult effort, with a heart still fresh, timid, loving,—bewildered by the great stirring about and beyond it, like some cage-born creature loosed in a wood,—all this had not been difficult to write. There was nothing in it that he could not feel willing she should know. But thereafter the course of his duty seemed fraught with peril; and all his former doubts and fears came thronging back to haunt him. It was not going to prove so easy to make as he had for one foolish moment presumed to believe,—this confession of sins! . . .

And the dismay of difficulties unforeseen,—the fear of making known to her, even by intimation, matters which he had so often recounted to friends without a thought of shame,—began to excite within him an unfamiliar indefinable feeling of moral bewilderment. How strangely, how violently such incidents shifted their color when brought, even by fancy, into the atmosphere of luminous, passionless purity which enveloped her! Could it be possible that he had never before looked at them save in artificial light,—under the delusive glare of some factitious morality?

. . . "Everything you feel you would not like me to know. . . ." Yet why falter? Surely the sweet command itself implied the promise of all possible pardon! . . . And, after all, the only feasible way of obeying it would be that which he had thought of at the outset,—to set everything down bluntly, and then reshape the whole,—ameliorate the form.

. . . But even thus the task exacted more painful thinking than he had been able to foresee. So many impressions had become blurred or effaced in his remembrance!—there were links missing between incidents;—there were memories of acts without recollection of precedents and impulses,—without record of those circumstances which alone could mitigate their aspect of perversity. . . . Yes, it was true that he did not wish to appear any better than he was;—but, in her eyes, at least, he dare not suffer himself to seem worse. . . . Slowly and carefully—in the pauses of his nervous pacing up and down the room for hours,—he elaborated another page . . . a page and a half, of letter-paper. Then he read over all that he had written.

His face burned at the mere thought of those lines being seen by
her. "Never!" he cried out aloud to himself,—"never could I send her that!" . . . It would have to be modified—totally modified in some way. Yet to change it enough,—without insincerity,—without positive untruthfulness,—seemed almost impossible. And this was what he had thought himself able to do immediately! . . . Could she have divined that it would not be easy to do, when she had said,—so slowly and distinctly in that soft penetrating voice of hers,—"As soon as you feel able"? . . .

. . . Darkness found him still at his desk; and the task did not seem to him even fairly begun: all its difficulties appeared to multiply and to make more and more confusion in his mind the longer he thought about them. He lighted his lamp, and worked on, hour after hour,—struggling with the stony hardness of statements which no skill of honest verbal chemistry could soften,—trying to remodel sentences already rewritten a score of times . . . It was long past midnight when he rose from his desk overweary, and resigned his writing to seek repose,—utterly astounded at the result of this strange obligation to testify against himself in the secret high court of honor,—to estimate the moral value of his life by the simple measure of one sweet girl's idea of goodness. . . .

VI.

He laid himself down to rest; but the cool peace of sleep would not come: his thought, heated to pain by all the emotions of the day, still burned on,—flaming and smouldering by turns. Sometimes he saw her eyes, her smile,—fancied he could hear her voice;—then his unfinished manuscript seemed always to rise up magnified between them,—like a great white written curtain wavering soundlessly, with ominous distortions of meaning in every undulation. Then he would try to review all that he had penned, only to remember involuntary errors or to detect insincerities compelled by the vain effort to make some compromise between absolute frankness and positive deceit,—until his thought would drift back, undirected by any purpose, into the past. But always, sooner or later, he would find himself sharply recalled as by a sudden fear to the remembrance of the present,—of her,—of her last words,—and the white nightmare of his unfinished confession.

. . . Repeatedly he strove to quell this mental agitation,—to win back internal calm by reasoning with that once more self-asserting conscience, now recognizably aggressive, which had been so long dumb that he believed it appeased when it was only sullen,—reduced to silence by some false and subtle casuistry, but never conciliated. He sought to find excuses, apologies, explanations for his faults,—marshaling in memory all mitigating circumstances of each yielding to guilty impulse,—endeavoring to convince himself of the insignificance of an act by optimistic judgment of its consequences. Inexperience was so blind;—youth could delude so cruelly! . . . And yet were not many men,—men like he,—made wiser and better by their early follies, stronger by their weaknesses?—souls tempered into self-mastery through error and regret, as steel through fire and water? . . . Was he not
of these? Might she not so absolve him,—suffer him to love her? Dare he not hope that she would pardon him all that he could fully forgive himself?—and surely there was nothing he could not forgive himself. . . . except—

—Except . . . ! Ah! there he had been more than weak, more than foolish, worse than selfish! . . . In that instance at least, conscience had confuted all argument,—scorned all consolation. It was not an error; it was crime,—unmistakable wickedness. No studied elimination of details could make it otherwise appear in that which he had to write. He had known that fault so well for what it was that he had trained his mind never to dwell upon it,—disciplined his recollection to avoid it. . . . And with the burning memory of it, there suddenly revived other kindred remembrances of shame and pain: things before forgotten, because of his long effort to efface from the mental chart of his life, a whole zone of years. But now, every marking thus obliterated,—all the reefs and shoals and drifting wrecks of old storm-spaces,—had risen into visibility again. . . . Never, never could he tell her of these! . . .

Then he must lose her,—lose her irrevocably! And losing her, what could life be worth to him? To lose her would be to lose himself,—his higher self,—all the nobility of that new being into which his love for her had lifted him up. True it was that she had ever seemed placed by her loftier nature beyond his reach;—that he had entered into the pure repose about her, feeling as an intruder,—as one having wandered unbidden with raiment blood-besprinkled into some seraphic peace, and trembling for the moment of banishment, yet with unhallowed feet held fast by strangest spell of bliss. . . . And nevertheless was she not all in all his complement,—light to his shadowing, snow to his fire, strength to his weakness?—a nature evolved with marvellous appositeness for union with his own? Not that he could presume to deem himself thus worthy, but that she might render him so much more worthy by loving him! . . . To lose her? . . . All that his aspiration had ever imaged of ideal human goodness, all that his heart had ever hungered for, responded to her own dear name!—nay! before her he found himself dazzled as by divinity, so transcendently were all his dreams surpassed. . . . To lose her? He alone, out of the thousands destined to seek in vain,—the myriads deluded by hope of winning the Woman never to be known,—he only had been fated to find his ideal. Had he then found her only to lose her forever?

—"Everything you feel you would not like me to know." . . . Did she—could she—suspect there were incidents of his life which he dared not write? Had she simply decided to checkmate his wooing by forcing him to accept a sort of moral chess-game of which she had foreseen every possible move from the beginning? . . . The pitiable suspicion perished in a moment; but there sprang up at once in the place of it his first impulse to positive insincerity. Could he not deceive her?—might he not dissemble? Over and over again he asked himself the question,—justifying and condemning his weakness by turns; and each time her words flashed back to him:—"Would you do
KARMA.

what you thought or felt to be wrong to please me?" ... "Yes, I would!" he once passionately cried out in answer; and then felt himself blush again in the dark for the cowardice of the acknowledgment. ... But even though he would, he knew that he could not. Even were he to write a lie, he could not meet her and maintain it, with her eyes upon his face: they had uttermost power over him—power as of life and death,—those fine gray sweet mesmeric eyes!

... Then what was he to do? Confess himself a criminal by praying her to forego the test after having begged her to prove him? ... Ask her—ask Truth's own Soul!—to take him to herself with that black falsehood in his life? ... Write her all,—and die? ... Write nothing, and disappear forever from the world to which she belonged? ...

VII.

Yet why this intensifying dread,—like the presage of a great pain? ... Why had he always feared that slight girl even while loving her?—feared her unreasoningly, like a supernatural being,—measuring his every thought in the strange restraint of her presence? ... How imperfect his love, if perfect love casteth out fear! Imperfect by so much as his own nature was imperfect; but he had loved less perfectly with never a thought of fear. ... By what occult power could she make him thus afraid? Perhaps it was less her simple beauty, her totally artless grace, which made her unlike all other women, than the quiet settled consciousness of this secret force. Assuredly those fine gray eyes were never lowered before living gaze: she seemed as one who might look God in the face. ... Men would qualify such sense of power as hers, "strength of character";—but the vague term signified nothing beyond the recognition of the power as a fact. Was the fact itself uninterpretable?—a mystery like the mystery of life?

VIII.

... But imperceptibly, all self-questioning weakened and ceased. Weariness began to flood his thought,—like some gray silent rising tide, spreading and drowning. Ideas slowly floated up, half-formed,—soft and cold. ... Then darkness,—and a light in the darkness that illumined her,—and the sense of some strange interior unknown to him.

He saw her in that filmy light, imponderably poised, with ghostliest grace made visible through some white vapor of veils;—the glossiness of her arms uplifted for the braiding of her hair, seeming the radiance of some substance impossible,—like luminous ivory. And this soft light that orbed and bathed her, held some odorous charm,—thin souls of flowers,—faint, faint perfume of dream-blossoms. And he knew that she was robing for her wedding with him.

He stood beside her: the soft spheric light touched him. ... All around them was a great pleasant whispering,—the whispering of many friends assembled. He looked into the penumbra beyond her, and saw smiling faces that he knew. Some were of the dead; but it seemed
right they should be there. Would they smile thus—would they whisper so kindly—if they knew...?

And there arose within him a weird interior urge to tell all; and that knowledge of self-unworthiness which had haunted him in other hours, suddenly returned upon him with the enormity of a nightmare, irresistible, appalling, like a sense of infinite crime. Then he knew that he must tell her all.

And he began to speak—to confess to her each hidden blemish of his life, passionately watching her face, feeling for her power to forgive, fearfully seeking to learn if her pure hate of evil might exceed the measure of her sweet human love. Yet now she seemed not human: all transfigured she had become! And those white shapes enfolding her were surely never bridal veils, but vapory wings that rose above her golden head, and swept down curving to her feet.

... Angel!—but with a woman's heart!... For she only smiled at his words, at his fears, with compassionate lovingness, with tenderness as of maternal indulgence for the follies of a child. Ah! but all his follies had not been trivial; there were others she never could forgive...

But still she listened, smiling as one hearing nothing new, with sympathy of strange foreknowledge, all the while with supplest slender arms uplifted, weaving her marvellous hair.

And he knew that all those there assembled heard his every syllable; yet he could not but speak on, charging himself with crimes he had never wrought, calumniating his life, even as victims of inquisitorial torture shrieked out self-accusation of impossible sins. But always, always she laughed forgiveness, and those in the circling shadow likewise; and he heard them commending him, commending his sacrifice, his sincerity, his love of her; infinitely indulgent for him.

Yet the more they praised him, the greater became his fear of making one last avowal,—of uttering that which was the simple truth. For a weird doubt seized upon him,—a doubt of their meaning; and with the growing of it, all seemed to treacherously change. And the faces of the dead were sinister; the murmuring hushed: even she no longer smiled...

He would have whispered it to her alone; but ever as he sought to lower his voice, more piercing it seemed to sound, cutting through the stillness with frightful audibility, like the sibilation of a possessing spirit. And then, in mad despair, ceasing to hope for secrecy, he uttered it recklessly, vociferated it, reiterated it, crashed it into their hearing with the violence of a blasphemy.

All vanished!—there was only darkness about him, the darkness of real night. Still trembling with the terror of his dream he heard his own heart beat, and some slow distant steeple-bell strike out the hour of four.
IX.

Not through that restless night alone, but through many nights succeeding to weariest days of self-questioning and self-recording, conscience unrelentingly revenged every past repudiation of its counsel. Day after day, he would tear up a certain page and begin it afresh, but each time only to hear that vindictive inner voice make protest,—deny his right to any palliating word. And when everything else had been written, the inexorable Censor still maintained, still refused to attenuate, the self-proscription penned upon that page. Neither by finest analysis of motives and circumstances converging to the fault, nor by any possible deduction out of consequences, could the blackness of the fact be diminished: the great blot of it, spreading either way, strangely discolored the whole. . . . Without that page his manuscript could offer at the very worst only a record of follies hurtful to none so much as to himself;—with it,—read through the smirch of it,—no other error avowed could seem innocuous enough to demand her absolution.

And the days wheeled away, filing off by weeks;—and a new anxiety began to shape for him. The mere prolongation of his silence was betraying him. Already she might have divined his moral cowardice, and decided against him. Before this imminent menace of what he feared most, he found himself finally terrified to a resolve,—as one leaps into flood from fire. He turned one morning to his manuscript for the decisive time, re-read once more the ever-scored page, feverishly copied it, folded it up with the rest, enveloped and addressed the whole; and then, feeling the inevitable danger of another moment's hesitation, he hurried out and dropped the manuscript into the nearest letter-box.

X.

Then he became appalled at what he had done. . . . Seldom does the whole potential meaning of a doubtful act consent to reveal itself while the act is yet only contemplated; and that sudden expansion of significance which it assumes immediately upon accomplishment, may form the most painful astonishment of a lifetime. . . .

Oh! the subtle protean treachery of words on paper!—words that, only spoken, seemed so harmless;—that once embodied and coiled in writing, change nature and develop teeth to gnaw the brain that gave them visible form! The viewless fluttering spoken word is thrice plead for: by the tone which is the heart of it, and its best excuse for being, —by the look which accompanies it,—by the circumstance which evokes it. But incarnate it with a single quivering dash of the pen,—and lo! the soulless, voiceless, gelid impersonality of a reptile. Still, you are so far conscious only of its chilling ugliness;—you do not know its dumb cruelty: it is feigning innocuousness because its life is yet at your mercy,—because it has not ceased to be your slave. The price of its manumission is a postage-stamp. Release it, and it will writhe through all your soul to tear and to envenom. Then you will be powerless to prevail against it: freedom will have given it the invulnerability of airl

. . . And words that might have been spared in sentences that
should have been reconsidered,—with what multiformity of ghastliness they now swarmed back to madden him,—biting into memory! How had he failed to discern their whole evil capability,—to understand, while it was not yet too late, their sinister power of shifting color according to position, according even to the eye that looked upon them? Under what hue would they reveal themselves to her? . . . And not one could now, or ever again, be changed. He had flung his missive into the machinery of government; and already, doubtless, by steam and iron, it was being whirled to its destination!

Yes!—there was still a forlorn hope! What if he should telegraph to have the manuscript returned unopened? . . . But, again,—what would she infer from such a message? . . . A new confusion of doubts and fears and desperate conflicting impulses followed. But the dread of her inference yielded at last to the vividly terrible menace of lines that he had written,—ever becoming more frightfully visible in remembrance,—visions that left him soul-steeped in a fire-agony of shame! . . . He rushed out into the street,—hurried to the telegraph-office. As he entered it, he glanced almost instinctively at the mockingly placid face of the clock,—and started, with a sensation at his heart as of falling in dreams. . . . Time often passes with a rapidity that seems malevolent when the emotions are in turmoil. . . . It was too late to telegraph. The envelope had already, in all likelihood, been opened by her own hands!

XI.

It was done,—forever done! . . He had cast the die of his own fate. And the absolute conviction of his further helplessness restored him to comparative calm,—subdued that passion of emotional pain which it had seemed to him that he could endure no longer and live. . . .

Could she forgive him? Might she not be merciful? Might she not have some such intuition of the nature of human weakness as would impel her to hold him pardonable in view of the contrition he had so earnestly expressed? And might he not place some hope in her strange capacity of independent judgment,—of estimating character and action by standards wholly at variance with common opinion?

Perhaps. . . . But in her sublime indifference to conventional beliefs, there was always manifest a moral confidence steady as the steel of a surgeon. . . . And there came to him the first vague perception of why he feared her,—of what he feared in her: a penetrative dynamic moral power that he felt without comprehending. . . . The idea of that power applied to the analysis of his confession, brought down his heart again.

There were three,—only three fearful things she might do: simply condemn him by her silence; write him her refusal; or summon him to hear from her own lips that all was over. And the last possibility seemed the most to be dreaded. Why? . . . Was it because of an intuition that he might hear something more terrible than her "No"? . . . He remembered strange hours of his life when the reality of an occurrence feared had proven infinitely more painful than the imagining,
—though fancy had been forewarned and strained to prepare him for
the very worst. The imagined worst had never been the worst: there
were fathomless abysses of worse behind it.

And the simple word, "Come,"—solitary and imperative,—in a
note received two days later, suddenly thickened and darkened within
him this indefinite fear of an unimaginable worse. So feels the prisoner,
long waiting for his doom,—when the hammering has ceased to echo
in the night,—and the iron doors grate open to gray dawn,—and the
Mask says, "Come!"

XII.

... As he opened the door of the apartment in which they had
been wont to meet, and the faint familiar fragrance that seemed a part
of her life, smote softly to his brain,—he saw her there, already risen,
as one who knew his footstep, to take from some locked drawer an en-
velope he instantly recognized. The mere deliberate swift manner of
the act prepared him, before he could see her face, for the absence of
the sweet smile with which she had always greeted him. She neither
asked him to be seated, nor approached to offer him her hand, but
walked directly to the hearth where a bright wood fire was leaping.

—"Do you wish me to burn this?" she asked, with the missive in
her hand, and her eyes flashing to his face. Her voice had the ring
of steel!

—"Yes," he responded, almost in a whisper.

... Only one moment he saw her eyes,—for he turned away his
own; but that single strong glance seemed to flame cold into his life
like some divine lightning,—incinerating the uttermost atom of his
hope,—consuming the last thin wrapping of his pride, like a garment
of straw. For the first time he knew himself spiritually stripped
before a human gaze;—and with that knowledge outvanned in
shame all the weakness of his passion,—all the sense-hunger that is
love's superstition. He stood before her as before God,—morally
naked as a soul in painted dreams of the Judgment Day....

She tossed the written paper to the fire, and watched it light up
with a little flapping sound; while he stood by,—fearing what her next
word might be. As the flame sank, an air-current wafted and whirled
the weightless ash up out of sight. ... A moment passed, and it came
crumbling down again, by flakes, that fluttered back like moths into
the blaze.

—"You say the woman is dead?" she questioned at last, in a very
quiet voice,—still looking in the fire.

He knew at once to which page of his confession she referred, and
made answer:

—"It is almost five years since she died."

—"And the child?"

—"The boy is well."

—"And... your... friend?" She uttered the words with a
slow, strange emphasis,—as of resolve to master some repulsion.
"He is still there,—in the same place."

Then turning to him suddenly, she exclaimed,—with a change of
tone cold and keen as a knife:—

"And when you wrote me that, you had really forced yourself
to believe I might condone the infamy of it! . . ."

He attempted no response,—so terribly he felt himself judged. He
turned his face away.

"Assuredly you had some such hope," she resumed;—"otherwise
you could not have sent me that paper. . . . Then by what moral
standard did you measure me?—was it by your own? . . . Certainly
your imagination must have placed me somewhere below the level of
honest humanity,—below the common moral water-mark! . . Conceive
yourself judged by the world—I mean the real world,—the world that
works and suffers; the great moral mass of truthful, simple, earnest
people making human society! Would you dare to ask their judg-
ment of your sin? Try to imagine the result;—for by even so easy a
test you can immediately make some estimate of the character of what
you confessed to me,—as a proof of your affection! . . ."

Under the scorn of her speech he writhed without reply. And
kindled by it, as fire by a lens of ice, there began to burn within him
a sense of shame to which all his previous pain was nothingness,—an
anguish so incomparable that he wondered at his power to live. . . .
For there are moments of weirdest agony possible in the history of
natures that have not learned the highest lesson of existence,—strange
lightning-glimpses of self-ability to suffer,—astonishments of moral per-
ception suddenly expanded beyond all limit preconceived,—like immi-
ense awakenings from some old dreaming, some state of soul-sleep long
mistaken for truth of life. . . . So sometimes, to unripened generous
hearts, flash the first fearful certitudes of an ethical law stronger than
doubt or dogma,—the supreme morality at once within and without all
creeds, beyond and above all scepticism. He was of those for whom
its revelation comes never save through pain,—as certain tardy fruits
are sweetened by frost;—she was of those born into goodness, inher-
iting truth as a divine instinct. And by that instinct she knew him as
it had not been given him to know himself. . .

"You think me cruel," she resumed, after a brief silence. "Oh,
no!—I am not cruel; I am not unjust. I have made allowances. I
wished you to come and see me because in every line of your avowal I
found evidence that you did not know the meaning of what you wrote,
—that even your shame was merely instinctive,—that you had no manly
sense of the exceptional nature of your sin. And I do not intend to
leave you in the belief that so deadly a wrong can be dismissed,—least
of all by yourself,—as a mere folly, something to be thought about as
little as possible. For the intrinsic vilness of it is in no manner dimin-
ished, either by your cheap remorse or by your incapacity to under-
stand it except as a painful error. My friend, there are errors which
nature's God never fails to punish as crimes. Sometimes the criminal
may escape the penalty; but some one else must bear it. Much that
is classed as sin by the different codes of different creeds, may not be
sin at all. But transcendent sin,—sin that remains sin forever in all
human concepts of right and wrong,—sin that is a denial of all the social wisdom gained by human experience;—for such sin there is no pardon, but atonement only. And that sin is yours; and God will surely exact an expiation."

"Is it not enough to lose you?" he sobbed,—turning at last his gaze, all fevered by despair, to seek her face.

"By no means!" she answered, with terrible composure. "That is no expiation! But what may prove at best a partial expiation, I now demand of you. I demand it in God's name. I demand it in your own behalf. I demand it also as my right... My right!—mine!—for you have wronged me also by the consequences of that crime, O my friend!—and you owe me the reparation; and I demand it of you—yes!—to the last drop of the dregs of the bitterness of it..."

Her merciless calm had passed; she now spoke with passion,—and the force of her passion appalled him. Never before had he seen her face flushed by anger.

"You will go, my friend, to that man whom you wronged,—that man who still lives and loves under the delusion of your undying lie,—and you will tell him frankly, plainly, without reserve, what you have dared to confess to me. You will ask him for that child, that you may devote yourself to your own duty; and you will also ask how you may best make some reparation. Place your fortune, your abilities, your life, at that man's disposal. Even should he wish to kill you, you will have no right to resist. But I would rather,—a thousand times rather you should find death at his hands, than to know that the man I might have loved could perpetrate so black a crime, and lack the moral courage to make expiation.... Oh! do not let me feel I have been totally deceived in you!—prove to me that you are only a criminal, and not a coward,—that you are only weak, not utterly base. ... But do not flatter yourself with the belief that you have anything to gain:—I am not asking a favor;—I am simply demanding a right."

For one moment he remained stunned by her sentence as by a thunder-bolt surpassing all possible expectation: the next, he blanched to the whiteness of a dead man. She saw him pale,—as though shocked by the sudden vision of a great peril,—and watched him fearfully, wondering, doubting. Would he refuse to right himself in her eyes,—in God's eyes?—must she despise him utterly? But no!—his color came back with a strong flush that made her heart leap.

"I will do it," he made answer, in a voice of quiet resolve.

"Then go!" she said, with no change of tone. Her face betrayed no gladness. ... A moment more, and he had passed from her presence,—and she had not suffered herself to touch his vainly outstretched hand.

XIII.

And a year passed. ...
She knew he had kept his word,—knew he had obeyed her in all things. None of her secret fears had been realized. He had totally changed his manner of life,—was living, self-exiled, in a distant city with his boy. He had written often to her,—pleading passionate letters
which were never answered. Was it that she doubted him still?—or only that she doubted her own heart? He could not guess the truth. He feared and hoped and waited;—and season followed season.

Then one day she received a letter from him, bearing a post-mark that startled her, because it revealed him so near,—a letter praying only to be allowed to see her, while passing through the suburb where she lived.

Another morning brought him the surprise of her reply. He kissed her name below the happy words: “You may.”

XIV.

... “I have brought him to you,” he said;—“I thought you might wish it. ...”

She did not seem to hear,—so intently was she looking at the boy, whose black soft eyes, beautiful as a fawn’s, returned all timidly her clear, gray gaze. And from those shy dark orbs there seemed to look out upon her the soul of a dead woman, and a dead woman’s pleading, and a dead woman’s pain,—and the beauty and the frailty and the sorrow that had been,—until her own soul, luminous and pure and strong, made silent answer:—“Be never fearful, O thou poor lost one!—only by excess of love thy sin was: rest thou in thy peace!”... And something of heaven’s own light, like a softness of summer skies, made all divine her smile, as she knelt to put her arms about the boy and kiss him,—so that he wondered at the sweetness of her.

And the father, wondering more, hid his face as he sat there, and sobbing remained, until he knew her light hand upon his head, caressing him also, and heard her voice thrill to him with tenderness incomprehensible:—

—“Suffering is strength, my beloved!—suffering is knowledge, illumination, the flame that purifies! Suffer and be strong. Never can you be happy: the evil you have wrought must always bring its pain. But that pain, dearest, I will help you to bear,—and the burthen that is atonement I will aid you to endure;—I will shield your weakness;—I will love your boy... .”

For the first time their lips touched... She had become again the Angel of his dream.  

_Lafcadio Hearn._

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A LIVE EMBER.

OVER the old worm-fence in the meadow across the road,
Just where the iris lifts its purple banners on high,
Was it a burning brand that fall from a smokeless sky,
Or but the crimson wings of a starling there that glowed?

_Charles Henry Lüders._
ROBERT BROWNING.

(Written by request to be read before a meeting of a Massachusetts Browning Society which is to be held at Mosely Homestead, Westfield.)

A WRITER in Scribner says, "If I had a new Browning Society in view, it should be one to show—not, indeed, that the great poet just dead had touched human life and thought at more points, and more truly and deeply, than any writer in English since Shakespeare (for it may be years too early to preach that doctrine); but it should show that Browning is not a poet of schoolmen, and has no esoteric doctrine to teach, that he is, before all things, the poet of the red-blooded human being; of the vital, the active, and the vigorous in both feeling and intellect; and that he is lucid in the highest sense in which that much-abused word is ever likely to be applied. . . . His sane and strong genius is as sure to widen its influence as to keep it while the language lasts."

In selecting from the memories which I retain of Robert Browning, I shall choose such as will best tend to confirm the opinion of this writer,—that the great poet is "not a poet of schoolmen, but the poet of the vital, the active, and the vigorous in both feeling and intellect."

It has surprised me to hear that James Russell Lowell, who is himself so true a poet, does not consider Browning a great poet. I know it was said that Mr. Lowell asserted, when he first went as Minister of the United States to England, that Robert Browning was better known as a poet in Boston than he was in London. He told Mr. Browning of an incident in proof, which bespoke more francness than tact in its narration to the subject of it. It was repeated to me, at the time, by Mr. Browning himself, who seemed to be quietly amused over it. Some well-known Englishman, hearing Mr. Lowell speak of Browning's poetry, had asked Lowell if Browning were an American poet. "I had the pleasure," said Lowell to Browning, "of sending him a copy of one of your volumes, and now he is as great an admirer of your poetry as I am myself."

Those who are intellectually and spiritually in harmony with Robert Browning's writings find even in the intricate style of "Sordello" ample recompense for its study. It has been truly said that only those who are familiar with "Sordello's" background of Italian history can fully understand its obscurities. And what a marvellous knowledge of everything in the world's history Browning possessed! He wrote a poem in Greek while still in his teens, and to the day of his death he kept his diary in that language. He possessed the gift of improvising at the piano. To listen was to be entranced as by the rapt strains of Beethoven's compositions or of Mendelssohn's glorious melodies, as the poet's hands swept the keys, passing from one theme to another; but you could listen only once to the same strains; the inspiration came and went; the poet could never repeat his melodies. Few there were
who knew of this divine gift; for only to those who were most inti-
mate with him did he reveal himself in this way. He shunned every-
thing like ostentation; and the American journalist was misinformed
who wrote that when one of Browning's dramas was performed the
poet could be seen "surrounded by all his satellites." So far as I
know, Mr. Browning never attended a Browning meeting, nor witnessed
the performance of one of his plays, nor appeared at the supper given
after the play was over. When "A Blot in the Scutcheon" was given
at St. George's Hall, in 1885, Dr. Furnivall, on the part of "The
Browning Society," sent me tickets to fill one of the two proscenium-
boxes, the other being occupied by those who were taking parts in the
play. I had asked Mr. Browning to go with me, and it was then
that he told me he never appeared upon such occasions. I saw Miss
Browning with one of her friends in the stalls, and sent for them to
join me and some relatives who were with me. So large was the loge
that Mr. Browning might easily have witnessed the performance from
behind the curtain without having been recognized by the audience.
It will be understood that a man with so much humility of mind, when
asked the explanation of an obscure passage in one of his poems, never
could have given the answer, now going the rounds of American jour-
nals, that he "did not know what it meant, but it would repay the
questioner to study it out for himself."

Miss Browning, who is sometimes spoken of in America as the
daughter of the poet, is his sister; and a more devoted sister never
lived. All their days were so interwoven, after the death of Elizabeth
Barrett Browning, that I do not think they were ever separated for
a day. I accompanied them to Oxford in 1882, by invitation of Mr.
Browning, when the honorary degree of D.C.L. was conferred upon
him.

I will quote a few lines from a letter which I wrote then, descriptive
of that never-to-be-forgotten "Commemoration Day": "Mr. Browning
and his sister stopped with the Master of Balliol, Dr. Jowett; I stayed
with a friend in her lovely old Queen Anne house near. About eleven
o'clock on Commemoration Day I was set down at the gate, near the
Ashmolean Museum, where the privileged few assembled who had
tickets for the 'Semicircle.' I was joined there by Miss Browning
and Dr. Jowett. As the clock struck, the gates were thrown open,
and in an incredibly short space of time the theatre was filled, packed
from the area (where all were standing) to the galleries, save where
seats were reserved for those who were to participate in the ceremonies.
The organist played selections from Handel, Weber, Bach, and Gounod;
then 'God Save the Queen;' and the Vice-Chancellor, followed by the
Doctors in their scarlet gowns, entered in procession and took their
seats. Next came the candidates for an honorary degree, accompanied
by the Regent Professor of Civil Law. These remained standing while
the Vice-Chancellor read his address in Latin. . . . The fête which
followed in Wadham Gardens, that afternoon, was as brilliant a scene
as could be imagined. This is the 'warden's territory,' and never was
a lovelier site chosen for a garden-party. Tents sprinkled the lawn, in
which refreshments were served, with hot-house grapes, peaches, and
pineapples in lavish profusion. Groups of gayly-dressed ladies with their attendant cavaliers were seated under the spreading branches of the huge old trees, cedars of Lebanon and the red beech overshadowing the brighter hues of the moving throng beneath.

"Robert Browning in his earliest prime could never have looked handsomer than on this occasion, in his scarlet silk gown, and many were the eyes that followed this great poet as he walked amidst the crowd. At the close of this delightful afternoon he took me to that part of the grounds which Ruskin has pronounced to be the loveliest spot in Oxford. . . . The old gray walls of the chapel and of the warden's house close in the three sides, and not a sound broke the stillness of that exquisite spot, not even a sunbeam pierced the shade. It was as one might fancy primeval solitude to have been."

I am often asked where I first met Robert Browning, and how it was that we became such good friends. He called upon me in London when I was stopping at Claridge's Hotel in 1879,—before I had found time to deliver a letter of introduction given to me by a common friend who wished to make us known to each other. Our friendship dates from that first evening of our meeting; although I had not at that time fully awakened to his inspiration as a poet, my full appreciation having centred upon the poems of Elizabeth Barrett Browning. From the publication of her first volume in America, her poems were next to my Bible; and there have been times when I have found more comfort in the utterances of her sorely-bruised spirit than in the Psalms of David. My worship of her genius, my gratitude for "helpfulness" that I found in her writings, were the foundation of my affection for all that belonged to her. On that corner-stone was built up the friendship which sweetened my life when all I most loved seemed to have been wrenched out of it, and a cup was given to me to drink which was full of bitterness. Our lamented American poet, Boker, had been the first to lead me into studying Browning's "obscurities," as they are called; but "Men and Women" was the only volume that I owned, up to the time that I first met Mr. Browning; while there was not one line that Elizabeth Barrett Browning had ever printed which I did not have in my possession, reading daily over and over my favorite poems until I knew them by heart. I regarded the two poets as representing in their works the two orders of poetic genius which Keble has classified as primary and secondary,—the wife's primary, the husband's secondary. It was not until deeper insight came to me that I recognized in Browning a genius who, in his hours of inspiration, revealed the unknown to his readers; as had Shakespeare, when before Harvey's birth he wrote of the circulation of the blood. "Child roland" is one of these inspired poems. Years after I first met Mr. Browning, we were walking in Hyde Park, one Sunday afternoon in June, and had seated ourselves, far away from "The Row," on a bench under the widespread branches of a tree. I asked the poet what he had symbolized in the dark tower and Childro Roland's bugle-blast,—thinking that he had intended to represent, by the tower, the stronghold of scepticism, of unbelief, of materialism, which would be razed to the ground when Science comprehends that the law which develops sound develops
every natural law in the universe, and that at the first blast which she blows, with this knowledge, the dark tower must crumble, opening up such fields of research, beyond its walls, as the imagination of man has not yet conceived to be possible,—even to the understanding of the sympathetic attraction which holds the stars in their places and controls their advance and recession. Mr. Browning replied that Childe Roland was "only a fantaisie," that he had written it "because it pleased his fancy." As I interpreted to him its meaning, in the light of Keely's discoveries, he listened with interest, and a smile of doubtful meaning played over his features; for Mr. Browning never expressed any faith in this "modern Prometheus," as to his commercial success, which I so fully believe in. Keely's success as a discoverer is already attained and insured to him by the acknowledgment of the leading scientist in America that Keely has partial control of some unknown force. The successful application of the discovery to mechanics is only a question of time; but, whether the dark tower of materialism falls in our day or stands until this generation has passed away, if "effort, not success, makes the man," as Browning wrote, shapes his soul, forges his character, all glory to the discoverer who, in years upon years of "dead-work," is paving the way for the triumph of spirit over matter.

One Christmas evening when we were amusing ourselves by giving Mr. Browning subjects and rhymes for sonnets, I gave the rhymes, and "Keely's Discovery" as the subject. Much more expeditiously than I had written down the rhymes to which he was to confine himself in its composition, he wrote the sonnet. The time will come when the world will look upon this sonnet as an inspired prophecy, the closing lines of which are as follows:

All we can dream of loveliness within,—
All ever hoped for by a will intense,—
This shall one day be palpable to sense
And earth become to heaven akin.

Mr. Browning's facility for verse-making was often the means of entertaining his most intimate friends. I once opened a letter from George Bancroft in Mr. Browning's presence, in which the historian mentioned the near approach of his eighty-seventh birthday. I proposed to the poet that he should write a message from himself, which I would cable. Almost as quick as thought, he wrote,—

Bancroft, the message-bearing wire,
Which flashes my all hail to-day,
Moves slowliter than the heart's desire
That what hand pens, tongue's self might say.

My last letters from Robert Browning were dated November 9, November 18, and November 26,—the day before he fell ill, reaching me the very hour that he was dying, allowing for the difference in time between Venice and Philadelphia. The handwriting showed no trace of weakness, the characters as firm, in the closely-written lines, as ever, and no allusion made to illness. In the letter of November 9, Mr.
Robert Browning.

Browning alluded to a telegram which I had received, before I left London, from Dr. Joseph Leidy, of the University of Pennsylvania, informing me that in his opinion "Keely has command of some unknown force of most wonderful mechanical power." Mr. Browning wrote, "Seeing must be believing in my case: still, for your sake I should be contented most cheerfully to pass with those who believed in the steam-engine and electric telegraph. When Keely proves himself to be Vulcan I consent to be Momus."

When I was asked by Dr. Furnivall to select one of Browning's poems and write my explanation of its obscure passages in a paper to be read before "The Browning Society" in London, I declined; for I knew that the poet, like Auerbach the novelist, wished his readers to reach the kernel in the way best suited to their lines of thought or of belief. I once met Auerbach, and in conversation he was asked whether Irma, the heroine of his romance "On the Heights," had exiled herself from court on account of guilty remorse, or to make atonement for having violated her sense of duty in an innocent attachment, which she fled to escape from as soon as she knew that it was more than friendship on the part of the king, and dangerous for herself. Auerbach replied that he had purposely left it in doubt, in order that each reader might put his or her own construction upon Irma's course. To the pure in thought she was not the king's mistress; to the "carnal-minded" man or woman no other conclusion could be arrived at, in the sentence, "The gods were abroad that night." So with Browning, whose poems each reader deciphers to suit the requirements of his own nature. Hence the diversified constructions put upon the religious poems of Browning, interpreting God and His laws as best suits the already-formed belief of the reviewer, or critic, or journalist, who comments upon them. The modern definition of infidel—"a man who does not believe what I believe"—sustains the wisdom of Browning's course in not making clear what his own belief was, as far as any sect is concerned. All who are in full sympathy with the poet in his views find no obscurity in his religion,—feel no doubt that he expounds the gospel after the teachings of our Holy Master, rather than after the teachings of the Jewish high-priests, or the dogmas and creeds which Lecky compares to the clouds that intercept the light of the sun. "And this is life eternal, to know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent,"—to know God as revealed to us by Jesus of Nazareth, who taught that "the Alpha and Omega of religion is love to God and to man," the entire surrender of our will to God's will, and that all that God wills must be for the best. Of such are the teachings that we find on every page of Browning's most profound poems; and the poet lived up to his teachings, in full measure of faith and of loyalty. In parting with him once he said to me, "Remember, wherever you are, if you need me send for me. I would go to the ends of the earth to serve you." There was an element of the godlike in the completeness and the tenderness of his love for those whom he held closest, which made him seem to them, at times, as if he were of "more than mortal mould,"—more than mere man: yet he made no such pretension. He gloried in being as God made him, saying of himself, I am
merest man, and nothing more.
I may put forth angel’s plumage, once unmanned, but not before.

To one of his chosen friends who said to him in parting (when most unexpectedly called away from the place where with Miss Browning they were passing the season together), “Remember, I have loved you with the best and most enduring love—soul love,” he wrote,

Not with my Soul, Love!—bid no soul like mine
Lap thee around nor leave the poor Sense room.

Robert Browning had more friends among noble-hearted women than fall to the share of many. One of these women, whom it was a privilege to hear in conversation with him, so brilliantly gifted is she, writes to me from London, January 5,—

“You have been so much in my mind and heart during these last sad weeks that even at the peril of being intrusive I feel that I must stretch out my hand to you across the Atlantic. How dear Browning loved and admired you I know better than most people. He spoke of you always enthusiastically and with true discrimination. He was not one to invest any friend, however dear, with ideal perfection; he saw clearly; he had the true poetical insight which discriminated between the sham and the real; and what a heart he brought to love where he did love! His death has changed everything for me. Life can never be the same again; but one’s own loss sinks into nothingness before the world’s loss.” . . .

Yes, “Browning’s death has changed everything” in life for those upon whom he had bestowed love and sympathy, “proffered in largess such as great souls give.” It was at his request that I made my home in London, in order, he said, that we might live near to each other to the end of our lives upon earth. Christmas Day I was always to dine with them; and even when I had relatives stopping with me at Christmas, they were invited to the Christmas dinner, and met with a warm welcome from him and his sister. Our plans to meet at San Moritz in the summer of 1888 were interfered with by all that happened to me that fateful year; but I returned to London in November, 1888, taking my last Christmas dinner at his house in De Vere Gardens, and planning for our summer together at San Moritz. But again, wave after wave of trouble swept me off my feet, and I was too much of an invalid to carry out my plans.

From every quarter of the globe letters come to me filled with sympathy, from those who knew of the strong ties which for ten years had drawn us closer and closer in the hallowed bonds of friendship. “Any one can love, but few have the capacity for friendship,” wrote George Sand.

From Florence, “Ouida” writes, December 28, “I cannot let the year end without telling you how grieved I am at the loss of the great and gracious life so intermingled and associated in friendship with your own. It is an irreparable loss. I shall never forget that I owe to you the inestimable privilege of his personal acquaintance, and, I think, of his personal sympathy.”
ROBERT BROWNING.

The learned author of "The Numerical Basis of the Solar System" writes to me under date of December 13, "While the death of Robert Browning is of course the world's loss, I am thinking of it more as yours. It must indeed be a deep personal grief to you to lose out of your life one who has been so true and so profound a friend. I am sorry beyond words for your sorrow. I shall always remember with warm satisfaction the pleasant Sunday afternoon I had in his company at your house in London."

No one knows better than these friends what consolation I found in my friendship with Robert Browning, and how he had helped me, with his never-failing sympathy, to bridge over torrents that else must have swept me away. While he lived, I felt, whatever afflictions befell me, whoever might misunderstand my motives of action, or misrepresent and censure me, that his trust in me would remain unshaken, that he would defend me to the end. "Friendship to natures large and comprehensive in sympathy means attachment as warm and strong as life itself, enthusiasm of personal interest, faithfulness unto death." The poem "On the Heights," in my last volume of verses, was written to Robert Browning on Easter Sunday, 1882.

The son of the poet (Robert Barrett Browning) is an artist of much talent, whose works in painting and sculpture are better known on the Continent than in England even, receiving honorable mention in the Paris and Brussels Salon exhibitions. I have always kept in remembrance Comte's axiom that "he who renders another a service merits some return," and, not having had the privilege of knowing Elizabeth Barrett Browning personally, it was never in my power to do anything to prove my appreciation of the benefits which, through her writings, she had bestowed upon me. When I heard that her son was an artist I determined to give him an order for some portraits that I wished to have painted; but, finding that some of his pictures remained unsold on account of their being too large for anything but public institutions, I proposed to buy one of them for the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts, instead of having the portraits painted. I made my selection, and asked the price. His father at once gave me the picture, declining to name a price, on the ground that it would be of benefit to his son to have it placed in a gallery in America. I refused to accept the picture as a gift, and, remaining firm, Mr. Browning finally named the moderate sum which I paid for the picture. At a later date I purchased the two pictures that I gave to the New York and Boston Art Galleries, thus carrying out my desire to evince to the son my gratitude for the enjoyment and the help I had found in his mother's poems. I hope others have testified their gratitude in the same way to the artist son, among the many who have received fresh strength, from the writings of Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, to fight the battle of life.

"Love cancels gratitude," it is said, and that it is said is part of my creed; but I like appreciation, though I do not like gratitude from those that I love. Mr. Browning on more than one occasion manifested his appreciation of my all but worship of his wife's genius. He remembered me on my birthday, and days that were not anniversaries are made
so now by the gifts which he brought to me upon them, and which will be held as sacred relics of the closest and dearest friendship of my life. Miss McMahan writes of such friendships, “The calm and disinterested affection of soul friends is reserved for men and women of the finest mould. Let not the world look askance upon a relation so true and holy that it glorifies even the common details of life and is the noblest form that friendship wears.” Among the gifts which Robert Browning made me I value greatly the autograph letters written to him and to Mrs. Browning by men and women of genius,—among them one of Tennyson to himself, and one of George Sand to Mrs. Browning. As each volume of the last edition of his poems came out, he brought it to me, inscribing his name at my request. Scarabei which Mr. Barrett, his brother-in-law, brought from Egypt, intaglios collected in Italy, quaint old books that he thought would interest me, daintily-bound commentaries on his works, which had been sent as gifts to him, exquisitely gotten-up “Bits from Browning,” bottles of rare Tokay from Hungary, were shared with me in the generosity of his great heart; but my most precious possession is the Florentine brooch which belonged to Mrs. Browning. When her son was engaged I thought it should belong to his fiancée, and I took it to her. I think she saw tears in my eyes as I gave up my treasure, for she would not keep it, and it was returned to me.

Robert Browning was justly proud and very fond of his son’s lovely American wife, Fanny Coddington, of New York. She was a devoted daughter to him. It was in her home in Venice, Palazzo Rezzonico, that the poet died. In a letter from her dated January 4 she writes some particulars of his illness and death, which she says was “a fitting close in every respect to such a noble life. . . . He had been so full of life and was so happy in our new home that when his illness came it was like a thunder-bolt out of a clear sky. From the first the doctor told me that his heart was weak; he got better of the bronchitis, but day by day, without pain, he became weaker and more weak until the end. . . . He was glad that his illness had happened in Venice, and not in London; and he was touchingly grateful for all that we tried to do for him to have him once more well again: God knows it was our best. But his time to go had come; and we all feel grateful that it came as it did, that his falling asleep was so peaceful. The coincidence of ‘Asolando’ coming out the day he left this earth seemed most appropriate, with its prophetic epilogue! The ceremony at Westminster Abbey, last Tuesday, was beyond words impressive and as one would have desired it to be in every way. Pen was immensely touched by the fitting music to his mother’s beautiful words. . . . Poor Aunt Sariana! Her loss has made a great change in her; she has felt it terribly. She has been very, very ill from the shock. She is better now, though she hardly leaves her room yet.”

Robert Browning’s son writes to me, from London, on the same date as his wife, “My father died without pain or suffering other than that of weakness or weariness. His death was what death ought to be, but rarely is—so said the doctor. My father was a very true friend of yours, and you were in his mind during his last hours. My loss is irreparable,
of course. It all seems a scene of ages past to me now! You know how I found it was impossible for his burial to be in my mother's tomb in Florence, and how at the last, after a public funeral in Venice, he has been laid by the dust of Chaucer, Dryden, Cowley, and other bearers of great names in our Abbey here. The ceremony was most impressive, and the manifestation of sympathy and sorrow which his death has evoked is very remarkable. I had no idea that his popularity was so extended. The rendering of my mother's lines was very grand in effect, and the absolute silence of that vast assembly showed how impressive it was. You may be interested in knowing that it would have been in my power to bring the remains of my mother to the Abbey. I was greatly tempted at one time, but after much consideration I decided not to do so. It would have been against my father's wishes, and would have displeased the Florentines. My father saw, in later years, that the cemetery in Florence was closed, and only recently had mentioned to my aunt that, if he died here, he wished to be buried in Norwood Cemetery, or if in Paris, with his father there."

Enough has been said of the private life of this great-hearted poet for you to know how impossible it would be for a man with such an exalted nature to answer inquiries made to him of the meaning of obscure passages in his works, that it would repay readers to study it out for themselves. There never lived a man who had so little of the egotist in him as Robert Browning. In the presence of a third person, with one exception, I never heard Mr. Browning speak of himself, nor of his poems. This exception was when Bishop Potter dined with him at my house: to him he spoke unreservedly, for each found in the other a kindred spirit. I remember the poet gave us the history of Pauline, and also that he said his early poems were so transparent in their meaning as to draw down upon him the ridicule of the critics, and that, boy as he was, this ridicule and cen sure stung him into quite another style of writing. Then the critics, who had not studied the esoteric meanings of his writings, pounced down upon him for his obscurity of phraseology. It is said of Rubens that when the critics assailed him he answered, "My maxim is to do well and you will make others envious; do better and you will master them." This seems to have been Browning's aim also. He never answered the critics; he never stooped to deny the fictions which "penny-a-liners" invented and printed about him. Like an eagle cleaving heaven's blue vault, this great poet soared beyond the reach of the earth-worms that attacked him, mastering all envy, all criticism, by the ever-growing appreciation of his writings which placed him, years since, "in the rank of the world's great poets, foremost with Dante and Shakespeare." His works will keep green the memory of

One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong could triumph.

C. J. B-M.
"A THING ENSKYED."

EDWARD MACKENZIE, author, critic, and littérateur, sat down at his desk and drew towards him a package, with a smile of satisfaction. It was not often that he entered upon the reading of a manuscript with feelings of such pleasurable anticipation. A charming, cultivated woman, one whose society was a privilege and whose conversation a delight, had confessed to him that she had written a novel, and furthermore had requested of him a critical opinion. Nothing that a woman like Katharine Annan would write could fail to be interesting, and Mackenzie thought with pleasure of the eulogy he should take her as his detailed criticism on the morrow which he doubted not would be his "candid opinion," and saw in fancy the bright and grateful smile with which she would reward him.

The story was type-written, always a welcome sight to the manuscript-reader, and was called "A Bohemian in Silk," by Rose Desire. "A pretty nom-de-plume," thought Mackenzie; "but I shall advise her own name, which is prettier, to my thinking."

He went rapidly but carefully through the first chapter. As he began the second a puzzled look was in his face, which by degrees grew grave, and at the end of the third chapter it had settled into an expression of intense disappointment. It was some time past midnight when Mackenzie laid down the last page of the manuscript. He had read every line, in the hope of finding some stray passage he could commend,—some gleam of light suggestive of the woman herself in the waste of dull mediocrity. It was useless: the book was hopelessly bad.

"I would not have believed it possible," he muttered. He sat looking into the fire for another hour. "How can I ever tell her?" he groaned. "But tell her I must."

He had promised to return the manuscript to her with his opinion the following morning, and at the appointed hour he stood in Miss Annan’s drawing-room, a somewhat woebegone-looking object, after a sleepless night. A pleasing contrast was the figure which entered to meet him, clad in a pretty morning gown, her face smiling in confident anticipation of his verdict, yet blushing with a charming modesty. The smile died on her lips as she advanced towards him. "You are not well," she said, in tones of kindest sympathy.

Mackenzie hastened to assure her he was in perfect health.

"Then you have sat up all night over that," she said, pointing to the box in his hand. "How inconsiderate in me to ask you to read it at once, when you have so many duties! It would serve me right if you should condemn it."

His eyes met hers in silence, and she knew the truth at once.

"You do not like it,—confess," she said, trying to laugh.

"No, I do not like it."
She still smiled bravely, but Mackenzie saw her cheeks pale, and the sight smote him with intolerable pain.

"I never had a task in my life which was so hard as this," he said. "The truth is as bitter for me to speak as for you to hear; yet I cannot lie to you, I cannot even palliate or conceal."

"I have brought it on myself," she replied, quietly. "Go on."

"The story is badly conceived and badly written," he continued, with lowered eyes. "Knowing you, as I do, to be gifted with a cultivated mind capable of originality and brilliancy of expression, I cannot understand how you have become so completely metamorphosed in putting your thoughts on paper. You seem to have gotten out of yourself entirely, and to be laboring with the ideas of some one else. Did I not know you so well, I should say that you lacked the courage of your own opinions. As it is, I am forced to believe that the power to write is strangely denied to some vigorous and capable intellects—that it is something to be acquired, like making watches or cutting clothes."

"Do you find nothing worthy in the book?" she inquired, in a low voice.

"Nothing which you would write could fail to be of interest to me," said Mackenzie, in a kind of desperation. "It is because I know so well what would be the verdict of the public on the book you have written, that I would save you from greater pain by inflicting a lesser pang myself."

"A lesser pang!" thought Katharine. "Could anything be more terrible than this?" Her precious manuscript, over which she had worked with such loving care, into which she had put the best part of herself, to know that she had failed, miserably failed, and bitterly of all, to be told so by the man whose opinion she prized above that of all the world beside. It was shameful! The poor girl covered her face and turned away.

Mackenzie was touched to the depths of his soul. "Miss Annan," he cried, "Katharine! don't do that! I cannot bear it. Oh, do you not understand why I tell you this? To another I might possibly palter and avoid the painful truth, to you I must be loyal and true at whatever cost to us both, because—I love you. I have always loved you, Katharine, and you were never so dear to me as now, when—"

"Stop, Mr. Mackenzie." She uncovered her pale face, and was mistress of herself in a moment. "I have been a foolish woman, and have had a foolish dream. It is over now. It is not your fault that yours was the hand which dispelled it. I asked your advice, and you gave it, bravely and manfully, I admit; but spare me your pity; I do not need it. I am not worth it."

"Pity?" he echoed, astonished.

"Yes; a woman who can write as I have done and imagine she was doing well—for I did think so—can inspire no other feeling in the mind of an intellectual man, unless it be contempt. Ah, it was cruel of me to say that," she added, as she saw in his face the pain she had inflicted. "Do not think that I am angry or offended with you; but it does hurt, and I would rather be alone now."
She extended her hand. Mackenzie took it in both of his, and said, "Forgive me that I opened my heart to you at this time. When I would give my life to save you from pain, it seemed cruel to inflict this suffering without telling you how much your sorrow is my own. What I have said of my feeling for you is the very truth, and is no sudden discovery. I believe in you as much as ever. Do not despair because of one failure. Everybody makes failures at some time. The trouble with you is, you have made a false start. If you will only try again and let me help you a little. I have served a long apprenticeship, and have made many failures myself, so I know the mechanical part of my trade pretty thoroughly. It is in that I think I can be of service to you."

She shook her head and smiled faintly: "You are very good, but after I have burned this foolish thing I would rather you helped me to forget that I ever wrote it."

Mackenzie pressed her hand gently; for an instant the pressure was returned. He felt that further words would avail nothing now, and with one last sympathetic look he turned and left her.

There was no further work possible for Mackenzie that day. He went down into the country and spent the afternoon in solitude, gloomily meditating under a leaden sky on the unlucky incidents of the past twenty-four hours, until a drizzling rain drove him back to the city. A few minutes before six he climbed the stairs to the office of the publishing-house of Burgess & Co.

The head of the establishment called to him: "Mr. Mackenzie, I read the manuscript of a very remarkable novel last night. I would like to have your opinion of it as soon as possible."

Mackenzie felt a savage rush of anger at the thought of his being called upon to read the manuscript of a successful author now. "Very well, Mr. Burgess. What is it?" he asked.

"It is called 'A Thing Ensskyed,' — a really wonderful story. There was no name on it, and I am anxious to know who the author is. I found it on your desk there yesterday, and, having a spare hour or so, I took it in my room to examine it, and became so absorbed in it that I carried it home with me and finished it last night."

"I suppose there is a letter somewhere," said Mackenzie, indifferently. "I shall examine it to-night."

"It is a bad time for a struggling aspirant to fall into my hands," he said, grimly, as he seated himself two hours later and opened the package, just as he had opened Katharine's package the night before.

For an hour he shifted the pages, rapidly at first, then more slowly as he discovered he had before him a work of uncommon power and absorbing interest. Suddenly he paused: a passage in the book seemed strangely familiar: he had read that same thing before, in almost the same words. This brilliant author was a plagiarist, then. Where had he seen it? No, he had heard the words spoken — and by her, Katharine. Now he remembered the occasion perfectly: they had been talking of friendship between man and woman, an idea of hers had struck him as clever and original, and when he said so she told him she had seen it in a book she had recently read, and he remembered
that she laughed as she spoke. Could it have been this? He turned back to the first page: underneath the title was the line from "Measure for Measure"—

I hold you as a thing enskyed and sainted,—

but no name, nor any sign to indicate who was the author. "Will they never learn to send in these things properly?" he growled. Then a suspicion darted through his mind so suddenly that his heart stopped beating for a moment, and then began to throb with a great hope. He looked at his watch, and, springing to his feet, tied up the precious package with trembling hands. "There is time yet," he murmured. "I will not let the night pass with this mystery unsolved. Dear Katharine, my poor girl!"

He jumped into a cab, and in fifteen minutes was at her door. A sharp north wind had driven away the rain-clouds, and the stars were shining brightly. Miss Annan was in the drawing-room with her mother, the maid told him, and there were other callers. Mackenzie walked into the room with the package under his arm. The guests, an elderly couple, had risen to go. "I must see you alone, at once," he whispered to Katharine, and, leaving her with her friends, he walked back into the library. In a few moments she joined him.

"Have you examined the manuscript I brought you this morning?" he asked, eagerly.

"No," she replied, a shadow crossing her face.

"What was the name of your story?"

"Mr. Mackenzie, I beg that you will not speak to me on that subject now or at any time."

"But tell me—the name!"

"You have read it: why should you ask me?" she said, coldly; then, seeing the suppressed excitement in his eyes, the twitching of his mouth, without knowing why she caught the infection of his emotion, and her heart beat rapidly.

Mackenzie quickly opened the box and held it up to her.

"Have you ever seen this before?" he asked.

"Why, it is mine! How did you——?"

"Yours! Do you mean you wrote it?"

"Certainly. It is the story I gave you yesterday, which I thought you brought back to me this morning. And now——"

"Then you are not Rose Desire, and you didn’t write a story called ‘A Bohemian in Silk’?"

"No," replied the wondering girl.

"Thank heaven!" he burst out. "Katharine, if you would like the head of the most stupid dolt that ever lived, on a charger, I will cheerfully give it to you. Listen while I tell you what I conjecture has happened before you spurn me from your sight and send me to the sacrifice. I ought never to have let my precious charge out of my sight for an instant; but I went direct to Burgess’s after you gave me your story, and laid it on my desk there while I busied myself about some outside matters. Burgess came in, and, seeing it, took it into his room to examine it, supposing it to have come in in the regular way,
and, finding it to be a wonderful book, as he afterwards told me, carried it off. Then an unfortunate woman who calls herself Rose Desire must have brought in a story which was laid on my desk just where yours had been; it was in a box just as yours was, and so the great booby who sometimes reads manuscripts for Burgess & Co., when he ought to be mending shoes or shovelling coal, took it home, and read this feeble production for the work of a charming and brilliant woman whom he deserves never to see again after to-night. I began your story, never dreaming it was yours, and was fascinated by its beauty and power in spite of my miserable state of mind. I had not read half of it when I discovered yourself in it, and the hideous mistake I had made dawned upon me. Now you know the cause of my stupid, priggish words of this morning. I will not ask you to forgive me; I can never forgive myself the needless suffering I have caused you.”

But Katharine did not look very angry. What a load was lifted from her heart by his words! It was almost worth while to have endured the pain to experience this sweet and blessed relief. She looked up at him and smiled as he stood before her with hand outstretched as in farewell.

"Before you vanish into outer darkness," she said, dreamily, "I should like you to fulfil your promise to read my manuscript."

"Katharine, do you really mean you would allow me to read it after this?"

"Certainly. I asked your opinion, and still want it. I think I may count safely on getting your true one," she added, mischievously.

As she gave him the manuscript he took her hands and held them.

"Katharine," he said, "who could have foreseen this ending to such a day? Three hours ago I thought the sun could never shine for me again; but the clouds have lifted, and the blessed light streams through and gives new life to a hope——"

The portières opened, and little Mrs. Annan bustled into the library.

"Ah, Mr. Mackenzie, good-evening. Did you ever know anything so sudden as the change in the weather to-night?"

"Never," said Mackenzie, fervently, and looking into Katharine’s radiant eyes, "nor so delightful."

Francis M. Livingston.

STORM.

THE winds are up! the winds are up,  
With clouds and tree-tops in their arms,  
With blowing wheat about their feet,  
And in their throats a hundred harms!

An upland’s stormed, and riven wheat  
Lies conquered in its loamy nest:  
The winds laugh on o’er lake and lawn  
To bastion clouds about the west.

Harrison S. Morris.
THE ICICLE.

A LITTLE COMEDY IN RHYME.

DON LORENZO.
DONA AMALIA.
ANITA, a duenna.

Seville: an open room, with veranda at back, and the Guadalquivir seen dimly. DONA AMALIA at embroidery-frame. DON LORENZO on a couch, with head and one limb in bandages.

AMALIA.

O Tiresome roses, how your patterns linger
Before my craft can shape them as I will!
Poor gentleman, he sleeps! (I’ve pricked my finger!)
Poor gentleman, he sleeps inertly still!

(She sees a slight movement in Don Lorenzo, and droops head.)

LORENZO.

Cold girl, that all the gossips here in Seville
Have called "the icicle," as well they might,
How quickly you would send me to the devil
If conscious of my true deceitful plight!

AMALIA (with finger on lip).

How strange! He spoke! I’d swear to it—or nearly.
Ah, he’s but talking in his sleep, of course.
Unhappy gentleman, you’ve paid severely
For riding an unmanageable horse!

(ANITA enters, with sherbet.)

Less noise, Apita! What a step you tread with!

ANITA.

He sleeps?

AMALIA.

Well, not so soundly as I thought....
But you’ve a foot-fall one could wake the dead with!
(Tastes sherbet.)

Ah, what a poor weak sherbet you have brought!

ANITA.

Nay, señorita, I was never skilful
At tasks like these; their art I ne’er could learn.
Go thou, dear child, and brew a better gill-ful;
I’ll watch the gentleman till thou return.
THE ICICLE.

AMALIA.

So be it, Anita. Are you quite decided
He needs no doctor?

ANITA.

Doctors all be... blest!
He'll soon get well and strong enough, provided
His bruises may secure sufficient rest.

AMALIA.

Well, well, I leave him in your charge, Anita;
Do gently whatsoever he may bid...

ANITA.

You speak so of a man!—you, favorita!

AMALIA.

He's not a real man; he's an... invalid!

(Exit AMALIA.)

LORENZO (springing up from couch).

Never till now, in sooth, did Spanish gentle
Light on duenna that was half so good!
Ah, your benevolence is monumental;
I'd canonize you if I only could!

ANITA.

May the Saints pardon thy blaspheming twitter!
I've been most rashly wicked!

LORENZO.

Nay, you've not!

ANITA.

Oh, yes! Her eyes have such a truthful glitter;
They pierce me with repentance.

LORENZO.

And for what?

Is it because this venturing spirit chooses
To seek thus boldly my affianced wife?

ANITA.

Affianced, if you will; but she refuses
All other future save a loveless life!
LORENZO.

Bah, dame! A stale fig for her freaks of fancy!
I come from Cordova to claim my bride!

ANITA.

Then you must win her by a necromancy
Whose magic shall work marvels with her pride.

LORENZO.

Fear not; I'll do it, nurse!

ANITA.

Poor orphan, truly
Her fate is hard, with both dear parents dead!

LORENZO.

My fate is harder, that I've this unruly
Andalustan maid to woo and wed.

ANITA.

Thou followest thine own reckless choice!

LORENZO.

How? Grumbling?

Good nurse, your mood has turned most wry indeed!

ANITA.

Nor strange!—with thine imaginary tumbling
To earth from that imaginary steed!

LORENZO.

Deception villainous—I grant it!

ANITA.

Waiting
In ambush, I must aid thy sorry guile!—
Assist thee past our threshold, hotly hating
Such fraudulent behavior, all the while!

LORENZO (drooping head).

True—true!

ANITA.

And when my lady at length had seen us,
I with untold hypocrisy must say,
"Ah, senorita, shall we seek, between us,
This gentleman's discomforts to allay?"
THE ICICLE.

LORENZO.

And she! How beautiful was her compassion!
Shams though my bruises were, they ached, I'll swear!

ANITA.

You merit aching in a different fashion!

LORENZO.

Come, now, your spleen and not your heart spoke there!
(Takes out purse.)

Good nurse, that struggling son in Salamanca—
The barber with eight children . .

ANITA (refusing purse).

Say no more!

LORENZO.

That daughter, then—the sailor's wife, Bianca,
Dwelling in Barcelona . .

ANITA.

Nay, señor!

LORENZO.

So of my proffered gold hast thou proved wary
Since first to win my way with thee I tried!
Who dares to call duennas mercenary?
Lope de Vega—Calderon—you have lied!

ANITA.

Your thoughts of me are sure one precious tangle,
Thus low my loyal services to rate!
I'm not the sort of fish, howe'er you angle,
That cares to nibble at a golden bait.
I want the lady I love to marry wisely
A nobleman of breeding, heart and head.

LORENZO.

Your sentiments consort with mine precisely;
I, too, in just that way would have her wed!

ANITA.

Here's impudence, forsooth!

LORENZO.

But you condone it!
THE ICICLE.

ANITA.
All the world loves a lover, as they say...

LORENZO.
I'm hers!—in rapt allegiance, nurse, I own it,
And pant to have her name our nuptial day!

ANITA.
Then rashly has thine adoration reckoned!...
Still does her beauty feed its amorous glow?

LORENZO.
Saint Simeon Stylites, if she beckoned,
Would leave his pillar and play Romeo!

ANITA.
More blasphemy!

LORENZO.
On Las Delicias walking,
I first idealized her—ay de mí!
But now!—her lips would set a dumb man talking!
Her eyes have beams to make a blind man see!

ANITA.
Nay, but her proud young bosom cannot shelter
One gleam of answering passion, warm or chill!
She's a real icicle!

LORENZO.
But I can melt her!

ANITA.
Alas! impossible!

LORENZO.
I can—and will!

ANITA.
No, I defy thee!

LORENZO.
When I'm once defeated,
Sound forth at pleasure your victorious drums!

ANITA.
Pray heaven by false impressions I've been cheated!
THE ICICLE.

LORENZO.

Amen, nurse!

ANITA.

Quick—be ill again! . . . She comes!

(DOÑA AMALIA re-enters with sherbet. DON LORENZO has resumed his place on couch, closing his eyes.)

AMALIA.

Does he still sleep?

ANITA.

I think he does, carina . . .

AMALIA.

Let us not wake him, then, what' er we do!

(Puts sherbet on table beside couch.)

It seems to me, nurse, I have seldom seen a
More healthful-looking sick man. . . Pray, have you?

ANITA.

Indeed, he hath more color, now I scan him,
Than most sick gentlemen I've seen before.
But then the accident that did unman him
Occurred so suddenly . . .

(DON LORENZO snores.)

AMALIA.

What's that?

ANITA. A snore.

AMALIA.

'Twas most unmusical! Ah, saints preserve us!
It may perchance have been a groan of pain!

LORENZO (soigning sleep).

Oh, beautiful Amalia!

ANITA.

Don't be nervous.

AMALIA.

He's talking in his sleep?
THE ICICLE.

ANITA.

'Tis more than plain.

AMALIA.

He called me beautiful!

ANITA.

Well, there's no fiction.

AMALIA.

Still, the impertinence acutely stings!

ANITA.

Child, when we sleep we pay no care to diction;
We naturally say all sorts of things.

AMALIA.

Oh, you believe he meant it not? Still, clearly
His words were spoke. They did not seem obscure.

LORENZO.

If she's an icicle, it must be merely
That while she's radiant she is also pure!

AMALIA.

He calls me 'icicle.' He must have known me
Ere now,—perchance even weeks, or months, or more!

LORENZO.

Would that unamiable brute had thrown me
A little nearer to my loved one's door!

AMALIA.

His loved one's door!

ANITA.

Quite strange!

AMALIA. It makes me shiver!

I'll wake him, nurse; I——

ANITA. Oh, tut, tut! For shame!
THE ICICLE.

LORENZO.

How sweet to think the same sweet Guadalquivir
By Cordova and Seville winds the same!

AMALIA.

Just hear!

LORENZO.

Now mine has been the unbounded pleasure
To feel such beauty and grace my spirit stir,
That silvery stream henceforward I shall treasure
All the more fondly since it flows near her!

AMALIA.

Wake him, nurse, wake him!

ANITA.

Wake him thou, if willing!

LORENZO.

The right was mine to pass below her roof,
Yet, fearful that she would prove proudly chilling,
I, Count of Alvaredo, stood aloof.

AMALIA.

Lorenzo, Count of Alvaredo!

ANITA (picking up a handkerchief).

Look you...
This kerchief bears the Alvaredo crest!

AMALIA (recoiling).

That man of all men!

(Bushes impetuously toward couch.)

ANITA.

Have your wits forsook you?
The shock might kill him!

AMALIA (calmer).

Leave us, then; 'tis best.
I, when he wakes, have something, nurse, to utter
That fitter would be told were we alone.
Go, therefore.
THE ICICLE.

ANITA.

You appear in curious flutter;
The voice you speak with has an alien tone.

AMILIA.

No matter; go!

ANITA (aside).

Her eyes like fireflies glisten!
Pray heaven I shall not rue this day with tears!
I'm tempted at the key-hole now to listen;
But, ah, time stuffs with cotton these old ears!

(Exit ANITA.)

AMILIA.

How strange! The Count of Alvaredo lying
Hurt in my house, dependent on my aid,
And while he sleeps, preposterously sighing
Nonsense too silly for a masquerade!

LORENZO (feigning to awake).

I trust I've talked not in my sleep?

AMILIA.

Well... slightly.

LORENZO.

Then pray have I said aught to hurt or vex?

AMILIA.

Naught of least moment, if I heard you rightly...
Only the usual babble of your sex.

LORENZO.

Ah, lady, and so you like not men?

AMILIA.

I deem you
A race of monarchs—in your own conceit!
Gracious to women—who as gods esteem you!
Courteous to women—who will kiss your feet!
We are prized and petted—while our beauty lingers,
Respected, reverenced—while we chance to please,
Then tossed away, as with contemptuous fingers
You toss your cigarillos to the breeze!

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THE ICICLE.

LORENZO.
Pray what stern cynic taught you that our dealings
With woman thus were flagrant past excuse?

AMALIA.
Flagrant? Oh, I've no words to phrase my feelings!

LORENZO.
No words? I thought them notably profuse.

AMALIA.
So, you're satirical!

LORENZO.
Nay, simply truthful.

AMALIA (with scorn).
You'd like more flippancy? I seem too grave?

LORENZO.
No, you're as picturesque as you are youthful;
Rave on; it so becomes you when you rave.

AMALIA.
Señor, I did not seek your admiration;
Detest me, if you wish, with eager zest.

LORENZO.
There's no use asking for my detestation;
You're far too entertaining to detest.

AMALIA.
I beg you, Don Lorenzo, not to squander
Flatteries on me!

LORENZO.
You've learned the name I bear!

AMALIA (confused).
My old duenna found your kerchief yonder,
And knew the crest of Alvaredo there.

LORENZO.
Alas, you are right! How vain the proud regalia
Of all my rank and caste!
THE ICICLE.

AMALIA.

Why call it vain?

LORENZO.

Know you a lady of Seville named Amalia
Del Castro?—of the bluest blood in Spain?

AMALIA (greatly embarrassed).

Yes... I have seen the lady... At least I think so... One knows a bevy of people here—by sight.

LORENZO.

I love her madly—intensely... Wherefore shrink so? What have I said to cause you such affright?

AMALIA.

Affright, señor? I never felt serener... Does Doña Amalia to your suit consent?

LORENZO.

Ah, more's the pity! I've not yet even seen her; I came from Cordova with this intent.

AMALIA.

And yet... you adore her, never having met her?

LORENZO.

Oft has her picture made these fond eyes glow! Her father, Don Hilario, in a letter, Sent it me ere he died, three years ago.

AMALIA.

Indeed? (He speaks the truth, if ever man did!)

LORENZO.

Our sires long since, while we were children, swore That we should wed... But later, to be candid, I turned my nose up at the whole affair.

AMALIA.

Quite sensible!

LORENZO.

My father, growing furious, Packed me to Italy and bade me stay. There, in a mood half scornful and half curious, I drew Amalia's picture forth, one day...
AMALIA.

And closer studied it?

LORENZO.

I did... Ah, presto!
The scales from off my vision fell at once.
I issued to myself a manifesto,
Calling myself an idiot, dolt, and dunce!

AMALIA.

I had believed you gentlemen were never
Half such unbiased critics of yourselves.

LORENZO.

It seemed as if I'd been bewitched by clever
Contrivances of unpropitious elves!
But now the enchantment vanished... As I entered
Into rapt contemplation of her face,
The ideal of all rare womanhood was centred.
There in that portrait's priceless little space!

AMALIA.

You found her so adorable a creature?

LORENZO.

I found her, save mere wings, an angel quite!

AMALIA.

Perhaps her wings were, after all, a feature
The artist had omitted.

LORENZO (suddenly agitated).

Does my sight
Play tricks with me?

AMALIA.

What means your agitation?

LORENZO (with long sigh).

Ah, no! I thought her picture was like you...
But now I realize the hallucination...

AMALIA.

You realize it? I am glad you do!
LORENZO.

Oh, yes. 'Tis chance resemblance . . . nothing nearer,
As this, my closer gaze at you, avers.
Less feminine, sedater and austerer,
Your face, I'm sure, could never smile like hers!

AMALIA.

And yet I've heard Amalia is reputed
To be a damsel cold beyond her kind.

LORENZO.

Oh, that's because no man has ever suited
The moods of her superior soul and mind.

AMALIA.

You are then confident that you can win her?

LORENZO.

Yes, perfectly.

AMALIA.

How dexterous you must be!

LORENZO.

I hope to prove so . . . Well, as I'm a sinner,
You're wonderfully like her!—yet not she!

AMALIA.

Where lies our difference? Is it large or slender?

LORENZO.

Her tongue, like yours, could play no waspish part!
She'd not revile, like you, the whole male gender:
Amalia has a woman's loving heart!

AMALIA.

Are you so sure?

LORENZO.

Beyond all chance of error!
No fate would she more eagerly eschew—
None would she hold in more disgust and terror—
Than for an instant to be thought a shrew!

AMALIA.

A shrew? Then I'm one?
THE ICICLE.

LORENZO.

By your own confession . . .
Ah, heaven! (seems ill)

AMALIA.

You shudder; you're in pain, I know!

LORENZO.

Forgive my fleeting loss of self-possession;
That wretched fall of mine upset me so!

AMALIA.

The sherbet—let me not postpone it longer;
This drop of cordial—let me pour it in.
There. . . your restorative will now be stronger;
The sherbet by itself was far too thin.

LORENZO (drinking).

Thanks—many thanks!

AMALIA (now very amiable).

'Twill aid, though scarcely cure you;
Bruises like yours are not such light mishaps!

LORENZO.

Oh, I'm not bruised. It's only, I assure you,
A kind of neurological collapse.

AMALIA.

I see—exhaustion, faintness, general sinking . . .

LORENZO.

Just that! How well you comprehend my case! . . .
But you seem puzzled . . .

AMALIA.

I was merely thinking
You've not one sign of illness in your face.

LORENZO.

Ah, but my feelings!

AMALIA (very sweetly).

Are they still so painful?
I'll call a doctor, then, without delay . . .
THE ICICLE.

LORENZO.

Please don’t! A doctor would be simply baneful; You’re all the doctor I desire to-day.

AMALIA.

But I of medicine have no real knowledge.

LORENZO.

You’ve more, depend on it, than you suppose; I’d stake its worth against a whole wise college Of big-wigs, each with spectacles on nose.

AMALIA (spreading her fan).

Instruct me, then; I’ll do whate’er I’m able ... It might perhaps relieve you to be fanned?

LORENZO (weakly).

No ... but it would be strangely comfortable If you’d consent to have me hold your hand.

AMALIA.

My hand! (She gives it reluctantly.)

LORENZO.

There ... that way ... Oh, how unexpected! My sense of soft repose is actual bliss: Often, when we are nervously affected, We need a soothing tonic, such as this!

AMALIA.

(His hand’s quite feverish!)

LORENZO.

You were merely fooling; You don’t hate men as fiercely as you said?

AMALIA.

Oh, yes; experience is a rigid schooling; Three dear girl-friends of mine have all been wed.

LORENZO.

And all unhappily?

AMALIA.

Yes, all! ... Though zealous With peace and love their home-lives to anoint, If they but wink their lords are madly jealous.
THE ICICLE.

LORENZO.
Whom do they wink at? There's the dubious point.

AMALIA.
Poor Isabel! poor Clara! poor Dolores!
You three have shown me matrimony's hurts!

LORENZO.
Have they, indeed? O tempora! O mores!
I'll wager they're all three inveterate flirts!

AMALIA.
And why?

LORENZO.
Because the wife who's always babbling
Of how her husband teems with jealous doubt,
Has usually known he does through dabbling
In such queer deeds herself she's been found out!

AMALIA.
Then do you mean that there are husbands tender,
Considerate, kind, unselfish?

LORENZO (half rising from couch).
Thousands! Yes!
Husbands whose joy and pride it is to render
Their wives more loyalty than words express!

AMALIA.
And dearly love them, too?

LORENZO.
With adoration!

AMALIA.
Oh, what beatitude your answer paints!

LORENZO (springing up).
How's this? You smile! That smile is confirmation!
Amalia! You are she, by all the Saints!

AMALIA.
Grant it. But wherefore stand you thus, inspecting
My face with looks that pierce me like a blade?
THE ICICLE.

LORENZO.
Oh, 'tis because I cannot help reflecting
How scandalously I've been duped—betrayed!

AMALIA.
You stare like one whom reason hath forsaken.

LORENZO.
'Tw my Amalia! No, I am not distraught!
Here, before consciousness could well awaken—
Here—here—to your abode have I been brought!

AMALIA.
And if you have! 'What then?

LORENZO.
What then? Delusion
Unmerciful as ever man befell!

AMALIA.
Nay, hear me, Don Lorenzo, I——

LORENZO.
Confusion!
Thus to be tricked! I'll go at once. Farewell.

AMALIA.
Why are you angered?

LORENZO.
Why? And can you ask it?
Have I not let you gaze on my heart's core?—
As one that shows within some sacred casket
Gems he has hid there and has gloated o'er!

AMALIA.
But stay! This love you speak of with contrition—
Was it not meant for me alone to prize?

LORENZO.
Yes—but on terms of honored recognition,
Not when I met you mantled in disguise!

AMALIA.
Disguise I sought not.
THE ICICLE.

LORENZO.
You that hate all men so,
An icicle, indeed!—farewell once more!

AMALIA.
You must not go yet . . . you’re too ill . . . Lorenzo!

LORENZO.
True, I am ill . . .

AMALIA.
Remain, then, I implore!

LORENZO.
And if I should remain! What hope of guerdon
Exists for one that loves thee as do I?
Thou’rt far too proud a maid beneath love’s burden
Ever to stoop thyself! . . .

AMALIA (mockly).
But I might try.

LORENZO.
‘Might try’! Is Paradise its gates unclosing?

AMALIA.
I will try!

LORENZO.
Oh, Amalia, this to me?

AMALIA.
Thee only!

(They embrace, as ANITA enters, peering about.)

ANITA.
How’s our patient? Still reposing?
Or has he awakened? . . . Powers of mercy! see!

LORENZO.
Well, good Anita?

ANITA.
So . . . your arm is bating
Her waist! Ah, sight more welcome I ne’er saw!
LORENEO.

It means your icicle at last is melting.

AMALIA (weeping).

Oh, yes! These tell-tale drops announce its thaw.

ANITA.

Dear lady! And may no future frost re-weld it!

LORENEO.

Trust me. My sunshine will be far too warm!

AMALIA (merrily).

What icicle, when sunshine hath dispelled it,
    Can ever freeze again to its old form?

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SUBSIDIES AND SHIPPING.

The introduction in the United States Senate, by Mr. Frye, of a resolution "for the encouragement of commerce, the protection of navigation, and the improvement of the merchant marine in the foreign trade," followed as it was by a bill to accomplish the same purpose presented by Senator Hale and preceded in the House of Representatives by one brought forward by a Southern member, quickly followed by Mr. Farquhar's measure, is certain to lead to a prolonged discussion before the final adoption of a policy that will build up our mercantile marine, encourage our now dormant ship-building interests, restore to our flag the supremacy on the sea justly belonging to so great a nation, give us our share of the ocean carrying-trade, and furnish our navy with the reserve fleet of swift cruisers absolutely essential to its proper development. This question is not a new one. It has been often argued in many different forms by us, but so far without any substantial results. Its importance at the present time is due to the revived interest in maritime matters that has been awakened throughout the United States, to the abandonment (partial, if not entire) of the opposition to government aid for the mercantile marine which has been so constantly manifested hitherto by the agricultural interests and by the South, to the certainty that some measure will be enacted into law, to the narrowing of the issue to what may be roughly characterized as free raw materials versus subsidies, and to the fact that members of both political parties, differing on other economic questions, find themselves in accord on one side or the other, on this important matter. The Fifty-Second Congress can win for itself the
thanks of the nation, if in a statesmanlike, practical, and thorough manner it shall make its investigations and conduct its discussions, and whatever policy it may decide to adopt will be entitled to and will receive a fair trial and be accepted as the best attainable solution of what differing conditions and circumstances must always render, to some degree, an unsolved problem and a matter of experiment.

The time seems opportune to restate some facts and figures, possibly overlooked or forgotten, which may aid us in forming our own judgment as to the merits of the controversy. The trite and much abused political dictum about the necessity of submitting every question to the ultimate arbitration of the people is a true one. Whatever the law may be, if in its application and enforcement it is found to work injustice or oppression, or if it fails to accomplish the purpose of its enactment, the common sense of the people will compel its repeal or modification. This is peculiarly true in our own country, and the importance of public education and enlightenment is, therefore, all the more essential and urgent. We ask, then:

Is now the time to undertake the work of building up our mercantile marine?

What are the inducements offered us to compete for a share in the ocean carrying-trade?

What has been the result of the policy which we have pursued hitherto?

What has been the policy of other nations?

What has their policy done for them?

What does a study of the experience and practice of others point out as the best course for our own adoption?

It is generally conceded (negari non potest) that we have practically lost our foreign carrying-trade. The President of the Marine Society recently stated that there were now only fifty American-built sailing-vessels in this country able to undertake long voyages. Not one steamer carrying the American flag is engaged in the trade with Europe, and but for Ward’s Line and the Pacific Mail Steam-Ship Company this country would be unrepresented in the Caribbean Sea and the Pacific Ocean. In the decade ending forty years ago we built 10,289 sailing-vessels and 1662 steamers. The next ten years we increased these figures to 12,175 sailing-vessels and 2521 steamers; and from 1861 to 1870, under the forced impetus created by the necessities of the war and the consequent certain market for all vessels, we reached the maximum of 13,484 sailing-vessels and 3054 steamers. Of this number 4059 were coasting schooners and 8079 small sailing-vessels, leaving 4400 as the number of large vessels constructed by our own people.

This contrast is a sufficient answer to the first query; but there are other methods of arriving at the same conclusion.

In 1827, of the commerce of the United States, $145,000,000 was carried on in American vessels and only $14,000,000 in foreign vessels. It was in May of this year that the London Times—then even more than now the reflex of British opinion—uttered its oft-quoted lament:

“The shipping interest, the cradle of our navy, is half ruined.
SUBSIDIES AND SHIPPING.

Our commercial monopoly exists no longer, and thousands of our manufacturers are starving, or seeking redemption in distant lands."

In 1851 our progress in the carrying-trade had kept pace with our increased prosperity, and $316,000,000 of our exports and imports were carried in American ships, against $117,000,000 transported under foreign flags. We continued to add to our material wealth. The war temporarily put an end to our foreign commerce; but with the return of peace our manufactures sprang into renewed activity, our imports and exports increased with marvellous rapidity, our trade assumed proportions hitherto undreamed of; and yet in 1877, while American ships carried about the same amount of our foreign trade (which amounted to 97.8 per cent. of all our imports and 98.1 per cent. of our exports), viz., $315,000,000, foreign ships carried $858,000,000. We were going down-hill at a remarkable rate. In 1886 our imports had risen to $712,609,000, and our exports to $730,604,000, of which about 86 per cent. was carried under foreign flags and only 14 per cent. in our own vessels. The returns of our foreign trade for the twelve months ending January 31 (eleven months 1889, one month 1890), according to the American, show $829,000,000 of exports, $765,000,000 of imports; but we still transport only about 15 per cent. of this enormous amount. We are no longer a factor in the ocean carrying-trade! As a matter of fact we are practically unrepresented. National pride should be a sufficient incentive to lead us to heartily favor any method that promises to restore us to the rank we formerly held among maritime nations. Moreover, we have a business interest—a selfish interest, if the term seems more appropriate—in demanding a share in this profitable commercial enterprise. We are paying annually to other nations for the transportation of mails, passengers, and goods a sum estimated at from $175,000,000 to $200,000,000, and the greater proportion of this vast amount we have the right to claim for our own merchants, now practically prohibited from securing it owing to the adverse conditions under which they are required to compete.

The ship-building interest of any country is the benefactor of all trades,—helps all, brings prosperity to all, since it calls into activity over one hundred and fifty other trades employing large numbers of artisans. Over 80 per cent. of the cost of building ships goes to labor.

From 1789 to 1865 we find, with some fluctuations, a steady increase in our mercantile marine varying annually from 137 per cent. in 1790, 21 per cent. in 1793, 10 per cent. in 1805, 14 per cent. in 1831, to .85 per cent. in 1863. The annual decrease since then varies from 18 per cent. in 1866 to .65 per cent. in 1887. In 1857, which was one of the years of our greatest maritime prosperity, $25,000,000 was expended in building new ships, and as much more in repairing old ones. This was with a population of 35,000,000 and a foreign trade less than one-third of what it is now, when with 65,000,000 population we spend less than half of this same sum. This gradual decay is particularly manifested in the building of steamers, which is the only true test, since steam is now the universal motor of the carrying-trade. In 1880 we built 444 steam-vessels; in 1883, 439; in
1884, 410; in 1886, 240; in 1887, 239. In the last-mentioned year we built also 545 sailing-vessels, of which number 258 were coasting schooners and 279 smaller craft, leaving 8 sailing-vessels capable of making foreign voyages as the total output of what was once one of our chief industries. In 1887 Great Britain had 4906 steam vessels of over 100 tons burden, and the United States 397. Our loss was the gain of others, whose prosperity was measured by the depth of our downfall.

In 1887 there were entered at our ports 10,660,799 tons of foreign shipping—of which 6,362,151 were steam—as against 2,870,936 tons of American shipping, of which 1,227,584 were steam. In the same year there entered the ports of the United Kingdom 23,646,444 tons of British shipping as against 8,530,937 of foreign,—a balance of nearly 33½ per cent. in favor of the English shipper.

The following table shows the growth of the steam marine in ten countries during the past decade:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Country</th>
<th>1877</th>
<th>1880</th>
<th>1883</th>
<th>1886</th>
<th>1887</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Russia</td>
<td>422</td>
<td>326</td>
<td>379</td>
<td>389</td>
<td>no returns.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Denmark</td>
<td>187</td>
<td>201</td>
<td>258</td>
<td>281</td>
<td>284</td>
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<tr>
<td>Germany</td>
<td>836</td>
<td>414</td>
<td>608</td>
<td>694</td>
<td>717</td>
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<tr>
<td>Italy</td>
<td>151</td>
<td>158</td>
<td>201</td>
<td>237</td>
<td>254</td>
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<td>79</td>
<td>94</td>
<td>106</td>
<td>105</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>France</td>
<td>865</td>
<td>655</td>
<td>896</td>
<td>961</td>
<td>984</td>
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<td>Spain</td>
<td>347</td>
<td>407</td>
<td>407</td>
<td>407</td>
<td>407</td>
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<tr>
<td>Great Britain</td>
<td>4564</td>
<td>5247</td>
<td>6260</td>
<td>6658</td>
<td>6663</td>
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<tr>
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<td>273</td>
<td>324</td>
<td>440</td>
<td>502</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sweden</td>
<td>691</td>
<td>752</td>
<td>823</td>
<td>903</td>
<td>949</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

[While accurate as to numbers, this table is misleading in one respect, in that it does not give the tonnage statistics. Some of the steamers are of under twenty tons and add nothing to the national prestige, while the huge vessels built in France and in England, of several thousand tons each, count only as one vessel each. The figures show, however, a steady progress in all countries receiving government aid.]

As the result of our examination so far,—necessarily somewhat superficial, to avoid presenting a mass of figures which it would be difficult to remember, but accurate as to facts,—we find a constantly increasing foreign trade, but one in which we are steadily losing our share; large mercantile profits, which we are giving away to other nations; an almost complete prostration of our own shipping interests (except in the building of government or of coasting vessels), and a vigorous and thrifty state of the shipping of other countries. There can be no question but that the conditions are in every way favorable for energetic measures to aid our ship-builders in competing with foreigners.

How can this best be done?

Just as every other maritime power has done and is doing,—by granting government assistance. Call it subsidies, subventions, or mail contracts, it means national aid; and it is to-day a matter of history that there is no prominent government in the world, except the United
SUBSIDIES AND SHIPPING.

States, which, while legislating directly in favor of native shipping, does not give it financial support. As Henry Hall said, in a pamphlet written by him some ten years ago on "American Navigation,"—

"The United States has never gained any recognition of the rights of its merchant vessels, or any extension of its navigation, except by retaliatory laws of the most stringent character and by downright hard fighting with powder and ball. It never will in the future gain anything worth having except by the same pushing policy."

Said President Harrison in his first message,—

"There is nothing more justly humiliating to the national pride, and nothing more hurtful to the national prosperity, than the inferiority of our merchant marine compared with that of other nations whose general resources, wealth, and sea-coast lines do not suggest any reason for their supremacy on the sea. It was not always so, and our people are agreed, I think, that it shall not continue to be so. . . . I recommend that such appropriations be made for ocean mail service in American steamships between our ports and those of Central and South America, China, Japan, and the important islands in both the great oceans, as will be liberally remunerative for the service rendered, and as will encourage the establishment and in some fair degree equalize the chances of American steamship lines in the competition which they must meet. . . . The enlarged participation of our people in the carrying-trade, the new and increased markets that will be opened for the products of our farms and factories, and the fuller and better employment of our mechanics, which will result from a liberal promotion of our foreign commerce, insure the widest possible diffusion of benefit to all the States and to all our people."

Let us examine the policy of other nations toward their shipping interests, and if we find that the policy of subsidies or mail contracts —i.e., government aid—has produced a steady growth in this branch of trade, with its concomitant commercial advantages, and that this growth has been to some extent commensurate with the liberality of the bounties paid when the policy was initiated, certainly we have good reason to infer that the same policy would be a good one for us; not as was tried with the Collins line before, when the aid given was unequal to that paid by our chief competitor, but on a generous scale, placing our merchants on equal terms, not handicapping them in the international contest for supremacy, or even equality, on the seas. Not only this, but we shall also acquire a fleet of swift cruisers, equal to any in the world, as an adjunct to our navy, which can be left to its proper field of building, providing, and maintaining fighting-ships. Let me quote once more from Henry Hall in this connection:

"If there were universal freedom of action throughout the world and everything were left to private intelligence and enterprise, a governmental policy would not be needed by an energetic and happily circumstance-stanced people. But there is not now such freedom of action, and never has been. If one nation permits it, others do not and cannot be persuaded to permit it. The consequence is that the citizens of a nation like America often have to contend not only with the private enterprise of older lands,—itself a sufficient bar to their progress,—but with the
SUBSIDIES AND SHIPPING.

resources of wealthy foreign governments besides. In such cases private enterprise is powerless. Nothing can be done without a governmental policy to sustain the younger nation in the competition.

Let me add one single fact right here. We have ourselves no naval reserve. England has two hundred thousand merchant sailors with which to man her war-ships. Sailors are as essential for a navy as ships; and without a merchant marine where are we to get our sailors in time of war? As General Burnett said to the Ohio Society of New York, “Ours is the only case of a nation in modern times with a great commercial marine which has been allowed to fall into a state of decay for no perceptible reason beyond the fact that it has not been fostered by the government.”

What, then, is the policy of other nations?

In the English Parliamentary Returns for 1888 we find an answer.

AUSTRIA-HUNGARY pays no subsidies or bounties, but admits such materials, fittings, engines, etc., as are required for the construction of ships, free of duty. In a table published in Le Yacht, and based on the figures found in the French Bureau Veritas and the English Annual Register, Austria ranks (among the 15 leading maritime nations) 13 in sail tonnage, 10 in steam tonnage, and 11 in both combined! Such is the record of one nation that prefers free raw materials to government aid.

ITALY pays several different bounties. By the law of December 6, 1885, it is provided that for a term of ten years from the passing of the Act a bounty on the construction of the hulls of steam-ships and sailing-vessels of iron or steel, and of sailing-vessels of wood, shall be paid for such vessels when built in Italy. The bounty on the construction of steam-ships and sailing-vessels built of iron or steel is fixed at the rate of 60 lire ($11.58) per ton of gross measurement. The bounty on the construction of sailing-vessels built of wood is fixed at the rate of 15 lire ($2.89) per ton of gross measurement. Article 3 provides that for a term of ten years from the passing of the Act a bounty shall be paid for the construction, in Italy, of marine engines and boilers, and Article 4 provides that all these bounties shall be increased by from 10 to 20 per cent. in favor of steam-ships so constructed as to be adapted to military purposes. Article 5 suspends during the term of this Act certain provisions of former laws respecting the free importation of, and repayment of duties charged on, materials for ship-building, as well as premiums on naval construction established in 1866. Another chapter of this same law establishes premiums or bounties for the import of coal into Italy, and for the encouragement of merchant-vessels to undertake distant voyages. There is also a bounty on navigation of 13 cents per ton of gross measurement for every thousand miles run on certain routes. The Italian government also pays a subsidy of 8,000,000 francs (about $1,500,000) annually to the Florio Rubbatico line of steamers for carrying the mails to ports in the Mediterranean and to India and China.

With such an impulse, granted after long deliberation, Italy has made great progress in this particular direction. Her percentage of increase in tonnage during the past four years amounts to 46,—greater
than that of any other maritime nation,—and she now ranks 5 in sail tonnage, 6 in steam tonnage, and 6 in both combined.

Germany, by the law of April 6, 1885, pays a subsidy which is earned by the "Norddeutsche Lloyd" and amounts to over $1,000,000 annually, for lines of steamers to Eastern Asia and Australia, as well as to East Africa, also postal subventions to transatlantic lines. Government contracts are given to German ship-building firms; and the Berlin Zeitung lately announced that the German government would hereafter build its own war-ships instead of buying abroad. Germany has increased her tonnage, chiefly in steam, during the past four years 20 per cent., and now ranks 4 in sails, 3 in steam, and 3 in both combined.

Brazil until recently paid $1,706,000 in subsidies. For a line of vessels to carry the American mails she pays $88,000 annually. The American government pays $5000 for the same service.

China gives 1,000,000 taels ($100,000) annually to the Chinese Merchant Steam-Ship Company, and a monopoly of the transportation of government grain on the rivers and along the coasts.

Russia offers subsidies in aid of the running of ships, but none directly in aid of their construction. It is a fact, however, that several of the works engaged in ship-building have at different times received considerable indirect assistance in the form of loans from the government, and the advantageous placing with those establishments of important government orders. What is known as the "patriotic fleet" (vessels adapted for war-purposes and owned by the merchants of St. Petersburg and Moscow), composed of ten steamers, receives annually $395,500 on condition that its vessels make a total of 141,000 knots between Pacific and Black Sea ports. Russia can hardly be called a formidable competitor for the ocean carrying-trade, and ranks 7 in sail tonnage, 12 in steam, and 10 in both combined.

Spain. By law a bounty of 40 pesetas ($7.72) per measurement ton on the total tonnage of vessels built in Spain is granted to Spanish ship-builders. In March, 1887, the Spanish government approved a contract with the Spanish Transatlantic Steam-Ship Company, which provides that the company's vessels are to carry the mails and perform whatever extra service may be required for war-purposes. The government agrees to pay a bounty of $1.83 per mile run on an American line, and lesser amounts for service to the Philippines, Buenos Ayres, and Fernando Po. Spain shows an increase during the last four years of 10 per cent., and ranks 5 in steamers and 7 in steam and sail combined.

France. A construction bounty is paid upon the gross tonnage of vessels built in France. It amounts to 60 francs ($11.58) per ton for iron or steel vessels, 40 francs ($7.72) per ton for composite vessels, 20 francs ($3.86) per ton for wooden vessels of 200 tons or over, and 10 francs ($1.73) per ton for wooden vessels of less than 200 tons. For each 100 kilograms of machinery placed on board, 12 francs ($2.32) is allowed, or a little more than one cent per pound. Repairs giving increased tonnage and additions to the machinery of any vessels are allowed bounties at the same rates. This system of bounties replaces
the drawbacks formerly allowed on foreign materials used for shipbuilding.

The navigation bounty is paid at the rate of 1.5 francs (29 cents) per ton for each thousand miles run in making a voyage in the foreign trade. It is reduced by 5 centimes (one cent) per ton for each year that the vessel has been afloat if built of iron, and by 7½ centimes (1½ cents) if built of wood. All vessels built in France according to the plans of the Navy Department receive 15 per cent. additional bounty. All merchant-vessels can be requisitioned by the government in time of war.

The subsidy paid to the Messageries Maritimes Company amounts to $2,463,355 per annum, and is awarded for the Mediterranean, Indo-China, Brazil, South American, and Australian postal service. All steamers having postal contracts are required to have special fittings for placing an armament on board, and a premium for speed is granted.

These subsidies are granted in accordance with the provisions of the law of 1881. Under its operation in 1888 France ranked 2 in steamers and 8 in sail. The editor of Le Yacht says that for the three years preceding the law France shows a decrease in tonnage. In 1880–1881 there was a revival, and from 1881 to 1886 a rapid growth. In steamers alone the increase was 120 per cent., and the total tonnage was doubled.

The Netherlands pays subsidies of varying amounts to six steamship lines.

Norway pays no subsidies for construction, and ranks 3 in sails and 8 in steamers. That she maintains so high a rank in sails is due to the nature of her commerce, consisting principally in the exportation of her resinous woods, which are abundant and cheap, yet useful for many purposes, and therefore necessary to all European countries. High freights could not be borne, and quick transit is not demanded: so her sailing-fleet does not decrease.

Sweden admits any article used in the construction and equipment of Swedish-built ships duty-free, and remits to such vessels for the first year that they are built the export duties on goods charged to others. All such concessions must be made good by extra taxes on the people, and encourage the production of cheap and inferior vessels.

Great Britain heads the list of nations in tonnage afloat, and has obtained and maintained this pre-eminence by most liberal subsidies and subventions of all kinds. Not only has it been the English policy to offer premiums to encourage ship-builders, but if the subsidy was found inadequate it has been promptly increased. Cunard built the first four steam-ships to run to American ports under an annual government subsidy of $400,000. This was first increased to $560,000, and six years later was advanced to $700,000 for fifteen years. The Royal Mail Steam-Packet Company furnished 14 steamers to run 648,816 miles at an annual subsidy of £240,000 ($1,200,000) for ten years. This was a large subsidy, but not large enough. The company's loss the first year was £79,790 (about $398,950). The government then reduced the mileage to 392,976 miles, with the same subsidy, and the annual expenses were reduced to £235,000 instead of £360,000. The same thing was done for the English Pacific Company. It is said by
Mr. Lindsay in his great work on shipping that "the money so advanced is ultimately reimbursed by a saving in the expenses of a steady fleet to the extent of the number of vessels subsidized in the conveyance of the mails, while it encouraged commerce and the arts during a time of peace." From 1863 to 1886 England paid over $150,000,000 as subsidies or mail contracts to her shipping. It is true that Great Britain in paying subsidies of later years has been especially intent on the creation of swift cruisers as a part of her naval establishment, as well as to encourage and foster the transportation of the mails under her own flag. But she offered a certain definite return for money invested to the ship-owner, and thereby gave the ship-building interest the stimulus it needed. The navy and the mercantile marine should be, and are, interdependent: the latter trains and develops sailors. As Mirabeau said in the French Assembly, "You cannot have a navy without sailors; and sailors are made through the dangers of the deep." Lord Brassey in his "Naval Annual" for 1888–9 says,—

"The bounty to merchant steamers in 1888–9 amounted to £26,000. The payment was made for six ships; nine others are at the disposal of the Admiralty. It was stated by Lord George Hamilton that no further payments are at present contemplated. It would be lamentable if the government were to abandon a plan which will give us cheap and for certain services most efficient cruisers at a cost incomparably less than would be incurred in building cruisers with equal speed and coal-endurance for the navy. . . . In France it is the accepted policy of the State to foster by the artificial method of subsidies and subventions the timid national enterprise in shipping. The great postal services across the ocean, conducted under the French flag, are maintained and have only been brought into existence by the payment of subsidies on a lavish scale."

The noble lord might have added that Venetian supremacy on the sea was developed and retained by the same policy which England adopted and persevered in until her keels were in every ocean, her flag in every harbor, and her tonnage in excess of that of any other nation. In his Mansion-House Address, February 1, 1889, Lord Brassey said,—

"All the leading maritime Powers have by liberal subsidies given encouragement to the building of steam-ships capable of conversion into cruisers. The present government have wisely adopted a similar policy. . . . It would always be advantageous for the Admiralty to come to terms with ship-owners in the early stage of the construction of ships, with a view to securing the best constructive arrangements at the cheapest cost."

Great Britain pays $3.65 per ton of gross tonnage per annum to certain steam-ships built or to be built upon plans and specifications offered by the Admiralty. A special bounty of $17,033 each per annum is paid for three steamers of the Peninsular & Oriental Line of 6300 tons. These bounties are additional to subventions paid for postal service. The Cunard Company receives at present 73 cents per pound for English letters and postal cards and 43 cents per pound for foreign letters and cards. Printed matter is fixed at a lower rate. Similar contracts are made with other companies, and the total cost of
SUBSIDIES AND SHIPPING.

carrying the mails to North America for 1889 was stated by Lieutenant Staunton, U.S.N., as $450,000. The Peninsular & Oriental Company is now paid for carrying the mails to India and China $1,289,263 per annum. A statistical return of receipts and expenditures gives the total amount paid by England for packet-service in 1887 as $3,527,726.

In a communication of the Admiralty to the Treasury of February 2, 1887, the following statements are made:

"The Admiralty have had under their consideration proposals for the maintenance of a fleet of mercantile vessels suitable and available for use as armed cruisers. With a view to attain this object, my Lords have sought and obtained the co-operation of H. M. Postmaster-General. They pointed out that the vessels most likely to suit the purpose of the Admiralty were steamers of such high speed as would in all probability be used for carrying the mails under contract with this Department.

... The experience derived from the events of 1885 has led them [the Admiralty] to believe that true economy and real efficiency would be best promoted by securing the use to the Admiralty in times of peace of the fastest and most serviceable mercantile vessels. It will be remembered that in 1885 a sum approximating to £600,000 [$3,000,000] was expended in retaining the services of several fast merchant steamers, so as to prevent their being available for the service of any Power inimical to the interests of the United Kingdom. ... Vessels constructed to meet the views of the Admiralty would be at a disadvantage in respect to their cargo-carrying powers, and therefore it would be a distinct advantage to the country if every reasonable encouragement were given to ship-owners to build and maintain this description of steamer in the trade that may be expected to support them. The retention of a fleet of Royal Naval Reserved Cruisers would be obviously of great national advantage. In a pecuniary sense they would serve to limit the necessity felt for the construction of fast war-vessels to protect the commerce of the country. Not only would the nation be a pecuniary gainer in respect to the first cost of such vessels, but their annual maintenance, which amounts to a large sum, would be saved, were such vessels maintained, whilst not required for Admiralty purposes, in mercantile trading."

Nor can it be said that Great Britain has abandoned this system of subsidies, since, in a contract with the Canadian Pacific Railroad Company, dated July 15, 1889, she offered a subsidy of £60,000 ($300,000) for ten years for a line of steamers from Vancouver to Hong-Kong.

Such has been the policy of England; and when we note what it has achieved we may well believe that it is worthy of imitation. As Mr. Thurber puts it,—

"This thorough work accomplished the end that was intended: it secured the trade of the East Indies and South and North America; it made the nation so prosperous and rich that her wealth is overflowing and seeking for investment in every civilized country of the world."

I do not profess in any manner to have made an exhaustive presentation of the facts bearing upon this great question. It would be impossible to do so within the limits of a single article. The branches into which one is naturally led are almost illimitable, and many of
them have been fully and ably treated by special writers. No article better sums up the facts in regard to the subject on which it treats than the one on “The Effect upon American Commerce of an Anglo-Continental War,” written by Professor Soley, in Scribner some months ago. Henry Hall discussed the subject of free raw material most thoroughly and succinctly in his pamphlet on “American Navigation.” The report of the present Secretary of the Navy presents in a concise and admirable manner the argument as to the need of a new navy, and of what it should consist. Henry Lindsay’s work on “The History of British Shipping” is exhaustive. And public sentiment throughout the country appears to be united as it never has been before in a willingness to build up our mercantile marine, and to appropriate enough money to give us a naval force consistent with the needs of a nation of 70,000,000 people.

I have simply presented facts intended to show the theory and practice of foreign countries as well as of our own, and to enforce, if any enforcement is needed, the maxim or truism that to successfully compete with others we must adopt their methods or those that are proved superior to them. We must fight fire with fire. The shipping interest of every nation pretending to be maritime is or has been built up, fostered, and sustained directly or indirectly by governmental aid, and we cannot compete with those who start so far ahead in the race unless under similar conditions. *Experientia omnia docet.* Surely the stake is worth trying for. Any measure that promises to increase our national prosperity is entitled to a fair trial. And it is a perfectly legitimate assumption that what has benefited others in so marked a degree would do as much for us. In any case it could not leave us in a worse condition.

*Henry W. Raymond.*

**FATHER DAMIEN.**

To give one’s life is better than one’s alms;
To spend, be spent, beyond the gift of gold:
He who can live as well as sing his psalms
Returns his talent many a hundred-fold!

A noble life, that turned aside from fame,
To serve the leper held in such despise,
To give a cup of water “In His Name,”
At such a cost, and princely sacrifice!

A knight of Faith! whose courage was sublime,
Who never faltered all the weary way,
But bore his cross until the even-time,
Then passed into the light of clearer day,
To give into the keeping of his King
The little flock he had been shepherding.

*Arthur D. P. Randolph.*
CHARACTERS OF SCOTT.

MOST novel-readers have taken up the novels of Sir Walter Scott more than once, to put them down with increased respect and admiration for his genius. With such opinions I have again read them, and added some observations which I believe no reader or critic has made. Certain idiosyncrasies constantly appear in his narrative, like the motive of an opera, or the swell of the ocean in calm or storm. A writer in the Saturday Review affirms that a want of the age is a want of pre-eminent men to give a motive to the intellect. The Pretender was still a hero in Scotland during Walter Scott's childhood, and perhaps determined his course of romantic thought. What a banyan-tree grew from this romantic seed, embracing in its stems and branches the atmosphere, color, and form of the times he pictured!

Whatever his inspiration was, his clear and sound understanding led him to incorporate with it every available material. With this skill, wisdom, and penetration in the portrayal of high and humble society, there is one omission in the lives of his men and women; they are created, shaped, and finished without the element generally considered useful and necessary,—the maternal; even the paternal is curiously lacking for the most part. It is the uncle, the aunt, the guardian, who keep in charge his heroes and heroines. Consequently, that side of family domesticity, the mother influence, is ignored except in cases where it is made terrible or feeble.

Scott's frequent, copious, and excellent introductions, which show his industry, his familiarity with every fashion of Scottish life, and explain his indebtedness to chap-books, legends, and biographies, shed no light upon this plan: of his own mother, Lockhart says that she lived to be old, and gave him more sympathy and encouragement than did his father,—who once said that Walter was born to be a peddler,—and that she was a woman of determined character, and, for the time, one of superior education. This mannerism of Scott is so positive, so continuous, that its summary is as bald as a sum in compound arithmetic. I begin with Waverley, whose early home with his parents is their only mention. Old Sir Everhard, his uncle, and his aunt Rachel, maintain and pet him; it is Aunt Rachel who discovers his budding sentiment for Sisly Stubbs, and obtains his military appointment in order to nip that sentiment in the bud. Aunt Rachel also, receiving his adieux, gives him a purse and a diamond ring. Arriving at the manor-house of Bradwardine in Scotland, Waverley is entertained by the widowed baron and his only child, the beautiful Rose. Leaving Bradwardine for the Highlands, he joins Fergus McIvor, who presents to him his sister, Flora McIvor, the ardent partisan who was bred in a French convent, and who ultimately returns to it to die.

The novel following, "Guy Mannering," has two heroines,—and Scott often gives two,—Julia Mannering and Lucy Bertram, daughters of the widowers of those names. Monkbeans, in "The Antiquary,"
while loudly professing contempt for womankind, and calling his maiden sister and their niece idle huskies both, nevertheless kindly shelters them, and when introducing them to the disguised Lovell, who is in the same want of a recognized family, names one as "most discreet," the other "most exquisite." Their friend and the heroine, Isabella Wardour, is a motherless girl, the daughter of Sir Arthur Wardour, whose interposition between him and his opponent Mr. Oldbuck prevented their quarrels from being lasting.

Frank Osbaldistone, the lay figure in "Rob Roy," of whom Scott might have said, as he did of Waverley, that he was "a piece of sneaking imbecility," was summoned from Bordeaux to join his uncle Sir Hildebrand, from whose house he writes a friend, "At the first meal, eight dogs rushed in, with the chaplain, the village doctor, and my six cousins. Presently a girl glided in, and Sir Hildebrand introduced her as 'My little Di, my wife's brother's daughter.'" Why the author considered it necessary that "little Di's" introduction and connection should be so complex it is not possible to guess. It is in "Rob Roy" that the first mother appears who gives any motive to the story, the masculine wife of Rob Roy,—a bloody-minded virago, feared by her sons even, and whose ambition is terrible. In "Old Mortality," Edith Bellenden, the heroine, is the ward of her grandmother, Lady Margaret, and Edith's unhappy lover is the charge of an uncle.

There is a combination of motherless young people in "The Black Dwarf," another in "The Legend of Montrose." The most loved perhaps of Scott's characters is Jeanie Deans, the daughter of David Deans, who was twice widowed; and, by the way, have we derived our not very old fashion of adding ie to every possible Christian name ending in y, from the Scotch? Lockhart says that Scott dictated "The Bride of Lammermoor" when in ill health. The mother there, Lady Ashton, might indeed be the spectre of fever. "It is my mother! it is my mother!" cries poor Lucy in the last interview with her lover in her father's presence. The constant and unrelenting persecution of this mother, sounding every depth and shallow of her daughter's soul, the proposing every species of dire machinery by which the human mind can be wrenched from its settled determination, broke Lucy's heart, and drove her mad. Lady Ashton is the most powerful of Scott's maternal creations, excepting Elspat MacTavish in "The Highland Widow."

The romantic novels of Scott are curiously lacking in the expression of romantic emotion. It is a mystery how his lovers ever arrive at the proper mutual understanding. The modern psychological analysis of love-making, or love-being, is absent in his writings. The self-tortures, the puerile, futile obstacles created by the lovelorn sufferers of the present novel, which will not permit them to be straightforward and comfortable, either with themselves or each other, and behave accordingly,—of which perhaps Mrs. Oliphant's tales are a strong example,—do not exist with him. In "Ivanhoe" there is little love-making between Rowena and Ivanhoe; they meet three times in the course of the narrative, himself twice disguised at that. But Scott has shown us what he might have done in that line, by the interviews between
Rebecca and Bois-Guilbert; and I am certain that nine readers out of ten feel a regret because Ivanhoe did not fall in love with Rebecca instead of marrying the placid Rowena.

The first pleasant shadow of a mother is in “The Monastery”—the sweet and pious Lady Avenel, who takes her little Mary to her humble friend, the widow Glendinning, for protection. In all these novels there are no more charming scenes than in “The Monastery.”

The mother of Douglas in “The Abbot,” the mistress of James, a stern, implacable woman, should not be forgotten as the jailer of the Queen of Scots, who sympathized with the lovers in the story while they defied the age and authority of their respective aunts and grandmothers. Minna and Brenda Troll, in “The Pirate,” have no recollection of a mother; and the father of Mordaunt conceals all knowledge from him of his mother and his childhood. The domestic life in “The Fortunes of Nigel” is represented by David Ramsay and his niece.

Scott allows in “Peveril of the Peak” a short glimpse of child-life; the baby Alice Bridgenorth, and the boy Julian Peveril, live in the ruined castle with the good Lady Peveril, but fate soon divides them, by his relentless rule of composition. The fortunes of Quentin Durward turn upon the position of the orphan of Croze, and no important character in “Redgauntlet” has the fortune of being brought up within the pale of ordinary family life; Darsie Latimer is ignorant of the name of his guardian, and Alan Fairford’s life is cramped by the old widower Fairford, while Lilias is entirely isolated from all human interests except those of her mysterious father.


For all this absence of what in real life is the habit of our social relations, it is true that for the most part Scott’s female characters are superior to his male characters: these generally are melancholy, vacillating, waiting for Fortune to “turn up,” and proclaiming themselves the victims of circumstance. The idiosyncrasies of Scott’s genius are various and delicate: his eye for color is as fine as any modern colorist’s. His favorite shade for dress was sea-green: Rowena’s gown and kirtle was a sea-green silk, her robe of crimson wool, and Lilias flitted in a “green mantle.” The costumes he describes are very beautiful,—Leicester’s dress, for instance, when he entertained Elizabeth at Kenilworth. The “favorite” wore white; his shoes were white velvet embroidered in gold, his girdle and sword-scabbard the same, his doublet of silver, his jerkin of velvet and seed-pears, and over all a robe of white satin gold-embroidered,—the “goodliest person” the company ever looked upon. Another is that of the Earl of Murray approaching on horseback with his retinue on one of his troubled marches, bearing the look of kings; he wore a buff coat embroidered with lace, his black velvet bonnet was decorated with large pearls and a tufted feather, and he rode the horse of which the country-side said it had not a single white hair and was as black as Satan. Notwithstanding his picturesque descriptions, Scott was a poor judge of the pictorial art: Abbotsford was decorated with pictures that were mere daubs.
CHARACTERS OF SCOTT.

Scott's prefaces and introductions show the sincerity of his chivalrous aims. "The spirit of chivalry," he says, "had in it this point of excellence, that, however strained and fantastic many of its doctrines appear to us, they were all founded on generosity and self-denial, of which if the earth were deprived it would be difficult to conceive the existence of virtue among the human race." Who can read the scene in "Redgauntlet" at the meeting of conspirators where the Pretender appears for the last time in Scotland, without an old-fashioned thrill of pride and delight in the Wizard of the North?

Old Maxwell (Pate-in-Peril) reads the scroll which Lilias had brought to Redgauntlet, and exclaims, "Black Colin Campbell, by G—d! I heard he had come post from London last night." In the confusion which followed, a gentleman plainly dressed in a riding-habit, a black cockade in his hat, no arms except a couteau-de-chasse, walked into the apartment without ceremony. He had passed through their guards without stop or question, and now stood among armed men, almost unarmed, who nevertheless gazed on him as on an angel of destruction.

"You look coldly on me, gentlemen," he said. "Sir Richard Glandale, my lord, we were not always such strangers. Ha, Pate-in-Peril, how is it with you? and you too, Ingoldsby?" This scene, with its conclusion, is one of the finest dramatic passages in the novels, though it is said that Scott wrote "Redgauntlet" in his decadence. He has been sufficiently criticised for his carelessness of style, and here and there are touches of the Laura Matilda school, as in the farewell to Minna Troil,—"Be virtuous, and be happy!"—and when Rebecca answers Rowena, "The bark that wafts us hence will be under way before we reach the port!" or the speech of the Black Dwarf to Miss Vere,—"Thou hast made me shed a tear, the first which has wet my eyelids for many a year. Receive this token of gratitude: it is but a common rose."

A quotation he makes himself may be repeated here: "If my readers should at any time remark that I am particularly dull, they may be assured there is a design under it." The design of a pure common sense runs through all his work. I have not heard of a Walter Scott Birthday-Book or a Sir Walter Concordance, but such might be an improvement upon all that have been made, his witty sayings, his touches of pathos, his sense of the ludicrous, and his respect for all true feeling, examples for which I take from "Old Mortality," when Morton returns after a long absence: "The little dogs and all! I am so changed that no breathing creature knows me." When Jeanie Deans is before the Duke of Argyle, a few words show the whole situation: "She had that good sense and tact which is called good breeding." Describing that evil spirit, Louis XI., Scott says, "Providence seems always to unite the existence of peculiar danger with some circumstance which may put those exposed to the peril upon their guard."

"I am," said Whitaker, Lady Peveril's steward, "your ladyship's poor servant, and I know it does not become me to drink and swear like your ladyship,—that is, like his honor Sir Geoffrey, I would say.
But, I pray you, if I am not to drink and swear after my degree, how are men to know Peveril of the Peak’s steward?”

We remember what Scott said to Lockhart on his death-bed: “Be a good man, my dear.” The sincerity of his own pious spirit is beautifully expressed in a chapter of “The Black Dwarf,”—the meeting of Hobbie Elliot with his family after the burning of their habitation. “I see you, I count you—my grandmother, Lillas, Jean, Annot—but where is Grace? Surely this is not a time to hide hersell frae me.”—“Our poor Grace,” was all the answer he could get, till his grandmother rose up and disengaged him from the weeping girls, led him to a seat, and, with the affecting serenity which sincere piety, like oil sprinkled on the waves, can throw over the most acute feelings, she said, “My bairn, when thy grandfather was killed in the wars, and left me with six orphans, with scarce bread to eat or a roof to cover us, I had strength—not of my own—given me to say, ‘The Lord’s will be done.’ My son, our peaceful house was broken into by moss-troopers, armed and masked, last night: they have destroyed all and carried off our dear Grace. Pray for strength to say, ‘His will be done.’”

“Mother, urge me not. I cannot. I am a sinful man, of a hardened race. Masked—armed—Grace carried off! Gie me my sword. I will have vengeance, if I should go to the pit of darkness to seek it.”

“Oh, my bairn, be patient. Who knows when he may lift his hand off us? I cried to let house and plentiful burn, and follow the reivers to recover Grace. Earnscliff and his men were ower the Fell within three hours after the deed, God bless him!”

“A true friend, God bless him!” exclaimed Hobbie. “Let us away.”

“My child, let me but hear you say, before you run on danger, His will be done.”

“Not now; urge me not.” He was rushing away, when, looking back, he observed her make a mute attitude of affliction. He returned hastily, threw himself into her arms, and said—

“Yes, mother, I can say, His will be done, since it will comfort you.”

Earnest, simple, truthful writing like this does not tend to further admiration of the cataract and cascade family of fiction with which our land is at present afflicted.

As I have mentioned, Scott does not permit much acute lovemaking between his characters, and, in view of what we know of his own married life, his few dissertations give the idea that they were drawn from his own experience. In “The Pirate” he says, “What a world were it, if the wise were to unite with the wise, the learned with the learned, the handsome with the handsome! When we see the gentle joined to the rude, we may lament the fate of the individual; but we must not the less admire the mysterious dispensation of Providence, which thus balances the moral of good and evil.” This passage, and the following quoted from “Redgauntlet,” both written long after he had entered upon the experience of his own married life, long after he had lain crushed under the weight of an early disappointment, though somewhat didactic, certainly prove a capacity for a cheerful
A CELTIC MYTH.

WHEN we contemplate the marvellous unity which prevails among the creations of the human mind, so far as these are embodied in the myths and legends which are the spontaneous growth of the popular faith and imagination, we feel how impossible it is to assert with any degree of confidence that a given myth is peculiar to any single race or indigenous in any one locality, or to be sure that its antitype may not be found at the other ends of the earth, or have already existed from the most remote antiquity. Nevertheless, we may frequently find, as might, indeed, have been reasonably expected, that certain classes of tradition have acquired an especial popularity among certain nations, owing to their having been peculiarly suited to the genius of the race in which they have arisen, or to special circumstances in the history of the people which have fostered their growth and diffusion.

Thus, the pensiveness which so deeply underlies the Celtic nature, in spite of all its brightness and vivacity, and the dreamy ideality in which, notwithstanding the energetic and strongly practical turn of the Celtic mind, it discovers so powerful a charm, have found utterance in...
that class of legend, so dear to all nations of Celtic race, which gathers
about the names of the old national heroes, or tells of lands and cities
of the olden time, now vanished from the eyes of men. Nor are the
popular superstitions less deeply tinctured with this prevailing cast of
thought; and the national legends love to dwell upon the exquisite
fictions of the Tir'-n'an Oge—the Country of the Young—and Hy-
Brasail,—the Island of the Blest,—while the "airy tongues" that ring
in the ears of the simple and credulous peasant are ever wont to syllab-
ble the names of the departed, and the very fairy-tales serve to estab-
lish, through the agency of the spirit-world, a communication between
the dwellers on the earth and their long-lost friends.

Political reasons have, doubtless, contributed to produce this phe-
nomenon. Though the pioneer of civilization in Western Europe, the
harbor of refuge in which learning and culture found a shelter during
the dark and stormy days of the early Middle Ages, the beacon-fire of
religion, casting forth far and wide the rays which illumined the pagan
darkness of surrounding lands, the Celtic race has ever been

As one who bears, upon his nightly way,
   A lamp behind him, lighting not his steps,
   But guiding those that follow with its ray.

"Quae regio in terris nostri non plena laboris?" may the Celts well
say; but, in spite of all the high qualities of the Celtic race, in spite of
all the passionate feeling of nationality by which the race is charac-
terized, it is many ages since any distinctly Celtic people has possessed an
independent national existence. The brilliant trophies won by men of
Celtic blood in the fields of arms, of arts, of letters, of politics, have
all been gained under alien standards, and have added their lustre to
the muster-rolls of Frankish and Saxon worthies. Hence it is no
wonder that the Celtic imagination, turning from the barren present to
the splendors of the past, should dwell with mingled feelings of pride
and regret upon the memories of by-gone greatness,—

And, sighing, look through the waves of time
   At the long-faded glories they cover.

The lines of Moore which we have just quoted relate to a legend
of a class surpassed by hardly any in the favor which it enjoys among
the various Celtic peoples. Tradition tells that where Lough Neagh
now is there once stood a great and populous city, near which was a
holy well, possessed of marvellous efficacy in healing all manner of dis-
eases. An oracle of some kind strictly enjoined that the wicket-gate
leading to the well should never be left unclosed at night, on pain of
the direst consequences. One night, however, a woman visited the well,
and, forgetful of the prohibition, omitted to shut the gate on leaving.
Straightway the waters rushed forth from the well, and, spreading mile
after mile in pursuit of the woman, who fled in terror from the mis-
chief she had caused, at length overtook and drowned her. But the
furious waters, which had spread far and wide over the plain, com-
pletely submerged the city, which was never more beheld of mortal
eye. Still, however,—
A CELTIC MYTH.

On Lough Neagh's banks as the fisherman strays,
When the clear, calm eve's declining,
He sees the round towers of other days
In the waves beneath him shining,
while strains of music of superhuman beauty rise from the depths of
the lake and float across its bosom. According to one version of the
legend, the vanished city belonged to the fairy race who once peopled
the face of the country ere they were driven into the recesses of the
hills and to the bottom of the lakes. This feature of the legend seems
to connect it with the Tuatha-De-Danann, who are identified in popular
tradition with the fairy-folk. Even to this day the Daoine Maithe
(good people) have often been seen passing to and from the lake, under
the moonbeams, and have given many a token of their friendly disposi-
tion to such of the fishermen as have treated them with due respect.

A similar story is told of the Lake of Killarney. This, too, was
once the site of an ancient city, of great wealth and splendor, where the
king of the country used to hold his court. Here, too, was a magic
well, which, like that of Lough Neagh, was never to be left open at
night. One night, however, on the occasion of some high festival,
both court and city were so completely given over to revelry that no
one remembered to close the well at sunset. In the course of the night
the furious waters burst forth, submerging the town and drowning its
inhabitants. The Killarney legend, like most widely-diffused popular
myths, has several variants.

This myth is not confined to the Celtic peoples. It exists in the
East, where, possibly, the Arabian Nights story of the Young King
of the Black Isles may have had a similar origin. Here, it will be
remembered, an enchantress turned a city into a lake, and the inhabi-
tants into four different kinds of fishes: the Mohammedans into white
fishes, the Ghebers into red, the Christians into blue, and the Jews
into yellow.

The legend is also found, I believe, in Mexico, related of one of
the lakes in the plateau of Anahuac, through whose waters the roofs
and walls of the vanished city may yet be discerned.

In Holland, too, it is said, in the basin of the Zuyder Zee there
once stood several cities, which were submerged by the North Sea
breaking its banks and overflowing the country. The remains of
these cities are supposed to be sometimes visible beneath the waters.
This tradition may have suggested to Heine his quaint poem "See-
gespenst" ("Nordsee," Erster Cyclus, 10):

I lay leaning over the gunwale,
And gazed with dreamy eyes
Down into the water's mirror-like depths.
Deeper my gaze sank, and deeper,
Till, far down on the floor of the sea,—
Darkling and dim, at first, as a cloud,
But in hues growing momentely clearer to view,—
Steeples of churches and towers appeared;
Till, clear as at noontide, a city was seen,
A Netherlands city of by-gone days,
Alive with throngs of indwellers.
The medieval account of the enchanted palace of Morgan le Fay, sometimes to be perceived in the sea between Reggio and Messina, wherein, according to some of the romances of chivalry, King Arthur lies "till he be healed of his grievous wound," may have taken its rise from a similar tradition.

The story of the Fata Morgana's palace is probably of Celtic origin. To return, however, to more purely Celtic traditions, we find that the land of Lyonesse, the country of the ill-starred Tristan, was believed to have been swallowed up by the waves of the sea,—a fate also ascribed to another country off the Breton coast. These stories remind us of the classic myths relating to the island Atlantis, which was likewise said to have been submerged beneath the ocean.

Welsh tradition tells us how a large portion of what is now Cardigan Bay was once a flourishing territory, known as the Cantref y Gwaelod. This district, which is said to have been one of the most fertile and populous in Wales, and to have contained sixteen fortified cities, the most important in the country save Caerleon-upon-Usk, was protected from the sea by a great embankment. The charge of this embankment was intrusted to Prince Seiddynin,—good Cymry will please be lenient to the orthography,—who bears the unenviable distinction of having been one of the traditional Three Great Drunkards of Britain. One night the king of the Cantref, Gwyddno Garanhei, held a great feast in his palace. Seiddynin was invited, and, after his usual custom, got very drunk, so that he was unable to close the sluices at the proper time. In consequence of this neglect, the sea broke in that night and submerged the whole country, sweeping away the sixteen cities, and drowning all the inhabitants, except a few who escaped to the neighboring highlands. King Gwyddno was one of these, but his escape can hardly be called a piece of good fortune, for, from being the wealthiest monarch in Britain, he was reduced to the necessity of keeping a fishing-weir between Dyfi and Aberystwith, to maintain himself and his son. Three of the embankments of the Cantref are said to be still visible. The largest, the Tarn Badrig, or St. Patrick's Causeway, extends for about twenty-one miles southwest of Harlech, and at low water about nine miles of it is left bare by the tide.

Perhaps, however, the most elaborate and picturesque of these traditions is the Breton legend of the destruction of Keris. There are several variants of this story: that which follows is given by M. Emile Souvestre in his "Foyer Breton:"

Once upon a time a mighty king reigned over Cornouailles, Grallon by name, as worthy a man as any son of Adam, and one who made all good men welcome at his court, were they nobles or were they peasants. One day that this good king went hunting in the forest, he and all his suite lost their way, and, after wandering about for a long time, reached the hermitage of St. Corentin. This was but a poor hut: the king, however, who had eaten nothing since early morning, and had become very hungry, thought he would throw himself upon the hospitality of the holy man, who, nothing loath, begged the king and his attendants to honor his repast. Upon the king's consent, the saint went to a little well beside his hut, filled a pitcher with water, caught a fish that
was swimming in the well, cut off a piece of him, and bade the king's
cook and butler prepare the banquet. Hungry as they were, they
could not help laughing at the uninviting fare set before them; but the
saint bade them be easy, for God would provide for all. And, sure
enough, the water in the pitcher was transformed into the choicest wine
they had ever tasted, and the piece of fish so multiplied that there would
have been enough and to spare for twice as many guests as were present,
while, most marvellous circumstance of all, they beheld the fish that
had furnished the supply swimming about in the well as whole and
sound as ever. Struck by these convincing proofs of sanctity, the
king persuaded St. Corentin to accept the bishopric of his capital city
of Quimper, which he henceforth gave up to the saint, and, further,
built an abbey for Corentin's disciples.

The king had now to get himself a new capital. For this purpose
he called to his assistance his daughter, Dahut, a puissant enchantress.
The sorceress chose for her site a place termed Is, in a spot now covered
by the Bay of Douarnenez, and, summoning to her assistance all the
Korigans* in the country, erected, in an incredibly short time, the
most magnificent city ever beheld, which she named Keris.† The
dikes and gates which protected it from the sea were of iron, and the
palace was covered with a metal which shone like burnished gold;
ay, more, the princess had tamed for the use of each of the citizens a
sea-dragon, which bore him over the waves like the dolphins of Arion.
The citizens, too, were all so rich that they used none but silver vessels
for measuring their corn and meal. But riches brought corruption in
their train, as riches sometimes did in those days. Beggars were
hunted from the city as though they were wild beasts; none were to
be seen in the streets save such as were point-device in fine cloth and
silks; Christ himself, so the chroniclers tell us, would have been sent
about his business had he appeared in a canvas suit. The only church
in the place was so neglected that the beadle had lost the key; nettles
grew upon the door-step; spiders spun their webs over the missals and
chant-books, and swallows nested in the porch. The inhabitants spent
their whole time in taverns, dancing-saloons, and play-houses, and
seemed altogether bent upon the destruction of their souls.

In all this life of riot and licentiousness the Princess Dahut—un-
worthy child of so good a father—led the way. The court was thronged
with strangers from all parts, and those who were distinguished by their
good looks and agreeable manners Dahut readily received into favor.
To all such she gave a magic mask, which enabled them to reach her
apartment at even without being seen, and there they abode until the
sea-swallows began to flit past the castle windows, presaging the dawn.
Then the princess, bidding her lover a hasty adieu, again put on him
the magic mask, to enable him to escape unseen as he had come. This
time, however, the mask, of its own accord, strangled the unhappy

* The Korigans are a kind of Breton sprite or gnome, dwarfish in form, and
skilled in the working of metals. They greatly resemble the German Kobolds and
the Scandinavian Trolls.
† Ker-Is,—i.e., the Palace or Citadel of Is. Ker = the Welsh Caer.
A CELTIC MYTH.

wretch, whose corpse was carried off by a negro and thrown down a ravine between Huelgoat and Poulaoûen, where, even to this day, the groans of the victims are sometimes to be heard on dark nights.

Corentin, scandalized by this state of things, was continually warning King Grallon that God's patience was rapidly becoming exhausted; but the king had let all his authority slip into the hands of Dahut, and lived in a remote corner of the palace, neglected by all the world, like a grandfather who has given up his property to his grandchildren. As for Dahut, she cared not a jot for the saint and his threats.

One evening, as the princess was holding a grand reception at the palace, the arrival was announced of a mighty prince who had come from the ends of the earth in order to visit her, attracted by the reports of her beauty. He was a man of great stature, clad all in red, and with so large a beard that little was to be seen of his face except his eyes, which shone like two stars. He made his compliments to the princess in verses so well turned that no minstrel in all Cornouailles could have equalled them; and then he began to talk so brilliantly that everybody was struck with amazement at his wit.

But what most surprised the princess and her friends was to find that the stranger was more profoundly versed in wickedness than all of them together. He not only knew all the mischief that human malice has invented since the creation of the world, but all that it will devise until the day when the dead shall rise from their graves to judgment. Dahut and her courtiers were aware that they had met their master, and determined to take lessons from the bearded prince. The prince consented to become their preceptor, and, to begin with, proposed to teach them a dance which was no other than the measure danced in hell by the Seven Deadly Sins.* To provide the music, he brought in a piper who had followed in his train,—a little dwarf, clad in the skin of a he-goat, and carrying a bagpipe under his arm.

Scarce had he begun to play, when Dahut and her attendants were seized with a kind of frenzy, and began to spin about like whirlwinds.† The unknown seized this opportunity of snatching from the girdle of the princess the keys of the water-gates in the dike which formed the sole bulwark of Keris against the ocean, and with these he vanished.

All this time, King Grallon was sitting sad and lonely before a dying fire, whose embers failed to illumine the great gloomy hall in the deserted wing of the palace which formed his abode.‡ He felt the sadness of old age pressing upon his very heart, as he sat brooding over his solitary and neglected life, when of a sudden the folding doors of

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* This was a favorite subject with mediaeval writers. One of the best known of George Dunbar's poems is "The Dance of the Seven Deadly Sins through Hell." Marlowe represents this as the subject of one of the spectacles presented by Mephistopheles at the Imperial court; following the older versions of the Faust legend.

† This part of the story is akin to the classic myths of Orpheus and Arion, and the German tale of the Pied Piper of Hamelin. The German popular tales of magic fiddles which force their heroes to dance, and the Irish and Algonquian tales of fairy pipes possessed of the same property, also belong to this class, which, indeed, is of universal diffusion.

‡ The picture here drawn of King Grallon's deserted old age reminds us of the similar account given in the Odyssey concerning Laertes.
the hall were flung wide, and St. Corentin appeared upon the threshold, his brow surrounded by a fiery halo, his bishop’s crozier in his hand, and wrapped in a cloud of incense.

“Up, great king!” he said to Grallon; “gather up all that is most precious of your belongings and fly, for God has given over this accursed city to the devil.”

Grallon rose in terror, hastily summoned the few old servants who yet remained faithful to him, secured his treasure, and, mounting his black horse, followed after the saint, who floated upon the air like a feather.

Just as they were passing the dike, Grallon heard the waves roaring loudly, and observed the bearded stranger, who had resumed his proper demoniacal form, busily opening all the flood-gates and sluices with the silver keys which he had stolen from the princess. The sea was already rushing upon the city in foaming torrents, and the billows could be seen rearing their white crests above the house-tops. The very dragons, which were chained up in the harbor, foresaw the coming doom, and uttered hoarse bellowings of terror.

Grallon attempted to warn the people with his shouts, but Corentin again urged him to fly, and he broke into a gallop, making for the higher ground. His horse tore through streets and squares and suburbs, closely pursued by the roaring waves, which never ceased to wash the hind feet of the animal. As the king was passing Dahut’s palace, the princess rushed out wildly, her hair scattered to the winds, and sprang up behind her father. The horse suddenly halted, and swerved, while the water rose to the king’s knees.

“Help, St. Corentin, help!” he cried in terror.

“Shake off the sin you bear behind you,” said the saint, “and with God’s help you are saved.”

Grallon, who, in spite of all, was yet a father, was at a loss what to do; but Corentin raised his crozier and touched the shoulder of the princess, who straightway slipped off the horse’s back and was swallowed up by the raging sea. The horse, relieved of his burden, bounded forward, and gained the rock of Garrec, where the impress of his hoofs may be seen to this day.

The king fell on his knees, and returned thanks to heaven for his miraculous escape. Then he turned to look for Keris, but his eye sought in vain for the late Queen of the Ocean. On the spot where a few moments since were standing stately palaces, thronged with men and gorged with wealth, naught was to be seen but a great bay in whose depths the stars were reflected; while far away in the horizon, upon the last fragment of the buried dikes, stood the Red Man, brandishing the silver keys with a gesture of triumph.

Many fragments of masonry, in brick and granite, have been discovered on the Ile Tristan, in the Bay of Douarnenez, and buried in the dunes of the coast, while other ruins have been discerned beneath the waters of the bay. Stone tombs of the fourth century were formerly to be seen in the vicinity, and the remains of two paved roads were visible. These facts lead Souvestre and others to ascribe to the legend a foundation in fact. As he sensibly observes, “Fable has its starting-
point in fact. The incredible prodigies ascribed to Arthur and to Charlemagne, far from proving that they never lived, bear witness, on the contrary, to the important part they played in the history of their time. The reason assigned by the legend for the destruction of Grallon's capital may be imaginary, although the existence of the city need not be imaginary likewise."

It is perhaps the tendency of modern criticism to regard with somewhat exaggerated scepticism the records of the early history of a people, embodied in the national traditions. The constant recurrence of the same legend in the most remote parts of the world is often urged as almost conclusive evidence against its deriving its origin from an historic occurrence; but if the similarity which pervades the workings of the human mind brings about that similarity which we so constantly observe in the myths and traditions of various nations, it is hard to see why the same result may not be brought about by the similarity which equally pervades human life and fortunes.

C. S. Boswell.

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**CONTENTMENT.**

A **GIRL** to love, a pipe to smoke,
Enough to eat and drink,
A friend with whom to crack a joke
And one to make me think,
A book or two of simple prose,
A thousand more of rhyme:
No matter then how fast Time goes,
I take no heed of Time!

In youth these made my fondest wish,
In manhood make it still:
The little wife brings Cavendish
And begs my pipe to fill;
She pours the draught, she cooks the meat,
And pardons verbal crime:
No matter then Time's flying feet,
I take no heed of Time!

The little wife inspires my thought
With serious intent,
And cheers me with her wisdom fraught
With love and sentiment;
Or prose to read, or rhyme to sing,
She makes them both sublime:
No matter then how Time takes wing,
I take no heed of Time!

* Le Foyer Breton, i. 248, n. 8.*
LEAVES FROM THE JOURNAL OF FREDERICK S. COZZENS.

Thirty-odd years ago it was not uncommon for men engaged in commercial life to devote their leisure time to literature and enter the field of authorship. At present, however, competition in trade has become so sharp, or the desire to accumulate wealth so great, that it is the rare exception to find merchants giving their leisure to literature and letters. Authorship has become a business in itself, and those men who in years gone by made it a pastime are succeeded by those who make it a living.

It was to this former class that Mr. Cozzens belonged. All that he achieved in the way of literature was accomplished during the leisure hours of a very active, confining business life. He was wont to say, when asked how he found time to write as much as he did, that the secret lay in the fact that "he always put away business when he went home, and always put aside literature when he went to business."

It is scarcely necessary, much less important, to make a paper of this character biographical. The editor's principal object is to present the journal of Mr. Cozzens as indicative of literary gossip prevalent a quarter of a century ago, adding just enough of personal history to form a connecting link.

As one of the original hundred members of the "Century Club," Mr. Cozzens had advantages of meeting many literary men, some already famous, others young in their profession. He had the enviable gift of making friends wherever he went, and especially among that class who, like himself, had turned or were turning their attention to literature. While contributing frequently to many newspapers and magazines, his greatest achievement was the publication of the "Sparrowgrass Papers," the first chapters of which originally appeared as a serial in *Putnam's Magazine*, and which in 1856 was published by Derby in book form. The book won for him immediate recognition, the sale amounting to five thousand copies inside of a week of publication. This book is perhaps the truest index to the character of the author, abounding in humor, with occasional touches of pathos, and, underlying all, lessons which were not to be mistaken.

It was through Mr. Bryant that Mr. Cozzens first became ac-
Leaves from the Journal of Frederick S. Cozzens.

quainted with Washington Irving. In the possession of the family is
the following paper, which was read before the "Century" some years
later, and which will go to prove how deep an interest he took in the
Century Club's welfare:

"Mr. Webster having been invited to deliver an address before the
Historical Society (February 23, 1852), and two evenings after (the
25th) invited to preside at the meeting to raise a memorial monument
to James Fenimore Cooper, at which Bryant was to deliver the oration,
the seemed a favorable opportunity to invite this distinguished statesman
to the 'Century.' While the idea was revolving in my mind, I met Mr.
Marberry and stated my views to him, upon which he advised me to
call upon Mr. Leupp, who was a friend of Webster's; and, as it was
but a few steps to Mr. Leupp's house in Amity Street, I at once went
there. This was the evening after the historical lecture of Webster's,
and the night before Bryant's oration on Cooper. Mr. Leupp pro-
posed that we should form ourselves into a committee of two, call upon
Mr. Webster, and invite him to the 'Century' after the Bryant oration.

"We did so the next morning, and a most chatty, agreeable old
man we found him to be. We expected to spend five minutes only,
but we stayed there a full hour. He seemed to like Leupp very much,
and talked over the affairs of the Erie Railroad, then recently opened.
He spoke of marching through the mud of Dunkirk with infinite glee,
and altogether was in bright spirits. He accepted the invitation with
pleasure.

"In the evening, just as I was going into Metropolitan Hall, into
which the people were thronging, I met Leupp, who took me aside,
said there were some ladies at his house,—Mrs. L. and others,—so I
must keep Webster at bay after the oration, and then he would take
the ladies home and return for him in the carriage. I asked the janitor
to show me the way to the committee-room, and he took me to a small
chamber back of the stage, in which was no one. In a few moments
Bryant entered, manuscript in hand, and joined me. Not a soul in that
solitary room but ourselves. Bryant became nervous, and finally met
with a man who told him he would show him the way out, and there-
upon opened a door, and there we were in full front of the audience.
Bryant shut the door abruptly, and the man, finding he had made a
mistake, took us through the labyrinthian paths under the stage that
led to the committee-room.

"There we found a crowd of at least two hundred and fifty high
dignitaries. Bryant introduced me to Irving. After inviting him to
'The Century,' which he declined,—'for,' said he, 'I have had one of
my customary bilious attacks, and the temptation of oysters and cham-
pagne might lay me up,'—I went to find Webster. He was seated on
a sofa, alone: one great arm was stretched over the back. He wore a
blue coat with gilt buttons, a cassimere vest worked in flowers of silk
embroidery; his pantaloons I don't know the color of; but suppose they
were black; his neckcloth was spotless white; his hair was brushed up,
and the hand that was not on the sofa-back was covered by a large
white kid glove that was hidden in the ample bosom of his waistcoat.
Dignitaries before whom I had often trembled stood in awe before him.
LEAVES FROM THE JOURNAL OF FREDERICK S. COZZENS. 741

I slid into the vacant place beside him; for, knowing that I had had a pleasant chat with him in the morning, and feeling that I had to bear the whole weight of 'The Century' upon me, I was by courtesy and diplomatic right entitled to that place; for was not he our guest, after Bryant was done with him?

"Mr. Webster," said I, "Mr. Leupp desires me to say that the carriage will be at the door to take you down to the "Century" when you are ready, and that I should be happy to invite any friends of yours from Washington to ride down with us." Upon which Webster slowly unfolded his left-hand glove, gave it to me to shake, and, notwithstanding that our carriage could only hold four, and that there were at least two hundred and fifty in the room, said, with a slow, deliberative motion of his hand from the extreme corner of the left unto the farthest man on the right, "We will all go with you, sir!"

"In the old 'Century,' the reading-room was below-stairs, the supper- and smoking-room above. When Webster came in, the members thought he would sit down to the papers while supper was prepared. Instead of that, he marched right into the rooms, never looked at the papers or table, and ensconced himself between the piers of the front room and then waited for some one to address him. Leupp came up and said, "What under the canopy of heaven shall we do with him?" Imagine Webster, his hand in his breast, his senatorial aspect on, standing between piers of the windows in the reading-room of the 'Century'! A blank dismay fell upon the features of all. There he stood, and nobody to utter a syllable. Presently a murmur arose, and finally became provocative: "Will Mr. Webster step up-stairs and take some oysters and champagne?" 'Thank you, with great pleasure.' And so, supported by Leupp's arm, the great man passed up-stairs."

This introduction by Mr. Bryant of Washington Irving to Mr. Cozzens led in after-years to a very pleasant and intimate friendship, and is one of the most interesting incidents in the life of the author of the "Sparrowgrass Papers." It is to be regretted that in many places no date is given to the journal in which he so often gives accounts of his visits to Mr. Irving; but, as Mr. Cozzens moved to Yonkers in 1852, it is to be presumed that he was from that period on a frequent and welcome visitor at Sunnyside. The following, bearing no date, is an account of one of his visits to Mr. Irving.

After an illness of several weeks, I was tempted to ride out one fine day as far as Sunnyside. Went to the door, and told the servant-girl, "If Mr. Irving is engaged, do not disturb him. I only came out for a ride." "Walk in; walk in," said Irving. He was in his library. "I am very glad you came. I was just finishing the last sheet of the third volume of the 'Life of Washington,'—fagging away at it without making any progress; and I am very glad you came to drag me away from it." "But I was afraid I interrupted you." "Not at all, not at all." So, swinging his slouched hat over one eye, he motioned me towards the garden. We walked up by the brookside, through the glen, beside the pond, up on the upper bank through the garden, he talking all the while with great spirit and cheerfulness. "I told him that I had read part of the "Life of Washington" to my children and they understood it. "Ah," said Mr. Irving, his face lightening up, "that's it; that is what I write it for. I want it so clear that anybody can understand it. I want the action to shine through the style. No style, indeed; no encumbrance of ornament; but I had a great deal of trouble to
keep the different parts together, giving a little touch here and a little touch there, so that one part should not lag behind the other nor one part be more conspicuous than the other. I felt like old Lablache when he was performing in a rehearsal of his orchestra (in "Il Fanatico per la Musica"), bringing out a violin here, a clarinet there, now suppressing the trombone, now calling upon the flutes, and every now and then bringing out the big bass drum. So I have to keep my different instruments in play, not too low in one passage nor too loud in another, and now and then bringing in the great bass drum." It was at this time he gave me a little pot of ivy. This was just before my visit to Nova Scotia.

In 1852, when Mr. Thackeray first visited this country, it was Mr. Cozzens's good fortune to meet him at the "Century," and in time he came to know him quite intimately. He had a profound admiration not only for the man himself, but also for his genius; and it is to be regretted that the correspondence which he kept up with him at long intervals after his return to England has passed out of the possession of the family. In November, 1852, Mr. Cozzens arranged with Mr. Thackeray to give his lecture on "Charity and Humor" at the Lyceum, Getty House, in Yonkers, under the auspices of the Yonkers Library Association, and at the same time prevailed upon him to be his guest overnight and part of the next day at his country home. As a matter of literary curiosity, a reduced fac-simile of the show-bill announcing the lecture is here given:

Yonkers Library Association.

EXTRA LECTURE.

The Managers have the pleasure to announce that

W. M. THACKERAY, ESQ.
The celebrated author of "VANITY FAIR," "PENDENNIS," "THE NEWCOMES" &c.

WILL DELIVER A LECTURE AT THE
LYCEUM, GETTY HOUSE,
ON FRIDAY EVE'NG, NOVEMBER 30,
AT EIGHT O'CLOCK.
Subject--"CHARITY AND HUMOR."

Tickets, Fifty Cents each,
Can be had in Yonkers, at the
Getty House,
At Mr. Rockwell's,
At the Post Office, and at
Mr. Post's, under the Library,
Also of either Member of the Committee, or of
Mr. C. C. Merchant, Treasurer, 207 Broadway.
Mr. F. S. Cozzens, Warren Street, opposite Rail Road Depot.

Season tickets are suspended on this occasion. — Es.
LEAVES FROM THE JOURNAL OF FREDERICK S. COZZENS. 743

It was the afternoon before the lecture that Mr. Thackeray was taken up to "Sunnyside" to call upon Mr. Irving, an account of which is given in the journal as follows:

In November, 1852, visited Sunnyside with Thackeray. The day inexpressibly balmy and beautiful. As we rode by the Hudson, Thackeray kept exclaiming, "This is very jolly!" "How jolly!" as view after view appeared. Irving was in fine spirits. Thackeray said, looking around the room, "I must take an inventory or note of the furniture, etc., so that when I write my book on America I shall be able to put all this in." "Oh," said Irving, catching at the joke, "you must not forget my nieces"—introducing them again, with mock courtesy. "This is the one that writes for me: all my stories are from her pen. This young lady is the poet of the family. She has a collection of sonnets that will astonish the world by and by. Another niece of mine is up-stairs. She is the musician and painter,—a great genius, only she has never come out. I suppose I must show you my curiosities. These Moorish coins? I was riding through a field in Granada when they were ploughed up. Gave a trifle for them. The poor fellow that found them preferred current money. This fringe is from the sword-hilt of poor Boabdil. Here is a pair of spectacles that belonged to General Washington, and here is another pair that belonged to John Jacob Astor. I thought with Washington's and Astor's spectacles I might be able to see my way pretty clearly through the world."

In the conversation Thackeray said, "Willis asked me why I did not take notes of my visit. I was about to answer what I thought of such a liberty, when I remembered that he had done such things himself, and was silent." . . . "This little anchor was presented to me by some officer of the navy. It was made of the staple in the wall to which Columbus was chained."

When we rode down to Yonkers, Irving was to drive with us. He asked me to go home by the saw-mill river road. We did so. He was delighted to see this old familiar ground,—had not seen it for many years. Pointed out places of interest. "Some day," said he, "the trains will run screaming through this valley, but those old rocks will remain; improvement cannot remove them; they will be the same hundreds of years hence." At dinner we had for game bear's meat. "I will take some," said Irving. "I had no idea that bear had such a flavor of wine sauce" (cooked in a chafing-dish à la venison).

It was before the lecture that Mr. Cozzens invited Mr. Irving to take dinner at his home together with a few mutual friends. There is no record in the journal of this dinner outside of the meagre account in the foregoing extract, and of those who were present but few are now living. One of them recently writing concerning it says,—

"Some of the incidents are just as fresh in my mind as if the dinner had been given last month. I was taken out by Thackeray, and was at the host's right hand and opposite Washington Irving. There are but few survivors of that gay feast. I think I never appeared to greater disadvantage than I did seated next to the grand man. He evidently saw how ill at ease I was, and endeavored to interest me."

It was at the breakfast-table the next morning that a little incident occurred which will at once show the fund of humor Thackeray always had at his command. Mr. Cozzens's youngest child, not more than three years of age, espied the grapes on the table, and, turning to her mother, said, "Please, ma, may I have some grapes?" whereupon Thackeray turned to her, and, patting her head, said, "Ah, my little girl, you should have been at the lecture last night, and you would have had plenty of 'gapes.'"
Although Mr. Cozzens knew Dr. Holmes well, there is but the following fragment concerning a trip he made with him to Sunnyside:

Visited Sunnyside with Dr. Holmes. Irving: "I do not wish to arouse your suspicions, but I am in love with your school-mistress."

The following accounts of his visits to Mr. Irving do not need prefacing, and will tell their own story:

[Without date.]—"Why have you not been to see me?" "I have several times been tempted to do so, but feared I might interrupt you." "If you feel such a temptation, give way to it. If you meet a friend on your way, snatch him up and bring him with you. I have given up set dinners, but will always be happy to have you drop in and take pot-luck with us. If I am not there my 'daughters' will entertain you."

"Who writes those letters in the Home Journal over the signature of Barry Gray?" "A Mr. Coffin." "What is his full name?" "R. B. Coffin." "I am glad you told me. I wanted to know the full name, so that I would make no mistake, and pour the full measure of my contempt upon the right person," said Irving, excitedly. "He has stolen your style. I hate such literary pilferers! Look at that!"--with a mock expression of grief. He pointed to a sheaf of little notes of various colors twisted up at one end and stuck in a candlestick like a fan.

"What are they? Requests for autographs. Sometimes I have a whole boarding-school at once." "Do you answer them?" "Oh, yes, I endeavor to. It is a great tax; but, still, it gives young people pleasure to have their letters answered."

"The Union,—yes, it is in danger: unprincipled politicians for their own purposes would tear it to pieces." He advised me to read Tuckerman's Biographies,—"a charming book. I sat up nearly all night to read it. Tuckerman is a capital fellow. No, I have not yet read 'The Virginians,' but I know it is good. Ah, Thackeray understands our character. He is a better judge of character than Dickens. It must be good. When I was in Paris I began French by reading first and learning afterwards. Went into the heart of the matter, and studied the grammar afterwards.

"Matio was very careful of me. Would not let me stir out of his sight. Often cautioned me not to go into Granada at night alone, for fear I might be assassinated. I could not get rid of him. He would dog me everywhere. I had become acquainted with a Polish officer who had a pretty daughter. She used to sing beautifully and play on the guitar. Did not want Matio to go with me then. He would accompany me everywhere whether I would or no, so I used to watch my opportunity and steal off when I could. Many a pleasant evening I spent with these friends. Matio did not know of them, and I felt secure against his interruption. But the poor fellow had been on the lookout. One evening the door opened, and in walked Matio. I could never get rid of him after that."

[No date.]—Went to Sunnyside with Colonel C—— and daughter. After tea Irving sat at the feet of Annie, a beautiful girl, and heard her sing a little song she learned of Matio. She and her father had spent six months in Spain. Old Matio, who had married his fourth wife, was as gay and lively as a boy. He taught Annie to dance the bolero, and this song:

Por esta calle me voy,
Por la otra doy la vuelta,
A la niña que me quiere
Me tenga la puerta abierta.
Ola, ola, ola, etc.

Irving made her sing it over and over again. Seated at her feet upon the steps of his piazza in the beautiful tranquil night, there was a touch of chivalry and romance that recalled his own Spanish and Moorish legends. He was delighted to find they were familiar with his old Spanish pictures. . . .

"Paulding had intended to write a life of Washington. It was a later
thought with him; but I had been collecting material for twenty years. When I conceived the idea of writing the life of Washington, it seemed to be a sort of duty. Yet his character suggested the idea of a statue: however you might admire it, you could not embrace it. But as I became better acquainted with the real life of the man, his constant untiring benevolence, I loved him more and more. In every private act of his life he was always a true pattern of sincerity, goodness, and benevolence. Harry Lee (Light-Horse Harry) was the son of his old sweetheart. How much Washington loved him for his mother's sake! How he patted him on the back when he had achieved any gallant deed! Wrote with his own hand a letter commending him to the government after the Paulus Hook achievement. There you could see the true nature of the man." (Little did Irving imagine that I was thinking less of Washington's early love than of his own.)

It will be seen by the foregoing extracts from the journal that Mr. Cozzens came to know Mr. Irving intimately, and greatly valued his friendship. For his genius he had the most profound admiration and extravagant praise; and the following letter written after Irving's death will be of interest as showing how he reverenced his memory and was zealous in guarding his reputation and perpetuating his fame.

73 Warren Street, Thursday.

MY DEAR MRS. MAG.—I always supposed that Irving was the acknowledged chief of American literature, except by a small, a very small minority; such cavillers are to be found everywhere. As a historian he has won a distinguished position. You will, no doubt, recollect that for "The Life of Columbus" he was presented with one of the two fifty-guinea gold medals awarded by George IV, for pre-eminence in this kind of composition, the other being presented to Hallam for his "Constitutional History of England." You may be sure that in this award King George had the verdict of the ablest men of the time; and if you will please recollect what contemporary literature was in those days, how great it was, how jealous it was of its own, then you can estimate the value of such a gift, not to an Englishman, but to an American. At the same time the University of Oxford, with its thirty colleges, presented him with a degree, the highest it could bestow. Oxford, that declined to admit Everett as a student, gave Irving its highest honor. But these may have been mere acts of partiality. I confess that I do not see the reason for such partiality. Perhaps the donors may have imagined Irving deserved them. I have alluded to these facts merely to define Irving's position abroad as a historian, and I think he is quite as well appreciated here. That he was eminently qualified for the task he undertook in later years I believe has rarely been denied. The exceptions have been by those least qualified to judge. If I should cite those who are entitled to speak knowingly, I might begin with Bancroft, run through all authors of repute, and end with detractors whose opposition is a "kind of fame."

I have often read Præd's poemlets. They belong to a minor school, ingenious, but not elevated. The house in which Shakespeare was born in Henley Street was owned by his father, John Shakespeare. That is still standing. The house he built for himself in a garden called New Place was pulled down for reasons you will find in the "Lift for the Lazy," written by a very clever lawyer, Mr. Griffin, and also for the reason that this worthy gentleman was much troubled by visitors; for the same reason he cut down the celebrated mulberry-tree. When I visited Stratford-on Avon I found that everybody could tell me where Shakespeare's home was,—that is, the house in which he was born,—but when I inquired for New Place, although I traced it up to the very walls of his garden, yet I could find no one to tell me about his own house and the mulberry-tree. And in this connection I may as well say that I put up at the Red Horse Inn, and the landlady was very proud to show me the poker with which Irving stirred the fire. So Shakespeare was of less repute in Stratford than Irving, and Irving is of less repute here than many another man, among a certain class. A prophet, etc.,—you know the old quotation.
While Mr. Cozzens had great respect for Mr. Bryant and frequently had occasion to meet him in connection with business and literature, there was not that feeling of mutual friendship which existed between Mr. Irving and himself. There are but few extracts in his journal concerning Mr. Bryant, which are given below, and which may pass without comment:

February 11, 1868.—Bryant told me an anecdote of Halleck. When Lord Derby's translation of the Iliad appeared, Halleck read it. "Ah," said he, "Derby has made a good translation of the Iliad, but has forgotten one thing: he has left out the poetry." . . . Showed me an envelope containing three pieces of poetry written for the Evening Post. The writer wanted some pay for them. What would be about their value? "You have no idea," said Bryant, "how many of these poems I have sent to me. They are tolerably good, but I can't be paid the Evening Post with poetry. Besides, I am in that line of business myself, and, if need be, can furnish poems for nothing."

April 6, 1868.—Met Bryant in the park this noon. Asked him if Cooper derived any benefit from international copyright. He thought not, but advised me to go to Mr. Ivison, of Ivison & Phinney. Ivison married Cooper's daughter.

What of your Halleck address before the Historical Society, Mr. Cozzens? "I told Ticknor & Fields I would write a preface to Halleck's poems if they would allow me to use materials in a sketch I made of Halleck twenty years ago, and I intended to use that for the Historical Society. They agreed to that. But General Wilson has got possession of the copy placed in Ticknor & Field's hands." "Well, what will you do with the Historical Society? They would like you to undertake it, for you have delivered orations on Cooper and Irving. Halleck had no interesting events in his private history." (I. F. S. C., do not think so.) "I have a few anecdotes of him, and I do not think I can do better than what you have done. I have read your sketch of him, and it is very well done, very well." I bowed, and Bryant bowed. "I can give you some material, only get up the address for the Historical Society. I could not use all my anecdotes of Halleck for one obituary, but I can give them to you. Shall I send them?" "Thank you, I will be very glad to have them."

January 16, 1869.—Called upon Bryant, and told him I had finished a work on versification, a hand-book that I had submitted to no one, for I wanted to be sure that what I had suggested in it was correct, and if he would do me the favor to examine it. He said that he did not like to read manuscript more than he could help; that he wanted to preserve his eyes; that he never had used spectacles, and never intended to; finally said, "but I will read your book." In speaking to him of it, I said, "The theory is based upon the genius of the English language, or rather I should say I have gone upon the principle that—" Here he interrupted me by saying, "I am glad you changed that word: 'based' is a bad word; 'founded upon' is English. By the way, your work ought to sell. If every poet in the country bought a copy, you would sell enough to make a little fortune."

February 1, 1869.—Two weeks later, called upon Mr. Bryant, and he gave me a list of emendations. He told me I must not work too many hours a day. For himself, he always stripped himself in the morning and took a full hour's exercise with the dumb-bells and the rods, followed by a cold sponge-bath. He said that by stripping you had the advantage of an air-bath as well as the bare exercise. He believed it was the secret of retaining youth, or the feelings of youth in old age. "I always," he said, "feel cheerful after it, in good spirits and in good temper,—that is, when I can keep my temper it assists me to do so."

On the evening of January 7, 1868, Mr. Cozzens was requested by a special committee appointed by the Executive Committee of the New York Historical Society to prepare a suitable record for the minutes on the death of Fitz-Greene Halleck, and wrote a brief sketch of his life, which was read by the librarian, Mr. Moore.
The allusion to Halleck in the foregoing interviews with Mr. Bryant led Mr. Cozzens to search for material for this address, and in his journal under date of April 21, 1867, is the following account of a brief interview he had with Halleck just prior to his death:

I heard from Bixby that Halleck was sick. Called upon him, and found him at B.'s hotel, convalescent after an attack of congestion of the lungs; his eye bright, his complexion clear, dressed in a pair of woollen drawers and socks lead-color, blue frock-coat, red worsted scarf, and hat on his head, for which he apologized in the most gentlemanlike manner. Said Bryant had called on him twice; felt complimented by it. Charlotte Brontë the greatest of modern English female writers. I said, "I have not yet read Jane Eyre." "I thank God," he said, "that I have so much the advantage of you." He disliked Tennyson for being unmanly; Thackeray also, both for want of chivalric feeling. Said Bryant had praised one of my essays,—an imitation of Lamb ("The Oyster-Eater"). "My first publisher failed. This deterred me from venturing upon a literary life, and placed me in the counting-room of John Jacob Astor."

An intellectual lady of New Haven said to him once, "Oh, Mr. Halleck, you should have been here last evening, Mr. Curtis" (G. W.) "gave us such a delightful lecture." "What was the subject, madam?" "Why, Sydney Smith." "Which Sydney Smith?" "There were two famous men of that name,—the hero of St. Jean d'Acre, and the wit, the clergyman." "Why, Mr. Halleck, I really forget which it was, the lecture was so delightful." The title of the lecture was Sir Philip Sidney.

The following extracts from the journal are simply literary gossip, and may be passed without note:

Christmas, 1857.—Dr. E. C. Ludlow to dinner with us. Told the following of Lord Byron. Some American gentlemen called upon him at Genoa. While waiting for him in the reception-room they heard him come into the room, his footsteps on the tessellated pavement distinctly marked as those of a lame person. Lord Byron entered, saluted them courteously, asked if there were any present from Virginia. Mr. Greenough, a Virginian, answered in the affirmative for himself. Lord Byron then asked how Jefferson was, and alluded in a joose way to his red breeches. He also asked particularly if they had any new book of Mr. Irving's. They had none. Byron said, "Have you read 'Bracebridge Hall'?" They had not. After praising the book, Lord Byron said, "I have a copy," and the next day sent it to their lodgings. While talking, Greenough endeavored to get a glimpse of Byron's foot. But in vain. Byron's eye always met him, and he endeavored in vain to look at it without being caught in the act. At last Greenough chanced to ask Byron if he had ever visited the island of Lemnos. "I suppose," said Lord Byron, "you asked me that because I remind you of Vulcan." Of course the conversation was of brief duration after this reply. Dr. Ludlow visited Newstead Abbey. Byron's grave is in this church. A poor town, full of silk-weavers. Byron's monument the only one. The sexton told Dr. Ludlow that Lady Ada called, merely looked at her father's tomb, and said, "Which way does his head lie?" Not another word. In a year after this the sexton buried Ada beside her father. Halleck told me the same story. Halleck told me Lord Byron said of Mitford that he had two qualities eminently fitting him to be a historian, namely, wrath and partiality. Halleck says Byron has gilded refined gold, painted the lily, and added a perfume to the violet in the fourth Canto of "Childe Harold." His Italy is all the old with the addition of the new poetry of Byron.

Drake and Halleck wrote many of the Croakers together. Before the papers went to press one or the other would suggest alterations in the lines. Halleck had committed nearly the whole of Campbell's poetry, admired it immensely, especially "Hohenlinden." Said of Sydney Smith, his style is so perfect you cannot substitute one word in place of one of his own without damaging the
force of the sentence. Always spoke of the New Zealand attorney with great
glee. Halleck used to repeat a story of Tom Campbell's toast, "Napoleon, the
executioner of publishers," with great gusto. Often related a story of Dr.
Johnson taking his dinner in a dark room back of a bookseller's,—"not," said
Halleck, "because he was too shabby to dine at the table with the pub, but
because Dr. Johnson was a gentleman and would not associate with such com-
pany at table." Did you ever see Stratford, that loveliest spot of English
scenery? Is it not the very place in all England where Shakespeare should
lie? Was he not fortunate to have such a spot to repose in? What is his
monument in Westminster Abbey compared to that? Shakespeare's grave at
Stratford, and one other thing, touched me most in all England. That was
the burial of Tom Campbell. He died at Boulogne and was buried in West-
minster Abbey. I was at the funeral. His pall-bearers were the Duke of Argyle,
Earl Aberdeen, Lord (of the Plantagenet branch), Lord Dudley Stuart
(of the Stuart branch), Lord Morpeth, and Sir Robert Peel, England's greatest
Commoner. These men, the proudest in all England, felt themselves honored
to bear the pall of Campbell. When Washington Irving was introduced to Dr.
Cogswell at Astor's table, Halleck said, "What do you think of Campbell,
Irving? He is very tall, is he not?" (of information). "Yes," said Irving,
"but it drops from him like whiskey from a private still."

September 9, 1864.—Visited the Cooperstown graveyard. Found there an
inner square, with a picket fence, set apart for the Cooper family. The tombs of
Cooper and his wife side by side.

Called upon the Misses Cooper. Very pleasant ladies. They have a sister,
Mrs. Ivison, living at Irvington.

Cooper did not like Irving at first,—said he was the greatest — in all
London,—but afterwards grew intimate and admired him. Cooper attempted
to publish on his own account. The publishers and the press arrayed against
him; the latter does not publish favorable notices (so J. J. told H.). It ruined
Cooper. Cooper was all open, spoke out all he felt and all he knew. Irving
very close-mouthed. Halleck could never get him to talk of his acquaintances
in England, although he knew the greatest and best of them intimately. Did
Willis get anything out of him? Not one word.

The editor, in closing this paper, would apologize for its incomple-
etness. It is difficult, after so many years, to throw around the characters
with which this journal has to do, that personality which at the time
made it of interest. If this paper should fall into the hands of any
of the veterans in literature, they will doubtless read between the lines,
and it will at least serve the purpose of calling to mind those "golden
days" when literature held the promise of a successful future, and was
marked by a dignity of style and an individuality of character that in
its continuance would have won permanence and consideration from
other schools. With other readers it will simply pass as literary gossip
of the olden time, and may serve to quicken a comparison which, while
it may not prove flattering, will at least be entertaining.

Arthur D. F. Randolph.
PUTTING ONE'S FOOT INTO IT.

THE Irishman who never opened his mouth without putting his foot into it must have led a very unhappy life. Mr. Darwin himself has noted in one of the most serious chapters of his "Descent of Man" the utterly disproportionate remorse and shame with which we recall our social slips. The social slipper (is that the proper noun?) pains not only himself but others also. It is only the disinterested third party who looks on and laughs.

Our path through life is thickly strewn with temptations to social slips. You abuse the Jews or the Catholics in a mixed company, and you find your interlocutor is a member of the religion attacked. You speak slightly of some one as puny and insignificant, and suddenly remember that your interlocutor is an even smaller man. You condemn divorce as immoral, and find you are talking to a divorcée. You make a clever joke about the Papacy and the apacy, and, lo! by the indignant flush on the fair creature's cheek you learn you have exercised your humor upon one of the "Apes." You quote a funny epitaph upon a man who had five wives, and you don't know why your companion winces, until you find out that he is living with Number Six. Or, quite innocently and inadvertently, you give away your true estimate of the guests around your table,—like poor Mr. Norton, who, when Disraeli praised a particular wine, purred out, complacently,—

"Why, I have wine twenty times as good in my cellar."

"No doubt," said Dizzy, looking round the table, "but this is quite good enough for such canaille as you have got to-day."

There is a story, varied a thousand ways, of which the reader himself or some one of his friends has no doubt at some time or other been the unlucky hero. In its simplest form it may run as follows. At a public rout or assembly the hero asks a neighbor, "Who is that ugly girl over there?" or, "Who is that very offensive young man?"—whereat the neighbor hotly replies, "That is my sister," or "brother," or what not. The story is sometimes improved by the embarrassed querist stammering out, "Oh, I beg your pardon: it was very stupid of me, I ought to have recognized the resemblance." Or it may take the following form. A certain German songstress asked a gentleman to whom she had been introduced how he liked her duet. "You sang charmingly; but why did you select such a horrid piece of music?"—"Sir, that was written by my late husband."—"Ah, of course; I did not mean—— But why did you select such a cow to sing with you?"—"A cow! that is my present husband."

Or, again, another of its kaleidoscopic changes may be as follows. "Do you see that handsome gentleman over there, twisting his moustache?" said one woman to another to whom she had just been introduced. "He has been making eyes at me all the evening. Do you know who he is?"—"Why, yes, my dear; that is my husband."

But still again it may assume some such form as the following. A party of visitors were being escorted by the superintendent through a penitentiary; they came to a room in which three women were sewing. "Goodness!" whispered one of the visitors, "what vicious-looking creatures! What are they here for?"
“Because they have no other home. This is my sitting-room, and these are my wife and daughters,” was the overwhelming reply of the superintendent.

Almost as numerous are the variations of the following story. A millionaire railway king, dining at a friend’s house, sat between two young ladies who raised their voices to a high pitch whenever they addressed him. Finally one of them shouted a commonplace remark, and then, in an ordinary tone of voice, said to the other, “Did you ever see such a nose in your life?” A light suddenly broke upon the millionaire’s mind. “Pardon me, ladies,” he said, “it is my brother who is deaf.”

Here are two stories that inadvertently make sad revelations of conjugal infelicity. “You are sitting on my hat, madam,” cried a gentleman.—“Oh, I beg your pardon; I thought it was my husband’s.” In the other instance a wife says to her husband, “I saw Mrs. Becker this morning, and she complained that at your last visit you were so rude to her she thought she must have done something to offend you.” “Not at all, was the answer. “I like her very much; but the room was rather dark, and when I entered I thought it was you.”

A lady, overtaken by a heavy shower of rain, took refuge in a store, where she employed the time in making some purchases. “You seem very quiet today,” she said to the obliging salesman. “Yes, madam,” was the reply. “Just look at the weather. What respectable lady would venture out of doors on a day like this?”

Here is another wet-weather anecdote. “You cannot go home when it is raining like this,” said the obliging hostess to her visitor. “You had better stay and have dinner with us.” “Oh, it is not quite so bad as that,” was the hasty reply.

“Why did you delay sending for me until your husband was out of his mind?” inquired a pompous physician. “Oh, doctor,” replied the wife, “while he was in his right mind he would not let me send for you.”

“How many deaths?” asks another doctor, in attendance at a hospital. —“Nine.”—“Why, I ordered medicine for ten.”—“Yes, but one would not take it.”

A gentleman who was known to be of a religious turn of mind was dancing a waltz with a young girl. “I see you do not object to round dances,” said his partner. “Well,” was the reply, “I do not object to dancing them myself, but I would not let my sister do so.”

“I am very sorry,” said another girl at a ball, “I am already engaged. I hope you are not very disappointed.” “Oh, no; quite the contrary,” was the hasty reply.

“I beg a thousand pardons for coming so late,” said a gentleman to his hostess. “My dear sir, no pardons are needed,” replied the latter, graciously; “you can never come too late.” Which may be paralleled by the other story of the well-meaning youth who took his leave with the words, “Allow me to have the pleasure of bidding you good-night.”

An ambassador once asked Prince Bismarck how he managed to end an interview. “Very easily,” was the answer. “My wife knows pretty accurately when people prolong their visit beyond the time, and then she sends me a message that I am wanted.” He had barely finished speaking when a footman knocked at the door and informed his master that the princess wished to speak to him. Of course the ambassador beat a hasty retreat at once.

Sometimes the offender commits a slip at his own expense, like the editor
who called his rival an unmitigated ass, and continued, "We advise our brother journalist to reform his stupid ways;" or like the boarding-house keeper who, when her pies were objected to on account of their toughness, severely replied, "Sir, I made pies before you were born."

Servants are proverbial for slips of an embarrassing nature. "Is Mr. Jones in?" asks a visitor, and the servant replies, "I don't know. I will go up and ask him." An English nobleman was on his wedding-tour in this country, with a wife many years his junior. The nobleman cautioned his valet to give evasive answers to any questions that might be put to him. Having stopped overnight at one of the leading New York hotels, he inquired of his valet next morning if he had been asked any questions. "Yes. They all wanted to know whether you were married."—"And did you give an evasive answer?"—"Yes. I told them you were not married, but were going to be in two weeks."

L'enfant terrible is even worse than the servant. "I should like to live next door to you," said a young hopeful to a crusty old bachelor.—"And why?"—"Because mother says you are next door to a bear." Visions of a domestic zoological garden were evidently floating through that youngster's mind. A little fellow was dining with a friend of his mother. "Charlie," said the hostess, anxiously, "can you cut your own meat?" "Can't I?" said the youngster: "I've often cut up quite as tough meat as this at home." "Mamma," says another youngster, at his own table, after gazing long and earnestly at the two guests of the evening, "which of these ladies was it you said was so ugly she'd stop a clock?" At his own table, again, another youth remarks, with a chuckle, "Mother's got all her best things on the table to-night,—ain't you, ma? and you needn't kick me under the table, neither. I haven't told a word about borrowin' the napkins."

The social slip most often takes the form of a left-handed compliment. General McClellan's feelings must have been sadly mixed at hearing himself saluted with, "General, I have long desired to meet you. I have always believed that you managed the army as well as you knew how."

"Now, Herr Lieutenant," said a young lady to a gallant German officer, "if you don't at once cease your flatteries, I will have to hold both my ears shut." "My adorable Fräulein," answered the officer, "your pretty little hands are far too small for that."

The harmony of a wedding-breakfast at which the bride sat with four of her sisters was rather disturbed by the blundering gallantry of a young farmer who toasted the bridegroom with, "Well, you have got the pick of the batch."

"I don't like big women," said a heedless gentleman to the young lady at his side at dinner. The lady bit her lip, and the gentleman suddenly remembered that she was unusually tall. Wishing to repair his mistake, he added, hastily, "I mean when they are young."

"And how did you amuse yourself at the Art Exhibition?" asked a German artist of a lady friend.—"Oh, very much; I admired no picture but yours."—"Really!" said the flattered artist, with a smile of approbation.—"Yes. There were so many people standing before the other pictures that I gave my whole attention to yours, to avoid the crowd." A similar compliment was paid to a clergyman by an old woman among his parishioners: "Oh, sir, well do I like the day that you preach."—"My good woman, I am glad to hear it. And why do you like the day when I preach?"—"Because when you preach I always get a good seat."
The blind Marquis of Seneterre, being much pleased with the opera of "Eneland," which caused a furor at Paris in the reign of Louis XV., asked his attendant who wrote it. "Monsieur Ponsinet," was the reply. "I should like to speak with him," said the marquis. So Monsieur Ponsinet was introduced to the blind nobleman, who said, with effusion, "My dear sir, accept my warmest thanks for the pleasure which you have afforded me; your opera is full of beauty, the music is delicious. But what a misfortune that you had to set it to such trashy words!" Now, unfortunately it was the libretto, and not the music, of which poor Monsieur Ponsinet was the author.

A clergyman who was asked to marry a young couple in a country place where he happened to be staying was duly called upon to propose the health of the bride and groom at the subsequent breakfast. "To sum up all our wishes for the happy pair whom I have seen united this morning," said the clergyman, in concluding a neat little speech, "we cannot, I am sure, do better than express a desire that the result of their union may prove strictly analogous to that of the parents of the fair bride." Then there was a scene. The bride went into hysterics; the groom's eyes flashed angrily; everybody else colored and looked down. The clergyman wisely sat down and held his peace, wondering at the consequences of his compliment; but he soon found some one to enlighten him. She was not the daughter of the house, but a niece who had come there to live when her own father and mother were divorced.

William Shepard.

SOME PHYSIOLOGICAL REVELATIONS.

Many secrets escape guessing because they are too familiar to be recognized. In the old fairy-tales, the enchanters hide themselves by assuming the guise of every-day, matter-of-course objects. Only an intelligent and independent eye sees the complex mystery lurking beneath the simple surface. To use the most hackneyed example, Newton proved his genius by wondering why the apple fell. The fool—the man of orthodox mind—travels from Dan to Beersheba and finds all barren. For thousands of years human beings have gone on getting fatigued and out of breath, and have never asked themselves what was the cause of their breathlessness and fatigue. What makes your muscles tired? Why, exerting them, to be sure! And why does one become breathless? Why, by losing one's breath. What could be more obvious?

But why does exertion produce weariness, and why do we lose our breath? There is no apparent logical necessity in these consequences, although at the first glance it seems as if there were. For all we can establish to the contrary, a muscle might continue to contract as long as the shaft of an engine continues to revolve; and as to breathlessness, when one comes to think of it, why should a quick run or a vehement exertion accelerate respiration and at length make it difficult or impossible? To breathe, we know, is necessary to life; physicians tell us it is because it brings oxygen to the blood, and oxygen is an essential of life. But why should the blood of a man in motion require more oxygen than that of a man at rest? We find ourselves answering in a circle, and at length declaring that things are as they are because they are so; and we are no wiser, only more puzzled, than when we began.

The more we examine the phenomena of exercise, in fact, the more inex-
aplicable do they appear; and the practised athlete knows quite as little about
the solution of the mystery as his sister who never was aware that she had a
muscle in her body. He knows that certain muscles can be hardened by certain
exercises, and that the tendency to breathlessness can be lessened by constant
practice in deep breathing. He knows that a muscle fatigued beyond its wont
will be “stiff” next day; but he cannot tell you what stiffness is in itself, nor
why training removes the liability to stiffness. In short, you can ask him more
questions in five minutes than he can answer in fifty years. He thought he
knew; but he discovers, to his surprise, that the solutions he has been content-
ing himself with were simply restatements of the problem in different words.

This is quite a singular state of things; and our ignorance as to the esoteric
philosophy of exercise has led to numberless contradictory and often injurious
theories as to how exercise should be conducted. It is surprising, indeed, that
we have not more often blundered into mischief than we actually have. Ex-
perience of various methods and habits of exercise has led us to prefer those
that are uniformly followed by the best effects; but it is certain that many a
youth, in his ambition to be athletic, has seriously injured his constitution,
for lack of such knowledge as the study of a few hours or days would have
given him; and many an elderly or middle-aged man has been restrained from
benefiting by physical training, because he supposed that there was some pecu-
liarity about elderly muscles which rendered any attempt to exercise them either
useless or deleterious. The sage, therefore, who should rectify these errors, and,
by telling us exactly what exercise really is, show us how in all circumstances
to apply it to the best advantage,—such a sage is worth listening to. He has
arisen, in these latter days, in the person of Fernand Lagrange, a French phy-
sician, still a young man, and himself thoroughly skilled and practised in ath-
letics. An excellent translation of his book is to be found in Appleton’s “In-
ternational Scientific Series,” under the title “Physiology of Bodily Exercise.”
It is a book that ought to be read by every college student, not to speak of the
“Professors of Gymnastics;” and the libraries of athletic clubs should never
be without it. It has more practical value than thousands of dollars’ worth of
gymnastic apparatus; and it can enable any one who reads it intelligently to
maintain himself (barring accidents) in health and vigor as long as he lives.

M. Lagrange, moreover, writes in anything but a dry and abstract style.
Technical terms are employed sparingly, and ten minutes’ research in a diction-
ary will give the reader mastery over all of them. His statements of scientific
fact are largely illustrated by concrete examples, based upon experiments either
on himself or on his friends. The gradual unfolding of the principles he has
established is managed in such a manner as to lead the reader on somewhat as
he would follow the plot of a novel; and the beautiful accuracy and finish of
the analysis constantly give pleasure. M. Lagrange is as frank as he is acute;
he often calls attention to aspects of his problems which are as yet unsolved,
which, but for this, would not have been noticed by his reader; and the results
which he is able to formulate are not only important and in the main original,
but they can be depended on. Nothing nearly so sound and valuable on the
physiological side of exercise has been published for many years.

I have already said enough to send any one who is interested in healthy
physical development—and everybody had better be interested in it—to the
book; and of course I shall make no attempt here to give even an abstract
of its contents. I will only give notice of a few of the more generally useful
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SOME PHYSIOLOGICAL REVELATIONS.

Features of the essay, and so recommend it to the intelligent consideration of our people.

Heat is the condition of bodily movement, and is produced by the combustion of the body's own materials. A given degree of heat is (theoretically) the mechanical equivalent of a given amount of work; much heat is, however, lost to work, and would greatly increase the temperature of the body, but that physical exertion sends the blood to the surface of the body, where it is cooled by the air, and the evaporation of perspiration helps to abate the temperature: so that, as a matter of fact, the body-temperature of a man at work is only one or two degrees centigrade higher than that of a man at rest.

Work does not produce heat; but heat produces work. Muscles numb with cold are temporarily paralysed: heat causes in muscular fibres the first stage of contraction, or stores in it latent force. But if the heat rises above 45° C. the vital combustions affect the muscular tissues so profoundly that the muscle dies, and the overheated blood poisons the nerve-centres.

Oxygen is of capital importance in the bodily combustions. The materials of the combustions are twofold,—the alimentary substances introduced into the blood by digestion, and organic substances which form part of our bodies. The body can therefore work without food, but only at the expense of its own working machinery. Before the latter are attacked, however, an intermediate class of substances is made use of. These are known as reserves, and are the result of a kind of tribute daily levied on the food, and stored up in various parts of the body as in a savings-bank, to be drawn on when needed. They are chiefly fat and nitrogenous substances. As long as they last and can be renewed, the essential bodily tissues are safe. The oxidized compounds formed during combustions are the products of complete and of incomplete oxidation. Carbonic acid and water are the final stages of complete oxidation of hydrocarbon substances, and urea is the last stage of complete oxidation of nitrogenous substances. Of the products of incomplete oxidation, on the other hand, one of the chief is uric acid.

Now, the system, after work, retains the products of combustion (or dissimilation, as they are technically termed), and they are all injurious to life. An excess of them produces acute disease; but when present in moderation they are quickly and harmlessly eliminated by the proper bodily organs, such as the lungs, the kidneys, the skin, etc. The lungs remove carbonic acid, the kidneys urea, the skin lactic acid. But the products of dissimilation developed in a muscle by work tend to abate and finally destroy the contractile force of the muscle-fibres. This is one of the causes of what is called fatigue. Another cause is the numerous small lesions and frictions mechanically induced; and a third is the disturbance of the gray matter of the brain, due to overstimulus of its cells by excessive exertion of the will. From this cerebral element of fatigue it follows that work performed without the co-operation of the brain produces fatigue much more slowly than under the contrary circumstances; and that the most exhausting physical work is that in which the brain most intensely participates. Organic muscular movements, such as the heart-beat and respiration, which are entirely independent of brain and will, never determine the sensation of fatigue at all; and athletic exercises such as those of the trapeze and of balancing are so rapidly fatiguing as to exhaust vitality and become positively detrimental,—at least, until such skill has been attained as to render the intervention of the brain inconsiderable.
SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTHDAY.

Let us now take a glance at the phenomena of breathlessness.

In every muscular exercise, the intensity of breathlessness is in direct ratio to the quantity of force expended in a given time. It is a general effect, as distinguished from muscular fatigue, which is a local effect. Its fundamental characteristic is increase of the respiratory need, to aerate the blood, that is, to give to venous the quality of arterial blood, by replacing by atmospheric oxygen the excess of carbonic acid which exertion has created. Carbonic acid, as we have seen, is a product of dissimilation; it is a poison, but so long as the lungs can easily eliminate it, it is harmless. When, however, excessive exertion generates the acid in quantities beyond the lung-capacity to dispose of, the incipient suffocation known as breathlessness supervenes. In other words, the cause of breathlessness is a kind of poisoning of the system with one of its own products of dissimilation,—an auto-intoxication by carbonic acid. The exaggeration of the respiratory movements in a man rendered breathless by muscular exercise is due to the imminence of the danger of intoxication (poisoning), and to the effort made by the organism for the speedy elimination of the poison.

There is the gist of the secret in a nutshell. Those who have given most thought to the subject will be the first to recognize its importance.

Muscular fatigue is chiefly caused by a poisonous product of dissimilation, uric acid, gradually eliminated by the kidneys. Breathlessness is chiefly caused by a poisonous product of dissimilation (carbonic acid) eliminated rapidly by the lungs. These two facts form the nucleus of M. Lagrange’s essay, and from them he develops his discussion of Overwork and Repose, of Habituation to Work, of the Different Exercises, of the Results of Exercise, and of the Office of the Brain in Exercise. I feel that a rapid and partial summary such as I have given is liable to give an unjust impression of a work especially marked by breadth of scope and careful accuracy of detail. But that will not matter, if I have stimulated the reader to correct his impression by going to the volume itself.  

—JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTHDAY.

Before the commencement of Queen Victoria’s reign, Shakespeare’s birthday was commemorated in a fashion perfectly Shakespearean and reminiscent of those merry Bidford days, when the young poet was sowing his wild oats. These honors a cynic would divide into three parts,—dining, winning, and toasting; each one of which is an attribute firmly rooted in the English character.

When sixty years ago the goblets rose to the toast of “The King,” Edmund Kean was the absolute regent of the British stage. In April, 1829, a Commemoration was held in the Shakespeare Hall at Stratford-on-Avon, at which this great tragedian was to have been present, to respond to the toast of “The Drama,” the reputation of which he so worthily upheld. Mr. Kean, however, at that time was seriously indisposed, so he had to forego the pleasures of the table furnished by that historical personage, mine host of the Falcon. The toast of “Mr. Kean and the British Stage” was therefore replied to by Mr. Raymond, an actor of some note in those days, and manager of the Stratford-on-Avon Theatre for many years. When Edmund Kean had recovered, he visited Shakespeare’s town in October, 1839, and was presented with a medal by his admirers there.
SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTHDAY.

At the festival in question, two hundred and seventeen persons sat round the festive board, and thus in a measure anticipated the wish of Leigh Hunt, that Shakespeare's birthday should be made the subject of public rejoicing, that the regular feast should be served up in the tavern and dwelling-house, that the bust of Shakespeare should be crowned with laurel, and that the theatre should sparkle with illuminations.

For more than a century the festival programme has been cast in the same groove. No doubt Garrick's Jubilee festival of 1769 was the cause of this rigid adherence to one fixed rule. So great a representative of Shakespearean characters was entitled to the profound respect of the Stratford-on-Avon people, and thus on each birthday the same performance has been gone through. At an early hour the bells of the collegiate church rang a merry peal. Flags waved over the principal buildings. Pieces of cannon planted on the banks of the Avon shook the town with their thunders; though Shakespeare's connection with the military is not quite clear at first sight. A procession, headed by a band, paraded the streets; and last, but by no means least, came the "regular feast" of which Leigh Hunt spoke in such glowing terms.

In the year 1835 a theatre was erected on a portion of Shakespeare's Garden in Chapel Lane, at a cost of twelve hundred pounds. The play at the opening performance was "As You Like It," and the theatre was graced on that occasion by the presence of the celebrated Mrs. Nesbitt. A masquerade of Shakespearean characters, in which most of the leading theatrical and literary lights of the day took part, was one of the features of this year's birthday. Mr. George Jones, a well-known New York actor, also made the acquaintance of Stratfordians during that year.

It was usual in the thirties, forties, and fifties for persons of the highest standing to pay their tribute to the shrine of Shakespeare on his birthdays as they came round. The names of Leigh Hunt, Charles Lamb, J. Payne Collier, Cowden Clarke, William Howitt, J. Halliwell-Phillipps, Macready, and other Shakespearean idolaters are on record as being present at Commemorations; and the journey to Stratford in the thirties and forties was much longer and more tedious, by stage-coach, than it is now, by train,—and yet now, curious to relate, there is no such thing as a Shakespearean festival.

A unique Commemoration was, however, held in what Edmund Burke called "The Toyshop of Europe," in 1848. It consisted of a performance of "The Merry Wives of Windsor," with the leading parts allotted as follows:

Sir John Falstaff . . . . . . MR. MARK LEMON.
Justice Shallow . . . . . . MR. CHARLES DICKENS.
Slender . . . . . . . . . . . MR. JOHN LEECH.
Ford . . . . . . . . . . . . . MR. JOHN FORSTER.
Page . . . . . . . . . . . . . MR. F. STONE.
Dr. Caius . . . . . . . . . . . MR. D. COSTELLO.
Dame Quickly . . . . . . . MRS. COWDEN CLARKE.
Mrs. Ford . . . . . . . . . . . MISS FORTESQUE.

Shakespeare indeed might feel himself not forgotten with a play of his interpreted by such a cast.

From that date till the Tercentenary in 1884 the Commemorations were of no especial merit. It is true that the Kembles, Charles Kean, and Macready did from time to time visit Stratford-on-Avon in honor of the playwright whom
they interpreted; but the actual birthday festivals were neither so brilliant nor so well honored as they deserved to be. It was simply the regular feast, presided over by the mayor of the day, followed by orations in praise of the genius of Shakespeare, more or less graceful and worthy of the occasion. Once or twice during that period an attempt was made to revive an interest in the event by adding the pageant element to it, in imitation of Garrick’s design, but the result was not so satisfactory as could be wished.

In recent years perhaps the most successful and brilliant Shakespearean Commemoration was that given on the poet’s birthday, in 1879. On that day the present Memorial Theatre was opened with much pomp and circumstance. Strictly observing the time-honored rule, “the regular feast” was served up, not at the Falcon, but at the less poetic town hall. The guests were numerous, a bright particular star among them being Lady Theodore Martin, the Helen Faucit of Macready’s days. After the dining and the wining and the toasting came the true commemoration of Shakespeare’s genius; and it is impossible to commemorate a genius like his better than by a praiseworthy representation of his works.

Birthday festivals should be unassociated with tragedy and its attendant gloom: that is doubtless why the play chosen was “Much Ado about Nothing,” in which the humor is so many-sided. Renouncing for a moment the dramatic periods of Colley Cibber, Barry Sullivan brought out the many humorous traits in the character of Benedick; and the exquisite sarcasm, disdain, and delicacy of Beatrice were excellently limned by Helen Faucit, whose by-gone histrionic charm seemed to be revivified. The gentle Hero was beautifully played by Miss Wallis.

An original epilogue, full of quiet and graceful allusions to the genius of Shakespeare, was written by the late Dr. Westland Marston, and spoken by Miss Kate Field. The closing lines ran,—

Therefore to Avon’s banks, where oft he fared  
In boyhood, where his willing steps repaired,—  
Life’s glorious toil fulfilled,—to-day we come,  
In the man’s birthplace raise the Poet’s home,  
And give him here (though wide as earth his fame)  
A local habitation and a name.

The searcher of records would find that the Commemoration of 1879 was the last attempt to make a public observance of Shakespeare’s birthday. It is true that each year the event is remembered by the giving of a series of performances—more or less Shakespearean, and generally less—in the Memorial Theatre; but the regular feast, the bands, flag, processions, and cannons, are all things of the past, and Leigh Hunt’s hopes are now no longer realized.

Shakespeare’s birthday is a day that should undoubtedly be remembered, not merely by the good burghers of Stratford-on-Avon, who, to do them justice, are desperately loyal to their townsmen, though rather somnolent, but by the wearers of the sock and buskin in London. If Mr. Irving and the lesser stars of the stage would once a year on the poet’s birthday adjourn to Stratford for the purpose of performing there, they would not only be doing honor to Shakespeare, but would also be honoring the British theatre. Shakespeare-lovers in America—and their name is legion—would welcome this as the occasion for a special visit to his shrine at Stratford-on-Avon.

George Morley.
"DOES COLLEGE TRAINING PAY?"

One can scarcely avoid the feeling that an apology is due the public for bringing forward a question so long in debate. Just when it was first asked, it is impossible to tell; but we may safely assume that its appearance was not long subsequent to the birth of the first institution which claimed, in early ages, the relative position of the college of to-day. Nor does the future promise its speedy settlement. It will be asked, and it must be answered, until the time shall come, if it does come, when college training shall be as much a matter of course among intelligent people as common-school education is at present.

It is not the purpose of this paper to consider the matter exhaustively, but to review briefly some of the objections urged by a contributor to the November issue of this magazine. If the arguments there presented be valid, one would certainly be warranted in concluding that the training given by the average college is superficial, unpractical, and suited to impede, rather than aid, its recipient. But are the arguments valid?

We are told, in the first place, that a series of questions addressed to men engaged in the work of prominent railroad corporations and other lines of business and commerce brought out the fact "that the college-bred man is, in business, an exception to his fellows," and that many leading business-men prefer to employ those who have grown up in business rather than those who have been educated in college. "This," says the writer, "is a surprising exhibit, and seems to indicate that the value of college training is not appreciated by men actually engaged in those lines of occupation which make the business interests of the country what they are."

Now, so far from being a surprising exhibit, is not this just what any one should be prepared for by a comprehensive view of the situation? The number of college graduates is so small in comparison with the whole population that it is a physical impossibility for the college-bred man to be anything else than an exception in the lines of business indicated. The college does not, as yet, claim to impart the faculty of omnipresence. That there are, however, highly honorable occupations in which he is not an exception, we shall show further on. It is not strange, either, that many business-men can be found who choose not to employ college graduates. We find in all lines of industry men who neglect or refuse to do various other things generally accepted by intelligent people as reasonable and profitable. Many have had no occasion to test the capability of college men and are naturally slow to try what is, to them, an experiment. Others, perchance, have employed a graduate deficient in industry or honesty or unsuited to the special work in hand, and have come to the very natural, but very illogical, conclusion that the fault was in the college training. It ought to be understood, once for all, that no college can furnish any absolute guarantee that it will make an honest man of a knave, an industrious man of a sluggard, or a successful business-man of one whose tastes and aptitudes are firmly set in some other direction. There can be no doubt that these very things are accomplished in a great many cases, but it is no discredit to the college that it is not always done.

On the other hand, it is very easy to find men, in all important lines of
business, who will uniformly give the preference to college graduates, other things being equal. One of the great four-men of the Northwest, when seeking a college graduate for his service, expressed to the president of the school an emphatic preference for "men who have done good work in Latin and Greek," knowing from experience that the general mental discipline imparted by the careful study of these languages will render the mind easily adaptable to the special lines of duty required. Any college president can cite instances of this kind, and the testimony of one such man is more weighty than that of dozens who have had insufficient experience with college men to warrant a safe conclusion. It is not necessary to deny that college men sometimes go into business with "too much to forget." It is not the least of the advantages of college training, however, that it does much toward teaching one how to forget. The man who never knows how and what to forget is generally found in the ranks of those who have never learned. An examination, too, will show that which an occasional graduate must forget, in order to succeed in business, was not acquired in the class-room. Ten chances to one it will be something which he brought to college when he first entered and which his teachers have urged him again and again to discard.

To a college man, the perennial worry over the fate of the poor helpless student turned adrift in the cold world with a crushing weight of Latin and Greek upon his shoulders is a source of considerable amusement. The question what becomes of him would have given the writer less trouble if he had turned to the alumni records of some of our leading colleges, or to statistics which may be found in almost any large library. Before giving a positive answer, however, it is well to note the significant negative fact that you can almost never find one who is a tramp or an inmate of a poor-house. If their education renders them unfit for practical business life, their absence from such situations is not easily explained. True, one "occasionally turns up on the front platform of a streetcar," but even then we should not lose sight of the fact that he is a driver, and not a "hanger-on." The occasion is so rare, however, that the daily newspapers, those inveterate scoffers at college education, devote about as much space to its consideration as is thought adequate for the appearance of a comet or an eclipse. What is this but the strongest kind of evidence that the vast majority of college men find employment on a higher level? Verify the wrath of their enemies shall be made to praise them.

There lies before the writer a general catalogue containing a brief account of all the men who have graduated from a certain college since its foundation. This school has devoted much attention to the education of students for the ministry. As a consequence, about one-third of its graduates are engaged in that profession; and their average standing in moral character, ability, and usefulness is such as to reflect credit upon the institution at whose hands their training was received. About one-sixth of the whole number are engaged in mercantile pursuits, one-sixth in legal; and one-sixth in teaching. Of the remaining sixth, the majority are farmers. Medicine, journalism, civil engineering, and a number of other pursuits are represented. The number not positively known to be engaged in some useful and honorable calling can be counted upon the fingers of a single hand. The relative number of farmers is small, because the farming classes are not yet awake to the value of a trained mind in their own line of work. Whenever they shall become so, the average production of American farms will cease to fall so far short of its possibility.
"DOES COLLEGE TRAINING PAY?"

The graduates of the school mentioned are surely not in need of pity, and no college with a record of this character will be discomfited when questioned as to the fate of its alumni. But it may be objected that this is an exceptional case. Let us consider some facts more general in their bearing.

Professor Fellow, of Iowa, found by a careful study of statistics that about one-half of one per cent. of our adult male population are college graduates. He then ascertained that of the President, Vice-President, Cabinet officers, Senators, and Representatives of the United States fifty-eight per cent. have been college graduates. His investigations also proved that in many other vocations in which success is regarded as especially honorable college men have enjoyed a similar advantage. And yet we are continually asked to believe that college training unfits a man for the practical affairs of life!

Mr. M'Anally has certainly erred in his statement that the Report of the Commissioners of Education for 1884 and 1885 gives the number of graduates from collegiate departments in 1884 as only 869. Turning to page 670 of the Report quoted, we find in Part I. of Table XV. a statement of degrees conferred by universities and colleges, excluding professional schools and schools for the higher education of women. By footing up the columns there given it will be seen that the schools from which information was obtained conferred the degree of Bachelor of Arts upon 2665 candidates, and the degree of Bachelor of Science upon 884, making a total of 3549 graduates in these two courses. These footings include no degrees given for post-graduate work, and the cases in which the degree of Bachelor of Science was given for commercial, normal, and similar courses have been deducted. So the statement that "over seven thousand five hundred dollars are expended to graduate a student" needs considerable modification. But suppose the total expense divided by the number of graduates were seven thousand five hundred dollars, is it fair to say that this amount is spent "to graduate a student"? Shall no account be taken of the many who complete only a portion of the course? Shall we ignore the fact that the laboratories of our colleges furnish to instructors in science material for original research which again and again leads to discoveries of incalculable benefit to society? Is the value of the college library to the poet, the historian, the economist, the preacher, of no moment to the outside world? Shall we overlook the work done in post-graduate courses? Does the college deserve no credit for elevating the moral and intellectual tone of the whole community in which it is situated? Let us render to Cesar the things that are Cesar's.

The mathematical calculation by which Mr. M'Anally attempts to show that a certain school requires its students to master an average of sixty pages per day rests upon suppositions which will not bear examination. In the first place, some of the subjects mentioned require no text-book work at all; in some cases more than one subject is included in one book, and in a large majority of the studies only a portion of the book is assigned. If there is any school in which these modifications are not true, it is so utterly at variance with the general rule as to be worthless in an argument. Thus it will be seen that the attempted reductio ad absurdum has located the absurdity in a spot manifestly not intended by its author. It may be freely admitted, however, that the curriculum is often overcrowded. This is, in part, a result of the rapid development of the physical sciences during the present century. New and useful branches of learning are continually knocking at the college doors, and it is hard to refuse admission. It is not strange that a reasonable limit should occasionally be passed. Improved
methods of teaching will make room, to a certain extent, for necessary additions; but the work of mapping out a college course will never again be so simple as it has been in the past.

The suggestion that college graduates "imagine that the sum total of human knowledge is theirs, and that the world is at their feet," is a fair sample of a style of criticism much indulged in by a certain class of newspapers, but we are sorry to see it employed by any one who writes seriously. It is perfectly true that no college will refuse a diploma because the applicant is conceited; but it is very doubtful whether any effect of college education is more uniform than the impression which it leaves in the mind of the student of the vastness of that which is still unknown in comparison with the knowledge which he has been able to attain.

The charge that "most of our colleges are from twenty-five to two hundred and fifty years behind the times" is based upon a very common misconception of the true function of a college. If it were true that the mere accumulation of facts is of more importance to the student when he enters the work of life than a mind trained to use facts, a thorough revision of the ordinary college course would be necessary. Considered simply as a fact, the knowledge that "all Gaul was divided into three parts" in the time of Cæsar, or that Cyrus was slain at Cunaxa, is of little use in making a good bargain or in managing an electric railroad. But there is another side to the question, which our colleges will hardly ignore, merely to avoid the charge of being behind the times. The belief that a disciplined mind is the greatest benefit which any system of education can hope to bestow has so far triumphantly held its own in all our best colleges. The value of Latin and Greek as instruments of discipline is attested by centuries of experience, and these languages will maintain their ground until something else can show a better title. Any scheme of education which rejects disciplinary studies as "useless luggage" will be very apt to fall into the evil which Mr. McAnally charges against the present system. It will leave the mind of the student "in the condition of the old-fashioned attic lumber-room, full enough of all sorts of things, but piled in so hurriedly that it is impossible to find any needed article without overhauling the whole."

There is an open field for various classes of schools entirely different in character and purpose from the ordinary college. Special lines of study are desirable for many who lack the opportunity or the inclination to secure a liberal education. No college man will deny that the training which they do receive is very much better than no training at all; but when the choice lies between that and six or seven years of study in a well-equipped academy and college, there will ever be a large number who will not hesitate to choose the latter. It is the substantially universal testimony of those who have made this choice in the past that college training pays. If this were not true, we should scarcely see so many millions of dollars invested in college endowments. The keen business instinct which pervades American life will abolish the college whenever it ceases to be useful.

W. H. Johnson.
BOOK-TALK.

SOME LECTURES ON EVOLUTION.

There are few subjects of thought talked of more familiarly at the present day than evolution, and probably none more ignorantly. In fact, the theory of evolution, as ordinarily administered by its advocates, is given in heroic doses, beyond the digestive capacity of most readers, and with little of sugar-coating to render the pill palatable. It is not surprising, therefore, that the ideas entertained concerning it are somewhat cloudy, and the discussions upon evolution which may be heard upon every side are more amusing than edifying to those familiar with the subject. It is only within recent years that an effort has been made to popularize this notable doctrine of modern science. Spencer has been boiled down to a ten-per-cent. decoction by one of his disciples, and the pith of his ponderous tomes bound within a single volume; Darwin has similarly been brought within 'reach of the every-day intellect'; and now there comes before us a volume ("Evolution: Popular Lectures and Discussions before the Brooklyn Ethical Society") in which the whole subject is treated by capable writers in a distinctly popular vein, and the scope, purpose, and proof of the theory of evolution made clear and easy of apprehension. This work embraces a series of popular lectures, dealing with the various applications of the evolutionary hypothesis, necessarily with great brevity, for the child is already too big to be comfortably cradled in a single volume, yet with sufficient detail to give a fair general idea of the subject to readers who lack the time and the taste for a plunge into its deeper mysteries.

The lecture method is not the best for the treatment of such a topic. This method has its virtues, to be sure, but it has its faults as well, and these in the present case are accentuated by the fact that there are thirteen separate authors, some of them very well, some of them rather poorly, fitted by nature for the treatment of such a theme. The work in question, therefore, has numerous breaks in style, handling, and fulness of treatment, and, while it may be just the thing for those who dislike monotony, it is not so well suited for those who desire the fullest and best presentation of the evolution theory. It has, however, the merit of covering the whole subject, which few works pretend to do. Evolution is considered with reference to the development of astronomical conditions, of geological relations, of the mysteries and miseries of plant and animal life, of the "descent of man" (or rather the ascent of man from the lower life kingdom), and the several topics of mental, social, theological, and moral unfoldment, ending with lectures on the proof and the philosophy of evolution; and its promise for the future of man and the universe.

An ambitious scheme, truly, yet one that is as fully handled as it could well be in a volume of four hundred pages. The theory of evolution, indeed, is not, in its underlying principle, the mystery which much debate has made it appear. It is a simple and comprehensive philosophy of the universe, based on the assumption that everything has grown, nothing has been made, that there has been a gradual unfolding from form to form, from germ to maturity, and that in the primal state of diffused matter lay the seed of cause which the existing universe has developed as a necessary effect. The opposite view to this is that
of special creation, of the direct production by God of new forms and conditions as nature seemed to be ripe for them. Between these two theories all must choose, though indeed there is a harmonizing intermediate view maintained by some of the writers of this volume. This is that God has not played the rôle of an occasional creator,—the watch-maker of Paley,—but has been the constant and essential influencing cause of all evolution, the soul of the universe, the inherent Will and Intelligence to whose wisdom and power all things are due. This is pantheism, perhaps, but it is the view of Deity which many seem inclined to take as the sole common ground on which theology and science can meet. On the whole, this work may be recommended as a compact and interesting exposition of the general subject of evolution, and as a useful preliminary aid to those who may desire to pursue the subject further. Charles Morris.

OUR CHRISTIAN HERITAGE.

People who imagine that Cardinal Gibbons's new book, "Our Christian Heritage,"—very inadequately published by John Murphy & Co., of Baltimore,—is controversial in character, and who expect to find it a kind of Pandora’s box full of polemical fireworks, will be disappointed. It is an apologia for Christianity,—a statement of the reasonableness of Christianity. Cardinal Gibbons holds that the teaching of Christ cannot conflict with the truths of pure reason. He teaches that the appearance of contradiction between reason and religion is due to the dogmas of Christianity not having been clearly explained, or to the taking of mere opinions as if they were the final dictum of reason. Unlike most theologians, the cardinal neither speculates nor disguises his meaning in technical words. He speaks to the great modern world, not to any sect; he speaks as St. Paul might have spoken to a world in doubt,—to a world which is rapidly losing sight of those fundamental teachings of Christianity that, sixty years ago, most men in our world accepted as a matter of course.

The cardinal, with admirable insight, takes nothing for granted: he is not afraid to admit facts and to make assertions that, to some, may seem almost preposterous. In the chapter on the divinity of Christ, one of the strongest in the book, he says that agnostics, positivists, unbelievers, and semi-believers all admit the moral perfection of Christ. Nevertheless, consistency and a little consideration would bring them to see that they must accept Christ as God or admit that he was not even an honest man. "His words evidently left the impression on the minds of the multitude that He claimed to be God. He was conscious of this impression, yet He said naught to remove it. On the contrary, He accepted the homage of their adoration. If Christ therefore were not a divine being, He would be guilty of an unpardonable assumption and impiety." Christ was divine, the cardinal reasons, or he was a monster of hypocrisy. The cardinal leaves his reader no escape from one conclusion or the other, and presses him very hard.

It is refreshing to find so many urgent questions frankly answered by a man whose position gives his dicta full authority, and also to hear Christianity preached with no uncertain voice, at a time when its defenders have less unity than they ever had. The cardinal does not minimize any doctrine held by Christians who have not departed from the fundamental beliefs of Christianity. "No good prayer ever goes unanswered," he says: "If a single drop of water
is never annihilated, still less is the faintest aspiration of prayer uttered in vain."

The cardinal's *apologia* is straightforward, manly, gentle, and permeated with a spirit of "sweet reasonableness." Goethe's testimony in favor of Christianity does not count for much, but if the cardinal's illustrations do not always strengthen his argument, it is perhaps because his argument is strong enough without them.

*Maurice F. Egan.*

**PEN DRAWING.**

It is so seldom that art books are of literary importance that one accords a signally hearty welcome to Mr. Joseph Pennell's "Pen Drawing and Pen Draughtsmen" (Macmillans). The exceeding elegance of the mechanical finish of this book is in no way a whitewashing of its contents. It is only fitting that a subject of such supreme artistic and such significant literary interest should have a setting so sumptuous. Again, it is fortunate that the work should have been written by one so admirably equipped for the task as Mr. Pennell. All that he says in his introductory remarks concerning the worthlessness of the art criticisms which commonly emanate from laymen, is felt to be wholly just. Here, however, we have the judgment of an artist upon a branch of art in which he has himself attained to the degree of mastership. It is not so long ago that the successful painter scoffed at pen drawing, or ignored it. Now there is no one so blind or perverse as to disregard the art of illustration with pen and ink. By many artists, indeed, it is even held to be a test of the quality of drawing that one can, if he will, excel as a pen draughtsman. To be sure, the handsomely awarded for the work of the illustrator, with the consequent large and increasing demand for it, keeping pace with the expansion of illustrated journalism and the competition in the issue of "gift-books," has been the potential factor in the development of the art. The cheapness and comparative perfection of the mechanical processes of reproduction have had also much to do with the professional cultivation and popular appreciation of pen drawing.

Mr. Pennell's volume is very comprehensive. It is at once a history of the art and an estimate of the work of each distinguished artist. No familiar name is missed, albeit the natural modesty of the author has led him to slur his own claims. But Parsons, Abbey, Raillon, Sandys, Frost, Eaton, Mars, Scott, Casanova, Fenn, and all the goodly company of draughtsmen at home and abroad, whose skilful sketches have charmed us, are adequately represented. We repeat that the volume is in workmanship superb, in literary interest unique, and of singular authority and artistic import.

*Melville Philips.*


It is strange that Mr. Clark Russell never grows tiresome, though his method of writing has every element of tiresomeness. He is bold, honest, commonplace, and he is conscious of the last quality. His hero and heroine are always the same people with different names. She is one of those ineffable creatures who used to go through damp dungeons and thorny woods in a white satin gown; in fact, she is the British tar's idea of a perfect lady,—abnormally delicate, yet capable of helping to make plum-duff on the usual desert island. The sea, with the adventures with which Marryat made us familiar, is Mr. Clark Russell's theme. He loves it so well and he writes in such good spirits that we shall continue to read over and over again about his stereotyped hero and heroine. As
the London Times said of Anthony Trollope's first novel, "Marooned" is, in a literary sense, "substantial and a trifle coarse." But who does not turn with a relish from entrées to comfortable roast beef at times?


Mr. Crawford has imitated Thackeray's example and those experiments which caused Trollope so much grief when he had in the course of them to kill a favorite character: he has put the old Prince Saracinesca, his son, and the Diana-like Corona into a new book, with some of their old acquaintances. To people who find very unscientific philosophical novels somewhat wearisome, there is no better relief than the work of W. E. Norris or Mr. Crawford. It is delightful to read the novels of men who seem to have made up their minds on some important questions. Tolstof and the other Russians, the new god Ibsen, and even our own Henry James, are too loose-ended for comfort. They are always vaguely showing us that most things that are not wrong are very unsettled. As for George Meredith, great as he is, there is no comfort in holding on to the side of his Irish jaunting-car and being jolted over the stones of his style. In "Sant' Ilario" the conservative reader will find much ease of mind; he will find, too, enough plot to keep his interest alive, and a scene or two, like that between Faustina and her father, which will stir his blood. Unfortunately, he will learn to despise Giovanni a little for doubting Corona, who, like nearly all Mr. Crawford's leading women, has that quality which novelists seldom picture well,—perfect distinction. Moreover, the conservative reader will find Rome and the Romans pictured as they are, and Mr. Crawford's sympathy with men and women of a noble and old-fashioned type—which some day may become again the fashion—gives him a unique place among modern makers of fiction. It is a bold thing to say of Crawford, for the reason that no English critic has yet said it, what has been often said of Norris; and yet "Saracinesca" and "Sant' Ilario" deserve to be put on the same shelf with "The Virginians," and not more than one shelf below "The Newcomes" and "Vanity Fair."


Eckstein has not the power of his compatriot Ebers, although he is of the same school, and, like Ebers, he fails in elevation. No matter how heroic, how noble an act may be, or how low or malicious, it is invariably inspired by what the writers of the last century call "the tender passion."

Nero, according to Eckstein, became a monster through disappointed love: if his mother had permitted him to divorce Octavia and to marry Acté, who seems to have professed a very plastic kind of Christianity, the cruel Nero would have become a clement Augustus. If Suetonius's stories of the divine Nero be true, and not bits of gossip taken from the "society" paragraphers of old Rome, Nero's disappointment in love was more potent for evil than such disappointments generally are. Eckstein connects, on competent authority, the philosopher Seneca with one, at least, of the leaders of the early Christians; he takes the usual dramatic licenses, and manages to keep up an intense interest in the evolution of his principal character. Nero and Acté die together in the end, and we are made to feel that, even if he did burn a few hundred fellow-creatures for his amusement, his constant love for the amiable Acté condoned the doings of this gentle and misguided emperor. Clara Bell's interpretation is in good English.
NEW BOOKS.

[The readers of Lippincott's will find in this department, from month to month, such concise and critical notice of all noteworthy publications, of which extended reviews are not given elsewhere in the magazine, as will enable them to keep in touch with the world of new books.]

History and Biography.—William Cullen Bryant, by John Bigelow (American Men of Letters Series, Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). Mr. Bigelow was associated with Bryant for many years in the conduct of the New York Evening Post, and his copious and vivid sketch derives from this fact an obvious interest and added value. It is designed for readers who have not the time or stomach for Mr. Godwin's elaborate biography.—The Life and Work of John Williamson Nevin, D.D., LL.D., by Theodore Appel, D.D. (Reformed Church Publication House).—A portly volume, but none too big. In his day Dr. Nevin was admittedly the ablest expounder of the system of theology to which he consistently and conscientiously adhered. The present work is a praiseworthy record of his long and distinguished career as teacher and polemic. —Dr. Muhlenberg, by W. Wilberforce Newton, D.D. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.).—This third volume in the new series of American Religious Leaders invites a comparison, both of subject and of treatment, with its predecessors, the monographs on Jonathan Edwards and Wilbur Fisk. But a comparison is hardly possible. Muhlenberg might be said to occupy a rank as a theologian considerably below that conceded to Jonathan Edwards and considerably above that held by Wilbur Fisk. But he wrote better hymns than theology, and his services as a practical Christian in extending the sphere of usefulness of the Church deserve the exaltation they get at the hands of Dr. Newton.—History of Utah, by Hubert Howe Bancroft (The History Company, San Francisco). To those who are acquainted with the monumental literary work building by Mr. Bancroft, it is only necessary to say that the present volume is written in Mr. Bancroft's customary peculiar style. Those who do not know what that is should make haste to inform themselves concerning one of the most remarkable undertakings of the age. This history of Utah is virtually a story of Mormonism; not the story of Mormonism that we should commend as adequate or trustworthy. Mr. Bancroft is partial towards polygamy.—Court Life under the Plantagenets, by Hubert Hall, F.S.A. (Macmillans). An interesting picture of the Guilds, games, and life of London, and of the entourage of the court of Henry II. Quaintly illustrated in colors.—Peterborough, by William Stebbing (Macmillans). The latest issue in the English Men of Action Series.—Journal of Marie Bashkirtseff (Rand, McNally & Co.). A very comely "unabridged" edition.—Recollections, by George W. Childs (Lippincotts). These chatty papers have appeared in part in this magazine. Mr. Childs writes delightfully in simplest language of his early life and successful career, of his travels and books, of his friends and myriad guests. The book is published in exceptionally attractive form.—The Boyhood and Youth of Goethe, translated from the German by John Oxenford (Putnams).
Fiction.—Schopenhauer somewhere says that just as music has but two leading chords, from which all others are derived, the tonic chord and the dominant seventh (the first a chord of rest and calmness, the other a chord of unrest, of longing and striving), so we really know but two states while in the body,—the state of want and the state of gratification. This clever simile is used by Kate Elizabeth Clark as motto and title for her noticeable novel "The Dominant Seventh" (Appletons). It is a "musical" story, and quite a good one. A tame episode at the end, however, hurts it.—Ruby Dana, by Mary Marsh Baker (John B. Alden). An amanuish story, with an unpleasant young woman in it.—Jack Gordon, Knight Errant, Gotham, 1883, by W. C. Hudson ("Barclay North") (Cassell Publishing Company).—A Last Love, by Georges Ohnet (Lippincotts). A capital rendering of a charming romance.—The Dean's Daughter, by Sophie F. F. Veitch (Appletons). This is a tranquil tale of English life, full of merit.—A Little Radical, by Jeannette H. Walworth (Belford Company). The heroine is one of a familiar type, happy to be met with in fiction only.—Lady Baby, by Dorothea Gerard (Harper's).—Prince Fortunatus, by William Black (P. F. Collier).—Children of To-Morrow, by William Sharp; A Very Strange Family, by F. W. Robinson; Plain Tales from the Hills, by Rudyard Kipling (F. F. Lovell & Co.). The short stories of Anglo-Indian life by Mr. Kipling are wholly welcome. They are a fresh breeze from a new quarter. So good are they that Lippincott's Magazine has arranged with the author for the writing of a novel presently to appear in these pages.—My Sister's Husband, by Patience Stapleton (John W. Lovell Co.).—Cosette, by Katherine S. Macquoid (F. F. Lovell & Co.). A rather thin story, but well told, and containing some good character sketching.—Was Ever Woman in This Humor Woord? by Charles Gibbon (John W. Lovell Co.). A novel evidently written in haste, over which readers may repent at leisure.

Travel.—Rambles of a Physician, by Dr. Matthew Wood. Here is a middle-aged man who went the grand tour with a well-stocked mind and a cultivated curiosity. Everything he sees is text for an entertaining literary chat.—Hand-Book of Florida, by Charles Ledyard Norton (Longmans, Green & Co.). The first volume of a carefully-prepared and useful guide-book.—To Europe on a Stretchter, by Mrs. Clarkson N. Potter (E. P. Dutton & Co.). Invalids in comfortable circumstances may find it to their advantage to consult this little volume.

Miscellaneous.—Conversations in a Studio, by William Wetmore Story (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). The skilful exhibit, in dialogue, of the fruits of a broad and cultivated scholarship. The talks are chiefly on art and literary subjects, and they will be found instructive and entertaining to a degree.—Literature and Poetry, by Philip Schaff (Scribners). A series of luminous studies of the English language, the poetry of the Bible, the Dies Irae, the Stabat Mater Dolorosa and Stabat Mater Speciosa, of St. Bernard as a hymnist, and of Dante, with an entertaining sketch of the development of the modern university. Dr. Schaff is always worthy of audience, and this time he has much to say worth listening to.—The Evolution of Man and Christianity, by Howard MacQueary (Appletons). A popular exposition in the nature of an apology, after the meritorious manner of Le Conte.—American Notes and Queries
NEW BOOKS.

(Westminster Publishing Company). The third bound volume of a prosperous and admirably edited periodical.—**MIGDOL LAPHIM (The Watch-Tower)**, by Moses Klein. A review of the condition of the Jewish race in certain parts of Europe and Asia, with an account of Jewish agricultural colonies and a consideration of their future development as a solution of the racial problem.—**EGGS, FACTS AND FANCIES**, by Anna Barrows (D. Lothrop Co.). An interesting compilation, full of curious information.—**EMIGRATION AND IMMIGRATION**, by Prof. Richmond M. Smith (Scribners). Here is a fair and full statement of one of the most serious problems in social science.—**MYTHS AND FOLK-LORE OF IRELAND**, by Jeremiah Curtin (Little, Brown & Co.). A noteworthy contribution to Irish folk-lore. The myth-tales were collected personally by Mr. Curtin.—**HYGIENE OF CHILDHOOD**, by Francis H. Rankin, M.D. (Appletons). Helpful suggestions for the care of children after the period of infancy to the completion of puberty.—**MAGIC, WHITE AND BLACK**, by Franz Hartmann, M.D. (John W. Lovell Co.).—**HOW TO PRESERVE HEALTH**, by Louis Barkan, M.D. (New York Exchange Printing Co.).—**LOGIC TAUGHT BY LOVE**, by Mary Boole (Alfred Mudge & Son, Boston). A curious medley.—**PRACTICAL TYPEWRITING**, by Bates Torrey (Fowler & Wells Co.).—**SONGS OF HELP AND INSPIRATION**, by Brewer Mattocks (American News Co.). We question the truth of the title.—**THE TARTUFFIAN AGE**, by Paul Mantegazza, translated from the Italian by W. A. Nettleton and Prof. L. D. Ventura (Lee & Shepard). A vigorous impeachment of the multiform hypocrisies of the world. “Sixteen walking lies” of a woman are given; and the list is held to be incomplete.—**THE LAW OF HUSBAND AND WIFE**, by Lelia Josephine Robinson (Lee & Shepard). A convenient digest of the statutory enactments in the various States.—**THE SWEDISH SYSTEM OF EDUCATIONAL GYMNASTICS**, by Baron Nils Posse (Lee & Shepard).—**IN A CLUB CORNER**, by A. P. Russell (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). The charm of these chatty papers is very fresh and effective. Mr. Russell reads with the laudable purpose of remembering.—**JOYFUL YEARS**, translated from the Latin of Lohner by the author of “Charles Lowder” (E. P. Dutton).—**ONE LITTLE MUSTARD-SEED**, by Beth Linn (E. P. Dutton).—**BUY BLAS, OR THE KING’S RIVAL**, by H. L. Williams (Frederick Warne). A clever adaptation of Hugo’s drama.—**TINTYPES TAKEN IN THE STREETS OF NEW YORK**, by Lemuel Ely Quigg, illustrated by Harry Beard (Cassell Publishing Company). The spirit of Dickens is pleasantly apparent in these character sketches.—**THE POETS AND POETRY OF CHESTER COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA**, collected and edited by George Johnston (Lippincotts). Chester County has reason to be proud of her poets, or at least of some of them, for she can number among them such singers as Bayard Taylor and Thomas Buchanan Read. Another bard from Chester County whose songs are widely known is Charles McIlvaine (“Tobe Hodge”). Biographical sketches are given of all the Chester County bards, most of whom enjoy only a local reputation. Chester County people will undoubtedly be interested in the book.—**FANCIES**, by Ardenes Jones Foster (Charles T. Dillyingham). A collection of poems and sketches, neatly bound in pamphlet form.
CURRENT NOTES.

ILL nature is a crime, and ought, as such, sooner or later to meet with its merited reward. We may sympathize with the poor demented creature who mourns the loss of kindred, or his hard lot in life, but for the whining, grumbling, fault-finding creature, who is a burden to himself and everyone else, we have no kindly feeling. When we know that the majority of these grumblers are the victims of dyspepsia, superinduced by improper food, we feel more pity for their troubles. At the same time we are forced to acknowledge that a murderous treatment of the digestive organs must be followed by painful results. It is mere justice if for the sin the man suffer the torments of the dyspeptic. All this can be avoided by eating only wholesome and nutritious food. One can easily be made the victim of fraudulent advertising, unless he wisely submits to the judgment of more experienced heads. Health is a precious boon, and every one should aim to obtain it. Disease is a wearisome burden, and should by every means possible be prevented. It is a fact that to build up the nervous system, to give greater strength to the mental and moral qualities, we must have nutritious food. There must be no half-way. It must be the best or none.

An element of “false dealing” has been steadily increasing the past few years, not regarded by any dozen persons in a hundred, and, unless counteracted in some way, will add largely to the victims of disease. It is found in the nefarious habit of adulteration practised by some manufacturers for the purpose of cheapening their products. They undermine the health, and often with fatal results. Until strenuous efforts are made by benefactors of public health to thrust out of the market all articles containing impure or poisonous adulterants, the people’s only safeguard will be in purchasing articles proved to be pure and wholesome by the unanimous verdict of judges of established reputation. Some lovers of public welfare have agitated the subject and through their earnest efforts have opened the eyes of some to the frauds that are being perpetrated daily for the benefit of the few and the disaster of the many. The great and good work inaugurated in behalf of pure food has won encomiums for the Price Baking Powder Co., which has bent its energies to the compounding of the purest Baking Powder upon the market. Dr. Price’s Cream Baking Powder has received the unqualified endorsement of the United States and Canadian governments as being the most perfect made and free from all deleterious substances.

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THE STATUS OF THE ACTOR IN CHINA.—There are many curious things in
the Ta-ting Leu Le (Chinese criminal code). Section 102, for instance,—which
provides that “whoever falsely representing any of his wives or his sister gives
her away in marriage shall receive one hundred blows,” and that “those who
knowingly receive in marriage such wives . . . shall participate equally in the
punishment,”—shows that the species of deceit which Pharaoh and Abimelech
reprehended in Abraham and Isaac must have been of at least occasional occu-
rence over a remarkably wide area. We are concerned, however, at present with
Section 375, which provides that

“All strolling players who are guilty of purchasing the sons or daughters
of free persons in order to educate them as actors or actresses, or who are guilty
of marrying or adopting as children such free persons, shall, in each case, be
punished with one hundred blows.

“All persons who knowingly sell free persons to such strolling players, and
all females born of free parents who voluntarily intermarry with them, shall be
similarly punishable.

“The person who negotiates the transaction shall in each case suffer the
punishment next in degree; the money paid shall be forfeited to the govern-
ment, and the females sent back to their parents or families.”

This clause is inspired by the well-known custom which excludes play-actors,
barbers, and executioners from the privilege of entry at the public examinations
through which every Chinese must pass if he would enter official life or obtain
the cachet of an educated gentleman, and which are open to all but members of
these tabooed classes.—Forthnightly Review.

Ducking-Stools and Branks.—Ducking-stools were of two kinds: one
consisted merely of a strong chair, into which the offender was securely fastened
and then exposed either at his or her own door or in some public situation, such
as the town gates or market-place; the other consisted of a chair affixed to the
end of a plank and balanced on a beam, and was used for ducking scolding
wives in the nearest pond or stream. As late as 1745 we find it stated in the
London Evening Post that “Last week a woman who keeps the Queen’s Head
ale-house at Kingston, in Surrey, was ordered by the court to be ducked for
scolding, and was accordingly placed in the chair and ducked in the river
Thames, under Kingston Bridge, in the presence of two thousand to three
thousand people.” According to Mr. William Andrews’s monograph on the
subject, the ducking-stool was rarely used in the eighteenth century, although
within living memory—in 1817—a woman was wheeled round in the chair, and
only escaped ducking because the water was too low.

From the same authority we learn that punishment by the brank, or scold’s
bridle, although frequently resort to, was never sanctioned by law. This
instrument was made in various forms, and consisted of an iron head-piece,
fastening by a padlock and attached to a chain, and was so contrived that an
iron plate, in some instances garnished with sharp spikes, effectually silenced
the tongue of the person upon whom it was placed, who was then led by an
officer through the streets of the town. The brank appears to have come into
use about the beginning of the seventeenth century, and there is a specimen
preserved at Congleton, which was used on a woman for abusing the church-
wardens and constables of that town, as recently as 1824.—All the Year Round.
CURRENT NOTES.

The Burdens of Life are easily borne, when the blood is pure and vigorous; but if the vital current is impoverished, the smallest exertion becomes painful and fatiguing. No other medicine builds up the debilitated system so rapidly as Ayer’s Sarsaparilla. It restores muscular strength, when the body has been depleted by illness, and is equally effective in the cure of rheumatic gout and neuralgia.

"Three months ago I was sick with typhoid fever, which left me in a very feeble condition. I had no appetite, was greatly troubled with rheumatism, and unable to work. I began taking Ayer’s Sarsaparilla and was quickly benefited. The rheumatic pains have wholly disappeared, my appetite has returned, and I am now able to do my work. I have great confidence in Ayer’s Sarsaparilla as a blood purifier, and do not believe there is any other remedy equal to it as a spring medicine. It drives out the humors from the blood, gives tone to the stomach, increases the appetite, and strengthens the whole system."—Mrs. Sarah Freeman, Charlestown, Mass.

"About a year ago I began using Ayer’s Sarsaparilla as a remedy for debility and neuralgia resulting from malarial exposure in the army. I was in a very bad condition, but six bottles of Ayer’s Sarsaparilla, with occasional doses of Ayer’s Pills, have greatly improved my health. I am now able to work, and feel that I cannot say too much for your excellent remedies."—F. A. Pinkham, South Molineus, Me.

"I have suffered greatly, for years, from a low condition of the blood and general debility. At times my lungs have been affected, and I have had pains in the shoulders and back, so that it was a burden to do any work. I have been greatly helped by a few bottles of Ayer’s Sarsaparilla."—Mary O’Sullivan, 930 Washington Street, Room 4, Boston, Mass.


By all odds the most generally useful medicine is Ayer’s Pills. As a remedy for the various diseases of the stomach, liver, and bowels, these Pills have no equal. Their sugar-coating causes them not only to be easy and pleasant to take, but preserves their medicinal integrity in all climates and for any reasonable length of time. The best family medicine, Ayer’s Pills are, also, unsurpassed for the use of travellers, soldiers, sailors, campers, and pioneers. In some of the most critical cases, when all other remedies have failed, Ayer’s Pills prove effective.

Ayer’s Pills, prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists and Dealers in Medicine.
CURRENT NOTES.

RINGS.—We read of Pharaoh investing Joseph with a ring when he made him ruler over Egypt; we read of the men and women of Israel contributing their ear-rings—part, no doubt, of the Egyptian spoil—to the making of the golden calf. In all times the ring seems to have been a symbol of dignity and authority.

In the early days of the Roman Republic ambassadors wore golden rings as part of their official dress. Later on every free Roman wore one as a right, although some who affected the simplicity of olden times wore iron rings. In more degenerate days the luxurious Romans loaded their fingers with rings, some of the more exquisite dandies even going so far as to have different rings for winter and summer wear.

The Lacedemonians, as became their rugged simplicity, wore rings of iron.

Cesar mentions gold and iron rings as used in Gaul and Britain for money, a thing customary among ancient peoples, and practised even in Sweden and Norway down to the twelfth century, as it is now among some of the tribes of Africa.

In days when writing was a rare accomplishment a seal- or signet-ring was a necessity to kings and nobles, and such rings were never parted with, even temporarily, save to persons in whom implicit confidence was placed.

These rings would pass from father to son for generations, and were, in fact, the sign-manual of the head of the house. In “All’s Well that Ends Well” Shakespeare makes such a ring the principal turning-point in the plot:

A ring the county wears
That downward hath succeeded in his house
From son to son, some four or five descents
Since the first father wore it.

We must suppose that old Jack Falstaff made some pretensions to gentle ancestry in that scene at the “Boar’s Head” where he complains of having been robbed during his vinous sleep behind the arras:

“Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn, but I shall have my pocket picked? I have lost a seal-ring of my grandfather’s worth forty marks.”

At which old Dame Quickly remarks,—

“I have heard the Prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that ring was copper.”

All the old romancers and dramatists have allusions to the customs of wearing and giving rings. When lovers parted, they made an interchange of rings. At a betrothal, rings were the sign and evidence of troth-plight.—All the Year Round.

RAPID TRANSIT.—Two German engineers propose rapid transit by means of three continuous platforms moving along the streets side by side. The lowest of these platforms is four inches high and moves at a uniform speed of five feet per second. Any ordinary pedestrian can, they state, mount this platform from the ground without difficulty, and from this he can with equal ease step on to a second platform four inches higher than the first and moving twice as fast. The passenger thus acquires a speed of ten feet per second, and, stepping on to the third platform in the same way, he is carried at a speed of fifteen feet per second, or ten miles per hour, to his destination, where he steps off by degrees as he got on.
CURRENT NOTES.

HOW TO PRESERVE AND ENJOY HEALTH.—It is easier to prevent disease than to cure it.

To this end we must of course know the conditions necessary for the possession and preservation of health.

Secure a normal and regular tissue-change throughout the body. This tissue-metamorphosis consists in constantly proceeding waste of tissue and its regeneration; for this progress the following rules must be complied with:

Furnish a sufficient supply of healthy blood.

Food taken must be wholesome and abundant.

The air inhaled must contain the required amount of oxygen.

Tissue-waste must be readily and constantly eliminated.

Circulation of the blood must be free and rapid, so that tissue-waste may be eliminated and that new matter may be distributed to tissues in need of it.

Activity must alternate with rest in order to maintain tissue-change and regeneration at the proper standard.

Carlsbad Sprudel Salt (a teaspoonful once or twice a day dissolved in plenty of water) will aid tissue-change in a high degree. It is the best solvent of the products of disintegration of the tissues, and increases their elasticity, and is the great vehicle of chemico-vital changes. The Genuine Imported Carlsbad Sprudel Salt is an alterative and eliminative remedy, which dissolves out tenacious bile, allays irritation, and removes obstruction by aiding nature, and not by sudden and excessive irritation, as most cathartics do. It is of great benefit in temporary and habitual constipation, liver and kidney diseases, chronic catarrh of the stomach and bowels, rheumatism and gout, etc., and should be used early in the morning before breakfast. If necessary, a second dose can be taken in the evening before retiring. Care must be exercised to obtain the Genuine Article, which is imported in round bottles. Each bottle comes in a paper cartoon.

Digestion is accelerated by an increased flow of the digestive fluids. Thus, starchy substances will be better digested when the flow of saliva is increased, albuminous substances when the gastric, pancreatic, and intestinal juices flow freely, while the bile, pancreatic and intestinal juices must increase in quantity for the rapid digestion of fats. In this connection, Professor Prosper de Pietra Sante, of Paris, says, "As a large number of patients lack the necessary power to digest solid food, and would through the use of stimulants be merely excited and weakened, therefore I regard it of immense value to the practitioner to bring to his aid a nutritious tonic and remedy like the Johann Hoff's Malt Extract imported from Berlin, which will act not only as a tonic but as a nutrient as well, and which is less exciting than wine as a stimulant."

In convalescence, dyspepsia, general debility, and for building up a weakened constitution the Genuine Johann Hoff's Malt Extract has proved of great value and is employed by most physicians on both sides of the Atlantic. The Genuine Article comes in short squat bottles, and has the signature of "Johann Hoff" and "Moritz Eiser, Sole Agent," on the neck of every bottle. Numerous imitations of this article are sold in the United States under the name of "Hoff" by unscrupulous dealers. Be sure to buy the Genuine Article only.
WHY BOOKS FAIL.—The reason why so many books fail is because the people who wrote them have nothing original to say, or what they say is said badly. Another reason is that few of those who can write know anything. They have no invention. They do not see with their own eyes, but with other people's eyes. They write books about other people's books and have little of their own to tell us. Chamfort gives another idea of authorship. "What makes the success of numerous works," he says, "is the affinity between the mediocrity of the ideas of the author and the mediocrity of the ideas of the public."

When an author has composed a work, he necessarily takes an interest in it. Every writer of books, says Shelley, likes to breach his bantlings. He may have spent many years upon it, and probably forms an excessive estimate of its value. He is under the impression that most readers of books will desire to possess it. Lackington, the bookseller, tells the story of a gentleman who, not being able to find a purchaser for his manuscript, resolved to publish it at his own expense. The publisher desired to know how many copies should be printed. The gentleman began to compute how many families there were in Great Britain, and assured the publisher that every family would at least purchase one copy. He was of opinion that at the lowest sixty thousand copies only might be printed of the first edition. The publisher prevailed upon him, much to his disgust, to print only twelve hundred and fifty instead of sixty thousand. The result was that only one hundred copies were sold, not even enough to pay for the advertisements, and the author departed railing at the stupidity of publisher, bookseller, and public.

Book-writing is quite as much a speculation on the one hand as bookselling is on the other. Only a small number of the books published pay their expenses, and very few of them reach a second edition. "Every year," says De Quincey, "burns its own literature." When an author writes for money, he goes to the publisher and endeavors to sell him the manuscript for as much as he can get. He may get too little, or he may get too much. The publisher takes the risk, and incurs the expense of printing, binding, and advertising. If the book sells and the author thinks he has got too little, he proclaims that he has been outwitted or defrauded. But if the book does not sell, it never enters the author's head to refund the copy-money or return the amount of loss to the publisher. Both have run the risks of the speculation, and both must be content to abide the issue.—Murray's Magazine.

POSY-RINGS.—Posy-rings, as they were called, were at one time very popular, though the posies were not of great poetical merit. We may quote as specimens,—

In thee, my choice,
I do rejoice.

Again,—

Constancy and heaven are round,
And in this the emblem's found.

A certain Bishop of Lincoln, in the last century, had engraved on the wedding-ring of his fourth marriage,—

If I survive,
I'll make them fare. All the Year Round.
CURRENT NOTES.

A GREAT living example of indomitable will, pluck, and acute business sense, is Harriet Hubbard Ayer. This lady has by dint of energy, prudence, and persistent effort in a worthy cause founded a great house. The Récamier preparations are now universally known and regarded as beneficial requisites in every lady’s toilet. The Récamier goods, once introduced, immediately have Vade-Mecum stamped upon them. Harriet Hubbard Ayer has had many obstacles placed in the way to turn the current of success, which sprang from her, into other channels, but the obstacles have been thrust aside, under her direction, showing what woman can do.

What the Récamier Preparations are, and why they are to be used:

*Récamier Cream, which is first of these world-famous preparations, is made from the recipe used by Julie Récamier. It is not a cosmetic, but an emollient, to be applied at night just before retiring, and to be removed in the morning by bathing freely. It will remove tan and sunburn, pimples, red spots, or blotches, and make your face and hands as smooth, as white, and as soft as an infant’s. Price, $1.50.

Récamier Balm is a beautifier, pure and simple. It is not a whitewash, and, unlike most liquids, Récamier Balm is exceedingly beneficial, and is absolutely imperceptible except in the delicate freshness and youthfulness which it imparts to the skin. Price, $1.50.

Récamier Lotion will remove freckles and moth patches, is soothing and efficacious for any irritation of the cuticle, the most delightful of washes for removing the dust from the face after travelling, also invaluable to gentlemen after shaving. Price, $1.50.

Récamier Powder is in three shades, white, flesh, and cream. It is the finest powder ever manufactured, and is delightful in the nursery, for gentlemen after shaving, and for the toilet generally. Large boxes, $1.00; small boxes, 50 cents.

Récamier Soap is a perfectly pure article, guaranteed free from animal fat. This soap contains many of the healing ingredients used in compounding Récamier Cream and Lotion. Scented, 50 cents; unscented, 25 cents.

The Récamier Toilet Preparations are positively free from all injurious ingredients, and contain neither Lead, Bismuth, nor Arsenic, as attested to after a searching analysis by such eminent scientists as Henry A. Mott, Ph.D., LL.D., Member of the London, Paris, Berlin, and American Chemical Societies; Thos. B. Stillman, M.Sc., Ph.D., Professor of Chemistry of the Stevens Institute of Technology; Peter T. Austen, Ph.D., F.C.S., Professor of General and Applied Chemistry, Rutgers College, and New Jersey State Scientific School.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—To meet the increased demands of the business, Mrs. Ayer has leased, remodelled, and refitted the large building, No. 805 Fifth Avenue, New York City, where a retail department will be opened about April 15, for the sale of the Récamier Toilet Preparations, and a complete line of the highest grade concentrated odors for the handkerchief, scented waters, sachet-powders, dentifrices, etc., manufactured expressly for her in France. Every requisite and luxurious appointment of a gentlewoman’s toilet can be found in this department. A complete list of these articles will be mailed on request.

HARRIET HUBBARD AYER, 805 Fifth Avenue, New York City.
BALZAC AT WORK.—When Balzac wrote a book he became so absorbed in it that sometimes he would not stir out of doors for two months at a time. Then he would suddenly make his appearance in the boulevards very much as if he had just arrived from abroad. He would ask a hundred questions, shake hands with every one, and seem more eager to "live" than any one of his friends. And then he would as suddenly return to work. He never appeared to rest, and when one thinks that during these twenty years he made long and frequent journeys, that he read an enormous number of books, it appears almost miraculous; indeed, when one also considers the large quantity of coffee he took in order to resist natural sleep, it is a marvel that he even lived to the age of fifty.

It would be an interesting subject for conjecture, supposing Balzac's "banker" had appeared and paid his debts, as he believed he would some day, whether better work would have been done; whether, had the visions of demons in the shape of creditors been driven away by this imaginary philanthropist, his genius would have been more brilliantly displayed. Sainte-Beuve speaks of him as inebriated with his work: "He wrote his 'Comédie Humaine' not only with his thought, but with his blood and with his muscle." And in his letters Balzac seems to confirm this opinion. "I am now working twenty hours a day," he writes to Madame Hauteka in 1855, some fifteen years before his death, "and the cruel conviction gains upon me that I cannot long bear up under the present severe strain of work. People talk of victims of war and epidemics, but who is there who thinks of the battle-fields of the arts, of the sciences, of literature, or of the heaps of dead and dying caused by the violent struggles to succeed? . . . Work! always work! night succeeds night of consuming work; days succeed days of meditation; execution succeeds conception; conception, execution!

When I am not leaning over my papers by the light of wax candles in the room which I have described in 'La Fille aux Yeux d'Or,' or lying down from fatigue on the divan, I am panting with pecuniary difficulties, sleeping little, eating little, seeing nobody; in short, I am like a republican general making a campaign without bread and without shoes." The "Vieille Fille" was written in three nights, and the "Secret des Buggieri" in one.—Belgravia.

THE IRISH LANGUAGE.—The Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language prints statistics supplied by the Commissioners of National Education, showing the progress of the study of Irish in the national schools. Irish is taught in forty-five national schools, and the number of pupils who passed has risen from twelve in 1881 to over five hundred in 1889. With reference to intermediate education the Council have also to report highly satisfactory progress. The results of the recent examinations show that the number of boys who passed in Irish amounted to two hundred and seventy-three, while in 1888 it was under fifty.

COFFEE AND MICROBES.—According to the Lancet, Dr. Ludertits has recently made a number of observations on the destructive power of coffee upon various microbes. He found that the organisms all died in a longer or shorter period. In one series of experiments anthrax-bacilli were destroyed in three hours, anthrax-spores in four weeks, cholera-bacilli in four hours, and the streptococcus of erysipelas in one day. Good and bad coffee produced precisely similar effects. He believes that the antiseptic effect of coffee does not depend on its caffeine, but on the empyreumatic oils developed by roasting.
CURRENT NOTES.

No Loss from Lapse.—No doubt many persons are restrained from insuring their lives by the fear that they may be unable to continue the payment of premiums and will, in consequence, suffer a loss. This consideration is more fanciful than real. True, the full benefit of the insurance may be lost, just as one who starts on a tour must lose some of its advantages if unable to complete it. The point is to get full value for the money paid, whether the payments have extended through a series of years or have been discontinued after a few. Practically, there is now no such thing as forfeiture. Finding the practice unjustifiable, all good companies have discarded it; and a great rivalry exists as to which can be most liberal, that is to say, most just to a retiring or laping member without injustice to those who remain. The Penn Mutual Life placed itself in the van of this movement. Its trustees originated a system of non-forfeiture long in advance of any legislation. Indeed, its plans were accepted as entirely equitable and just by the Legislatures of several States, and were incorporated, in whole or in part, in the non-forfeiture legislation which those States adopted. Its example has been imitated; but it is doubtful whether there is any other company which possesses as equitable, thorough, and satisfactory methods for the protection of laping members. Certainly none surpasses it. The principles of life insurance must remain unchanged; they are unalterable, but the methods of their application may and do vary, and it is their continual adaptation to the changing wants of the public which has so largely popularized the Penn Mutual Life. Home Office, 921, 928, and 925 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

General Directions for taking Beecham’s Pills.—In the first place, I must caution all who take my pills to abstain from all intoxicating drinks, or they will not do much good. But should any one be laboring under the influence of drink, let them be ever so ill, or their head ever so bad, I would advise him to take six or eight of my pills at bedtime, and he will be all right the following morning. It may appear to many that the dose here recommended is too large; but I would remind invalids that except the pills be taken in proper doses they will do no good, and experience will teach all who use them that the doses here recommended, instead of being too large, are, in many obstinate and severe cases, not large enough, and many strong persons, in very sudden and obstinate disorders, will derive benefit in a few minutes after the first dose by taking a larger dose than here mentioned.

These excellent pills are composed entirely of medicinal herbs: they are warranted free from mercury, or other poisonous substance. They can harm no one, but may be given to an infant, or to the aged and infirm, with perfect safety. They cleanse the stomach and bowels, and clear the blood, giving tone and energy to the muscles, and invigorating the whole nervous system. Beecham’s Pills are prepared only by myself, Thomas Beecham, St. Helens, Lancashire, England. B. F. Allen Co., Sole Agents for the United States, who, if your druggist does not keep them, will mail Beecham’s Pills on receipt of price, 25 cents a box; but inquire first.
CURRENT NOTES.

OTHER WORLDS THAN OURS.—By means of the spectroscope a very wonderful discovery has been made respecting Sirius. Astronomers had noticed that this star was in rapid motion through space, as it was found that year by year it was changing its position in the heavens, traversing in about fifteen hundred years a space equal to the apparent diameter of the moon, at a velocity of no less than twenty miles per second. Of course, by actual observation the only motion capable of being detected would be that which was square to the line of sight, so that although Sirius appears to us to move across the heavens, he may really be travelling in a slanting direction, either towards or from us. No one would ever have expected to be able to tell whether a star was approaching to or receding from us, yet even this seemingly insolvable problem has of late years been accomplished by the spectroscope. Dr. Huggins, our greatest authority on this subject, having identified certain lines in the spectrum of Sirius as those of hydrogen, found on comparison that these were displaced in such a manner as to indicate that the star was receding from us. It has been estimated that this recession, combined with the thwart motion of twenty miles per second, gives as the actual movement of Sirius in space a speed of about thirty-three miles per second.

These, then, constitute some of the chief items of information about Sirius at present within our knowledge.

There seems to be no reason to doubt that, in common with other suns, he has his system of planets circling round him after the manner of our own sun. And what a system! Vast as ours appears, it is dwarfed into insignificance compared with a system whose ruling orb is five thousand times larger than that which does duty for us. There seems, also, no reason to doubt that these planets are intended to be the abode of life; it may be that at the present moment none of them present any signs of life, but I think we may safely infer, without improbability, that each one of those worlds has a destined period in its development during which life, similar to that which now prevails on our planet, would be in existence. What a world such a one would be, in size perhaps not inferior to that of our sun, himself a million times larger than our earth! and it may be that, as this Sirian world is so vastly superior to ours in size, its inhabitants would be on a scale in proportion to its dimensions, a race of beings of such intellect and civilization that compared with them we are but savages.

—Chamber's Journal.

A SNEEZE AND A BLESSING.—Baring-Gould, in his “Legends of the Patriarchs,” says, “The custom of saying ‘God bless you!’ when a person sneezes dates from Jacob. The Rabbis say that before this time men sneezed once and that was the end of them,—the shock slew them; but the patriarch, by his intercession, obtained a relaxation of this law, subject to the condition that in all nations a sneeze should be consecrated by a sacred aspiration.”

A REPUDIATION.—All France is laughing over the following announcement that lately appeared in an advertisement sheet: “M. Ernest Zola (of Paimboeuf), inventor of the spring nippers, notifies his customers that he has nothing in common with his namesake, Emile Zola, writer.”
CURRENT NOTES.

Forty years ago almost every mother thought her child must have paregoric or laudanum to make it sleep. These drugs will produce sleep, and a few drops too many of them will produce the sleep from which there is no waking. Many are the children who have been killed and whose health has been ruined for life by paregoric, laudanum, and morphine, each of which is a narcotic product of opium. Druggists are prohibited from selling either of the narcotics named to children at all, or to anybody without labelling them “poison.” The definition of “narcotic” is “A medicine which relieves pain and produces sleep, but which, in poisonous doses, produces stupor, coma, convulsions, and death.” The taste and smell of opium medicines are disguised, and sold under the names of “Bateman’s Drops,” “Godfrey’s Cordial,” “Soothing Syrup,” etc. You should not permit any medicine to be given to your children without you or your physician knows of what it is composed.

“Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me.”—H. A. Archer, M.D., 111 South Oxford Street, Brooklyn, N.Y.

“I use Castoria in my practice, and find it specially adapted to affections of children.”—A. E. Robertson, M.D., 1057 Second Avenue, New York.

“From personal knowledge I can say that Castoria is a most excellent medicine for children.”—Dr. G. C. Osgood, Lowell, Mass.

Castoria promotes Digestion, assists Teething, and overcomes Flatulence, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, and Feverishness. Thus the child is rendered healthy and its sleep natural. Castoria contains no morphine or other narcotic property.

CATARRH, CATARRHAL DEAFNESS, AND HAY-FEVER. A new home treatment. Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and Eustachian tubes. Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result of this discovery is that a simple remedy has been formulated whereby catarrh, catarrhal deafness, and hay-fever are permanently cured in from one to three simple applications made at home by the patient once in two weeks.

“N.B.—This treatment is not a snuff or an ointment; both have been discarded by reputable physicians as injurious. A pamphlet explaining this new treatment is sent on receipt of ten cents by A. H. Dixon & Son, 303 West King Street, Toronto, Canada.”—Toronto Globe.

Sufferers from catarrhal troubles should carefully read the above.

BIRD-MANNA!—The great secret of the canary-breeders of the Hartz Mountains, Germany. Bird-Manna will restore the song of cage-birds, will prevent their ailments, and restore them to good condition. If given during the season of shedding feathers it will, in most cases, carry the little musician through this critical period without loss of song. Sent by mail on receipt of 15 cents in stamps. Sold by Druggists. Directions free. Bird Food Company, 400 North Third Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
CURRENT NOTES.

WORKING-HOURS ABROAD.—A Turkish working-day lasts from sunrise to sunset, with certain intervals for refreshment and repose. In Montenegro the day-laborer begins work between five and six in the morning, knocks off at eight for an hour, works on till noon, rests until two, and then labors on until sunset. This is in summer. In winter he commences work at half-past seven or eight, rests from twelve to one, and works uninterruptedly from that time to sunset. The rules respecting skilled labor are theoretically the same, but considerable laxity prevails in practice. In Servia the principle of individual convenience rules in every case. In Portugal from sunrise to sunset is the usual length of the working-day. With field-laborers and workmen in the building-trade the summer working-day begins at half-past four or five in the morning and ends at seven in the evening, two or three hours' rest being taken in the middle of the day. In winter the hours are from half-past seven to five, with a shorter interval of repose. In manufactories the rule is twelve hours in summer and ten in winter, with an hour and a half allowed for meals.

Eleven hours is the average day's labor in Belgium, but brewers' men work from ten to seventeen hours; brickmakers, sixteen; the cabinet-makers of Brussels and Ghent are often at work seventeen hours a day; tramway-drivers are on duty from fifteen to seventeen hours, with an hour and a half off at noon; railway-guards sometimes know what it is to work nineteen and a half hours at a stretch; and in the mining districts women are often kept at truck-loading and similar heavy labor for thirteen or fourteen hours.

The normal work-day throughout Saxony is thirteen hours, with two hours' allowance for meal-taking. In Baden the medium duration of labor is from ten to twelve hours; but in some cases it far exceeds this, often rising to fifteen hours in stoneware- and china-works and cotton-mills; in sawmills to seventeen hours; while the workers in the sugar-refineries, where the shift system is in vogue, work for twenty-four hours and then have twenty-four hours free, and in too many of the Baden factories Sunday work is the rule. In Russian industrial establishments the difference in the working-hours is something extraordinary, varying from six to twenty. It is remarkable that these great divergences occur in the same branches of industry within the same inspector's district and among establishments whose produce realizes the same market price.—Chambers's Journal.

ABBEE & IMBIE (18 Vesey Street, New York), the well-known manufacturers of fishing-tackle, have issued an illustrated price-list for the year 1890. Everything that can make happy the heart of the angler in the shape of tackle, artificial baits, outfits, etc., is made by this enterprising firm, and the excellence of their goods is well known among all experienced anglers.

The Empress of Austria has caused her wedding dress to be cut up and made into a set of priestly garments for the church of St. Matthew, in Pesth. The dress was of white brocade with silver threads, embroidered all over with beautiful garlands of roses in silver. Her bridal wreath encircles an embroidered picture of the Virgin, which is to be hung up in the Loretto Chapel of the same church, which the Empress selects for her devotions. The garments will be used for the services in honor of the Virgin Mary in May. A red velvet cushion for the altar bears the donor's initial letter and the coats of arms of Hapsburg and Wittelsbach.
CURRENT NOTES.

We call your attention to the Harwinia Toilet Cream for the Complexion: it will certainly remove all blackheads, pimples, and roughness of the skin, making it soft and white, and is a perfectly safe remedy, as it is endorsed by the medical fraternity. We can also recommend it very highly for the nursery. Mothers with young children will find it of great value.

Sent by mail for 65 cents a jar. Address Miss M. F. Fisk, 58 West Street, Boston, Mass. Send for circular.

The Illustrated American is the title of a new and handsomely illustrated weekly which is published in New York and Chicago. It is the aim of the publishers to make it the handsomest illustrated weekly paper that has ever been issued in America, and, judging from the numbers already out, they have certainly so far succeeded in their aim. A colored supplement accompanies each number. These supplements are beautifully executed, and are worthy of preservation, or of being framed. The publication of such a paper is a great undertaking, and one that is worthy of every encouragement.

DAINTY DISHES FOR ALL THE YEAR ROUND, by MRS. S. T. RORER.—As Principal of the Philadelphia Cooking-School, author of Mrs. Rorer's Cook-Book, and editor of Table Talk, Mrs. Rorer has achieved a national reputation as an authority on all matters relating to household economy, and anything new from her pen cannot fail to receive a hearty welcome. "Dainty Dishes" comprises over a hundred and twenty recipes for making all kinds of Ice Creams, Water-ices, Sherbets, and Frozen Desserts, together with a large number of other recipes for making tasty dishes out of cold meats, etc., which are left over from time to time. This book is published by the American Machine Co., Lehigh Avenue and American Street, Philadelphia, who pack it in each of their Gem Freezers and Perfection Meat-Cutters, which machines Mrs. Rorer uses continually and heartily recommends; or they will mail it free on application.

THE VIKINGS' SHIPS.—The Vikings called their ships by figurative and poetical names, as Deer of the Surf, Reindeer of Breezes, Sea-king's Deer, Reindeer of the Shield-wall, Elk of the Fjords, Sea-king's Sedge, Horse of the Home of Ice, Soot-colored Horse of the Sea, Horse of the Gull's Track, Mare of the Surf, Horse of the Breeze, Raven of the Wind, Gull of the Fjord, Carriage of the Sea, The Sea-wader, Ægir's Steed, Sea Steed, Lion of the Waves, Hawk of the Seagull's Track, Raven of the Sea, Snake of the Sea.—All the Year Round.

CONSUMPTION CURED.—An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this magazine, W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N.Y.
REFORMS IN CHINA.—From the decrees of the young Emperor of China which appear in the Pekin Gazette, it seems that he has entered on a career of energetic reform. He is inquiring into every department of the administration, and is issuing peremptory orders for the removal of abuses. Quite lately he issued a decree requiring periodical returns of the strength of the army, in order to prevent officers drawing pay for troops which did not exist.

Among still later decrees is one abolishing a large number of unnecessary boards in the provinces, which came into existence during the Taiping rebellion and were maintained merely to find places for highly-connected persons. The Emperor now demands that whatever work they may do is to be done elsewhere, and those which it may be absolutely necessary to retain are to be specially reported, with the reasons for their retention, and the cost.

In another decree he roundly lectures the Pekin officials for their laziness, and orders the heads of all departments to attend regularly to their duties. Then he attacks the Pekin police for their corruption and connivance with criminals, and says that the capital would be a model city if the police did their duty. The instructions in existence would be quite sufficient if they were obeyed. His Majesty threatens that “should there be any recurrence, after this warning, of the lax habits of duty and connivance with crime hitherto practised by the police, we shall certainly punish without mercy both the commanding officers and their subordinates.”

Another decree of the same date deals with the police of the provinces in the same trenchant fashion. Discharged soldiers, who largely swell the ranks of crime, are to be returned to their homes safely, and body-guards are in future to be refused to all high officials moving from one place to another. That these decrees are not to be mere dead letters is shown by the circumstance that on the day succeeding the issue of that relating to the Pekin police all the gambling- and opium dens in the capital were closed.

DUNCAN ROY’S BLANKET.—This anecdote of Sir Ralph Abercromby, the victor of Aboukir, shows that even in the presence of death he did not forget that consideration for others which is the ruling spirit of really great men. After the battle at which he was mortally wounded he was carried on board one of the ships and a soldier’s blanket placed under his head to ease it. He felt the relief, and asked what it was. “Only a soldier’s blanket.” “Whose blanket is it?” “Only one of the men’s,” was the reply. “I wish to know the name of the man to whom this blanket belongs.” “It is Duncan Roy’s, of the Forty-Second, Sir Ralph.” “Then see,” said the dying general, “that Duncan Roy gets his blanket this very night.”—Chamber’s Journal.

Boston has a Zuboff Club, founded on indignation. Boston society has been duped by “Count Zuboff,” who was not a count at all, but only an adventurer named Lipmann; so it has got a Zuboff Club, whose special functions shall be to inquire into the credentials of all future counts, so that Bostonians shall be spared the infamy of drinking tea with them until they know them to be genuine.

The trade of the British Empire is estimated to amount to six thousand million dollars yearly, which is about equal to that of France, Germany, Austria, Russia, and the United States combined. The shipping required to carry it on is more than one hundred and twenty-six million tons.
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To Renovate Paint.
To Scour Bath Tubs.
To Whiten Marble.
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A Texas Journalist and His Northern Bride.

A young lady doctor who had just graduated at a Northern college took up her residence in the small Texas town of Possum Hollow, and hung out her shingle. By her amiability and kindness to the sick and suffering she soon overcame the prejudice against female physicians, and became quite popular with all classes. Unlike regular doctors, she advertised in the local papers, and thus she made the acquaintance of Major Jim Edwards, the editor of the Possum Hollow Bugle. He was an energetic, pleasant sort of a fellow, and he took an immediate liking to the lady physician, who, while not very handsome, was intelligent and entertaining, although somewhat devoid of sentiment. Jim's visits to her boarding-house became quite frequent, and it was plain to the most obtuse that he was very much in love. Dr. Jennie Sawyer,—for that was the name of the new arrival,—while polite and entertaining, did not give the Texas journalist any reason to suppose that his affection was reciprocated. Major Edwards, far from being discouraged, determined to have the question settled at once. He invited Miss Sawyer to take a walk, and as soon as he had an opportunity to do so unobserved he promptly blurted out,—

"Miss Jennie, I love you with all my whole heart."

She did not seem to be surprised or excited, for she merely replied,—

"I think you are mistaken, James."

"No, I'm not! Indeed, I'm not! My heart has been aglow with love for you ever since I first saw you," replied Major Edwards, excitedly.

"I am aware that it is generally taken for granted that the heart is the seat of emotion, but I know that the functions of the heart are purely mechanical and muscular."

"But, Miss Jennie, I—"

"All that the heart does is to pump the blood through the veins and arteries of the human body. I have dissected too many not to know."

"Well, then, Miss Jennie, since you persist in giving this conversation an anatomical turn, what organ is responsible for the emotions?"

"I agree with the celebrated Dr. Virchow, of Berlin, that the liver has much more to do with the emotions than the heart."

"But I can't well say that I love you with all my liver; although I believe there are affections of the liver," said Major Edwards, drawing a long breath and casting a despairing glance at the young lady. Presently he broke out again,—

"Miss Jennie, I dream of you every night."

"I'm sorry to hear you say that. It shows that your case is more complicated than I supposed. But I think I can be of assistance to you."

"Eh?"

"What do you eat for supper?"

"At all events, do not ridicule me."

"I'm not mocking you, James. You must eat light suppers, and take more
exercise. Let me look at your eyes." And taking his head in her hands she gazed in his eyes, and said, shaking her head, "As I expected. You are bilious. Have you a bad taste in your mouth when you get up, and a dull pain in your side?"

"Confound my liver! I want——"

"You want to take better care of yourself; you want to take three pills tonight, and a Seidlitz powder in the morning. Oh, I know what you want!" she replied, laughingly.

"No, you don’t know what I want. I want to tell you that I love you to distraction, that your image is ever before my eyes."

"Is that so? I’ll have to make a more careful diagnosis of your case," she remarked, thoughtfully.

"I tell you, now, I see your image always before my eyes, no matter where I go!" he replied, excitedly.

"Poor fellow! Your intellect is failing. You should have come to me before."

"I would have come to you before, but, Miss Jennie, you gave me no encouragement. May I hope——"

"Certainly you may."

"Thank Heaven! Am I to understand that you take——"

"Of course I’ll take your case. I want to report it to the Medical Journal. Those hallucinations show that your liver trouble is complicated with malaria. Your heart irregularities are purely functional, and will disappear in time, if you follow my dictation."

"Confound it, Miss——"

"You must avoid everything like excitement. Let me feel your pulse. Dear me! your circulation is completely run down."

"My circulation run down? I guess not."

"Oh, yes, it is. It is not over sixty right now."

"Not over sixty!" howled the journalist. "Why, Miss Jennie, I am sending out three thousand copies of the Bugle every week to bona fide subscribers, and six hundred more to deadheads. Is that what you call having no circulation? Why, my circulation is increasing at the rate of over one hundred copies a week. Didn’t you read the sworn statement in last week’s Bugle about our circulation, in which I state our books are open to the inspection of the public? The advertising patronage is keeping pace with the circulation. Just think of it! a column and a half live, paying, new ads in last week’s Bugle! and that’s not all,—I am solid with the sheriff and the county clerk, and will get all the county printing. Why, Miss Jennie, the success of the Bugle has been truly phenomenal!"

"Are you sure?" she asked, demurely. "And you are not deceived in regard to the circulation by hallucinations, owing to your liver complications?"

"I swear I’m not. I am abundantly able to support a wife in style. Your every wish shall be complied with."

"I certainly think, James, that your liver complications and the functional irregularity of your heart need the care of somebody who has had experience in such matters, and if, as you say, the Bugle is in such a flourishing condition, I might——"

* * * * * * *

In the last issue of the Bugle appears the notice of the marriage of Dr. Jennie Sawyer and Major Edwards, the handsome and talented editor of that journal.

Alex. E. Sweet.
DEAR SIR,—One year ago (March 19, 1889) I first offered to the smokers of the United States the “BON SILENE” cigar—the “PERFECTOS.”

This was an effort to furnish a GOOD cigar for FIVE CENTS. The enormous sales, spread all over the country, is sufficient evidence that the effort was a successful one.

On this, the beginning of my second year, I have arranged to offer to the consumer EIGHT SIZES of the brand “BON SILENE,” varying in size and quality, viz.:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Size</th>
<th>Band</th>
<th>Price</th>
<th>Size</th>
<th>Band</th>
<th>Price</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Infantas</td>
<td>3½</td>
<td>$0.00</td>
<td>Regalias</td>
<td>3½</td>
<td>$7.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Operas</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>4.50</td>
<td>Elegantes</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>8.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Conchas</td>
<td>4½</td>
<td>4.75</td>
<td>Favoritas*</td>
<td>5/4</td>
<td>9.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PERFECTOS</td>
<td>4½</td>
<td>5.00</td>
<td>Imperials**</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>10.00</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

*, Bands; **, Foil and Bands; 1-10 means 100 to the box; 1-20 means 50 to the box; 1-40 means 25 to the box.

Of the above cigars, the Infantas, Operas, and Conchas are simply smaller sizes of the “Perfetos.” The quality of the tobacco is the same.

In the remaining sizes, Regalias, Elegantes, Favoritas, and Imperials, an ambitious effort is made to equal and exceed the high-priced “Imported” cigars. The quality of the tobacco is the VERY BEST that can be procured, and the FAVORITAS and IMPERIALS cannot be surpassed by any cigar in the market. The prices given include all delivery charges, anywhere in the United States.

SPECIAL.—A “Combination Box,” covering all sizes, as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Infantas</th>
<th>17</th>
<th>Perfectos</th>
<th>13</th>
<th>Favoritas</th>
<th>8</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Operas</td>
<td>16</td>
<td>Regalias</td>
<td>12</td>
<td>Imperials</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Conchas</td>
<td>15</td>
<td>Elegantes</td>
<td>11</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

making 100 cigars, at the very low price of $6.50 per box. This “Combination Box” is not intended for general sale, but is gotten up more as a sample box, to enable customers to get a general idea of the sizes and quality to guide them in future orders.

As heretofore, the “Bon Silene” cigars will not be found on sale in any store. There is no margin for dealers' profit.

A less quantity than 100 will not be delivered. The prices given are strictly cash, and no discount for quantity.

In ordering, please state whether you desire strong, medium, or mild, and whether a fresh or dry cigar is wanted.

Remit by Money Order, Draft, or Check, or enclose cash or stamps in REGISTERED LETTER.

The “Bon Silene” is sold closer to cost than any cigar in the United States. I refer to any Mercantile Agency in this city.

Very truly,

Isaac Sailer

1416 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

ESTABLISHED MARCH 15, 1889.
Prof. John Muir, California’s distinguished geologist, speaking of the Yellowstone National Park, says,—

“Situated in the heart of the Rocky Mountains, on the broad, rugged summit of the Continent, amid snow and ice, and dark, shaggy forests, where the great rivers take their rise, it surpasses in wakeful, exciting interest any other region yet discovered on the face of the globe.”

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, the eminent divine, in speaking of the Yellowstone National Park, says,—

“After all poetry has exhausted itself, and all the Morans and Bierstadt’s, and other enchanting artists have completed their canvas, there will be other revelations to make and other stories of its beauty and wrath, splendor and agony, to be recited. The Yellowstone Park is the geologist’s paradise.”

The Only Rail Line to the Yellowstone Park.

FOR COPY OF "WONDERLAND," "YELLOWSTONE PARK" FOLDER AND OTHER ILLUSTRATED PUBLICATIONS, ADDRESS ANY TRAVELLING PASSENGER AGENT OF THE COMPANY, OR

CHAS. S. FEE, G.P. and T.A. N.P.R.R.,

ST. PAUL, MINN.
RAILROADS

PHILADELPHIA & READING R.R.

THE FAVORITE SHORT ROUTE

BETWEEN

Philadelphia and Atlantic City.

Philadelphia Depots
Chesnut Street Ferry.
South Street Ferry.

Atlantic City Depots
Atlantic and Arkansas Avenues, and on Baltic Ave. at
intersection of Kentucky, South Carolina, Pennsylvania,
Delaware, and Massachusetts Avenues.

THE 2 HOUR ROUTE

BETWEEN

PHILADELPHIA

AND NEW YORK.

FAST and ELEGANTLY EQUIPPED TRAINS,
AT FREQUENT INTERVALS.

PHILADELPHIA DEPOTS,
Twenty-fourth and Chestnut Streets.
Ninth and Green Streets.
Ninth Street and Columbia Avenue.

NEW YORK DEPOT,
Central Railroad of New Jersey,
foot of Liberty Street, N. E.

THE OLD RELIABLE ROUTE

BETWEEN

Philadelphia and all points in the
Schuylkill and Mahanoy Regions.

DAY TRAINS START FROM

PHILADELPHIA DEPOT, Thirteenth and Callowhill Streets.

THROUGH DAILY SLEEPING CAR TRAIN FROM

PHILADELPHIA DEPOT, Ninth and Green Streets.

THE SCENIC ROUTE

BETWEEN

Philadelphia and all points in the
Lehigh and Wyoming Valleys,
BUFFALO, NIAGARA FALLS, the WEST, and NORTHWEST.

PHILADELPHIA DEPOTS,
Ninth and Green Streets.
Third and Berks Streets.

A. A. McLeod,
Vice- Pres. and Genl. Manager.
I. A. Sweeney,
Genl. Superintendent.
C. G. Hancox,
Genl. Passenger Agent.
DEER PARK AND OAKLAND
ON THE CREST OF THE ALLEGHENIES,
3000 FEET ABOVE TIDE-WATER.

SEASON OPENS JUNE 21, 1890.

These famous mountain resorts, situated at the summit of the Alleghenies and directly upon the main line of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, have the advantage of its splendid vestibuled express-train service both east and west, and are therefore readily accessible from all parts of the country. All Baltimore and Ohio trains stop at Deer Park and Oakland during the season.

Electric lights have been introduced throughout the houses and grounds; Turkish and Russian baths and large swimming pools provided for ladies and gentlemen; suitable grounds for lawn tennis; bowling alleys and billiard rooms are here; fine riding and driving horses, carriages, mountain wagons, tally-ho coaches, etc., are kept for hire; in short, all the necessary adjuncts for the comfort, health, or pleasure of patrons.

Rates, $60, $75, and $90 a month, according to location.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS should be addressed to GEORGE D. DeSHEILD, Manager Baltimore and Ohio Hotels, Cumberland, Md., up to June 10; after that date, either Deer Park or Oakland, Garrett County, Md.
TIRED OF IT.
Customer (to clerk at post-office).—"These are the new stamps, ain't they?"
Clerk.—"Won't you please write that on a piece of paper? I might forget it."

NEVER FORGAVE HIM.
Mrs. Brown.—"Our sex is advancing every day. They are beginning to appoint women in the small post-offices. They should have done that years ago."
Brown.—"Not at all. They had to wait till the postal card went out of fashion."

A DISCOURAGING ADDITION.
Cora.—"Doesn't it make you feel nice for people to remark how well you are getting on?"
Merritt.—"Yes, unless they add 'they can't understand it.'"

A LESSON IN LANGUAGE.
"What are we waiting on, conductor?" asked a passenger from Chicago, when the train came to a stand-still.
"We are waiting on the track," replied the conductor, who was a Boston man.

THAT'S NICE OF IT.
Mrs. Larkin.—"I see that there is an organization in this town called 'The Tough Club.'"
Larkin.—"Yes, but it always tenders its invitations."

OUT FOR KEEPS.
Mrs. Rambo.—"Is your mother at home, Thomas?"
Tommy Dodd.—"No, ma'am; she's out."
Mrs. Rambo.—"How unfortunate! Tell her I shall call again to-morrow, will you?"
Tommy Dodd.—"Yes'm, I'll tell her; but it won't do any good. I heard her say that she was always out when you called."

A CORRECTION.
Young Mr. Dolley (as sounds of a feline misunderstanding float on the air).—"There seems to be an insurrection among the cats to-night."
Miss Amy.—"Or a mew-tiny."
THE FORCE OF EXAMPLE.

An absent-minded pedagogue
There was, one time, who went
Along the aisles and rapped the boys
Unto his heart's content;
And if, by chance, the sequence limped
A little in its gait,
He'd pause and give these luckless chaps
These purely incidental raps,
Until he got it straight.

And so if his reflections lagged,
Or if with him they jumped,
One only knew by looking round
To see what heads were thumped,

Until this furtive paradox

A wagglishe younger wrought:
"It's getting to be very plain
Our master cannot work his brain
Save we are 'rapped in thought.'"

Portentous words! They saw the point,
For these ill-fated elves
Made up their minds that they would try
Some striking thought themselves.
And thus, when next the master's hand
Fell, 'twas a signal swift,
And all the boys commenced to think
With rulers, grammars, slates, and ink,
Until he caught their drift.

"Hold! hold!" exclaimed the pedagogue;
"You force me to admit
From the impressions you have made
That you have scored a hit.
This concentrated thought and aim
Show due regard for art;
And I must own,—though it annoys,—
Instead of making smart my boys,
My boys have made me smart."

Charles M. Snyder.
PAUL E. WIRT

FOUNTAIN PEN


PAUL E. WIRT, Bloomsburg, Pa.

The "Old Reliable."

I have written with

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

For the past six years to the exclusion of everything else in the pen line. I have seen hundreds in use in the hands of my pupils and brother short-hand writers, but I have yet to hear the first word of unfavorable comment, and have yet to see the dozen pens of other makes for which I would exchange my own "Old Reliable."

JAMES N. KIMBALL, Vice-Pres., Stenographers' Association, N. Y.

A pen with which a stenographer writes as fast as a man talks is "reliable" for any writer.

You will not lose anything in giving it a trial, for if it is not entirely satisfactory it can be returned, and your money will be refunded.

See advertisements in previous numbers.

It is made in several styles and sizes.

Send for an illustrated price-list, and testimonials.

Agents Wanted. Mention Lippincott's.

L. E. Waterman Co.,
(5'00) 156 Broadway, New York.

The Ideal Pocket, for pens and pencils. Price of pocket: nickel, 15 cents; with leather cover, 30 cents.

A. W. FABER'S LEAD PENCILS,
Pen-holders, Rubber Bands, and Pencil Sharpeners.
If you cannot obtain these goods from your Stationer, send 80 cents for samples.

BERHARD FABER,
CHICAGO. 
SOLE AGENT AND MANUFACTURER.
NEW YORK.

PAYSON'S INDELIBLE INK.
No preparation and only a common pen needed. Inked 25 years.

R. M. LAMBIE,
39 E. 19th St., N. Y.

BOOK HOLDERS.
The Most Perfect Dictionary Holder.
The Progressive Embosse Table
Send for Catalogue.
THE LEADING AMERICAN LINEN WRITING PAPER.

LYONS PARCHMENT
LINEN PAPERS AND TABLETS.

No. 25. Commercial Note, Light.
No. 25. Commercial Note, Medium.
No. 28. Octavo Note, Heavy.
No. 100. Letter, Light.
No. 125. Letter, Medium.
No. 126. Letter, Heavy.
No. 115. Legal Cap.

Envelopes.

No. 25. Commercial.
No. 25. Commercial, Baronial.
No. 25. Commercial.
No. 28. Commercial, Baronial.
No. 26. Commercial, Baronial
No. 28. Octavo.
No. 28. Packet.

LYONS PARCHMENT TABLETS.
Eighty Sheets. Half-Dozen in a Box.

No. 28. Octavo, Plain or Ruled.
No. 28. Commercial, Plain or Ruled.
No. 28. Packet, Plain or Ruled.
No. 125. Letter, Plain or Ruled.

Ask your Stationer for these papers. The Trade furnished by

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY,
Manufatures and Wholesale Stationers,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

J. B. Lippincott Company's
EXTRA QUALITY STEEL PENS.

OUR BEST-SELLING NUMBERS.

FOR SALE BY ALL STATIONERS.

Price, 75 Cents Per Gross.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY,
PHILADELPHIA.
HOW WOULD YOU LIKE

a fifteen-cent pencil which, as you take it from your pocket, looks like this first picture? That is, the part containing the lead is out of sight, inside the pencil, where the lead is always nicely pointed and ready for use and no fear of breaking; but, as soon as you are ready to write, the lead drops down into position, as seen in the second picture. This without your pressing any spring or button, or doing anything, in fact, except pointing the end of the pencil downward. Here the lead is held firmly in place and cannot be forced back, unless you turn the point upward again, as you would when ready to replace the pencil in your pocket.

ONCE SEE IT AND YOU WILL BUY IT.

No, you have never seen anything like it before, for this has no springs to press or get out of order, no delicate machinery to break; is practically indestructible, and is unlike any other pencil ever invented. The point drops back out of sight, or down ready for use, by simply turning the end upward or downward. Is not such a pencil aptly named "The Phantom?" For this is what it is called.

Then, too, besides its peculiar features, the lead is excellent, and there is no better pocket pencil for everyday, business use.

If you do not find it at your dealer's, we will mail "The Phantom" pencil to your address on receipt of fifteen cents.

AMERICAN LEAD PENCIL CO., 50 Howard Street, New York.
BUFFALO LITHIA WATER,
NATURE'S SPECIFIC FOR ACID DYSEPSIA.
A person who lived for years on Tea and Crackers, Eats Bacon, Cabbage, and Turnips.

Case of Capt. James Covington, of Virginia. Statement from him, endorsed by Dr. J. C. Coleman, a Retired Surgeon of the U.S. Navy, of Scott'sburg, Virginia.

Capt. James Covington, of Mt. Laurel, Halifax County, Va.
HIS STATEMENT.

"For a number of years I was the victim of a most distressing form of DYSEPSIA, unable to eat meat or vegetables, and lived entirely upon Tea and Crackers, Bread and Milk, and other similar articles. I was subject to nausea and vomiting after eating, and occasionally discharged from an empty stomach a yellow acid fluid. I had become emaciated and my general health prostrated to a degree which required me to abandon all attention to business affairs. I had the assistance of the best medical aid, but it proved unavailing, and, almost without hope of relief from any source, commenced the use of BUFFALO LITHIA WATER, Spring No. 2, the use of which for a few months relieved my painful and long-standing stomach disorder, restoring perfect digestion. I now eat with impunity Bacon, Cabbage, and Turnips, and whatever else I fancy. I am in vigorous general health and actively engaged in business pursuits. BUFFALO LITHIA WATER I believe to be all that is claimed for it."

Dr. J. C. Coleman, Surgeon (Retired), U.S. Navy, Scott'sburg, Va.

"I am not a practising physician, and was not the attending physician of Mr. Covington, but, as a neighbor, knew of his condition, and suggested the use of BUFFALO LITHIA WATER in his case, with the remarkable results above stated by him."

THOS. F. GOODE, Proprietor, Buffalo Lithia Springs, Va.
“ALONG THE SOUTH SHORE OF LAKE SUPERIOR.”

By JULIAN RALPH.

From the Press of the AMERICAN BANK NOTE CO.

READY APRIL 15.

THIS work is profusely illustrated in full wood, pen and ink, and process engravings of scenery along the south shore of the most picturesque of our great inland seas. Mackinac Island, Sault Ste. Marie, Pictured Rocks, Marquette, Houghton, Lake Gogebic, Apostle's Islands, Duluth, and the iron and copper mining regions of Michigan and Wisconsin, historically and descriptively treated in Julian Ralph's most graphic style.

Magazine style, 100 pages. Invaluable to tourists and worthy a place in the best libraries. Send six cents postage for copy to O. B. HIBBARD, O. B. and T. A. D. S. S. and A. Ry., MARQUETTE, MICH.

DR. HARDING'S CELEBRATED CATARRH CURE

and method of application is the only practical and successful treatment of Catarrh offered to the public. The medicine is applied to the seat of the disease (where a snuff or ointment never reaches) as successfully by the use of our Insufflator, as if the disease was located upon the surface of the body. Our remedy subdues inflammation, destroys microbes, and restores the mucous coating of the nasal passages to its normal healthy condition. For its radical cures it is without an equal.

For sale by all druggists. Price, per bottle, $1.00, including Insufflator. Sent by mail to any address, postage prepaid.

The J. M. HARDING MFG. CO., 7 West 14th Street, New York.

A TREATISE ON CATARRH SENT GRATIS UPON APPLICATION.

WALL PAPER makes attractive homes. Our low prices, enormous assortment of styles and handsome specimens induce customers in all parts of U.S. to recommend us. Last size, a roll $5.00; $10.00 and $15.00. Extra sizes, $30.00 and $65.00. For book, postage will send to any address samples with borders to match.

A. L. DIAMENT & CO., 1300 Market St., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

YOU CAN LAY BY $500 TO $1500 interest by working hours. You can do it in any miner or simpler way no matter how you try. We furnish capital and pay liberally those who work either whole or part time. $600 not required for answer.

SYDNEY.—You looked just as selfish as handsome, riding up the driveway just now.
SIBYLLE.—But I came expressly to invite you to a spin with that new Ladie's Columbia Bicycle of yours.
SYDNEY.—Oh! Well, my sister likes it so much that she rides it every afternoon. She's off with it now.
SIBYLLE.—Never mind! I'll go back and get my Columbia Tandem.
SYDNEY.—Oh, you're just as generous as you are—Well, be quick!

Illustrated Catalogue Free.
Pope Mfg. Co., 77 Franklin Street, Boston.
Branch Houses: 12 Warren Street, New York. 291 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

CRIPPLES

and

define

the

most

practical.

Best

for

ladies

girls.

Satisfaction

guaranteed. Athletic Goods and

BICYCLES

at retail, at

lowest prices.

Address P. A. Mfg. Co., Elvira, O.

Established 1850.

WILLIAM WILER

MANUFACTURER OF

STAIR-RODS, STEP-PLATES,
BRASS BEDSTEADS AND CRIBS,

Fenders, Fire Nets, and Andirons,
Hand and Foot Rails, Fire Screens, Foot-

stools, etc.

233 AND 235 SOUTH FIFTH STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.

Send for Catalogue.

WHEELING RECLINING CHAIRS

Of All Styles. The Best Make.
H. G. GOLIGHTLY,
203 Quarry St., Phila.
Send for Catalogue.

BROTHERS OF THE ANGLE.

OUR NEW EIGHT-STRIP SPLIT BAMBOO

is the "King" of all Fishing-Rods.

Chubb's New

Catalogue for 1890 is now ready. In addition to a
complete list of anglers' supplies, it contains arti-
cles from the pens of Dr. James A. Henshall, Petrop-
ella, W. E. H. Murray, Geo. F. Goff, Norman,
Brother Gardner, and others.

These papers are by the best writers on angling
subjects, and are very interesting.

Send 25 cents, and receive Catalogue, post-paid
This amount will be deducted from first order (if
accompanied with Cheque in book) for one dollar's
worth or more of our goods. Address THOMAS H.
CHUBB, the Fishing-Rod Manufacturer, Post Mills,
Vt.

Be sure and mention LIPPSWOT'S MAGAZINE.
A little accident which has occurred millions of times, and which happens now and then in every house.

**THE ANTI-KUM-OFF**

Window Shade Fasteners prevent all such accidents.

Order them on all new shades. They only cost a trifle.

Agents and House Contractors. Wanted in every city and town where the shade makers are not supplied. Thousands of families buy them for shades already up. For orders and terms address

The Paterson Novelty Manufacturing Company,
Solo Manufacturers, Paterson, N. J.

**TIN PLATE, STEEL PLATE, GALVANIZED, and COPPER SHINGLES**

Manufactured by

The National Sheet Metal Roofing Co.,
510 to 520 E. 20th St., NEW YORK CITY,
are, without any exception, the best in the world.

**DESCRIPTIVE CIRCULAR FREE.**

**RUBBER ROOFING**

It makes the Lightest, Cheapest, and Best Roof. Price $2.00, $3.25, or $3.75 per 100 square feet (according to thickness), and will last a lifetime. Write at once for 100 page Book of References.

**SAMPLE FREE, IF YOU STATE SIZE OF ROOF.**

(Mention Lippincott's.)

INDIANA PAINT AND ROOFING CO., NEW YORK.

**BRICK MACHINERY**

Also T T E L E M A C H I N E R Y Full Factory Outfits

PUG Mills,
Dump Cars,
CLAY Crushers,
MILLS.

THE FREY, SHECKLER COMPANY, BUCYRUS, O., U.S.A.
ONE WAY OF REASONING.
"Ma, I've an idea that some of the folks in this graveyard haven't gone to heaven."
"You don't say! What makes you think they haven't?"
"Because I read it on the tombstones."
"No!"
"Yes, I did, though. It was carved on ever so many,—'Peace to his ashes.' Now, there ain't any ashes 'cept where it's very hot, is there, ma?"

THEY DO TARNISH OCCASIONALLY.
"Confidentially, Smith,—young Dudely wants to marry my daughter. What's his character?"
"Well,—he has been a gilded youth for several seasons, and I'm inclined to think he is a little tarnished."

"You look sad, Mamie."
"Yes; I found about fourteen dough-nuts in the pantry, and I ate them."
"Didn't they agree with you?"
(Dolefully).—"'Tisn't that: we had three kinds of pie and ice-cream for dinner, and I hadn't any room for them."

A COMPREHENSIVE QUESTION.
Tubbs.—"I've just received one dollar for a poem."
Merritt.—"Soap or medicine?"

PUTTING ON THE SHOE.
Visitors (apropos of everything).—"Pace too rapid,—manners uncouth,—loud, and all that. The most striking feature is the everlasting bustle—"
Bizarre lady pedestrian (with spasm of guilty consciousness).—"Oh, the horrid—ill-mannered—bear—ugh!" (Passes on.)

COMING TO TERMS.—The school year.
ALWAYS ON HAND.—Palmistry.

A POUND OF FLESH.—Pugilism.
WITH THE WITS.

A TALE OF LEAVEN.
A MOMENT'S NOTICE is all we ask for this time. If you intend to buy a bicycle, OF COURSE you want to know where to get the BEST BICYCLE. That is just what we want to tell you.

Victors are Best.

Victors are known Everywhere.

"ASK VICTOR RIDERS."

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FREE.

OVERMAN WHEEL CO., Makers,
BOSTON.
WASHINGTON.

The Celebrated

COVENTRY RIVAL SAFETIES

Are undoubtedly the best value that has ever been offered to the American public. They are built of the best material and in the best manner. When we say that they arelimit of the Crovetta Steel Tubing, the same that is used in the Victor and Columbus sold at $50, have Warwick rims and Bow's Bell Bearings, and are sold for direct from the makers for $85.

Soil United States Importers,
THE SWEETING CYCLE CO., 639 Arch St., Philadelphia.

The "IRWELL"

ROADSTER SAFETY BICYCLE

Is beyond question the finest Bicycle in the world at $100. Every machine is fitted with Solid Steel Hubs, and the ball-bearings are outside the flange, 5-16 inch rim in the driving-wheel safety hubs, and 3 inch in the steering-wheels.

Price $100.

BALL BEARINGS ALL OVER, including Pedals.

HIGHEST GRADE, INTERCHANGEABLE, AGENTS WANTED.

Sole U. S. Agent,
CENTURY CYCLE COMPANY, 1404 Oxford St., Philadelphia.
Dobbins' Electric Soap.

THE BEST FAMILY SOAP — IN THE WORLD.

It is Strictly Pure. Uniform in Quality.

The original formula for which we paid $50,000 twenty years ago has never been modified or changed in the slightest. This soap is identical in quality to-day with that made twenty years ago.

It contains nothing that can injure the finest fabrics. It brightens colors and bleaches white.

It washes flannels and blankets as no other soap in the world does — without shrinking — leaving them soft and white and like new.

READ THIS TWICE.

There is a great saving of time, of labor, of soap, of fuel, and of the fabric where Dobbins' Electric Soap is used according to directions. One trial will demonstrate its great merit. It will pay you to make that trial. Like all good things, it is extensively imitated and counterfeited.

Beware of Imitations.

Insist upon Dobbins' Electric. Don't take Magnetic, Electro-Magic, Philadelphia Electric, or any other fraud, simply because it is cheap. They will ruin clothes, and are dear at any price. Ask for Dobbins' Electric and take no other. Nearly every grocer from Maine to Mexico keeps it in stock. If yours hasn't it, he will order from his nearest wholesale grocer.

Read carefully the inside wrapper around each bar, and be careful to follow directions on each outside wrapper. You cannot afford to wait longer before trying for yourself this old, reliable, and truly wonderful Dobbins' Electric Soap.

COMPOUND OXYGEN TREATMENT.

The Rational Cure for Chronic Diseases.

Office: Send for Pamphlet.

U.S. COMPOUND OXYGEN CO.

It is with great pleasure that we are able to present to our patrons COMPOUND OXYGEN in such shape that those six doses can receive exactly the same treatment as if they were able to visit our office daily.

A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever.

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The stores are just beginning to get this new lamp—the Pittsburg.

You must be prepared for this. When you go to your lamp-merchant and say, "I hear of a new lamp said to be the best yet and easy to take care of; let me see it," you must bear in mind that he has a stock of old ones. He will probably tell you that scores of so-called improvements are failures, and not to waste your money. It's astonishing how conservative it makes a man to have a pecuniary interest in any old thing.

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"What makes you think so?"

"Well, there's strong evidence: we had a friendly glass together, and I told him one of your jokes,—the Judge actually laughed!"

BROUGHT TO TERMS.

Mrs. Brown.—"Johnnie wouldn't say anything when I accused him of breaking the window, so I gave him a good whipping."

Brown.—"What effect did it have on him?"

Mrs. Brown.—"A telling effect."

DEPENDED ON THE RESULT.

Passer-by (to Tommy, who has just been fighting).—"Wouldn't your father whip you if he knew you had been fighting?"

Tommy.—"Well, that depends. If the other boy whipped me, pop would whip me too; but if I licked the other boy, pop would just say, 'I wouldn't fight, if I were you, Tommy.'"

HOW HE PROVED IT.

"Do you love me as much as ever, dear?" asked Mrs. Gazzam, anxiously.

"I should think I did," replied Gazzam. "Didn't I eat two whole biscuits, at breakfast, that you made yourself?"

A HEART WANTED.

"Give me my word," a lover said,

"You make my pulses leap!"

"Oh!" said the maid, "you're very kind; But I prefer, if you don't mind, That you would give what you don't find So very hard to keep.

IT LOOKED TRUSTWORTHY.

Cumso (taking out his watch).—"What time have you, Fangle? I can't trust my watch."

Fangle.—"That's queer: it has an open face."
JUST DIDN’T WORK.
Cheeky Bill.—“Pardon me, sir, but you have
matches in your pocket, haven’t you?”
Gentleman.—“Yes; plenty of them.”
Cheeky Bill.—“I knew you had.”
Gentleman.—“How did you know?”
Cheeky Bill.—“Because I haven’t a cigar.”

HE KNEW ABOUT MOTHERS.
Billy Bumpus.—“What’s the matter, Jim?
Foot hurt?”
Jim Brindle.—“Naw; thinking. Ms sent me
to the grocery for something, and I’ve forgot and
daresn’t go home.”
Billy Bumpus.—“Take her three pounds of
sugar: she’s sure to want it, and you can make her believe that’s what she
said.”

HOW TO DISTINGUISH HIM.
Larkin.—“I tell you, sir, you can always form an accurate judgment of a man
by studying his head.”
Gilroy.—“That’s so; you can tell a man who
drinks to excess by his dissipated.”

A PRESCRIPTION.
“My baby doll’s been awful sick,”
Said little Grace one day;
“She ate veal culverts late last night,
And now she cannot play.
But the doctor’s awful wise, I think,
For this is what he wrote:
‘Give her something hot to drink,
To act as a nanny-goat.’”

THEY ALL DO IT.
Young Brindle.—“Pa, can’t I have a flannel
shirt like yours?”
Mr. Brindle (speaking from experience).—“My son, you may have this after
it’s washed.”

AN INOPPORTUNE CALL.
Pompano (making a friendly call).—“Ah, Pongee, old man, how d’ye do? How’s Mrs.—?”
Pongee.—“Wait a bit. Mrs. Pongee is about
to drive a nail in the kitchen door. Come around
again in about an hour, and I dare say it will be
blown over by that time.”

HAD LEARNED THE MOTTO.
Teacher (in spelling-class).—“Johnny, spell
fall.”
Johnny.—“I can’t.”
Teacher.—“You can’t spell that simple word? Why not?”
Johnny.—“Cause there’s no such word as fall.”
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