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The Aurora.

A FAMILY MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1887.

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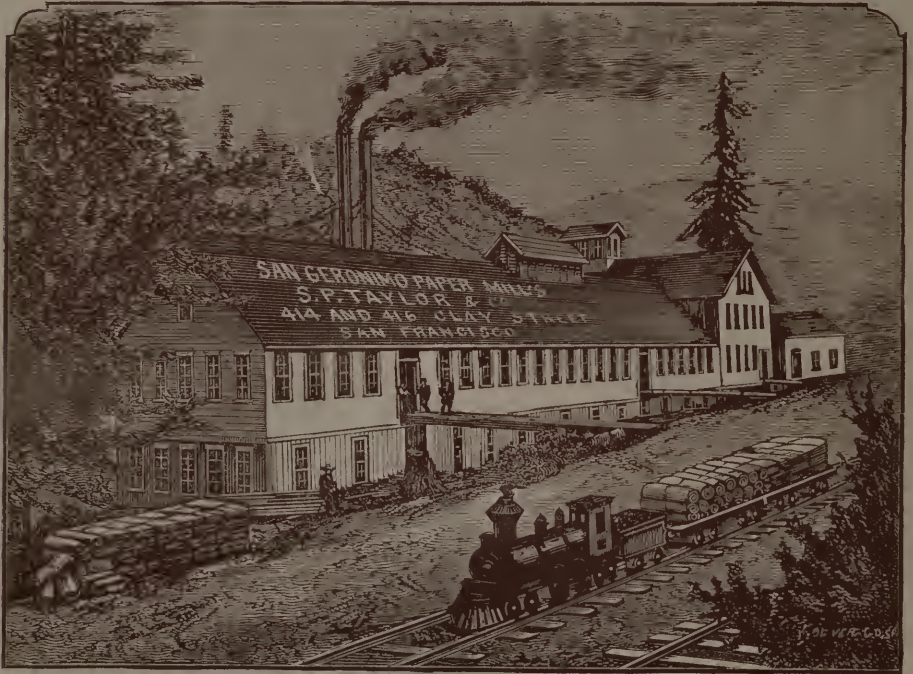
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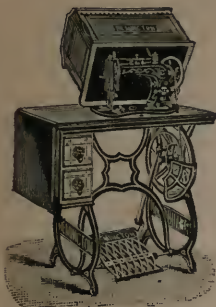
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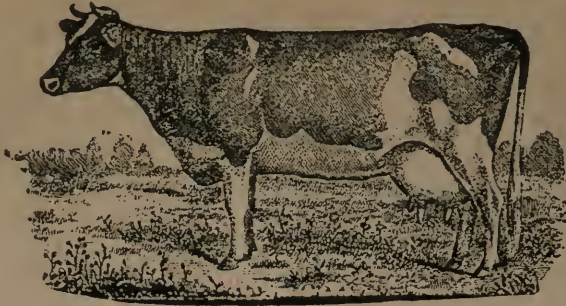
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THE AURORA.

VOL. II.

AUGUST, 1887.

No. 2.

ANN POTTER'S LESSON.

My sister Mary Jane is older than I—as much as four years. Father died when we were both small, and didn't leave us much means beside the farm. Mother was rather a weakly woman; she didn't feel as though she could farm it for a living. It's hard work enough for a man to get clothes and victuals off a farm in West Connecticut; it's up-hill work always; and then a man can turn to, himself, to plowin' an mowin';—but a woman a'n't of no use, except to tell folks what to do; and everybody knows it's no way to have a thing done, to send.

Mother talked it over with Deacon Peters, and he counseled her to sell off all the farm but the home-lot, which was sot out for an orchard with young apple trees, and had a garden-spot to one end of it, close by the house. Mother calculated to raise potatoes and beans and onions enough to last us the year round, and to take in sewin' so's to get what few groceries we was goin' to want. We kept Old Red, the best cow; there was pasture enough for her in the orchard, for the trees wa'n't growed to be bearin' as yet, and we 'lotted a great deal on milk to our house; besides, it saved butcher's meat.

Mother was a real pious woman, and she was a high-couraged woman too. Old Miss Perrit, an old widder woman that lived down by the bridge, come up to see her the week after father died. I remember all about it, though I wa'n't but ten years old; for when

I see Miss Perrit comin' up the road, with her slimpsy old veil hanging off from her bumbazine bonnet, and her doleful look, (what Nancy Perrit used to call "mother's company-face,") I kinder thought she was comin' to our house; and she was allers so musical to me, I went in to the back door, and took up a towel I was hemmin', and set down in the corner, all ready to let her in. It don't seem as if I could 'a' been real distressed about father's dyin' when I could do so; but children is just like spring weather, rainin' one hour and shinin' the next, and it's the Lord's great mercy they be; if they began to be feelin' so early, there wouldn't be nothin' left to grow up. So pretty quick Miss Perrit knocked, and I let her in. We hadn't got no spare room in that house; there was the kitchen in front, and mother's bedroom and the buttery and the little back space opened out on't behind. Mother was in the bedroom; so, while I called her, Miss Perrit set down in the splint rockin'-chair that creaked awfully, and went rockin' back and forth, and sighin' till mother come in.

"Good-day, Miss Langdon!" says she, with a kind of a snuffle, "how *dew* you dew? I thought I'd come and see how you kep' up under this 'ere affliction. I rec'lect very well how I felt when husband died. It's a dreadful thing to be left a widder in a hard world;—don't you find it out by this?"

I guess mother felt quite as bad as ever

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Miss Perrit did, for everybody knew old Perrit treated his wife like a dumb brute while he was alive, and died drunk ; but she didn't say nothin'. I see her give a kind of a swaller, and then she spoke up bright and strong.

"I don't think it is a hard world, Miss Perrit. I find folks kind and helpful, beyond what I'd any right to look for. I try not to think about my husband, any more than I can help, because I couldn't work if I did, and I've got to work. It's most helpful to think the Lord made special promises to widows, and when I remember Him I a'n't afeard."

Miss Perrit stopped rockin' a minute, and then she began to creak the chair and blow her nose again, and she said :

"Well, I'm sure it's a great mercy to see anybody rise above their trouble the way you do ; but, law me ! Miss Langdon, you a'n't got through the fust pair o' bars on't yet. Folks is allers kinder neighborly at the fust ; they feel to help you right off, every way they can—but it don't stay put, they get tired on't ; they blaze right up like a white birch stick, an' then they go out all of a heap ; there's other folks die, and they don't remember you, and you're just as bad off as though you wa'n't a widder."

Mother kind of smiled—she couldn't help it ; but she spoke up again just as steady.

"I don't expect to depend on people, Miss Perrit, as long as I have my health. I a'n't above takin' friendly help when I need to, but I mean mostly to help myself. I can get work to take in, and when the girls have got their schoolin' they will be big enough to help me. I am not afraid but what I shall live and prosper, if I only keep my health."

"Hem, well !" whined out Miss Perrit. "I allers thought you was a pretty mighty woman, Miss Langdon, and I'm glad to see you're so high-minded ; but you a'n't sure of your health, never. I used to be real smart to what I am now, when Perrit was alive ; but I took on so, when he was brought home friz to death, that it sp'iled my nerves ; and then I had to do so many chores out in the shed, I got cold and had the dreadfulest rhemuatiz ! and when I got past the worst

spell of that and was quite folksy again, I slipped down on our doorstep and kinder wrenched my ankle, and e't hadn't 'a' been for the neighbors, I don't know but what Nancy and I should 'a' starved."

Mother did laugh this time. Miss Perrit had overshot the mark.

"So the neighbors were helpful, after all !" said she. "And if I ever get sick, I shall be willin' to have help, Miss Perrit. I'm sure I would take what I would give ; I think givin' works two ways. I don't feel afraid yet."

Miss Perrit groaned a little, and wiped her eyes, and got up to go away. She hadn't never offered to help mother, and she went off to the sewing-circle and told that Miss Langdon hadn't got no feelings at all, and she b'lieved she'd just as soon beg for a living as not. Polly Mariner, the tailoress, come and told mother all she said next day, but mother only smiled, and set Polly to talkin' about the best way to make over her old cloak. When she was gone, I begun to talk about Miss Perrit, and I was real mad ; but mother hushed me right up.

"It a'n't any matter, Ann," said she ; "her sayin' so don't make it so. Miss Perrit's got a miserable disposition, and I'm sorry for her ; a mint of money wouldn't make her happy ; she's a doleful Christian ; she don't take any comfort in anything, and I really do pity her."

And that was just the way mother took everything.

At first we couldn't sell the farm. It was down at the foot of Tarringford Hill, two good miles from meetin', and a mile from the schoolhouse ; most of it was woodsy, and there wa'n't no great market for wood about there. So for the first year Squire Potter took it on shares, and, as he principally seed it down to rye, why we sold the rye and got a little money ; but 'twa'n't a great deal—no more than we wanted for clothes the next winter. Aunt Langdon sent us down a lot of maple-sugar from Lee, and when we wanted molasses we made it out of that. We didn't have to buy no great of groceries, for we could spin and knit by firelight, and, part of the land bein' piny woods, we had a

good lot of knots that were bright as lamps for all we wanted. Then we had a dozen chickens, and by pains and care they laid pretty well, and the eggs were as good as gold. So we lived through the first year after father died, pretty well.

Anybody that couldn't get along with mother and Major (I always called Mary Jane "Major," when I was real little, and the name kind of stayed by), couldn't get along with anybody. I was happy as a cricket whilst they were by, though to speak truth, I wasn't naturally so chirpy as they were; I took after father more, who was kind of a despondent man, down-hearted, never thinkin' things could turn out right, or that he was goin' to have any luck. That was my natur', and mother see it, and fought ag'inst it like a real Bunker-Hiller; but natur' is hard to root up, and there was always times when I wanted to sulk away into a corner and think nobody wanted me, and that I was poor and humbly, and had to work for my living.

I remember one time I'd gone up into my room before tea to have one of them dismal fits. Miss Perrit had been in to see mother, and she'd been tellin' over what luck Nancy'd had down to Hartford; how't she had gone into a shop, and a young man had been struck with her good looks, an'he'd turned out to be a master-shoemaker, and Nancy was a'goin' to be married and so on; a rigmarole as long as the moral law—windin' up with askin' mother why she didn't send us girls off to try our luck, for Major was as old as Nance Perrit. I'd waited to hear mother say, in her old bright way, that she couldn't afford it, and she couldn't spare us, if she had the means, and then I flung up into our room, that was a lean-to in the garret, with a winder in the gable end, and there I set down by the winder with my chin on the sill, and begun to wonder why we couldn't have as good luck as the Perrits. After I'd got real miserable, I heerd a soft step comin' up stairs, and Major come in and looked at me and then out of the winder.

"What's the matter of you, Anny?" said she.

"Nothing," says I, as sulky as you please.

"Nothing always means something," says Major, as pleasant as pie; and then she scooched down on the floor and pulled my two hands away, and looked me in the face as bright and honest as ever you see a dandelion look out of the grass. "What is it, Anny? Spit it out, as John Potter says; you'll feel better to free your mind."

"Well," says I, "Major, I'm tired of bad luck."

"Why, Anny! I didn't know as we'd had any. I'm sure, it's three years since father died, and we have had enough to live on all that time, and I've got my schooling, and we are all well; and just look at the apple trees—all as pink as your frock with blossoms; that's good for new cloaks next winter, Anny."

"'Ta'n't that, Major. I was thinkin' about Nancy Perrit. If we'd had the luck to go to Hartford, may-be you'd have been as well off as she; and then I'd have got work, too. And I wish I was as pretty as she is, Major; it does seem too bad to be poor and humbly too."

I wonder she didn't laugh at me, but she was very feelin' for folks, always. She put her head on the window-sill along of mine, and kinder nestled up to me in her lovin' way, and said softly:

"I wouldn't quarrel with the Lord, Anny."

"Why, Major! you scare me! I haven't said nothing against the Lord. What do you mean?" said I—for I was touchy, real touchy.

"Well, dear, you see we've done all we can to help ourselves; and what's over and above, that we can't help—that is what the Lord orders, a'n't it? and He made you, didn't He? You can't change your face; and I'm glad of it, for it is Anny's face, and I wouldn't have it changed a mite; there'll always be two people to think it's sightly enough, and may-be more by-and-by; so I wouldn't quarrel with it, if I was you."

Major's happy eyes always helped me. I looked at her and felt better. She wasn't any better-lookin' than I; but she always was so chirk, and smart, and neat, and pretty behaved, that folks thought she was handsome after they knowed her.

Well, after a spell there was a railroad laid

out up the valley, and all the land thereabouts riz in price right away ; and Squire Potter he bought our farm on speculation, and give a good price for it ; so't we had two thousand dollars in the bank, and the house and lot, and the barn and the cow. By this time Major was twenty-two and I was eighteen ; and Squire Potter he'd left his house on the hill, and he'd bought out Miss Perrit's house, and added on to't, and moved down not far from us, so's to be near the railroad depot, for the sake of bein' handy to the woods, for cuttin' and haulin' of them down to the track. 'Twasn't very pleasant at first to see our dear old woods agoin' off to be burned that way ; but Squire Potter's folks were such good neighbors we gained as much as we lost, and a sight more, for folks are greatly better'n trees—at least, clever folks.

There was a whole raft of the Potters, eight children of 'em all, some too young to be mates for Major and me ; but Mary Potter, aud Reuben, and Russell, they were along about as old as we were : Russell came between Major and me ; the other two were older.

We kinder kept to home always, Major and me, because we hadn't any brothers to go out with us ; so we were pretty shy of new friends at first. But you couldn't help bein' friendly with the Potters, they were such outspoken, kindly creatures, from the Squire down to little Hen. And it was very handy for us, because now we could go to singin' school and quiltin's, and such-like places, of an evenin' ; and we had rather moped at home for want of such things—at least I had, and I should have been more moped only for Major's sweet ways. She was always as contented as a honey-bee on a clover-head, for the same reason, I guess.

Well, there was a good many good things come to us from the Potters' movin' down ; but by-and-by it seemed as though I was goin' to get the bitter of it. I'd kept company pretty steady with Russell. I hadn't give much thought to it, neither ; I liked his ways, and he seemed to give in to mine very natural, so't we got along together first-rate. It didn't seem as though we'd ever been stran-

gers, and I wasn't one to make believe at stiffness when I didn't feel it. I told Russell pretty much all I had to tell, and he was allers doin' for me and runnin' after me jest as though he'd been my brother. I didn't know how much I did think of him, till, after a while, he seemed to take a sight of notice of Major. I can't say he ever stopped bein' clever to me, for he didn't ; but he seemed to have a kind of hankerin' after Major all the time. He'd take her off to walk with him ; he'd dig up roots in the woods for her posy-bed ; he'd hold her skeins of yarn as patient as a little dog ; he get her books to read. Well, he'd done all this for me ; but when I see him doin' it for her, it was quite different ; and all to once I know'd what was the matter. I'd thought too much of Russell Potter.

Oh, dear ! those was dark times ! I couldn't blame him ; I knew well enough Major was miles and miles better and sweeter and cleverer than I was ; I didn't wonder he liked her ; but I couldn't feel as if he'd done right by me. So I schooled myself considerable, talking to myself for being jealous of Major. But 'twasn't all that—the hardest of it all was that I had to mistrust Russell. To be sure, he hadn't said nothin' to me in round words ; I couldn't ha' sued him ; but he'd looked and acted enough ; and now—dear me ! I felt all wrung out and flung away !

By-and-by Major begun to see somethin' was goin' wrong, and so did Russell. She was as good as she could be to me, and had patience with all my little pettish ways, and tried to make me friendly with Russell ; but I wouldn't. I took to hard work, and what with cryin' nights, and hard work all day, I got pretty well overdone. But it all went on for about three months, till one day Russell come up behind me, as I was layin' out some yarn to bleach down at the end of the orchard, and asked me if I'd go down to Meriden with him next day, to a picnic frolic in the woods.

"No !" says I, as short as I could.

Russell looked as though I had slapped him. "Anny," says he, "what have I done?"

I turned round to go away, and I caught

my foot in a hank of yarn, and down I come flat on the ground, havin' sprained my ankle so bad that Russell had to pick me up and carry me into the house like a baby.

There was an end of Meriden for me ; and he wouldn't go, either, but come over and sat by me, and read to me, and somehow or other, I don't remember just the words, he gave me to understand that—well—that he wished I'd marry him.

It's about as tirin' to be real pleased with anything as it is to be troubled, at first. I couldn't say anything to Russell ; I just cried. Major wasn't there ; mother was dryin' apples out in the shed ; so Russell he didn't know what to do ; he kind of hushed me up, and begged of me not to cry, and said he'd come for his answer next day. So he come, and I didn't say "No," again. I don't believe I stopped to think whether Major liked him. She would have thought of me, first thing—I believe she wouldn't have had him, if she'd thought I wanted him. But I a'n't like Major ; it come more natural to me to think about myself ; and besides, she was pious, and I wasn't. Russell was.

However, it turned out all right, for Major was 'most as pleased as I was ; and she told me, finally, that she'd known a long spell that Russell liked me, and the reason he'd been hangin' round her 'so long was, he'd been tellin' her his plans, and they'd worked out considerable in their heads before she could feel as though he had a good enough lookout to ask me to marry him.

That wasn't so pleasant to me, when I come to think of it ; I thought I'd ought to have been counselled with. But it was just like Major ; everybody come to her for a word of help or comfort, whether they took her idee or not—she had such feelin' for other folks' trouble.

I got over that little nub after a while ; and then I was so pleased, everything went smooth ag'in. I was goin' to be married in the spring, and we were going straight out to Indiana, onto some wild land Squire Potter owned out there, to clear it and settle it, and what Russell cleared he was to have. So mother took some money out of the bank

to fit me out, and Major and I went down to Hartford to buy my things.

I said before, we wasn't either of us any great things to look at ; but it come about that one day I heerd somebody tell how we did look, and I thought considerable about it then and afterwards. We was buyin' some cotton to a store in the city, and I was lookin' about at all the pretty things, and wonderin' why I was picked out to be poor when so many folks was rich and had all they wanted, when presently I heerd a lady in a silk gown say to another one, so low she thought I didn't hear her : "There are two nice-looking girls, Mrs. Carr."

"Hem—yes," said the other one ; "they look healthy and strong ; the oldest one has a lovely expression, both steady and sweet ; the other don't look happy."

I declare, that was a fact. I was sorry, too, for I'd got everything in creation to make anybody happy, and now I was frettin' to be rich. I thought I'd try to be like Major ; but I expect it was mostly because of the looks of it, for I forgot to try before long.

Well, in the spring we was married ; and when I come to go away, Major put a little red Bible into my trunk for a weddin' present ; but I was cryin' too hard to thank her. She swallowed down whatever choked her, and begged of me not to cry so, lest Russell should take it hard that I mourned to go with him. But just then I was thinkin' more of Major and mother than I was of Russell ; they'd kept me bright and cheery always, and kept up my heart with their own good ways when I hadn't no strength to do it for myself ; and now I was goin' off alone with Russell, and he wasn't very cheerful dispositioned, and somehow my courage give way all to once.

But I had to go ; railroads don't wait for nobody ; and what with the long journey, and the new ways and things and people, I hadn't time to get real down once before we got to Indiana. After we left the boat there was a spell of railroad, and then a long stage-ride, to Cumberton ; and then we had to hire a big wagon and team, so's to get us out to our claim, thirty miles west'ard of Cumber-

ton. I hadn't no time to feel real lonesome now, for all our things had got to be onpacked, and packed over ag'in in the wagon ; some on 'em had to be stored up, so's to come another time. We was two days gettin' to the claim, the roads was so bad—mostly what they call corduroy, but a good stretch clear mud-holes. By the time we got to the end on't, I was tired out, just fit to cry ; and such a house as was waitin' for us—a real log shanty ! I see Russell looked real beat when he see my face, and I tried to brighten up ; but I wished to my heart I was back with mother forty times that night, if I did once. Then come the worst of all, clutterin' everything right into that shanty ; for our frame house wouldn't be done for two months, and there wa'n't scarce room for what we'd brought, so't we couldn't think of sendin' for what was stored to Cumber-ton. I didn't sleep none for two nights, because of the whip-poor-wills that set on a tree close by, and called till mornin' light ; but after that I was too tired to lie awake.

Well, it was real lonesome, but it was all new at first, and Russell was to work near by, so't I could see him, and oftentimes hear him whistle ; and I had the garden to make, round to the new house, for I knew more about the plantin' of it than he did, 'special-ly my posy-bed, and I had a good time gettin' new flowers out of the woods. And the woods was real splendid—great tall tulip-trees, as high as a steeple and round as a quill, without any sort o' branches ever so fur up, and the whole top full of the yeller tulips, and the queer snipped-lookin' shiny leaves, till they looked like great bow-pots on sticks ; then there's lots of other great trees, only they're all mostly spindled up in them woods. But the flowers that grow round on the ma'sh edges and in the clearin's do beat all.

So time passed along pretty glib till the frame-house was done, and then we had to move in, and to get the things from Cumber-ton, and begin to feel as though we were settled for good and all ; and after the newness had gone off, and the clearin' got so fur that I couldn't see Russell no more, and nobody

to look at if I was never so lonesome, then come a pretty hard spell. Everything about the house was real handy, so't I'd get my work cleared away, and set down to sew early ; and them long summer days that was still and hot, I'd set, and set, never hearin' nothin' but the clock go "tick, tick, tick," (never "tack" for a change), and every now'n 'then a great crash and roar in the woods where he was choppin', that I knew was a tree ; and I worked myself up dreadfully when there was a longer spell'n common come betwixt the crashes, lest that Russell might 'a' been ketched under the one that fell. And settin' so, and worryin' a good deal, day in and day out, kinder broodin' over my troubles, and never thinkin' about anybody but myself, I got to be of the idee that I was the worst-off creature goin'. If I'd have stopped to think about Russell, may-be I should have had some sort of pity for him, for he was just as lonesome as I, and I was-n't no kind of comfort to come home to—'most always cryin', or jest a-goin' to.

So the summer went along till 'twas nigh on to winter, and I wa'n't in no better sper-rits. And now I wa'n't real well, and I pined for mother, and I pined for Major, and I'd have given all the honey and buckwheat in Indiana for a loaf of mother's dry rye-bread and a drink of spring-water. And finally I got so miserable, I wished I wa'n't never married—and I'd have wished I was dead, if it wa'n't for bein' doubtful where I'd go to, if I was. And worst of all, one day I got so worked up I told Russell all that. I declare, he turned as white as a turnip. I see'd I hurt him, and I'd have got over it in a minute and told him so—only he up with his axe and walked out of the door, and never come home till night, and then I was too stubborn to speak to him.

Well, things got worse, 'n' one day I was sewin' some things and cryin' over 'em, when I heard a team come along by, and before I could get to the door, Russell come in, all red for joy, and says—

"Who do you want to see most, Anny?"

Somehow the question kind of upset me ; I got choked, and then I bu'st out a-cryin'.

"Oh, mother and Major!" says I; and I hadn't more'n spoke the word before mother had both her good strong arms round me, and Major's real cheery face was a-lookin' up at me from the little pine cricket, where she'd sot down as natural as life. Well, I *was* glad, and so was Russell, and the house seemed as shiny as a hang-bird's nest, and by-and-by the baby came—but I had mother.

'Twas 'long about March when I was sick, and by the end of April I was well, and so's to be stirrin' round ag'in. And mother and Major begun to talk about goin' home; and I declare, my heart was up in my mouth every time they spoke on't, and I begun to be miserable ag'in. One day I was settin' beside of mother; Major was out in the garden fixin' up things, and settin' out a lot of blows she'd got in the woods, and singin' away, and says I to mother:

"What be I going to do, mother, without you and Major? I 'most died of clear lonesomeness before you come!"

Mother laid down her knittin', and looked straight at me.

"I wish you'd got a little of Major's good cheer, Anny," says she. "You haven't any call to be lonely here; it's a real good country, and you've got a nice house, and the best of husbands, and a dear little baby, and you'd ought to try to give up frettin'. I wish you was pious, Anny; you wouldn't fault the Lord's goodness the way you do."

"Well, Major don't have nothin' to trouble her, mother," says I. She's all safe and pleasant at home; she a'n't homesick."

Mother spoke up pretty resolute:

"There a'n't nobody in the world, Anny, but what has troubles. I didn't calculate to tell you about Major's, but sence you lay her lively ways to luck, may-be you'd better know 'em. She's been engaged this six months to Reuben Potter, and he's goin' off in a slow consumption; he won't never live to marry her, and she knows it."

"And she come away to see me, mother?"

"Yes, she did. I can't say I thought she need to, but Russell wrote you was pinin' for both of us, and I didn't think you could get along without me, but I told her to stay with

Reuben, and I'd come on alone. And says she: 'No, mother, you a'n't young and spry enough to go alone so fur, and the Lord made you my mother and Anny my sister before I picked out Reuben for myself. I can't never have any kin but you, and I might have had somebody beside Reuben, though it don't seem likely now; but he's got four sisters to take care of him, and he thinks and I think it's what I ought to do; so I'm goin' with you.' So she come, Anny, and you see how lively she keeps, just because she don't want to dishearten you none. I don't know as you can blame her for kinder hankerin' to get home."

I hadn't nothin' to say; I was beat. So mother, she went on:

"Fact is, Anny, Major's always a-thinkin' about other folks; it comes kind of nateral to her, and then bein' pious helps it. I guess, dear, when you get to thinkin' more about Russell an' the baby, you'll forget some of your troubles. I hope the Lord won't have to give you no harder lesson than lovin', to teach you Major's ways."

So, after that, I couldn't say no more to mother about stayin'; but when they went away, I like to cried myself sick—only baby had to be looked after, and I couldn't dodge her.

Bym-by we had letters from home; they got there all safe, and Reuben wa'n't no worse, Major said—ef't had been me wrote the letter, I should have said he wa'n't no better. And I fell back into the old lonesome days, for baby slept mostly; and the summer come on extreme hot; and in July, Russell, bein' forced to go to Cumberton on some land business, left me to home with baby and the hired man, calculatin' to be gone three days and two nights.

The first day he was away was dreadful sultry; the sun went down away over the woods in a kind of red-hot fog, and it seemed as though the stars were dull and coppery at night; even the whip-poor-wills were too hot to sing; nothin' but a doleful screech-owl quavered away, a half a mile off, a good hour, steady. When it got to be mornin', it didn't seem no cooler; there wa'n't a

breath of wind, and the locusts in the woods chattered as though they were fryin'. Our hired man was an old Scotchman, by name Simon Grant; and when he'd got his breakfast, he said he'd go down the clearin, and bring up a load of brush for me to burn. So he drove off with the team, and, havin' cleared up the dishes, I put baby to sleep, and took my pail to the barn to milk the cow—for we kept her in a kind of home-lot like, a part of what had been cleared afore we come, lest she should stray away in the woods, if we turned her loose; she was put in the barn, too, nights, for fear some stray wildcat or bear might come along and do her a harm. So I let her into the yard, and was jest a-goin to milk her, when she begun to snort and shake, and finally giv' the pail a kick, and set off, full swing, for the fence to the lot. I looked round to see what was a-comin', and there, about a quarter of a mile off, I see the most curus thing I ever see before or since—a cloud as black as ink in the sky, and hangin' down from it a long spout like, something like an elephant's trunk, and the whole world under it looked to be all beat to dust. Before I could get my eyes off on't, or stir to run, I see it was comin' as fast as a locomotive; I heerd a great roar and rush—first a hot wind and then a cold one, and then a crash—an' 'twas all as dark as death all round, and the roar seemed to be passin' off.

I didn't know for quite a spell where I was. I was flat on my face, and when I come to a little, I felt the grass against my cheek, and I smelt the earth; but I couldn't move, no way; I couldn't turn over, nor raise my head more'n two inches, nor draw myself up one. I was comfortable so long as I laid still; but if I went to move I couldn't. It wasn't no use to wriggle, and when I'd settled that, I jest went to work to figger out where I was and how I got there, and the best I could make out was that the barn-roof had blowed off and lighted right over me, jest so as not to hurt me, but so't I couldn't move.

Well, there I lay. I knew baby was asleep in the trundle-bed, and there wa'n't no fire in the house; but how did I know t'he house

wa'n't blowed down? I thought that as quick as a flash of lightnin'; it kinder struck me; I couldn't even see, so as to be certain! I wasn't naterally fond of children, but somehow one's own is different, and baby was just gettin' big enough to be pretty; and there I lay, feelin' about as bad as I could, but hangin' on to one hope—that old Simon, seein' the tornado, would come pretty soon to see where we was.

I lay still quite a spell, listenin'. Presently I heerd a low, whimperin', pantin' noise, comin nearer and nearer, and I knew it was old Lu, a yeller hound of Simon's, that he'd set great store by, because he brought him from the Old Country. I heerd the dog come pretty near to where I was, and then stop, and give a long howl. I tried to call him, but I was all choked up with dust, and for a while I couldn't make no sound. Finally I called, "Lu! Lu! here, Sir!" and if ever you heerd a dumb creature laugh, he barked a real laugh, and come springin' along over towards me. I called ag'in, and he begun to scratch and tear and pull—at boards, I guessed, for it sounded like that; but it wa'n't no use, he couldn' get at me, and he give up at length and set down right over my head and give another howl, so long and so dismal I thought I'd as lieves hear the bell a-tollin' my age.

Pretty soon I heerd another sound—the baby cryin'; and with that Lu jumped off whatever 'twas that buried me up, and run.

"At any rate," thinks I, "baby's alive." And then I bethought myself if 'twa'n't a painter, after all; they scream jest like a baby, and there's lots of them, or there was then, right round in our woods; and Lu was dreadfully fond to hunt 'em; and he never took no notice of baby—and I couldn't stir to see!

Oh, dear! the sweat stood all over me! and there I lay, and Simon didn't come, nor I didn't hear a mouse stir; the air was still as death, and I got nigh distracted. Seemed as if my whole life riz right up there in the dark and looked at me. Here I was, all helpless, may-be never to get out alive; for Simon didn't come, and

Russell was gone away. I'd had a good home, and a kind husband, and all I could ask ; but I hadn't had a contented mind ; I'd quarrelled with Providence, 'cause I hadn't got everything—and now I hadn't got nothin'. I see just as clear as daylight how I'd nussed up every little trouble till it growed to a big one—how I'd sp'ilt Russell's life, and made him wretched—how I'd been cross to him a great many times when I ought to have been a comfort ; and now it was like enough I shouldn't never see him again, nor baby, nor mother, nor Major. And how could I look the Lord in the face if I did die ? That took all my strength out. I lay shakin' and chokin' with the idee, I don't know how long ; it kind of got hold of me and ground me down ; it was worse than all. I wished to gracious I didn't believe in hell ; but then it come to mind, What should I do in heaven, ef I was there ? I didn't love nothin' that folks in heaven love, except the baby ; I hadn't been suited with the Lord's will on earth, and 'twain't likely I was goin' to like it any better in heaven ; and I should be ashamed to show my face where I didn't belong, neither by right nor by want. So I lay. Presently I heerd in my mind this verse, that I'd learned years back in Sabbath School—

“ Wherefore He is able also to save them to the uttermost.”

There it stopped, but it was plenty for me. I see at once there wasn't no help anywhere else, and for once in my life I did pray, real earnest, and—queer enough—not to get out, but to be made good. I kind of forgot *where* I was, I see so complete *what* I was ; but after a while I did pray to live in the flesh ; I wanted to make some amends to Russell for pesterin' on him so.

It seemed to me as though I'd laid there two days. A rain finally come on, with a good even down-pour, that washed in a little, and cooled my hot head ; and after it passed by I heerd one whip-poor-will singin', so't I knew it was night. And pretty soon I heerd the tramp of a horse's feet ; it come up ; it stopped ; I heerd Russell say out loud, “ O

Lord ! ” and give a groan, and then I called to him. I declare, he jumped !

So I got him to go look for baby first, because I could wait ; and lo ! she was all safe in the trundle-bed, with Lu beside of her, both on 'em stretched out together, one of her little hands on his nose ; and when Russell looked in at the door she stirred a bit, and Lu licked her hand to keep her quiet. It tells in the Bible about children's angels always seein' the face of God, so's to know quick what to do for 'em, I suppose ; and I'm sure her'n got to her afore the tornado ; for though the house-roof had blowed off, and the chimbly tumbled down, there wa'n't a splinter nor a brick on her bed, only close by the head on't a great hunk of stone had fell down, and steadied up the clothes-press from tumblin' right on top of her.

So then Russell rode over, six miles, to a neighbor's, and got two men, and betwixt 'em all they pried up the beams of the barn, that had blowed on to the roof and pinned it down over me, and then lifted up the boards and got me out ; and I wa'n't hurt, except a few bruises, but after that day I begun to get gray hairs.

Well, Russell was pretty thankful, I b'lieve—more so'n he need to be for such a wife. We fixed up some kind of a shelter, but Lu howled so all night we couldn't sleep. It seems Russell had seen the tornado to Cum-berton, and judgin' from its course 'twould come past the clearin', he didn't wait a minute, but saddled up and come off ; but it had crossed the road once or twice, so it was nigh about eleven o'clock afore he got home, but it was broad moonlight. So I hadn't been under the roof only about fifteen hours, but it seemed more.

In the mornin' Russell set out to find Simon, and I was so trembly I couldn't bear to stay alone, and I went with him, he carrying baby, and Lu goin' before, as tickled as he could be. We went a long spell through the woods, keeping on the edge of the tornado's road, for't had made a clean track about a quarter of a mile wide, and felled the trees flat—great tulips cut off as sharp as pipe-stems, oakstewed like dandelion stems,

and hickories curled right up in a heap. Presently Lu give a bark, and then such a howl! and there was Simon, dead enough: a big oak had blowed down, with the trunk right acrost his legs above the knees, and smashed them almost off. 'Twas plain it hadn't killed him to once, for the ground all about his head was tore up as though he'd fought with it, and Russell said his teeth and hands was full of grass and grit, where he'd bit and tore, a-dyin' so hard. I declare, I shan't never forget that sight! Seems as if my body was full of little ice-spickles every time I think on't.

Well, Russell couldn't do nothin'; we had no chance to lift the tree, so we went back to the house, and he rode away after neighbors; and while he was gone, I had a long spell of thinkin'. Mother said she hoped I wouldn't have no hard lesson to teach me Major's ways; but I had got it, and I know I needed it 'cause it did come so hard. I b'lieve I was a better woman after that. I got to think more of other folks' comfort than I did afore, and whenever I got goin' to be dismal ag'in I used to try 'n' find somebody to help; it was a sure cure.

When the neighbors come, Russell and they blasted and chopped the tree off of Simon, and buried him under a big pine that we calculated not to fell. Lu pined, and howled and moaned for his master, till I got

him to look after baby now and then, when I was hangin' out clothes or makin' garden, and he got to like her in the end on't near as well as Simon.

After a while there come more settlers out our way, and we got a church to go to; and the minister, Mr. Jones, he come to know if I was a member, and when I said I wa'n't, he put in to know if I wasn't a pious woman.

"Well," says I, "I don't know, Sir." So I up and told him all about it, and how I had had a hard lesson; and he smiled once or twice, and says he:

"Your husband thinks you are a Christian, Sister Potter, don't he?"

"Yes, I do," says Russell, a-comin' in behind me to the door—for he'd just stepped out to get the minister a basket of plums. "I ha'n't a doubt on't, Mr. Jones."

The minister looked at him, and I see he was kinder pleased.

"Well," says he, "I don't think there's much doubt of a woman's bein' pious when she's pious at home; and I don't want no better testimony'n yours, Mr. Potter. I shall admit you to full fellowship, sister, when we have a church-meetin' next; for it's my belief you experienced religion under that blowed-down barn."

And I guess I did.

Abijah Peabody.

THE STORY OF THE YEAR.

SPRING.

No matter what the almanac may say,
 The year begins with the first month of Spring,
 When snowdrifts into rivulets slip away,
 And bluebirds of the coming violets sing:

When March winds sweep the stairway of the rocks
 From rubbish heaps of Autumn leafage clear;
 And the sun turns back from the equinox
 To welcome and lead home the baby Year.

The baby's name is Spring. Around her feet
Quaint ferns their scrolls unroll, and mosses rare,
With coral fairy-cups, steal down to meet
Her winsome footsteps on the woodland stair.

SUMMER.

Three breezy steps, and on a sunlit floor
Bordered with daisies, roses, and green grass,
The maiden Year, at Summer's open door,
Hears music summoning up a mountain pass,
And on she climbs. Soft strains the thickets thrill ;
Evasive fairy visions flit beyond ;
The forest-path invites her upward still ;
Light tendrils cling to her with touches fond.
Oh, the enchanted world ! Oh, youth ! oh, June !
No wonder that the heart cannot forget
Those morning melodies, that first-learned tune
Through deepening harmonies they haunt her yet !

AUTUMN.

A woman moving up the orchard-slope,
With even gait, and steady, seeking eyes.
Autumn, that ripens all things, ripens hope ;
Trees bear fruit every month in Paradise.
September, standing on her golden round
Of the year's ladder, 'mid her vintage leaves,
Hears through her harvest fields a wail resound ;
Her starving sisters begging for her sheaves.
Autumn did but enrich herself to give ;
And scattering blessings, see her now depart,
Whispering that on life's hills 't was sweet to live,
While Indian Summer sunshine warmed her heart.

WINTER.

December's sun is low ; the Year is old :
Through falling leaves and flying flakes of snow
The aged pilgrim climbs the mountain cold,
But look ! the summit's in the afterglow !
The fierce winds hold their breath : the rocks give way :
The stars look down to guide her up the height :
And all around her lonely footsteps play
Auroral waves of spiritual light.
Nothing before her but the peak, the sky !
Nothing ? Ah, look ! beyond is everything !
Over these mountains greener valleys lie !
A happier New Year, an eternal Spring !

Lucy Larcom.

STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS.

THERE are few subjects which enter so largely into our every day life as politics. Next to our religious convictions, our political predilections maintain a firm hold upon our passions and prejudices. In a subjective sense, they enlist every power of the intellect, every affection of the heart, and every aspiration of the mind, in almost every intelligent being; and objectively, politics operates upon nearly every human interest, either in the change of existing laws, or in the overturning of old and the upbuilding of new systems of polity.

Politicians are the agents who arouse these passions, by whom these changes are wrought. Much may be said with truth condemnatory of the average politician; that is, the man who makes politics a "business," who deals in it as the merchant in his wares, or the lawyer in his cases, without reference to the question whether good government is promoted or not; but the public is not infrequently too harsh in its judgment upon the politician who grapples with political problems, even though there may be, in most cases, a selfish motive at the bottom. Our country has been prolific in the genus politician, and can present a large array of men who have from time to time taken an active and prominent part in governmental affairs.

Our diversified interests and peculiar governmental machinery, presenting the most apt example of an *imperium in imperio* that the world has ever known, present a very favorable field for the growth of political talent. The state government is typical of the national, the county government typical of the state, and so on down to its smallest ramifications. When a new and important question is presented for determination, it is first swaddled at the cross-roads or corner grocery, next dawdled in the legislature, then fondled for a few years in Congress, and then, finally, full fledged, it becomes the shibboleth of the contending masses in national campaigns.

The period just previous to the Civil War

was particularly fruitful in political talent. The mantles of Webster and Clay, Calhoun and Benton, had fallen, and there were none whose shoulders were fully ample to receive them. Yet, though this be true, there were not wanting men of equal courage, though perhaps of less transcendent genius.

The curtain which those great men had kept from rising until the people had almost come to believe it never would rise, and behind which was the spectre of slavery and civil war, was slowly being lifted, and the gaunt figures beyond appalled both people and politicians alike.

To this period, Stephen A. Douglas belonged. He lived within the shadow of Webster and his compeers, and to some extent was overshadowed by them, as were many other men of similar talents. The fact that the public mind, for nearly a half century, had been educated by those able exponents of popular government, should not be lost sight of in estimating the characters of the men that came after. The public had come to regard them, and them alone, as capable of battling with the great questions of the day, and looked upon all others as trespassers and disseisors.

It was much the same principle as that upon which we cling to the family physician, when he may possess no more skill to avert impending dissolution than the veriest tyro, but simply because he has hitherto conducted his cases to a successful issue, when the body was vigorous, and the system had strong powers of recuperation.

Upon Douglas and his contemporaries, especially Abraham Lincoln, devolved the task of meeting the issue of slavery and secession face to face. The time for compromises had passed. The theory of nullification was abandoned, and that of separation with or without war was coming to the front. The question of free and slave territory—nay, the question of the existence of slavery at all, or under any conditions—confronted politicians

North and South. The tariff question was one that brought up the theory of nullification; the slavery issue, that of separation or secession.

Douglas had been bred and passed the infancy and early manhood of his political life in the democratic ranks. He had risen to eminence in its fold, and by its suffrages had enjoyed political preferment of a very high order. Had no overshadowing crisis arisen, his life would have drawn to a peaceful and more timely close; but the spectre of civil commotion came moving on with unslackened pace, and threatened to engulf him.

The Democratic Party, in the year 1860, was called upon to state to the country its position upon the peculiar institution—slavery. The southern wing, entrenched behind the *Dred Scott* decision, asserted the constitutional right to carry slave property into all the territories of the United States, precisely as the merchant carries his goods, or the farmer his implements of husbandry.

This principle and this decision upset the Missouri compromise, which excluded slavery from a line extending across the continent of 36 deg. 30 min. north latitude, and opened questions of the most serious character.

Douglas, on the other hand, while conceding this proposition, claimed, that while slavery might thus be transplanted into the United States territories, when the question of admitting the territory as a state came up, it would then devolve upon the people of the territory to say whether they would "come in" as a slave or free state.

Mr. Douglas had been pointed out long before this as a formidable candidate for the presidency. His great talents and even his personal weaknesses had endeared him to a large number of the people of the United States, and his recent successful contest with the administration over the *Lecompton Constitution* made him stand out as a conspicuous figure in American politics.

This doctrine therefore of non-interference by Congress with slavery in the territories, was an act of concession to the slaveholding interest, without some support from which he could not succeed in his political aspirations,

and a bow of promise to his northern followers, who were not prepared to follow the extremes of abolitionists on the one hand, or the uncompromising slavery element on the other.

This was really the only ground left for Mr. Douglas to occupy. He expressly ignored the question of the right or wrong of slavery, claiming, and properly too, that it was fully recognized by the laws and institutions of the country, and its disturbance was fraught with extreme danger to the Union. In this contention time has fully shown that Douglas was correct; that is, that sectional agitation on the question of slavery would endanger the existence of the Union; but like many others he was at fault in believing or insinuating that the Union could not stand the strain.

The position that slavery was an evil in whatever form it existed, whether in states already formed (where it should not be interfered with), and that especially it should be prohibited by Congress in the territories under all circumstances, was held by the Republican Party; and that slavery should be protected where it existed, fugitive slaves should be returned, and that Congress could pass no law prohibiting it in the territories, were the claims of the South.

Between these two points the "little giant" was tightly wedged. Upon the middle ground he took his stand. With the result of the contest we are all acquainted; its immediate details we can pass over in silence. It was the opening of the gates of civil war—the lifting of the curtain which previous statesmen had kept from rising. The election of Douglas would have postponed, but never have averted the struggle. The question of slavery, as a permanent part of our institutions, had to be met and decided. Douglas simply dodged the issue, as many had done before him, but unlike his predecessors, the culmination of the contest begun in 1820 was at hand.

The vice, if it must be admitted there was any vice, in his policy consisted in temporizing with a power which was bent on universal domination, or, in the failure to effect it, on risking its existence upon the issue of

an uncertain and dangerous, but oft-threatened, conflict. Mr. Douglas was the last of the series of compromise statesmen of which our history is prolific. The nation, from its very inception, contained the elements of two distinct and opposing civilizations. We have been accustomed to specify them as simply the North and South. But the true lines of demarcation were broader and deeper.

The one was busy, thrifty, mechanical, free-laboring, manufacturing, protective; the other languid, phlegmatic, professional, agricultural, slave-laboring, and free trade. Both sections were vast in natural resources, ambitious for power, and bore defeat with a surly submission, until a recurring election gave an opportunity to renew the contest.

The voice of Henry Clay had stayed the tempest. But that voice was now still in death, and the storm came surging on with renewed violence, until, perhaps, even its charms could not have stopped the raging cyclone of approaching civil war.

The effort of Mr. Douglas to pose as a compromise candidate—that is, one who could harmonize upon a common level the conflicting interests of both civilizations—was the last attempt made in that direction. All presidential aspirants since have been more or less sectional.

The result of the war gave an overwhelming preponderance to the northern politician. Every such aspirant has proceeded on the direct assumption that slavery and secession were radically wrong, and the opposition thereto unquestionably right. Every other shade of opinion was centered in the opposition. We have thus, since the election of 1860, fought out the great battles for political ascendancy. Mr. Douglas probably saw that a great crisis was approaching, and very naturally adopted the tactics which had often succeeded before—compromise and conciliation—but as intimated above, the time for both had passed.

It is difficult to decide as to whether he was justified in opening the questions which had been temporarily settled by the Missouri compromise, by his advocacy of the Kansas-Nebraska Bill. This and the Dred Scott decision were undoubtedly the reopening of the old wound which had been partly healed or rather concealed by conciliatory legislation. Undoubtedly, the “irrepressible conflict” had come, and the bloody chasm, like the sunk-en road of Ohaine, could never be passed over till its treacherous sides were leveled by the crushed and mangled forms of the advancing columns.

Yet it was the only chance for the “little giant”; one step backward or forward would place him in either the Republican or in the Pro-slavery ranks. He made the gallant effort, and failed.

When the war did come, and the lurid flash of civil strife lit up the land—when it became a question, not whether slavery should be voted up or down, but whether the Union should be preserved—he took his stand with promptness and courage. He cast his lot with the Union sentiment.

But the dream of his life was ended. The prize for which he had striven, and to which the suffrages of over a million and a quarter voters had invited him, was beyond his reach forever. Like others, his occupation was gone. He could and would have been a tower of strength to that cause, but he had marked out his lines in a somewhat different channel; and it would probably have been hard for him, as it has been hard for so many others, to follow where he had been accustomed to lead.

Of our public men he was one of the most remarkable, and his life and character deserve more study and attention than are usually devoted to them. He belonged to a race of statesmen that is now extinct, and his name forms a connecting link between the old and the new order of affairs in our domestic history.

Fohn Goss.

"MY JACK."

"No, not in all California you won't find the like of my Jack. There don't live a better boy than him, if it is his own mother as says it," and Mrs. Crane nodded her head emphatically as she pronounced the above enthusiastic, if slightly ungrammatical, encomium upon her son John.

Nellie Morrell glanced out of the sitting-room window, and down to the beach, where Jack Crane was working industriously, caulking a boat that lay, bottom up, high and dry on the sand. He was a stalwart, sun-browned young man, with a frank, genial air about him that insensibly attracted every one. Mrs. Crane's eyes wandered lovingly in the same direction, and the blue checked shirt she was mending fell unheeded from her hands.

It was a pleasant picture that met her eyes, framed in the window casement. The green hills curved around on either side like a bow, sloping to the smooth beach that bordered them all the way, and along the edge of the bank wound the white road, bare and gleaming in the sunlight. The water rippled steadily in on the pebbles, with a wondrous coolness in its splash, and the metallic clink of hammers in the shipyards further on sounded not inharmoniously through the air. The bay, intensely blue today, swept outward, a heaving, glassy surface, here and there ruffled by little catspaws of wind, until the far-off Berkeley hills on the hazy summer horizon and the water's expanse mingled and faded in one tremulous, purple line. Into the picture moved a white sail, and another drifted slowly out of it—an unceasing panorama. The afternoon sun blazed hotly down, and the smoke from the ugly bay steamers streamed upwards so indolently that, long after the boats themselves were out of sight, their unsightly trails hovered lazily across the window. But the pleasantest object in the picture, in Mrs. Crane's eyes, was the figure of "my Jack," bending intently over his work, and whistling a light-hearted tune that rang gaily up through the open window.

Nellie Morrell had come on a visit from the East, and was staying with friends who lived in this little valley by the bay. In common with every one else, Nellie liked Jack very well indeed, and she and her friends were indebted to him for many a merry boat-ride. She liked Mrs. Crane, too, and many a pleasant afternoon had she spent in the shabby little sitting-room, with its lovely view over the wide bay.

It amused the girl thoroughly to listen to Mrs. Crane's praise of her son. Indeed, that was the only point on which Jack's mother ever waxed voluble, for she was reserved—even taciturn—in her usual demeanor; but Nellie Morrell had early discovered this amiable weakness, and had inwoven herself forever in Mrs. Crane's good graces by listening with unflagging interest to the most minute particulars in regard to all periods of Jack's career. She had heard how and when he cut his first tooth; had listened gravely while Mrs. Crane debated anxiously the important question as to whether "my Jack" was eleven months and one week or twelve months and two weeks when "that Smith girl" gave him the measles; and so on, up to the time of his present existence, culminating this particular afternoon in the words wherewith this story opens.

After a minute or so Nellie rose, and picked up her hat from the table.

"He is a splendid young man, indeed, Mrs. Crane, and well worthy any mother's praise. But I must be going, for I see Amy coming over the road. She is back early from the city today."

"Won't you stay to tea?" asked Mrs. Crane, hospitably.

"Not this evening, thank you. O, by the way, it will be moonlight tonight. I wonder if Jack would mind taking us out for a sail?"

"Of course not," declared Mrs. Crane, warmly. "My Jack is only too willing to oblige you or the Dalton girls at any time, and I'll speak to him as soon as he comes

in. Or you might run down to the beach and ask him yourself, Miss Nellie."

Nellie nodded assent, and went down through the garden to the beach. The young man looked up with a bright smile as she sprang down the bank, and dropped his tools at once.

"A lovely afternoon, isn't it?" she began, conventionally.

"Very warm, I think," Jack responded, smilingly. "Come around this side, Miss Morrell, in the shade."

Nellie stepped around as she was bidden, meanwhile critically regarding the upturned boat.

"Will it be all finished by tonight, Jack?" she asked, displaying an unwonted interest in his work, so transparent that Jack laughed outright.

"Hardly, Miss Morrell," he said, when he could get his breath, "but I can easily obtain another for tonight. That is what you would like, is it not?"

Nellie nodded eagerly. "I came down purposely, to ask you to take Amy and Alice Dalton and me out tonight, if you can spare the time. I am afraid that we impose upon your good nature shamefully, but it will be so lovely that I could not resist the longing to go."

"It is only too much pleasure to take you, Miss Morrell," responded the young man, warmly, regarding the girl with an intentness that made her flush uneasily, and she turned half away and looked out over the water, with a guilty consciousness that she was not dealing quite fairly with honest Jack Crane. She did know, only too well, how much pleasure it had become to Jack, in the month that she had spent in the valley, to be beside her, and her conscience twitted her, at times sorely, for she knew herself much to blame for the young man's infatuation. Amy and Alice Dalton teased her sometimes about her conquest, and through a little willful vanity she had encouraged the young man's open admiration, until now it had grown to a resistless volume that she could not stem if she would.

Just then a voice rang out from the road

above the bank, and looking up, both saw Amy standing there, and calling Nell to come home with her. Glad enough of the interruption, Nellie hastily joined her, with a parting reminder from Jack that the tide would turn at seven, so that they must be ready at eight.

She told Amy of the projected pleasure, an announcement which was met by the equally agreeable news that Amy's two cousins, Will and Bert Somers, were coming over that same evening, and intended to stay three days.

"That will be splendid," said Nellie, enthusiastically. "We will be quite a party tonight. Is Bert nice, Amy? I have never seen him, you know, but if he is as agreeable as his brother, I shall devote myself to him at once."

"And add another scalp to your belt, I suppose," said Amy, dryly, but with a slightly heightened color. "I have often wondered why you have spared Will. He is the only young man I know whom you have not led captive at some time or other."

"O, I have spared him for Alice's sake," said Nellie, lightly. "You do not suppose I would be selfish enough to try to take him from a friend, do you?"

But they were home now, so Amy made no answer, save a shrug of her shoulders, and both went in to prepare the family for the expected arrivals.

An hour later the young men came, and Nellie decided mentally that Bert Somers was, at least on superficial acquaintance, one of the nicest young men she had ever met. The opinion was evidently mutual, for Bert regarded her with undisguised admiration at once, and when told of the boat-sail, announced his intention of taking charge of "Cousin Nellie,"—as he elected to call her—for the evening. This open appropriation met with a laughing remonstrance from the young lady in question, and the four young people were still jesting about it when the sharp clang of the bell told that it was time to start.

Amy introduced her Cousin Bert to Jack, who had met Will before, and Nellie noticed with a slight foreboding the stiffness of his greeting. But by the time they had boarded

the little plunger, the fancy had disappeared, for Jack was the gayest and most light-hearted of them all.

It was a perfect night for sailing. There was just wind enough to carry them easily along, and in the faint glow of the rising moon, the water ran in floods of gold off the sides of the boat, and their wake was all aflame with the wondrous light struck from the dark waters by the passing keel. In the dancing waves twinkled innumerable stars, the reflex of the circling sky, where already the tiny lamps were burning dim as the white moon rose steadily higher, mounting with shining feet along the ever-widening, wondrous silver path that quivered from sea to sky. And, on through this still, white glory, touched with the silver brightness from above, and resting on the evanescent, phosphorescent gold below, floated the boat like a great white bird, astray from some distant, unseen shore.

In the stern sat Nellie Morrell and Jack Crane. The four cousins were standing in the bow, watching the sparkle of the foam as it fell away on either side. Nellie had been with them, but she left them and joined Jack, who was steering, feeling that it was not exactly the thing to desert him in such a bare-faced fashion. All the young fellow's soul looked out of his honest eyes as the girl came and sat down beside him, and his voice quivered when he spoke to her. She had asked him once to teach her to steer, and she reminded him now of his promise to do so. But he shook his head.

"You could not learn now, Miss Morrell," he said. "The rest will be laughing and talking, and distract your attention. See, they are coming astern already. But, Miss Nellie," and Jack bent forward eagerly, "come out with me tomorrow, and I will teach you. We can go early, before the sun gets hot, and the others need know nothing about it until we get back."

"I do not know," began Nellie, hesitatingly.

"I see no reason why you can't come," interrupted Jack. "You would have been ready enough yesterday before that young Somers came," he finished, in a hurt tone.

That was enough. "I'll come," said she, hastily. "Do you think I am going to slight you for a person I never met until tonight?" and she flashed him a glance from her gray eyes that half compensated him for her desertion in the earlier part of the evening.

"Jack," called Amy, "don't you think we had better turn back, now? Mother will worry if we are out too late."

In spite of the clamor of protest that arose, Amy carried her wish, and the boat was headed for the shore. When they landed, Nellie was the last one helped out of the boat; and as Jack stood beside her an instant, he whispered:

"Can you come down by six in the morning?"

Nellie had only time to murmur back assent, when Bert Somers called her.

"Come, Miss Morrell, the others are half way home already. Good-night, Crane," carelessly, "much obliged to you for the sail."

Jack's forehead contracted in a scowl, and with a barely civil rejoinder, he turned and busied himself in fastening his boat. When he looked up again, he was all alone in the white solitude, but from the road above, rang clearly, in the strange stillness of the night, Nellie Morrell's voice.

The young man stood calmly, until the last echo died away over the water; then he straightened up, and shut his hands together hard, fighting, with all the strength of his will, this foolish passion that was so overwhelming him. He could not help but know that Nellie Morrell did not care for him as he cared for her. Even this one night might show him that. Was she not evidently just as contented in Bert Somers' society as in his? Indeed, even more so, for tonight Jack's jealous perceptions had felt at once the slight constraint in the girl's manner, and had recognized the intangible difference between her careless, half-patronizing familiarity with himself, and the easy air of perfect understanding and equality that already existed between herself and her friend's cousin.

"I am good enough to flirt with, and to be made generally useful," he thought, bitterly, "until some one else comes along, and then, overboard I go." And then his thoughts

drifted to his mother. "Poor mother!" he said, aloud, wondering, meanwhile, what she would think, could she know that the girl whom she had so taken to her heart had wrought such havoc in her Jack's even, happy life. A feeling of compunction smote the young man, that he should have let this stranger usurp his mother's place; that he should put second her who had ever held him first, and all for the sake of a girl who esteemed him as less than nothing.

Jack had grown somewhat cynical of late. It was not only tonight, because of Bert Somers, but he had felt it always, how Nellie took his admiration and services as her rightful tribute, and evidently considered him amply repaid by the very fact of her acceptance of them. Evidently, in her eyes, the difference between a young lady of her position and Jack Crane was so obvious that she could afford to forget it for the time being. Jack felt an inward conviction that his mother's partial and enthusiastic admiration for himself was only a source of amusement to Nellie; and he almost hated himself to think that he could care for a girl who could, even in thought, make light of his mother's beautiful affection. He felt himself disloyal to that trusting mother, and day after day resolved, anew, to break loose from his dishonorable fetters; and then Nellie would come smiling down to the beach, or wait for him at twilight in the garden as he came home, to tell him how interminable seemed the days unless she could see him; and his iron resolve would melt, as dew in the morning sunshine, at the first sound of her voice.

And now, tonight, he went home across the wet and glistening sand, with a settled determination to at last have done with it all. He would meet her in the morning and tell her that they could not go. If she wondered, and was offended, so much the better, for then she would probably never speak to him again, and so he would be forevermore beyond the temptation to sacrifice pride, self-respect, even his mother, to an overwrought sentiment.

But morning light brought kinder thoughts, and as Jack stood waiting for Nellie, he con-

cluded that he would not deny himself this last little bit of consolation. It should be the last, though. If she came—and he found himself growing anxious lest she should not—they should have their sail, and he would cheat Time of at least one more happy hour.

It was a glorious morning. Like a sea of glass the water spread away from the shore, save where, a little distance out, a ruffled blue streak told that some early baby breeze was skimming across the bay. The sun fell over the wide expanse in long golden shafts, and brightened to a dazzling whiteness the gleaming far-out sails. Yerba Buena Island lifted itself on the horizon, a darkly outlined cloud that had not yet caught the yellow tinge of the rising day.

Jack was very susceptible to external influences, and, all unknown to himself, was at heart a poet. So each ensuing dawn was a new revelation to him, an ever-changing picture on which he gazed with the keenest delight, and not even Nellie Morrell's artistic, beauty-loving eyes, as she stood on the bank above, feasted more appreciatively on the outreaching loveliness.

She stood silently for a moment, but Jack suddenly felt another presence, and swung around in time to see her standing there, almost like a statue of Morning, with that look of utter delight and pleasure on her face.

She greeted him with a bright good morning.

"Am I not deserving of praise for my punctuality?" she laughed. "And yet I am well repaid already for my early rising. Is not the morning beyond all words for beauty?"

"I am glad that you are not likely to regret coming," said Jack, a vague stiffness in his manner as he spoke. "I was almost afraid I should not see you."

"What! after promising?" said Nellie in astonishment. "You must imagine that I esteem my word very lightly. I shall begin to think that you wish to quarrel with me, Jack, considering, too, how cross you were last night."

Jack laughed a little—a constrained, uneasy laugh—but did not deny her charge.

He helped her into the boat, which was only a small one, as there was not wind enough for sailing, and pulled with strong, even strokes out from the shore. Nellie sat in the stern, with the tiller-ropes in her hand, but neither spoke for some minutes, content to enjoy the freshness of the young dawn. Jack rowed out to a considerable distance, for the tide was running in strongly, and he could rest on his oars and drift landward when he wearied of sending the boat flying like a gull over the water.

At last he paused and drew in his oars, pushing his hat back from his flushed forehead, and letting the soft air play coolly over him.

"Warm exercise, isn't it?" said Nellie, breaking the silence.

"Yes, rather, but I enjoy it immensely. It's a pity you never learned to row, Miss Morrell. You've no idea what a pleasure you miss."

Nellie laughed. "It was hardly likely that I could learn in a city in the heart of the coal mines. The smoky river that was nearest us offered no inducement sufficient to compensate one for the risk of drowning in its thick, black depths."

"Why could you not learn now?" asked Jack, eagerly. "I will give you a lesson this moment."

But Nellie drew back quickly. "O, no, it would not be worth while to learn now, as I am going home so soon."

"Going home!" echoed Jack; "going away!" Poor Jack! Alas for all his Spartan resolutions. Here was his chance to say farewell in a friendly way, and let her pass out of his life forever. But in spite of every resolve, he found himself waiting, as a condemned man waits for a reprieve, for her to say that she was not going just yet—that she was only speaking in a general way of going home.

"Yes," said the girl, slowly, "I am going home. I have some news for you this morning, Jack. I hated to speak of it, for I wanted that we should have one more pleasant hour together, but it will soon be time to go back, and so I might as well tell you at once. Mr. Somers told us last night that his moth-

er and sister are going east next Monday, and as I must go home any way in a couple of weeks, it is too good a chance to be missed, so I shall accompany them. I am going into the city this afternoon to stay with other friends until my departure for home, so I shall probably not see you again. I shall only have a minute in which to run in and say good-bye to Mrs. Crane, so you and I will say our farewells now. I hope you will not quite forget me, Jack. I know I shall not you," and she looked wistfully at him through tear-filled eyes, for Nellie was genuinely sorry at this parting.

While she was speaking, all the brightness of the morning faded for Jack Crane, and he felt a coldness creep slowly through all his frame. When he spoke, his voice sounded to him far off, as though it were another person speaking, and he was hardly conscious of what he said; for since he must not speak the only words through which his real feelings might find utterance, what could it matter to him, in what conventional phrases he chose to express his regret at her going, and to iterate his assurances of remembrance.

His unexpected coldness piqued Nellie, for she had imagined that he would be considerably cut up at her announcement, and would show it. She most certainly did not wish him never to recover from her loss, but she would have liked him to evidence a little more feeling at her departure; and it hurt her vanity to think that, after all her twinges of conscience for encouraging him, she had not drawn him to the length even of pretending much sorrow at her going. She was only a surface-reader, and it never dawned on her to look below Jack's words for other than their most ordinary meaning.

Without asking her whether she wished to return or not, Jack picked up his oars and pulled in rapidly. He felt that he could not sit opposite her any longer in silence, and he was too proud to speak. Nellie trailed her hand through the water, letting little streams pour off it in tiny cascades, and said no more until the boat reached the shore. She stepped out quietly, and waited until Jack had fastened it before she spoke.

"Are you not going to say good-bye to me?" she asked, with a little smile. "Or don't you even care to wish me God-speed?"

"You know I care," said Jack, roughly. "It is my one sorrow that I care so much." He checked himself abruptly. Should he crown his foolishness by giving her a chance to laugh at him as well as his mother? Or, if she did not laugh, to pity him, which was infinitely worse? Never! His pride should uphold him yet a little longer; and so he took her hand in his for a moment, and wished her a pleasant journey, telling her, smilingly, how he should expect to see her back again next year.

When she reached the top of the bank, Nellie paused and glanced back. Jack was standing in the same spot, but with his face turned away, looking steadily out over the water. She waited a moment, but he never once moved, so she turned again, reluctantly, toward home, trying to shake off the moody feeling that was fast threatening to engulf her in a fit of the very bluest of blues. As she reached the gate, Amy came flying down the garden path.

"Nellie, Nellie," she called, "where have you been? We have been searching everywhere for you. Bert has just received a telegram from the city, saying that his mother and sister have changed their plans, and are going to start East this very afternoon."

"This afternoon!" echoed Nellie, startled. "How can I ever get ready in time? You and Alice will have to help me pack, Amy, and perhaps Mr. Somers will be kind enough to go into town at once and secure my ticket, and make arrangements for me with Mrs. Somers."

Amy tried to persuade her not to go, but in vain. A great homesickness had arisen in the girl's heart, heavy with vague sorrow, and a yearning grew over her to see the kindly home faces again, and to leave behind her all this unrest and troublous memory. She thought, too, with mingled fear and longing of another, not one, as yet, of that dear home circle, but some day to be; and as Nellie reflected what her home-coming would mean to *him*, a great wave of sorrow and regret surged

over her. In her inmost heart, she knew that this summer's flirtation was a wrong to the one who trusted her so fully, but she put the thought away impatiently; she would leave all this behind her, and go away to the new life that awaited her.

In the confusion and bustle attendant upon her hasty departure, she forgot Mrs. Crane, until just as they were starting for the city. Much as she would have liked to say good-bye to Jack's mother, there was no time to spare; so all that she could do was to leave innumerable farewell messages with the girls for Mrs. Crane.

"And 'my Jack,' too?" queried Alice, with a laugh.

"I have said good-bye to him," said Nell, shortly.

"When?" asked Alice, in blank surprise.

"This morning," still more shortly.

Just then Amy managed to catch her sister's eye, and gave her a warning look, whereupon Alice subsided, inwardly much puzzled as to Nellie's reticence, which was very unusual in her.

And Jack? He had stood on the beach that morning until Nellie was out of sight; and then he mechanically unfastened his boat again, sprang into it, and pulled with uneven, furious strokes far, far out, alone with the first sorrow of his life. There was an old sloop anchored off the shore, of which Jack had charge. Toward this he rowed, and, tying his own boat behind her, he stumbled blindly on to the deck, and flung himself down on his face beside the cabin.

The sun rose higher, and fell with increasing heat upon the unshaded deck, but he did not feel it; or if he did, but welcomed it as an added degree of misery. He was in that frame of mind when one takes a positive pleasure in seeing how miserable he can be; and in this first freshness of his grief he would have rejected with scorn any offer of consolation. The heat abated somewhat, however, as noon passed, for a wind sprung up in the west, and blew, with rapidly increasing velocity, over the bay, raising great clouds of spray, and frantically tossing and rocking the sloop. But Jack heeded neither wind

nor spray any more than he had the heat, lying in a numb despair that rendered him utterly oblivious to all external influences, and filled him with a selfish disregard for the anxiety of his mother, who could not have the slightest idea of his whereabouts.

By three o'clock the wind swept like a hurricane, and the straining sloop fretted and chafed wildly at her anchor, now rising boldly out of the waves, now plunging down into the treacherous, green valleys, while every bit of rope and cordage creaked and rattled furiously; and the violence of the gale at last roused Jack from the torpidity in which he had lain so long. He sat up and looked slowly about him, with burning, bloodshot eyes, and a face that was drawn and haggard with pain. Then he staggered to his feet, and crept, with slow, uncertain steps, down inside the cockpit. He was drenched to the skin with the flying spray, and faint and exhausted with grief and want of food.

Suddenly, on the angry wind, rang out voices from the shore, and looking in that direction, through the blinding mist, he saw a number of men standing on the beach, some vainly endeavoring to launch a small row boat, and all shouting and gesticulating frantically. In an instant, all pain and weakness were forgotten, for, looking around for the cause of the excitement, Jack saw a small dismantled boat sweeping, side on, right down upon him. He recognized it at once as an oyster-boat, coming up from the oyster-beds down the bay. The sail, torn from its fastenings, flapped wildly out on the gale, and the one man whom Jack could see was holding helplessly on to the tiller, although the rudder itself was gone. Every few minutes he shrieked for help, and would drop the useless tiller, and wave his arms madly over his head. Suddenly, just as the boat was opposite Jack's sloop, the wind veered slightly, paused an instant, gathered itself for one gigantic effort, and swept resistlessly down on the helpless little oyster-boat. It staggered mightily under the shock, righted itself for an instant, and then went over. As it turned, with one frantic leap its occupant cleared the side, and a great wave rolled him within a few yards of Jack.

The boat from the shore had been at last got off, and was now half-way out to the sloop, impelled by strong and willing hands. Jack saw it coming, but knew the exhausted man must inevitably drown before it could reach him; so, without an instant's hesitation, he sprang bravely in to the rescue. Luckily, another great wave swung the fisherman right against him, and clutching him around the neck with one hand, with the other Jack battled fiercely for life until the fast-coming help should reach them. He was a splendid swimmer, and buoyed up with excitement, and before his strength had time to fail, the boat was upon them, and ready hands reached forth and drew in Jack's half-senseless burden. As Jack released his hold, the boat swung away from him, on the crest of a wave, and then swung down again upon him. But before the men could reach him, the same resistless wave came surging over him, carrying with it a huge block broken loose from the overturned boat. Jack was powerless to avoid it, and the great block struck heavily, with crushing force, against his head. Without a sound the poor fellow flung up his arms, and then the rushing, cruel green waters closed over him.

A great groan burst from the men in the boat as he disappeared, but in another minute his insensible body rose to the surface, and swung limply toward them. It was but the work of an instant for their experienced hands to reach and catch him; and then, with poor Jack lying white and still at their feet, and the fisherman shivering miserably beside him, the men sent their boat flying shoreward, while the angry waves, defrauded of their prey, beat against the bow, and wrapped them in great sheets of flying foam.

At last, chilled through and dripping wet, they stood once more on the beach—stood, looking with sorrowful eyes at each other, as they wondered who would carry the dreary news to Mrs. Crane, that "her Jack's" blithe young spirit had been quenched so suddenly; for the block had struck against his temple, and he must have died instantly.

But the dreaded task was spared them all. Amy and Alice had come home from seeing their friends off, accompanied by both Bert

and Will Somers, and as they passed Mrs. Crane's house, they saw her standing at the gate looking anxiously up and down the road. The four stopped to give her Nell's messages, but she was too absorbed in worryment to heed them.

"My Jack got up and went out at half-past five this morning, and he called out as he passed my room that he would be in to breakfast at seven. He is a good boy, is my Jack, and he never likes to give me no worryment, so I mistrust something has happened. And I've been down on the beach, and asked all the men, and they ain't none of them seen him," and poor Mrs. Crane's overwrought feelings found vent in bursts of tears, in the intense relief of having some one to confide in.

Amy Dalton's face grew white beneath her thick veil, but her voice was steady as she tried to speak assuringly to Mrs. Crane. Bert Somers suddenly interrupted her.

"Look! there is something the matter over there on the beach. The men are just landing from a small boat. Let us all go over, Mrs. Crane, for in all probability Jack is there."

Ah, yes! Jack was there, but in what a semblance!

As they hurried along the bank, Will Somers, looking out over the bay, saw the dark, sullen waves surge apart, and, rising for an instant on the angry bosom of its destroyer, the shining dark bottom of the capsized boat. Will gave a little shout.

"Something has happened! There has been a wreck," he gasped; but the others made no answer, save to run more quickly toward the group of men, who, seeing them coming, awaited in stony silence the unconscious mother's grief and despair when she should know her loss.

Amy was slightly in advance of the others, and was the first to spring down the bank, but as her foot struck the sand, a sudden great terror rushed over her, for she saw at a glance that Jack was not among the men, and in that same glance she saw, too, a dripping and strangely familiar figure lying along the beach. Then some of the men stepped

in front of it, and the girl shut her eyes and leaned dizzily against the bank.

"O, poor Mrs. Crane!" she sobbed, half under her breath.

Mrs. Crane was just passing her, and caught the half-uttered words.

"What is it?" she gasped, in quick alarm. "My Jack! has anything happened to him?"

Then the men, without a word, but with a great pity in their hard, brown faces, moved aside again, and that rigid, prostrate figure met Mrs. Crane's gaze. With a sudden, choking cry she sprang forward, and flung herself down on the wet sand at his side, moaning—

"Jack, oh, my Jack! What cruel thing have they done to you?"

Her head, gray with years and sorrows, fell forward on his breast, and all was still. For an instant, respecting her grief, they all stood back, and then one of the men stepped gently to her side, and stooped to raise the stricken mother. When he looked up, a great horror had blanched his face with a whiteness as of death, and his eyes were wide with terror. Mrs. Crane was *dead*.

She had been afflicted with heart disease for years, the doctors said afterwards, and her imprudent haste to the beach alone might have been fatal, without the awful shock that awaited her there. But the men knew nothing save that she was dead, that she and her boy were united forevermore, and with awe-stricken faces and solemn steps they bore mother and son back to their home. The rain had commenced to fall in floods, and Alice, not seeing her sister, concluded that she had gone home, and hastened to follow her. But Amy was not gone home. Behind a curve in the bank she stood, drenched by flying rain and spray, numb with a miserable pain creeping into her throat and choking her. Suddenly she heard her name called, and stepping out from her shelter, saw Bert.

"Why, where have you been?" he asked anxiously, taking her cold hands in his and chafing them. "We thought you had gone home, until we reached there ourselves."

Amy raised her wet, miserable face to her

cousin's kindly, sympathetic one, and said brokenly :

"I don't know what I was doing. . I saw *him*, first, you know, and then I leaned against the bank, and then, when I heard you calling me, I looked and they were all gone."

"You poor little thing!" said Bert, pityingly. "It was enough to shock much stronger nerves than yours. You must come home and go at once to bed."

She went with him without a word, and when they reached the house, went at once to her room. Her mother brought her a hot drink, and left her to herself—to sleep, she said. But sleep was far from Amy's burning eyes, and all night long she tossed and turned, striving to shut out the sight of that wan, drowned young face on the sand. Morning came at last, and with it Alice, partly to see how Amy was, and to discuss with her the last night's tragedy, but more particularly to expatiate at length upon certain news in which Will Somers was intimately concerned, the recital of which caused numerous blushes and much diving of her head into Amy's pillow.

Amy was glad for her sister's happiness, which was not much of a surprise; and although a little quieter, she was not less

cheerful that day than others. The next day Mrs. Crane and Jack were buried, and after coming home from the funeral, Amy sat down and wrote to Nell. There was a little bitterness in her heart when she began, but when the letter was finished, it had all died away.

"Poor Nellie! she was not to blame for anything," she said, sorrowfully; and maybe she was not: but when that letter reached her a week afterward, telling her the sad story, her memory filled up the blanks left by Amy, who could only wonder what Jack was doing out on the sloop all day; and when Nellie Morrell came down from her own room after reading that letter, the carelessness of girlhood was gone forever from her face, leaving in its place the imprint of a woman's sorrow that would go with her through life.

Six months afterwards Nellie's wedding-cards came to the Daltons, and Alice sent back hers in exchange; but as long as life lasts, Amy will write her name Amy Dalton, though the reason is buried in her own heart, and no one save Nellie, in her far-away eastern home ever suspects it; and for that reason, neither will ever look into the other's eyes again.

Josephine R. Mawson.

SOMEWHERE.

SOMEWHERE—somewhere a happy clime there is
 A land that knows not unavailing woes,
 Where all the clashing elements of this
 Discordant scene are hushed in deep repose.
 Somewhere—somewhere—(ah, me, that land to win!)
 In some bright realm, beyond the farthest main,
 Where trees of knowledge bear no fruit of sin,
 And buds of pleasure blossom not in pain.
 Somewhere—somewhere an end of mortal strife
 With our immortal yearnings; nevermore
 The outer warring with the inner life
 Till both are wretched. Ah! that happy shore,
 Where shines for aye the soul's refulgent sun,
 And life is love, and love and joy are one.

John G. Saxe.

ALCOHOL: ITS ACTION AND USES.

THE first effect of alcohol, and the only one which can in any proper sense be called stimulant, is to irritate the nerves of the stomach; this excitement being conveyed to the nerve-centres and resulting in dilatation of the blood-vessels in the brain, through which the blood flows more rapidly and more abundantly than usual. The activity of the brain is thus increased—its waste material being more quickly removed, and fresh food more freely supplied; and this gives rise to a feeling of increased vigor and animation. Any tolerably strong alcoholic drink will produce this effect, which differs in no way from that caused by such warm drinks as soup or coffee, by ginger, capsicum, and other irritants, these being sometimes applied (as in the case of snuff) to other nerves connected with the brain; but from all these causes the action is only a temporary one; the vessels that were dilated for a moment return to their ordinary size, and the circulation to its habitual rapidity; while the stimulant action of alcohol is speedily followed by its important and characteristic effects, of which I have now to speak.

These are due to its action upon the nervous tissues, of which it arrests and paralyzes all the functions; in technical language, it is an anæsthetic or narcotic, and by no means a stimulant. At first sight, such a statement may appear absurdly paradoxical, so that men of science may well be excused for having been so slow to find a clue which was far from obvious.

It is indeed clear that the stupor and insensibility of a fit of drunkenness prove that alcohol has a power to arrest the functions of the brain, which may even go so far as to kill; and it is then as plainly a narcotic as chloroform or opium. But surely all the less grave symptoms even of intoxication seem to point the other way. The flushed cheek and flashing eye, the rapidity of movement and of speech, nay, the flow of eloquence and thought, the joyful heart and freedom from

anxiety and care, what do they imply but increased vigor and stimulation, rather than loss of power?

The solution of this difficulty, important enough in itself, has a farther interest, as a good example of the various and apparently opposite results which may be produced by the same cause acting upon such a complex machine as the nervous system.

Alcohol, then, as soon as it enters the blood, comes into contact with the nerve-tissue which surrounds the smaller arteries and veins, and regulates their size. When this is numbed by the presence of alcohol, it allows the muscular walls of the blood vessels to relax, and the blood flows more quickly and abundantly through them. This is but a prolongation in another way of the stimulant action of alcohol, which I have already described, and, like it, produces a sense of vigor and an increased rapidity of imagination. But this effect is not confined to the head; it extends to all the vessels of the body save those of the internal organs, which are governed by a nervous influence peculiar to themselves. The surface becomes flushed, and the temperature rises a degree, or even more. Presently, the benumbing influence spreads to the nerve centers in the brain, which are the more easily influenced because in a state of momentarily heightened activity from increased supply of blood. The first points to be attacked are those highest in the scale of complexity, and therefore most easily thrown out of gear, which govern all the inferior parts of the nervous system, and guide them to their ends by combining their various actions, and arresting such as would be injurious or useless. The controlling influences of fear, shame and the like, are among the first to be lost; and to this, more than to the increased activity of the brain, the brilliancy, wit and happiness of an after-dinner speech are due. At the same time, the burden of care, which weighs down all the children of men, is for the moment light-

ened, for it is less keenly felt; and this is the most highly prized of all the boons of alcohol. That the seeming vigor of the mind is in this stage apparent and not real, is proved by the inaptitude to attend to any subject that requires earnest thought, which coexists with all this readiness and liveliness of speech. The higher nerve-centers, which serve imagination and memory, are incapable of combined and harmonious action; and their controlling influence being lessened, the lower ones run on unchecked, just as when the controlling influence of the brain over the heart is removed, it exhausts itself in tumultuous and violent action.

The finer muscular actions of speaking, playing musical instruments, writing, etc., are affected, not that the movements are yet impossible, but that the perfect combination of many motions required for such purposes has been broken. The lips and tongue no longer move harmoniously together in speech, the touch is less perfect on the violin or piano, the gait becomes tottering and unsteady. I may be spared dwelling on the farther progress of intoxication when the poison spreads to the rest of the brain, and the victim lies in a stupor which is hardly to be distinguished from the gravest results of injury or disease. These are unhappily but too well known to us all, and every one will admit that *they*, at least, are the results of a narcotic, and not of a stimulant.

Meanwhile, another considerable effect of alcohol is being worked out. It will be remembered that the surface of the body became warmer in the early stage of its action from the dilatation of the vessels, and more abundant supply of blood to them. Now, the animal heat is maintained by a balance struck between two opposite tendencies, the heat developed in the internal organs, and the cooling which the blood undergoes on the surface by its contact with the external air, and by sweating. When the blood is collected in the internal organs (as under the influence of cold), the temperature rises, or is maintained in spite of exposure; while if the "cooling area" be more abundantly supplied, the temperature falls. And this is what is

found by observation to occur after alcohol has been taken. The momentary rise of temperature (which even then only applies to the surface of the body) is succeeded by a fall, which lasts for some hours, and is often greater than that observed in almost every other case of poisoning or disease, the late Dr. Woodman having often found the thermometer more than eight degrees below normal during alcoholic coma, even in persons who afterwards recover. The power of resisting cold is proportionately decreased, and many a poor wretch has died from exposure when under the influence of liquor, whose life would otherwise have been saved.

There is yet another way in which alcohol tends to lower the animal heat, and that is, by the chemical changes it undergoes in the body. This branch of my subject has been less fully cleared up; but the following general statements will be sufficient for the ordinary reader. There is evidence to prove that under exceptional circumstances of disease or deprivation of food, alcohol is capable of supplying all the needs of the body, and is then a true food. But ordinarily, this is not the case: the greater part of the spirit taken into the body passes out unchanged, and the remainder does not seem to be capable of such perfect oxidation as would assist in maintaining the temperature, and supporting life. Yet it is greedy for oxygen, and contrives to divert a part of that which is being continually supplied through the blood, forming with it, probably, aldehyde and other compounds, which are then got rid of. This has the effect of diminishing the rate at which combustion is generally carried on; the amount of carbonic acid and urea produced are diminished, and in their place, fat and uric acid tend to accumulate. As a result of lessened tissue change, the temperature falls. The more remote consequences of habitual and excessive indulgence in alcohol are due partly to this disturbance of nutrition, partly to the continued effect upon the nervous system.

It cannot be too often repeated, or too widely known, that (with the slight exception I have mentioned above) alcohol is not a

stimulant, but a narcotic and a sedative. It does not increase the healthy activity of any organ of the body, although it may allow of disorderly action; but it depresses and lowers the normal rate of life. To say this, is not to condemn its use in health, still less in disease; but it is to supply an explanation of its reasonable employment. It was natural, perhaps inevitable, that the physicians of a former time should have looked upon it as a stimulant; but the error has had most pernicious consequences. The authority of medicine has not only been invoked as a cloak for indulgence, but, most lamentably, physicians were led to prescribe alcohol for delicate children and women, and so to lay the foundation of drunkenness, with all its infinite misery.

When we have said that alcohol is a narcotic, we have found the true key to its extensive use. If a drug could be discovered which should be a real stimulant to the brain, it would make men realize more vividly their miseries, and none would willingly taste it a second time. Like opium, and in a less degree, tobacco, alcohol helps to give a momentary respite from care, and its wide-spread use is a significant comment on the vanity of human life. When we add to this its evanescent stimulant effect, and the frequently pleasant taste of its compounds, we shall need no farther explanation of its value to man.

From what I have said of its action, it will be seen that alcohol may be of service in three different ways: as a narcotic, it may be powerful to check the restless activity of an over-worked or over-worried brain; and for this reason, it will be always in requisition where the struggle for existence is keen. And this, I may note in passing, seems to me the explanation of a point raised by a writer, which has been thought a strong objection to total abstinence. He remarks that the Eastern, and those races which use alcohol sparingly, or not at all, are far less vigorous mentally and bodily than those who take it more freely; and the statement is no doubt true of the present day, although in past history it is subject to so many exceptions that it loses much of its value. I should rather

be disposed to say that although the craving for spirit is great among savages, it also distinctly follows, and does not precede, that high pressure and rapid pace which increase as civilization advances; men drink because they are civilized, and are not civilized because they drink. There is one very serious drawback to this action of alcohol. Its narcotic effect cannot be obtained without some lessening of the clearness and activity of thought, and this is greatly affected by a very moderate quantity of drink. I have questioned many persons who, having been always temperate, have become total abstainers, and have almost always been assured that they were conscious of an increased mental vigor and aptitude for work; and my own personal experience has been the same. Too little stress has been laid upon this advantage, which those who have to use their brains, and can live without alcohol, would be loth to forego.

Secondly, alcohol may be of service by lessening tissue change; and this may be a very considerable gain, when from any cause the waste of the body is excessive, or when sufficient food to maintain its repair cannot be purchased or digested. Total abstainers are often large eaters; and when they fail, perhaps most frequently do so from being unable to digest the amount of food they seem to require. Here, again, the evil effects of drink lie close to its benefits, the varied mischiefs of gout, hepatic and renal disease being due to the same cause which in moderation may be so useful.

Finally, alcohol is sometimes needed for its power of dilating the smaller blood-vessels. The most important examples of this kind of action are to be found in some forms of disease, where the circulation is impeded, and where the sluices, so to speak, may be opened by alcohol, and relief given to the overtaxed heart. This is not the place to dwell upon these; but in health the same effect is familiar to all in the power of spirit to counteract the results of cold, which, as I said before, contracts the vessels of the surface, and accumulates the blood in the internal organs. It may therefore often be suit-

ably taken after exposure to cold, to restore the balance of the circulation; but in the face of the overwhelming evidence we possess that it lowers animal heat, it should be avoided before or during such exposure.

The chief practical rules which physicians have drawn from their experience agree thoroughly with these teachings of physiology. There seems to be a general consent that any healthy adult, who can eat and digest sufficient food, and sleeps well, can usually become a total abstainer. He will probably find himself more capable of hard work, and of enjoying life in the highest sense, for abstaining. When he fails, it will be most likely either because he cannot assimilate food enough, or because his occupation is one causing much worry or annoyance, which will therefore be relieved by a narcotic. When taken in such a case, the quantity should not exceed two or three glasses of sherry a day, or an equivalent amount of other liquors, and all, or nearly all, should be taken at one meal, so as to give time for the system to be rid of alcohol for some part of the twenty-four hours.

As to age, the old Greek rule would still be generally endorsed; fermented drinks should not be taken before eighteen, very sparingly between eighteen and thirty, and more readily as age advances. Sickly and delicate children, especially, are the worse for it, since it checks their appetite for food, and interferes with nutrition. For women there is more need for caution in its use than for men.

There are many persons in whom a very small amount of alcohol produces flushing, giddiness, headache, and other symptoms of nervous disturbance. These should be advised to shun it; and still more should those be cautioned who have an unnatural craving for its narcotic effects, or who have been in

the habit of taking it in excess, that their only safety is in total abstinence. And I may here remark, the old opinion which still lingers in the public mind, that an excessive quantity of alcohol should not be stopped at once, but "tapered off," is a pernicious error to which medicine now gives no countenance. The experiment is being daily tried on the largest scale in our jails, where habitual drunkards are suddenly transformed into total abstainers, and never, I believe, with any bad results.

It will, I fear, be felt with some disappointment by the partisans or opponents of total abstinence, that if I have said all that science has to teach on the subject, I have supplied neither side with any decisive arguments. But this would be beyond the physician's province, quite as much as to decide whether and what penalties should be inflicted for drunkenness. It is for him only to give an account of that side of this great question which lies within his ken, and to this I have endeavored to confine myself.

Yet it will be seen that any discussion of this subject must start from two points which I have already sufficiently dwelt upon, but which are of such importance that I venture to repeat them.

The first is, that alcohol, whether for good or for harm, does not exalt, but depresses healthy action; is a sedative, and not a stimulant.

The second is, that every healthy person may, with perfect safety at least, make a trial of total abstinence. If then such an one, feeling that the demon of drink which possesses this land is only to be cast out by fasting as well as prayer, will not drink wine in which his brother is scandalized, medicine has this encouragement to offer him in his high resolve.

F. R. Gasquet, M. D.

BESIDE THE BARS.

GRANDMOTHER'S knitting has lost its charm ;
Unheeded it lies in her ample lap,
While the sunset's crimson, soft and warm,
Touches the frills of her snowy cap.

She is gazing on two beside the bars,
Under the maple—who little care
For the growing dusk, or the rising stars,
Or the hint of frost in the Autumn air.

One is a slender slip of a girl,
And one a man in the pride of youth ;
The maiden pure as the purest pearl,
The lover strong in his steadfast truth.

"Sweet, my own, as a rose of June,"
He says, full low, o'er the golden head.
It would sound to her like a dear old tune,
Could grandmother hear the soft words said.

For it seems but a little while ago
Since under the maple, beside the bars,
She stood a girl, while the sunset's glow
Melted away 'mid the evening stars.

And one, her lover, so bright and brave,
Spake words as tender, in tones as low ;
They come to her now from beyond the grave,
The words of her darling, so long ago.

"My own one, sweet as a rose of June !"
Her eyes are dim, and her hair is white,
But her heart keeps time to the old love-tune
As she watches her daughter's child to-night.

A world between them, perhaps you say,
Yes. One has read the story though ;
One has her beautiful yesterday,
And one tomorrow, fair to view.

But little you dream how fond a prayer
Goes up to God, through his silver stars,
From the aged woman, gazing there,
For the two who linger beside the bars.

EL LLANERO.

Two years more than half a century ago there lived a Creole trader of some wealth in the little town of Araure, in the province of Barinas, upon the outskirts of the Llanos, or Plains of Venezuela. Don José had a stalwart son, aged about sixteen, whom he had trained to active usefulness amid the monotonous ease of the torrid little municipality. Young José Antonio had received, it is true, only a scanty education; but he could sign his name, could verify a calculation, and had a shrewd, quick head for business. The doctors-of-law, tolerably numerous even in little Araure, pronounced him born for a jurist; and he was a godsend to the litigious natives of the Captain-Generalcy. The hide and tallow merchants nodded knowingly, as he passed them in the street with a good-humored *Adios*, and predicted great fortunes for the lad as a future man of business. The Cura thought it a pity that he should prefer the society of the dusky-beauties of Araure to the more hallowed enjoyments of preparation for a priestly life. And all the while, quite other destinies were held in store by fate. The remissness of a mercantile correspondent of his father altered the current of his life, and mightily influenced, even to the present day, the fortunes of his country.

A sum was owing to Don José by a trader of Capudare, and he entrusted his son with the task of collecting the debt. One fine day, in the spring of 1807, the lad accordingly set out, in high spirits at his important mission, armed with a brace of pistols and a cutlass, and mounted on a trusty mule. The money was duly collected, but, as young José Antonio journeyed home with it, a rumor of his precious charge was spread, and he was beset in a lonely by-path by four highwaymen. The pistols flashed from José's holsters, and one of the *churriones* fell the next moment with a bullet in his brain. Instantly presenting the second pistol, which was not loaded, he advanced upon the remaining three, who fell back in consternation, and fled, panic-stricken, from the boy.

José Antonio was left alone with the highwayman's corpse. It was no light thing in Venezuela to commit a homicide without testimony of innocence, and young José hastened homewards with his treasure, in a state of trepidation far greater than any the living highwaymen could have inspired. Even in his parents' dwelling he dreaded, every moment, the arrival of an order for his arrest; and to appease his groundless anxiety, his father shortly suggested that he should take refuge upon the Llanos—the Sherwood of Venezuelan Robin Hoods. The youth was delighted with the idea, and engaged himself as herdsman in the service of Don Manuel Pulido, a wealthy proprietor, whom he served so well that he was very quickly advanced to a position of confidence and command. In a few months the slayer of the *churrion* had learned to smile at his recent apprehensions; but the wild life of the *hato* had already thrown around him its subtle fascination, and the sprightly youth of Araure had become a naturalized son of the plains. Soon few were able like young José to break an untried steed; few wielded more dexterously the lasso, or could drive with more unerring force the jagged lance into the side of a galloping bull. Clad in *poncho* and *calzones*, he scoured the vast plain of La Calzada, acquiring, at the same time with manual dexterity and physical hardihood, the affections, still more important, of the wild Llaneros, with whom only he associated. The lad of eighteen, scarcely two years a denizen of the Plains, possessed all the influence and authority of the hoariest Llanero; and now the predictions ran that this daring José Antonio would one day be the most successful cattle farmer in Venezuela.

WE must leave young José among his comrades at the *hato* for a while, and glance at the contemporaneous doings of anointed heads, whose destinies were strangely interwoven with his own.

Far away across the Atlantic, in the shad-

ow of the Pyrenees, events had been developing themselves to the consummation that should overturn a splendid throne, shake Europe to its foundations, and electrify Spanish America with a sympathetic current of revolution, flashing from the pines of Oregon to the deserts of Patagonia.

The mysterious treachery of Bayonne had been consummated. Joseph, brother of Napoleon, reigned on the throne of which King Charles had been perfidiously despoiled. Ferdinand, heir to the crown of Spain and the Indies, had scarcely heard himself proclaimed as the seventh monarch of that name, when he had resigned his kingly functions to a Regency, and hastened into the snare which already held his father a captive on the soil of France. The astounding intelligence arrived in different parts of South America during the year 1808. The effect was everywhere alike. One moment of utter bewilderment, an instant's reeling under the shock of surprise, and then a magnificent outburst of loyalty from the simple-hearted Creole population! *El Rey*, the King—that almost mythical sovereign who was ignorantly adored as the personification of wisdom and beneficence, no matter how cruelly Viceroy might misgovern or Captain Generals oppress—was it possible to conceive him a captive, the signer of his own humiliation, the renouncer of his immemorial rights? And Ferdinand, the young monarch of whom so little was known and so much expected, he, too, a voluntary prisoner, while a Frenchman reigned in Madrid? This was news indeed, to bewilder nations who had hitherto remained content in infantile tutelage, unconscious, undesirous of the rights of men! Addresses, fervent with loyalty, were dispatched to Spain, embodying vows of eternal affection towards the King, and of detestation of Joseph, the usurper. French residents in Venezuela were publicly execrated by the excited Creoles; the French flag was insulted, and the French messengers were glad to escape with their lives from the hands of the infuriated colonists. No Spanish monarch ever had a firmer hold upon the Indies than Ferdinand VII. when Spain was lost to him in July and August, 1808.

But soon there came that inevitable question, first in the catechism of all human society: "Whom shall we obey?—the King, whose hand has weighed not over lightly these many years, an abdicated prisoner at Bayonne; Ferdinand, yielding his authority into the hand of a nameless Regency, and his capital to the brother of the Corsican Emperor; Spain, overrun by two hundred thousand foreign troops; messengers at hand from Joseph, from the Regency, from the Junta of the Asturias, from the Junta of Seville, each alike asserting its right to authority over the Colonies, as legitimate possessors of jurisdiction in Spain itself! The accession of Joseph, in fact, gave a momentary independence to Spanish America, and the royal governors were thrown upon their own resources for the maintenance of their power. The Colonies were, for the first time, called upon to provide for their own defense—solicited, not commanded, to obey—and they proved their loyalty by despatching enormous sums in gold and silver to the Junta at Cadiz, as well as by their eagerness to ascertain in whom actually reposed the lawful government of Spain. Gradually, however, the consciousness of their own entity stole over the Venezuelans and New Granadians, and they bethought them of establishing an administrative Junta of their own, until better times should dawn on Spain. Blindly imprudent, the Viceroy violently opposed the project, and with such troops as remained in the Colonies the first Juntas were dispersed or massacred. Squabbles ensued, until the citizens of Caracas quietly deposed the chief colonial authorities, and appointed a *Junta Suprema* to administer affairs in the name of Ferdinand VII. Intelligence of this step, however, was received with great alarm by the sapient Junta of Cadiz, and a proclamation was launched on the 31st of August, 1810, declaring the Province of Caracas in a state of rigorous blockade. The war of manifestoes ensued, until the Provinces became enlightened as to their own importance and strength, and published, on the fifth of July, 1811, the Declaration of their Independence. Scarcely was this done, when the Spanish

Cortes offered liberal terms of accommodation, but they were rejected. The nation that in 1808 thought it sweet to be subject, declared itself, three years later, for unqualified independence. The ardent revolutionist, General Miranda, was placed in command of some hastily-levied forces, and took the field against the Spanish commander, Don Domingo Monteverde, who had assumed a hostile attitude immediately after the Declaration.

It is only necessary here to say that, after some hard-fought and honorable fields, Miranda and his fellow officers were completely successful. All the principal cities were in the hands of the Patriots before 1812 began. Monteverde, in January of that year, was cooped up in the remote province of Guiana, and Coro on the sea-coast was also held by his troops; but elsewhere the new Republic seemed fully established. Already the point of constitution-making—the crystallization point of republics—had been reached. The ports of Venezuela were for the first time opened to foreign trade. Her inhabitants were no longer restricted from the enjoyment of the fruits of their own industry. A gigantic system of taxation had been brushed, like a spider's web, away. Two-thirds of the Captain-Generalcy, in a word, were free.

There was little fear among any of the inhabitants of Caracas, in March, 1812, that they would again fall under the dominion of Spain. The Carnival had been celebrated with greater joyousness than in any year before; the proverbial gayety of the town was doubled during the concluding festival of Shrove Tuesday; and Lent had scarcely thrown as deep a shade as usual over the devoutest inhabitants of the city. Lent drew to a close, and there was every prospect that Passion Week would be succeeded by a season of rejoicing over impending defeats of the Royalist *Goths* in Coro and Guiana; and Passion Week came. Holy Thursday fell on the 26th of March.

The solemn festival was ushered in with the most imposing rites of the Church. In the great cathedral, which dwarfed all other buildings in the Plaza, there was high mass

that day. The famous bell clanged out to all Caracas remembrance of the agony of our Lord; a silent multitude was prostrated all day long before the gorgeous altar; prelates, and priests, and acolytes stood, splendid in vestments of purple, and white, and gold, solemnly celebrating upon the steps of the sanctuary the holiest mysteries of the Roman Catholic communion; above and around, gigantic tapers flared from candlesticks of beaten gold, and every little while the glorious anthems floated forth in majestic cadence, eddying in waves of harmony about the colonnade that stretched in dusky perceptiveness from the great door to the altar, soaring above the distant arches, and swelling upwards in floods of melody, until the vast concavity of the vaulted nave was filled with a sea of sound. But a sultry heaviness weighed with the incense upon the air. The elder citizens glanced uneasily at one another, and the thoughts of many wandered anxiously from the sacred building. Outside, the streets were empty. All Caracas was engaged in public worship; and the white dwellings that inclosed the Plaza, with its converging avenues, looked silently down upon deserted pavements, echoing only now and then to the careless tread of a party of negroes, or to the clattering heel of some undevout trooper. The sun had a glow as of molten copper; the atmosphere was dense, but not a cloud occupied the heavens. Towards evening, the churches and the cathedral were again emptied, and the throng of worshippers, streaming out into the streets, prepared to witness the great religious procession that was to close the ceremonies of the holy day. Still the declining sun glowed with unnatural intensity of hue, and the evening breeze swept over the town in unusually fitful and stormy gusts. The air seemed to be laden with mysterious melancholy, to sigh with a hidden presage of some awful calamity to come.

Of a sudden it came. A shudder, a tremor, a quivering shock ran, for hundreds of miles simultaneously, through Venezuela. A groan, swelling thunderously and threateningly into a hollow roar, burst from the tortured earth, and swallowed up in its convul-

sive rumbling the shrieks of an entire nation suddenly enwrap in the shadow and agony of death. For a moment—as if a supernatural hand were painfully lifting it from its inmost core—the earth rocked and heaved through all Venezuela; and then, almost before the awful exclamation, *El temblor!* had time to burst from the lips of that stricken nation, it bounded from the bonds that held it, and in a moment was quaking, heaving, sliding, surging, rolling, in awful semblance to the sea. Great gulfs opened and closed their jaws, swallowing up and again belching forth dwellings, churches, human beings overtaken by instantaneous destruction. A flash and a roar passed through the earth, and a jagged chasm followed in its track, creating others in its rapid clash and close. Whole cities shivered, tottered, reeled, and fell in spreading heaps of inextinguishable ruin. In one minute and fifteen seconds, twenty thousand human beings perished in Venezuela; and then the earthquake of Caracas ceased.

It was after four o'clock in the afternoon when the first subterranean shock was felt, and long before five the agonized earth was still. Long before five the stupefied survivors stood slowly recovering their faculties of speech and motion. Long before five a piteous wail ascended to heaven from fathers, and husbands, and wives, and mothers, desolately mourning the dead in the streets of Caracas, La Guayra, Mérida, San Felipe, and Valencia. In this manner the Holy Thursday of 1812 drew toward its close. But the physical disasters consequent upon the great earthquake were of insignificant import, as compared with its moral effect. Colonist and Spaniard had shared alike in suffering and death during those dreadful moments; but the superstitious population readily accepted the interpretation which an eager priesthood placed upon the event, and bowed in the belief that they had suffered the infliction in punishment of their rebellion against the King. Nine-tenths of the clergy and monastic brotherhood inwardly hated and feared the Revolution, and their practised tongues drew terrible auguries for rebellious Venezuela from the recent throes

and upheavals of the earth. Preachers solemnly proclaimed the fact that this, without doubt, was a catastrophe akin to the memorable convulsion which once had swallowed up Korah, Dathan, and Abiram, for mutiny against the Lord; and the proximate wrath of God could be appeased only by a retrogression into his chosen paths. The people listened to the fathers, and obeyed trembling. Miranda, who had struggled against and overcome the material power of his enemy, was impotent when confronted by spiritual terrors, and, after a few languid combats, his troops deserted, leaving Monteverde to triumph once more in the assertion of Spanish authority over every province of Venezuela. His headquarters were established at Caracas, and there, as well as elsewhere, his troops revelled in the perfidious torture and execution of their capitulated foes. During nearly two years Monteverde reigned in Venezuela.

Yet, towards the close of 1813, the star of liberty glimmered once more from the summit of the Western Cordillera. During and after the memorable earthquake the city of Puerto Cabello, at that time held by the Patriots, was under the command of a young colonel in the Republican service, who had devoted a portion of his immense patrimonial wealth to the culture of his intellectual powers in European travel (not, however, without subsequently applying a large share to the necessities of his country), and whose name was Simon Bolívar. The treachery of an officer delivered the citadel of Puerto Cabello into the hands of some Spanish prisoners who were there confined, and in June, 1812, Colonel Bolívar was compelled to evacuate the town with all his force. While Monteverde lorded it over his country, he took refuge in the neighboring islands, and afterwards in New Granada, where he conceived the daring project which freed Venezuela, and has perpetuated with his name the simple but expressive title, *Liberator—Liberador.*

It is not our purpose here to follow the intrepid partisan in his descent, with six hundred New Granadian adherents, from the

Andes, upon the astounded Spaniards. We cannot follow him, nor the generals whom he created, in their marvellous marches, and still more marvellous triumphs, during many succeeding years. Suffice it to say, that he fell like a thunderbolt from a sunny sky upon the confident royalist troops, that he defeated and routed them time after time, broke, with his terrible lances, upon encampments which believed him a hundred miles away, and drove the Royal commanders, with varying success, from one point to another of Venezuela. His watchword was *Guerra á la muerte*—War unto death! Every battle ground became a shamble, every fight a butchery. The system was inaugurated by his antagonists, who cruelly slew eight patriot officers and eight citizens of Barinas, shortly after the commencement of hostilities, under circumstances of peculiar barbarity. Thenceforward Bolivar's men took no prisoners.

In the meantime, Wellington had driven the French across the Pyrenees, and Ferdinand the Adored ruled once more in Madrid. Even now, judicious management might have secured again the allegiance of the colonies; but the first action of Ferdinand was to vituperate his American subjects as rebels, whom he commanded to lay down their arms at once; and on the 18th of February, 1815, there sailed from Cadiz a stately armament intended to enforce this peremptory order. Sixty-five vessels composed the fleet, bearing six regiments of infantry, one of dragoons, the Queen's hussars, artillery, sappers and miners, engineers, and eighteen pieces of cannon, beside incalculable quantities of arms and munitions of war. The expedition numbered fifteen thousand men, and was commanded in chief by the famous soldier, General Don Pablo Morillo, the guerilla champion, the opposer of the French.

On the 4th of April, this redoubtable army effected a landing; and once more, all but an insignificant fraction of Venezuela fell under the hand of Spain. The flood of successful rebellion was rolled back from the coast, and Bolivar, with his dauntless partisans, was soon confined to the Llanos, which stretch away in level immensity from

the marshy banks of the Orinoco, the Apure and their tributaries.

Our readers have already been introduced to these Llanos, and have beheld their wild inhabitants amid the monotonous avocations of a time of peace. Let us now approach them while the "blood-red blossom of war" blazes up from their torrid vegetation. Let us descend upon them at night, here, at no great distance from the banks of the cayman-haunted Apure, and we shall gaze upon a different scene. All around us, the plain extends in the same desolate immensity that we noticed when we looked upon it from the *hato*; still, as before, we see it covered with a dense wilderness of reedy grasses that overtop the tallest trooper in Morillo's army; as before, we notice the scattered palm islands, breaking here and there the uniformity of levels; and hosts of cattle and wild horses are still roaming over the plain.

Near the *mata*, or grove of palm trees, there is a sound of merry voices tonight. Fires are crackling here and there, huge strips of fresh beef are roasting on wooden spits; the long grass has been trodden flat in a wide circumference, and three or four rudely constructed huts of palm branches close the scene on one side. Five hundred men are collected here—the *élite* of the liberators of Venezuela. Gathered about their campfires, these troopers, who have ridden a hundred miles since morning, are enjoying rest, refreshment, and recreation. But the word trooper must not conjure up a vision of belted horsemen, rigid in uniform, with clanking sabres and helmets of brass. Of a far different stamp are the figures reclining before us. These are improvised warriors, *hateros*, cattle farmers, who, grasping their lances and lañsoes, have eagerly exchanged the monotony of pastoral life for the wild excitement of the charge upon Spanish squadrons, and the fierce slaughter of fellow-men. No two of this invincible band are clad alike. Here is a sergeant, wearing an old and dilapidated blanket, poncho-fashion, with the remains of a palm-leaf hat sheltering his head, and with limbs which a pair of ragged *calzones* make only a pretense of covering.

Yet over his left shoulder is slung a gorgeous hussar jacket, which he wears with the greater pride, since it belonged last night to a lieutenant in the Queen's regiment, whom he slew in cold blood after the fight. Next to him leans a private, bare-legged and bare-headed, wearing only an old piece of carpet about his waist, a flannel shirt, and the uniform coat of a Spanish officer, from which he has cut the right sleeve, in order to secure greater freedom for his arm. A third has made himself a suit which Robinson Crusoe might have envied. Helmet, jerkin, breeches, sandals—all have been cut from the same raw bull's hide. His neighbor, a new recruit, still wears the national dress of his order, which has not yet been tattered and torn from him by long service—and he is the envy of the motley troop. But the lack of uniformity in no wise detracts from valor, nor does it diminish the gayety of these terrible lancers, as they lie idly grouped about the flickering fires. Half a dozen circles are absorbed in as many games at cards; others are swallowing greedily some improvised, fantastic tale, and some are singing, in wild, irregular cadence, the favorite songs of the Plains. Their example soon becomes contagious, and group after group chimes in with the uproarious chant. Listen! From the farthest extremity of the encampment comes a querying solo:

“De todos los Generales cual es el valiente?”

and from five hundred throats the response is thundered:

“Mi General Paez con toda su gente!”

Again the solo demands:

“De todos los Generales cual es el mejor?”

and the tumultuous answer is vociferated:

“Es mi General José con su guardia de honor!”

And who may be the valiant General, the General with his guard of honor, excelling all the rest? This, we learn, is the guard of honor; the General is José Antonio Paez, little José Antonio, who killed the highwayman, and betook himself to cattle farming on the plains. Now, however, he is the famous Llanero chieftain, favorite champion of Venezuela, brother-in-arms of Bolívar, who allows

him, alone of all the military leaders, the privilege of an especial body-guard. Since 1810—for five years—he has been fighting constantly in his country's service, and has won himself fame while our eyes have been turned in other directions. Look! he is standing there, at the entrance to his hut, while the chorus yet echoes among the palm branches. Scarcely of middle stature, certainly not more than five feet four in height, but broad-shouldered, muscular, with a constitution of iron, equal to perpetual exertion, capable of every fatigue. His countenance is open and prepossessing, his features are rounded, forehead square, eyes piercing and intelligent. Like his men, he wears a motley garb—part Spanish uniform, part costume of the Llaneros; and he leans upon a lance, decorated with a black bannerol, which has carried death already to innumerable Loyalist hearts. Thus José Antonio Paez stands before us, on the banks of the Apure, in the twenty-fifth year of his age.

He has, perhaps, been hitherto too much neglected by us, and we must look backwards in order to take up the thread of his career. At the very first outbreak of insurrection in 1810, Paez took service as a volunteer in the hastily levied militia of Barinas, and was quickly promoted to the post of sergeant in a corps of lancers. His influence and example attracted multitudes of Llanero horsemen to the Revolutionary ranks, but the calamitous period of the earthquake put an end to his military service, and he returned, in 1812, to his pastoral post. Soon, however, came news of Bolívar lighting from the mountains of New Granada; and in 1813 Paez was once more in the saddle, with the commission, this time, of captain in the Patriot service. The Spaniards soon learned to dread the fiery lancer of Barinas. They were never safe from his sudden onslaught; and Puy, the commandant of the Province, rejoiced loudly when an unlucky defeat placed the indefatigable *guerrillero* in his power. Paez was condemned to be shot, and was actually led out, with other prisoners, to the place of execution; but a concatenation of extraordinary accidents saved his

life, and he escaped once more to the head of his command. It was not long before he was brought in immediate contact with the now famous Bolívar, and he rapidly rose to independent command. In 1815 he was second only to the Liberator. Thousands of grim Llaneros acknowledged no chieftain beside *el Tío Pepe* — Uncle Joe. When Morillo landed, in 1815, with his vast, overwhelming force, only the Llaneros of Paez held out for the Republic; everywhere else in Venezuela the banner of Spain waved in triumph, but on the Plains of the Apure there was neither submission nor peace. Yet, after a while, as the victorious legions of Morillo flooded, in successive waves from the Coast, the level region of his refuge, Paez was compelled to evacuate the plains and leave them to the invader. With a few hundred of his horsemen he established himself on the plains of New Granada. Scarcely had he grown familiar with his new center of action, when the troops of Morillo were turned westward for the purpose of curbing the rebellious spirits in the neighboring Vice-Royalty, when, quicker than thought, Paez was once more over the mountains, and recovered by a sudden swoop the Llanos of Barinas. Thenceforward this region remained the surest foothold of the Revolution in Venezuela. Encircled with Spanish troops, it remained, nevertheless, a practical republic in itself, and the vast basin of the Orinoco was the cradle of Venezuelan freedom. The Provisional Government consisted of a mere council of generals, who, in 1816, created Paez General and Supreme Chief of the Republic. A vast stride from the *hatero's* hut that we saw him inhabiting in 1808!

Paez resigned this dignity in favor of Bolívar in the following year, contenting himself with his great military command. Surrounded by the body-guard we have seen through all the years 1816, 1817, and 1818, now in Venezuela, now in New Granada; on the plains today, on the mountains tomorrow, enduring every privation, braving odds apparently the most overwhelming, fighting pitched battles at midnight, and triumphantly effecting surprises in the open day, he

maintained alive, in the midst of general discouragement, the cause he had espoused. Bolívar, the Liberator, was meanwhile endeavoring to make head against the Spaniards elsewhere, and gathered a considerable force in the interior province of Guiana. In 1818 the vanguard of the British legion—troops browned by the sun of Spain, who had marched with Wellington from Lisbon to the Pyrenees, and who gladly accepted the offers of the Patriots when Waterloo had put an end to European strife—sailed up the Orinoco, and effected a junction with the assembled Patriot forces.

At this time not only the whole of New Granada, but the entire sea-coast of Venezuela and every important city in the Republic were possessed by Morillo. Yet the Royalist cause made no progress. Morillo's dominion was like the famous Haarlem lake which occupied so large an extent of the lands of Holland; it might be great and threatening, but barriers insurmountable though unpretending forbade its expansion, and perseverance gradually succeeded in curtailing its limits. Whatever the hand of Morillo covered, he possessed, but his authority ceased outside the range of his guns.

His mén were growing weary of the struggle; few reinforcements came from Spain, and the troops suffered frightfully through their constant fatigues and hardships. The war had become the most terrible of all wars, a deliberate system of surprises and skirmishes. Paez here, Bolívar there, Monágas, Piar, Urdaneta, and a score of other chieftains, at every vulnerable point, harassed, without ceasing, the common foe.

In 1819, Bolívar set out upon that marvellous expedition across the Andes, in which, by marching one thousand miles and fighting three pitched battles in somewhat less than eleven weeks, he finally liberated New Granada, and secured a vast amount of Spanish treasure and munitions of war. During his absence, Paez was left to keep Morillo in check on the east of the Cordillera. His plan of operations was, to be everywhere, and to do everything with his lancers. Venezuela clung with terrible tenacity

to the idea of freedom, and the Republic was converted into two great camps, perpetually shifting their boundaries, yet ever presenting the same features. Trade and commerce were at an end; the only business thought of was that of war unto death—death everywhere, death at all times, death in every shape. By the sword and the lance, by famine, by drowning, by fire, decimated by fever, worn out by fatigue, the Spaniards perished. When their convoys failed or were intercepted, it was impossible to obtain food; no foraging party dared venture forth from the fortified encampment; it was necessary that an entire division should march out into the Llanos, and seek for the nearest herd of cattle. It not unfrequently happened in these expeditions that the very cattle were enlisted on the Patriot side.

Herd of several thousands of the savage beasts were sometimes driven headlong upon the Spanish lines, throwing them into confusion, and trampling or goring great numbers to death. Close in the rear of the resistless herd then charged the lancers of Paez, with the terrible black bannerol fluttering in the van. Before the scattered Royalists had time to rally, they were attacked in every direction by their merciless foes, and in another minute the battle was over, and the men of the Plains were out of sight! Sometimes, too, a detachment traversing the savanna would notice with affright a column of thin smoke stealing up into the sky a mile to windward, and almost before the bugle or the drum could summon them to arms, the flames would be seething and crackling around them, and roaring away, in an ocean of fire, across the savanna beyond. And then, in the rear of the flames, dashed the blood-thirsty lancers, and the blackened embers of the grass turned red with the richness of Spanish veins. No venture was too arduous for the Llanero chieftain. He accomplished at one time an exploit in which only the multiplicity of witnesses who have testified to the achievement permits us to believe.

San Fernando, an important town on the Apure, was strongly fortified, and was held by the Spaniards as a potent means of

annoying the Patriots in any attempt they might make to cross the river. In order further to defend the passage, six large river-boats, each containing a piece of artillery, were anchored at a short distance below the only ford. But it became necessary that the Apure should be crossed, and Paez quietly undertook to secure the passage. With a few of his lancers, he rode to the river-bank, and there gave the command, "*Al agua, muchachos!*"—"To the water, boys!"—which he was accustomed to use when ordering his men to bathe. His meaning was at once apprehended. The men, stripping off their upper clothing, and holding their swords under their arms, plunged into the stream, shouting loudly to keep off the alligators, and partly rode, partly swam, nearly half a mile towards the gun-boats. Only the heads of the horses and men were visible above the water, and the crews of the gun-boats, after a single discharge, which wounded none of the extraordinary attacking party, threw themselves into the river and made the best of their way to San Fernando, where they alleged that it was useless to contest possession of their charge with incarnate devils, to whom water was the same as dry land, and who butchered all their prisoners. The gun-boats were navigated in triumph to the Patriot camp, and did excellent service in ferrying the troops across the Apure.

By the year 1820 the Revolutionists had for the third time perceptibly gained ground, and Morillo's force, spread like a fan at the inland base of the Sierra, was gradually yielding to the unceasing pressure; in a word, the Patriots were at length driving their enemies into the sea. Toward the close of 1820, Morillo opened negotiations with their chiefs, and a suspension of hostilities was commenced on the 26th of November, when the Spanish general gladly quitted the scene of his fruitless efforts, and retired to Spain with the title of Count of Carthageña, leaving Generals Morales and La Torre in authority behind him. The armistice was not long continued. The Congress of Columbia,

as the united republics of Venezuela and New Granada were then termed, demanded unqualified independence as the price of peace; and in June—the Battle Month—of 1821, Bolívar and Paez took up arms once more. The Spanish troops were concentrated at the base of the mountains, with Valencia and Caracas in their rear. Before them the road wound westward, through tortuous passes, towards Tinaquilla and Barinas, at the former of which places Bolívar with his forces was now halting. Six thousand men were in arms on either side, but the troops of the Republic, though ragged, ill-fed, and badly armed, were flushed with the consciousness of success and the presentiment of triumph, while those of Spain were dispirited, worn out, and malcontent.

It was plain to the meanest trooper, however, that Carabobo must be held; and on intelligence of the Patriot advance, the position, of amazing strength, was resolutely occupied. It seemed, indeed, that a regiment could defend such a pass with ease against an army. In order to debouch upon the Plain of Carabobo, the Patriots must penetrate a defile forming a narrow and tortuous pass, the road through which was a mere seam at the base of a deep ravine. This narrow passage, through which, of necessity, Bolívar's troops must march in straggling line, terminated abruptly in a basin or valley shut in by hills, except upon the northeast, where it opened upon the boundless expanse of the contested plain. At the mouth of this gorge La Torre lay with all his force. Despite the unfavorable condition of his men, with whom, moreover, he was not popular, the odds seemed overwhelmingly in his favor. He stood on the defensive in one of the strongest of military positions, and well provided with artillery; while his adversary was to struggle through a narrow valley in the face of his opponents, before a single man could be made available. The mouth of this valley was blockaded by the Spanish infantry, who stretched in silent lines from side to side on the evening of the 23d of June. On either flank the hills were occu-

piéd by corps of riflemen, and the artillery was posted at their base. No force, it appeared, could enter the beleaguered valley and live. Bolívar commenced his passage through the defile on the morning of the 24th, and halted in dismay as he reached the outlet. It was too apparent that such a conflict as lay before him could not be braved. At this moment Paez learned that a narrow side-path existed, permitting the passage of a single file, which led, by a *détour*, to the plain. It was one of those curious accidents on which the fate of battles often seems to hang, and after some hesitation, Bolívar permitted Paez to venture the passage. Heading the famous Battalion of Apure, he at once wheeled to the left, and commenced the toilsome march. One by one the veterans struggled through the pass, but they were discovered by La Torre before the entire force debouched upon the plain.

Although taken entirely by surprise, the Spaniards had time for a partial change of front, and before the veterans of Apure had assembled at the mouth of the pass, a volley of musketry rang out from the Spanish lines, and a gleaming of bayonets told of a wall of steel across the path. The scanty force of Paez, however, dashed from the ravine, and forming hastily, rushed upon the enemy. Four Royalist battalions converged upon them, and they were crushed. They fell back, flying in disorder, and the Spaniards were on the point of securing the pass, when a shout arose before them that made the stoutest quail. With one ever-memorable cheer, a long hurrah, which spoke of well-known, unconquerable determination, the British legion, less than eight hundred strong, with their Colonel, John Ferrier, at their head, appeared at the mouth of the ravine. Forming instantaneously and in perfect silence, but with the accuracy of a regiment on parade, they threw forward their bayonets, and knelt down, sedately, calmly, immovably, to confront destruction. The remaining troops of Bolívar were in their rear, traversing slowly the defile; and until they reached its mouth, that living wall of Anglo-Saxon valor neither stirred nor blenched.

Volley after valley enflamed their ranks, and after each discharge the mass of men was smaller. Still their cool and ceaseless firing rolled death into the ranks of the enemy, until at length the troops whom they had saved from destruction rallied once more. Then what remained of the legion, headed by two or three officers whose lives had been marvellously preserved, rushed fiercely forward, like an avenging flame, and swept before them the affrighted Spaniards, wildly scattering at the onslaught which it was impossible to withstand. In another moment eighty or ninety of the lancers of Paez issued from the ravine, and, hurling themselves upon the broken enemy, turned the defeat into an utter rout. La Torre's troops, with the exception of one regiment, fled in disgraceful confusion, or perished by hundreds under the lances of the implacable pursuers; and on the evening of the 24th of June, Bolívar, encamped upon the Plain of Carabobo, laid his hand upon the shoulder of José Antonio Paez, thenceforward General-in-chief of the armies of the Republic of Colombia!

Carabobo decided the War of Independence throughout South America. It snapped the chain which held Venezuela down, and the Spaniards, hemmed in for two years longer at Puerto Cabello, which place they defended with honorable pertinacity, were finally expelled from the free Republic in November, 1823. The city was taken by storm on the 7th of that month, and on the 9th the citadel surrendered. General Calzada, the commandant, with all his officers and four hundred men, was shortly afterwards shipped for Spain.

HERE the career of the Llanero closes. A new and still more brilliant avenue to distinction opens before Paez. At this, however, we can scarcely glance. Our business has been to study him in the saddle, wielding lasso and sword and lance; nor have we left ourselves room for adequate allusion to his

subsequent life as President and private citizen, deliverer of his country, and exile in the Northern States. Yet the record could not be called complete, unless we passed briefly in review the vicissitudes of the past thirty years.

After the taking of Puerto Cabello, Paez administered the affairs of Venezuela as Provincial Chief of the State, and held that office under the Congress of Columbia, until the two republics were dissevered in 1830, when he was elected first President of Venezuela. Only partially disturbed by a military insurrection, headed by the turbulent General José T. Monágas, which was soon suppressed, the administration of Paez was such as surprised all lookers-on in America and Europe. He displayed administrative talents of a high order, with all the firmness and resolution of a soldier, yet with all the business capacity and peaceful proclivities of a civilian.

Laying down the presidential office in 1834, he was again called upon to assume it four years later, and until the close of 1842 Venezuela prospered under his direction. The foreign and domestic debt was liquidated by the products of national industry, and three millions of dollars were left in the treasury on the accession to the presidency of General Soublette, in 1843. Honors had rained on the *ci-devant* impetuous horseman, whose shout had once so frequently been the prelude to slaughter and devastation. William the Fourth of England presented General Paez, in 1837, with the sword of honor; Louis Philippe of France invested him, in 1843, with the Grand Cordon of the Legion of Honor; and, two years later, there arrived from Oscar of Sweden the Cross of the Military Order of the Sword.

Our task is at an end; the career of the Llanero has been unfolded; we have placed ourselves in the presence of the comrade of Bolívar, and have witnessed the rise of the Venezuelan Republic. *Samuel Drake.*

NOTES FROM CYPRUS.

CYPRUS is an island of sudden changes. Both climate and landscape are subject to rapid variations. From the glare of an overpowering sun, one may enter the cool shade of a tropical garden, with the murmur of water trickling past as it wanders amongst the groves of oranges, figs, and palms. The bare, treeless plain may be changed in a very short space for pine forests of magnificent trees: instead of sand and dust, we trample on bracken-fern by the side of rills and torrents running in steep gorges. The climate changes from great heat to chilling cold. We have noted a daily variation of 50 deg. of temperature; after a calm, clear morning, with the distant hills apparently close, suddenly a windy hurricane, accompanied by a thick haze, comes over the island, and shuts out the view. In the landscape it is the same. There are no gentle slopes; the hills all rise steeply from the plains; the water courses run in deep beds cut through alluvial soil and rock. These signs show the island to have been visited by heavy tropical rains. After the winter of 1877 the great Messarea plain was a lake of water and slime. This winter there has been barely five inches of rainfall—hardly enough to make the roads muddy for few hours.

There is no doubt that the resources of the island are great, if properly developed. It possesses a very fertile soil, capable of growing almost anything if carefully cultivated and irrigated; without water, the hot sirocco winds from the east soon dry up any vegetation. Irrigation, however, is not a difficult matter. On the plain, water is found almost everywhere at from 18 to 20 feet below the surface; and along the hillsides there are many springs and rivulets that run to waste through the inertness of the people. They would willingly pay a handsome profit for the water if it was brought to them, but have not the capital or the enterprise to make the required aqueducts themselves. A few wind-

mill pumps on the plain would irrigate a farm sufficiently to make it independent of lack of rainfall, and for the production of crops and trees that require watering after the rainy season is past. There is no want of wind; a strong breeze springs up every day from the north-west, and very often covers the plain in a thick haze; mirage is seen in every direction—lakes and cliffs rising picturesquely out of a dead flat. The hillslopes grow vines in profusion, and these vineyards might be greatly extended. Many beautiful spots exist among the hills lying completely waste, grown over with scrub, hiding the old rock-cut wine-presses, that show where in ancient times there were once fruitful vineyards. Had the island been taken over by France instead of England, the French would have soon developed the wine trade enormously. All that is wanted is capital to clear the scrub and plant the vines. For instance, a large tract of hill-country, called the Agamas, was, I believe, offered for sale not long ago—it measures about forty square miles: only \$1000 was bid, and it was not sold. A little more, however would have bought it. This tract extends out to Cape Arnaugi, and has the most beautiful slopes for vines, with a low-lying, narrow plain along the shore, watered by several springs, one of which now turns a mill. The sea surrounds the property on all but one side, and the coast is indented with little bays and creeks. The hills rise 1,500 feet above the shore. Old wine-presses testify to its former fruitfulness. The hills are now covered with scrub, and are only used as grazing-ground for flocks of goats. Small portions of the plain are cultivated by a few shepherds, who also collect firewood and ship it from the shore. With capital, these slopes might be green with vines, the low plains covered with groves of orange and fruit trees. Wine might be produced and shipped on the spot without any transport; and besides these

advantages, there is undoubtedly great mineral wealth beneath the soil, capable of paying largely for any outlay.

This is not a single case. There are many places in the island just as good, waiting for the hand of the capitalist to change them from barren wastes to their former fruitfulness. Land lies idle that would soon form splendid cotton fields; wheat, barley, and all cereals grow in profusion. Tobacco of a very superior quality can be produced. All the tobacco consumed is now imported, owing to the heavy taxation formerly imposed upon the grown article by the Turks. Indigo might be grown in the warm valleys. All that is required is enterprise and capital.

Roads are a great want in the development of the island. The natives have no desire to save time; they follow the same narrow, rugged tracks up and down the rocks that their fathers followed before them, and if Government undertook to make roads for them, they would soon be again destroyed; but this would soon change if a few Englishmen settled in the country. The same thing would happen as happened in the Lebanon. The English colony goes up from Beyrout to some village in the hills for the summer months; a road where there was none before is soon made by the natives; the houses are improved; rents rise; a hotel is started, and a thriving, active community takes the place of a torpid village. The same effect would happen if a few colonists arrived; the natives would soon make roads where they were needed, and the example of activity would speedily infuse energy into the sleepy inhabitants, when they saw the advantages of it before them.

The two races which inhabit the country are very distinct types. The Turks are tall, well-built men, generally spare and active. The great characteristic that distinguishes them from the Greeks is their proud bearing. They all have a certain reserved expression on their faces, evidently thinking well of themselves. They are not at all fanatical about their religion; and although good Moslems, they do not share in the sterner precepts of the law of Mohammed. They

work better than the Greeks, are more inclined to take an interest in what is being done, but are also more independent and less submissive under reproof. It is rare to find the Turks inhospitable; they are generally very obliging at first. For instance, I have been told at a village that everything would be provided for nothing; that I must accept their hospitality, not only in words of politeness, but really intending that I should live on them. After refusing such offers, it is strange to be cheated in the price of barley and chickens; but it is Turkish and oriental. They generally have receding foreheads, whereas the Greek forehead is straight; and the dark Nubians and semi-Nubians have domed foreheads. They prefer white-and-red striped Manchester stuff for their clothes, whereas the Greeks are always dressed in blue indigo-dyed stuffs of home manufacture.

They are brave, fearing and looking up to no one, making splendid soldiers, and are peaceful, moderately honest, and industrious.

The Greeks are also fine-made men. They have a mild and humble expression of countenance, and are timid. They hide in the village as some Government official passes through, without any real cause. They are very religious, generally going to church every evening, and keeping a great number of saints' days, and believing every superstitious story. They are stupid, and are bad workers, shirking as much as they can. They like a shilling a day, but after two or three days they are all inclined to strike for three shillings. They are rich enough to lie in the sun and do nothing for a long time; and they object to working when they become such capitalists. There are occasional exceptions to this rule; energetic Greeks, who are better sometimes than stupid Turks; but the great test of stamina, the keeping at continual, steady work, breaks them all down. They are not nearly so intelligent or such good workers as the Maronites and Druses of the Lebanon.

The women of both races are not at all prepossessing; it is rare to see a face even tolerably good-looking, and their figures and

voices are very objectionable. The Turkish women veil their faces, which is an advantage. The women do a great deal of manual labor—fetching water, accompanying their lords to the fields to reap the harvest, and thrashing the corn; they help in everything except plowing and sowing. It is odd to see the parties in the fields, reaping, almost always one man to two women, both Greek and Turkish alike.

The children are pretty, some with flaxen hair and cherub faces. The Turkish children are not nearly so pretty as the Greek.

There are a good many landed proprietors of a superior class, looked up to as rich men by their fellow-townsmen, whose word has generally a great influence in the village. Most well situated villages have one of these magnates, who owns more land and has a better house than any one else. When Turks, they live very retired lives on their properties, and seem inclined to be miserly. They associate freely with their *employés*, and it is difficult to distinguish between them. The natives give them the title of *Effendi*. The large Greek proprietors very rarely live on their land; they prefer to live in the largest town of the district, letting the land, or having an agent to farm for them. There are also a few Armenians, who have large possessions but live in the towns.

The different monasteries of the Greek Church own a large amount of land derived from different sources. Grants from the Sultan, purchases, and legacies, have made them rich. In many cases the lands owned by monasteries have been allowed to lie idle; others have tilled them without opposition, and have thus obtained a right of possession. Thus the boundaries of church properties are in a very confused state, owing to no trouble being taken by the heads of the different monasteries to keep their boundaries clear. A lawsuit with a rich monastery was not objectionable to a Turkish judge, who was able generally to make it very profitable to himself. Naturally, the old monks put off the day when they would be obliged to part with their savings by bribes. The result has been that the properties have grad-

ually been encroached upon by the surrounding proprietors.

Next to the monasteries is the *vakuf* land that has been left to mosques and Mohammedan charities by wealthy Moslems. These lands are usually let at a very low rent—they cannot be sold. To escape from a disputed title, a Turk would make his land *vakuf*, and rent it himself. The remainder of the land is divided up into very small holdings owned by the peasants. These properties are subdivided amongst the sons upon the parents' decease, so that a quarter of an acre sometimes belongs to four or five brothers. Women were formerly not allowed to inherit land, and they generally inherited trees. Thus the trees belong to a different proprietor to the land. There are no hedges and ditches in Cyprus. The different allotments are marked, or supposed to be marked, out by stones; but as these stones have generally disappeared, the holdings are only known approximately.

Each village is a little community of itself. They elect each year a head-man called the *Muktar*, with a council of elders to assist him. The *Muktar* is recognized by the Government, and all communications to the village pass through him. He collects taxes, is called upon to answer questions, to find offenders, and to keep order. In mixed villages of Turks and Greeks, where the division is about equal, they elect two *Muktars*, one for each sect; but when a large majority is of one creed, one *Muktar* is deemed sufficient for all. Though Greeks and Turks may live together in the same village all their lives, they associate very little together. Generally, the village is divided into quarters—the Greek houses in one part, and the Turkish houses together in another. A Turk marrying a Greek girl is very rare, though it does occasionally take place. The reverse never happens, differing in this respect from the case among the inhabitants of Crete.

Next to the *Muktar* in the social scale of the village is the priest, or *papa*. In the Turkish village it is the *hodja* or schoolmaster who keeps the mosque. The priests are

married, and till their lands the same as any peasant. They generally have been taught to read and write, and are looked up to by the people as guides in cases of difficulty.

The villages on the plains and low lying hills are almost entirely built of sun-dried mud-slabs about one foot three inches square by four inches deep. The roof is made of wooden rafters laid flat, covered with reed mats; on this about a foot of earth is placed and rammed hard. This forms a good protection from the sun, but the rain soon washes it away. The better class of houses are of two stories, with a veranda along the upper one, and a row of arches supporting it below. The upper story is used for sleeping and living in. In the hills the houses are built of stone, and the churches have pitched roofs covered with tiles. On the plain, the churches are large rectangular buildings, with vaulted or domed roofs covered with cement. There is always an apse at the east end, and generally a small belfry is attached. The interiors are decorated according to the Greek fashion, with a heavy wooden screen, which is generally well carved and covered with gilding. The Russian eagles frequently figure on the gates of the sanctuary.

The natives, both Turk and Greek, wear high boots with clump soles, loose, baggy trousers, a shirt and small jacket, and a fez; a Manchester cotton handkerchief is tied around the fez by the Greeks, and sometimes a white turban, but generally plain, by the Turks. On feast days and at weddings the Greeks dress themselves up in very long baggy trousers of dark blue cloth or shiny calico, tied round the knee, so as to show a white stocking and shoes with buckles. Their waistcoats are bright with embroidery, and they wear small close-fitting jackets. Turkish Effendis and landed proprietors assume an European dress.

The English rule is undoubtedly popular

in Cyprus. The Greeks are naturally more enthusiastic than the Turks in their expression of devotion to the Government of the Queen. For instance, in the village of Kethrœa, on New Year's eve, while the clocks were chiming the advent of another year, shouts and cheers for Victoria and for the English woke us up. No English were with them, and the shouting was quite spontaneous.

The Turks are also pleased with the new rule. They are not worried by *zabtiehs*, they have no fear of conscription, and they rather like the English.

The Greeks may be partially descendants from an ancient Cypriot race. There are some curious types amongst them—traces of Egyptian crusading and German blood, with, of course, a strong mixture of the Greek peasant race. In the northwest portion of the island, about Corruachitz, there are several villages of Maronites, settlers from the Lebanon. They appear to have arrived about fifteen years ago, and have maintained their religion, though they have given up their language and taken to speaking Greek.

Flocks of goats and fat-tailed sheep roam all over the country in large herds, picking up a scanty sustenance on dried-up herbage. They give a good supply of milk in the spring, particularly in the mountain districts of Limasol and Papho. A large number of cheeses are made and exported from Limasol every year. The cattle are, as a rule, small, and are used for plowing and carting. They are not milked or eaten by the natives. Donkeys and mules are the common beasts of burden, and are very numerous. The mules are good, but the natives do not understand loading them properly. They have slight trumpery saddles, and, as a rule, carry very little. Ponies are common, and are ridden and used as pack-animals. There are also a few inferior camels.

Augustus J. C. Hare.

THE ROBBERS' REVENGE.

[The May number of THE AURORA contained a thrilling story, entitled "Villainy Outwitted," an account of the unearthing of a robbery committed by several unscrupulous fellows, their capture, and sentence to transportation for ten years. Enraged at the shrewd exposé of their plans by the detective, Levasseur swore to be revenged upon him at his return. The following narrative gives the details of this attempted revenge.—*Editor.*]

LEVASSEUR and his confederates sailed for the penal settlements in the ill-fated convict-ship, the *Amphytrion*, the total wreck of which on the coast of France, and consequent drowning of the crew and prisoners, excited so painful a sensation in England. A feeling of regret for the untimely fate of Le Breton, whom I regarded rather as a weak dupe than a purposed rascal, passed over my mind as I read the announcement in the newspapers; but newer events had almost jostled the incidents connected with his name from my remembrance, when a terrible adventure vividly recalled them, and taught me how fierce and untamable are the instincts of hate and revenge in a certain class of minds.

A robbery of plate had been committed in Portman-square, with an ingenuity and boldness which left no doubt that it had been effected by clever and practiced hands. The detective officers first employed having failed to discover the offenders, the threads of the imperfect and broken clew were placed in my hands, to see if my somewhat renowned dexterity—or luck, as many of my brother officers preferred calling it—would enable me to piece them out to a satisfactory conclusion. By the description obtained of a man who had been seen lurking about the house a few days previous to the burglary, it had been concluded by my predecessors in the investigation that one Martin, a fellow with half-a-dozen *aliases*, and a well-known traveler on the road to the hulks, was concerned in the affair; and by their advice a reward of fifty pounds had been offered for his apprehension and conviction. I prosecuted the inquiry with my usual energy and watchfulness, without

alighting upon any new fact or intimation of importance. I could not discover that a single article of the missing property had been either pawned or offered for sale, and little doubt remained that the crucible had fatally diminished the chances of detection. The only hope was, that an increased reward might induce one of the gang to betray his confederates; and as the property was of large value, this was done, and one hundred guineas was promised for the required information. I had been to the printer's to order the placards announcing the increased recompense; and after indulging in a long gossip with the foreman of the establishment, whom I knew well, was passing at about a quarter past ten o'clock through Ryder's court, Newport-market, where a tall man met and passed me swiftly, holding a handkerchief to his face. There was nothing remarkable in that, as the weather was bitterly cold and sleety; and I walked unheedingly on. I was just in the act of passing out of the court towards Leicester square, when swift steps sounded suddenly behind me. I instinctively turned; and as I did so, received a violent blow on the left shoulder—intended, I doubted not, for the nape of my neck—from the tall individual who had passed me a minute previously. As he still held the handkerchief to his face, I did not catch even a momentary glance at his features, and he ran off with surprising speed. The blow, sudden, jarring, and inflicted with a sharp instrument—by a strong knife or a dagger—caused a sensation of faintness; and before I recovered from it all chance of successful pursuit was at an end. The wound, which was not at all serious, I had dressed at a chemist's shop in the Haymarket; and as proclaiming the attack would do nothing toward detecting the perpetrator of it, I said little about it to any one, and managed to conceal it entirely from my wife, to whom it would have suggested a thousand painful apprehensions whenever I happened to be unexpectedly detained from home. The brief glimpse

I had of the balked assassin afforded no reasonable indication of his identity. To be sure he ran at an amazing and unusual pace, but this was a qualification possessed by so many of the light legged as well as light fingered gentry of my professional acquaintance, that it could not justify even a random suspicion; and I determined to forget the unpleasant incident as soon as possible.

The third evening after this occurrence I was again passing along Leicester square at a somewhat late hour, but this time with all my eyes about me. Snow, which the wind blew sharply in one's face, was falling fast, and the cold was intense. Except myself, and a tallish, snow-wreathed figure—a woman apparently—not a living being was to be seen. This figure, which was standing still at the further side of the square, appeared to be awaiting me, and as I drew near it, threw back the hood of a cloak, and to my great surprise disclosed the features of a Madame Jaubert. This lady, some years before, had carried on, not very far from the spot where she now stood, a respectable millinery business. She was a widow with one child, a daughter of about seven years of age. Marie-Louise, as she was named, was one unfortunate day sent to Coventry street on an errand with some money in her hand, and never returned. The inquiries set on foot proved utterly without effect; not the slightest intelligence of the fate of the child was obtained—and the grief and distraction of the bereaved mother resulted in temporary insanity. She was confined in a lunatic asylum for seven or eight months, and when pronounced convalescent, found herself homeless, and almost penniless in the world. This sad story I had heard from one of the keepers of the asylum during her sojourn there. It was a subject she herself never, I was aware, touched upon; and she had no reason to suspect that I was in the slightest degree informed of this melancholy passage in her life. She, why—I know not—changed her name from that of Duquesne to the one she now bore—Jaubert; and for the last two or three years had supported a precarious existence by plausible begging-letters addressed to persons of credulous benevo-

lence; for which offense she had frequently visited the police courts at the instance of the secretary of the Mendicity Society, and it was there I had consequently made her acquaintance.

“Madame Jaubert!” I exclaimed, with unfeigned surprise, “why, what on earth can you be waiting here for on such a night as this?”

“To see you!” was her curt reply.

“To see me! Depend upon it, then, you are knocking at the wrong door for not the first time in your life. The very little faith I ever had in professional widows, with twelve small children, all down in the measles, has long since vanished, and—”

“Nay,” she interrupted—she spoke English, by the way, like a native—“I'm not such a fool as to be trying the whimpering dodge upon you. It is a matter of business. You want to find Jem Martin?”

“Ay, truly; but what can *you* know of him? Surely you are not *yet* fallen so low as to be the associate or accomplice of burglars?”

“Neither yet nor likely to be so,” replied the woman; “still I could tell you where to place your hands on James Martin, if I were but sure of the reward.”

“There can be no doubt about that,” I answered.

“Then follow me, and before ten minutes are past, you will have secured your man.”

I did so—cautiously, suspiciously; for my adventure three evenings before had rendered me unusually circumspect and watchful. She led the way to the most crowded quarter of St. Giles's, and when she had reached the entrance of a dark blind alley, called Hine's court, turned into it, and beckoned me to follow.

“Nay, nay, Madame Jaubert,” I exclaimed, “that won't do. You mean fairly, I dare say; but I don't enter that respectable alley alone at this time of night.”

She stopped, silent and embarrassed. Presently she said, with a sneer, “You are afraid, I suppose?”

“Yes, I am.”

“What is to be done, then?” she added,

after a few moments' consideration. "He is alone, I assure you."

"That is possible; still I do not enter that *cul-de-sac* tonight, unaccompanied save by you."

"You suspect me of some evil design, Mr. Waters?" said the woman, with an accent of reproach. "I thought you might, and yet nothing can be further from the truth. My sole object is to obtain the reward, and escape from this life of misery and degradation to my own country, and, if possible begin the world respectably again. Why should you doubt me?"

"How came you acquainted with this robber's haunts?"

"The explanation is easy, but this is not the time for it. Stay—can't you get assistance?"

"Easily—in less than ten minutes; and, if you are here when I return, and your information proves correct, I will ask pardon for my suspicions."

"Be it so," she said, joyfully; "and be quick, for this weather is terrible."

Ten minutes had not passed when I returned with half-a-dozen officers, and found Madame Jaubert still at her post. We followed her up the court, caught Martin sure enough asleep upon a wretched pallet of straw in one of the alley hovels, and walked him off, terribly scared and surprised, to the nearest station-house where he passed the remainder of the night.

The next day Martin proved an *alibi* of the distinctest, most undeniable kind. He had been an inmate of Clerkenwell prison for the last three months, with the exception of just six days previous to our capture of him; and he was, of course, at once discharged. The reward was payable only upon conviction of the offender, and the disappointment of poor Madame Jaubert was extreme. She wept bitterly at the thought of being compelled to continue her present disreputable mode of life, when a thousand francs—a sum she believed Martin's capture would have assured her—besides sufficient for her traveling expenses and decent outfit, would, she said, purchase a partnership in a small but respect-

able millinery shop in Paris. "Well," I remarked to her, "there is no reason for despair. You have not only proved your sincerity and good faith, but that you possess a knowledge—how acquired you best know—of the haunts and hiding-places of burglars. The reward, as you may have seen by the new placards, has been doubled; and I have a strong opinion, from something that has reached me this morning, that if you could light upon one Armstrong, *alias* Rowden, it would be as certainly yours as if already in your pocket."

"Armstrong—Rowden!" repeated the woman, with anxious simplicity; "I never heard either of these names. What sort of a person is he?"

I described him minutely; but Madame Jaubert appeared to entertain little or no hope of discovering his whereabouts; and, ultimately, went away in a very disconsolate mood, after, however, arranging to meet me the next evening.

I met her as agreed. She could obtain, she said, no intelligence of any reliable worth; and she pressed me for further particulars. Was Armstrong a drinking, a gaming, or a play-going man? I told her all I knew of his habits, and a gleam of hope glanced across her face as one or two indications were mentioned. I was to see her again on the morrow. It came; she was as far off as ever; and I advised her to waste no further time in the pursuit, but to at once endeavor to regain a position of respectability by the exercise of industry in the trade or business in which she was reputedly well skilled. Madame Jaubert laughed scornfully; and a gleam, it seemed to me, of her never entirely subdued insanity shot out from her deep-set, flashing eyes. It was finally settled, that I should meet her once more, at the same place, at about eight o'clock the next evening.

I arrived somewhat late at the appointed rendezvous, and found Madame Jaubert in a state of manifest excitement and impatience. She had, she was pretty sure, discovered Armstrong, and knew that he was at that moment in a house in Greek-street, Soho.

"Greek-street Soho! Is he alone?"

"Yes ; with the exception of a woman who is minding the premises, and of whom he is an acquaintance under another name. You will be able to secure him without the least risk or difficulty, but not an instant must be lost."

Madame Jaubert perceived my half-hesitation. "Surely," she exclaimed, you are not afraid of one man ! It's useless affecting to suspect *me* after what has occurred."

"True," I replied. "Lead on."

The house at which we stopped in Greek-street appeared to be an empty one, from the printed bills in the windows announcing it to be let or sold. Madame Jaubert knocked in a peculiar manner at the door, which was presently opened by a woman. "Is Mr. Brown still within?" Madame Jaubert asked, in a low voice.

"Yes ; what do you want with him ?"

"I have brought a gentleman who will most likely be a purchaser of some of the goods he has to dispose of."

"Walk in, then, if you please," was the answer. We did so ; and found ourselves as the door closed, in pitch darkness. "This way," said the woman ; "you shall have a light in half a minute."

"Let me guide you," said Madame Jaubert, as I groped onward by the wall, and at the same time seizing my right hand. Instantly as she did so, I heard a rustle just behind me—two quick and violent blows descended on the back of my head, there was a flash before my eyes, a suppressed shout of exultation rang in my ears, and I fell insensible to the ground.

It was some time, on partially recovering my senses, before I could realize either what had occurred or the situation in which I found myself. Gradually, however, the incidents attending the artfully-prepared treachery of Madame Jaubert grew into distinctness, and I pretty well comprehended my present position. I was lying at the bottom of a cart, blindfolded, gagged, handcuffed, and covered over by what, from their smell, seemed to be empty corn sacks. The vehicle was moving at a pretty rapid rate, and judging from the roar and tumult without, through one of the

busiest thoroughfares of London. It was Saturday evening ; and I thought, from the character of the noises, and the tone of a clock just chiming ten, that we were in Tottenham court road. I endeavored to rise, but found, as I might have expected, that it was impossible to do so ; my captors having secured me to the floor of the cart by strong cords. There was nothing for it, therefore, but patience and resignation ; words easily pronounced, but difficult, under such circumstances, to realize in practice. My thoughts, doubtless in consequence of the blows I had received, soon became hurried and incoherent. A tumultuous throng of images swept confusedly past, of which the most constant and frequent were the faces of my wife and youngest child, whom I had kissed in his sleep just previous to leaving home. Madame Jaubert and James Martin were also there ; and ever and anon the menacing countenance of Levasseur stooped over me with a hideous expression, and I felt as if clutched in the fiery grasp of a demon. I have no doubt that the voice which sounded in my ear at the moment I was felled to the ground must have suggested the idea of the Swiss—faintly and imperfectly as I caught it. This tumult of brain only gradually subsided as the discordant uproar of the streets—which no doubt added to the excitement I was suffering under by suggesting the exasperating nearness of abundant help which could not be appealed to—died gradually away into a silence only broken by the rumble of the cart-wheels, and the subdued talk of the driver and his companions, of whom there appeared to be two or three. At length the cart stopped, I heard a door unlocked and thrown open, and a few moments afterward I was dragged from under the corn-sacks, carried up three flights of stairs, and dropped brutally upon the floor till a light could be procured. Directly one was brought, I was raised to my feet, placed upright against a wooden partition, and staples having been driven into the paneling, securely fastened in that position, with cords passed through them, and round my armpits. This effected, an authoritative voice, the now distinct recognition of which thrilled me with

dismay, ordered that I should be unblinded. It was done; and when my eyes became somewhat accustomed to the sudden dazzling light and glare, I saw Levasseur and the clerk Dubarle standing directly in front of me, their faces kindled into flame by fiendish triumph and delight. The report that they had been drowned was then a mistake, and they had incurred the peril of returning to this country for the purpose of avenging themselves upon me; and how could it be doubted that an opportunity, achieved at such fearful risk, would be effectually, remorselessly used? A pang of mortal terror shot through me, and then I strove to awaken in my heart a stern endurance, and resolute contempt of death, with, I may now confess, very indifferent success. The woman Jaubert was, I also saw, present; and a man, whom I afterward ascertained to be Martin, was standing near the doorway, with his back toward me. These two, at a brief intimation from Levasseur, went down stairs; and then the fierce exultation of the two escaped convicts—of Levasseur especially—broke forth with wolfish rage and ferocity. “Ha—ha—ha!” shouted the Swiss, at the same time striking me over the face with his open hand, ‘you find, then, that others can plot as well as you can—dog, traitor, scoundrel that you are! ‘Au revoir—alors!’ was it, eh? Well, here we are, and I wish you joy of the meeting. Ha—ha! How dismal the rascal looks, Dubarle!”—(again the coward struck me). “He is hardly grateful to me, it seems, for having kept my word. I always do, my fine fellow,” he added with a savage chuckle; “and never neglect to pay my debts of honor. Yours especially,” he continued, drawing a pistol from his pocket, “shall be prompt payment, and with interest too, scèlèrat!” He held the muzzle of the pistol to within a yard of my forehead, and placed his finger on the trigger. I instinctively closed my eyes, and tasted in that fearful moment the full bitterness of death; but my hour was not yet come. Instead of the flash and report which I expected would herald me into eternity, a taunting laugh from Levasseur at the terror he excited rang through the room.

“Come, come,” said Dubarle, over whose face a gleam of commiseration, almost of repentance, had once or twice passed; “you will alarm that fellow down stairs with your noise. We must, you know, wait till he is gone, and he appears to be in no hurry. In the meantime let us have a game of piquet for the first shot at the traitor’s carcass.”

“Excellent—capital!” shouted Levasseur with savage glee. “A game of piquet; the stake your life, Waters! A glorious game! and mind you see fair play. In the meantime here’s your health, and better luck next time, if you should chance to live to see it.” He swallowed a draught of wine which Dubarle, after helping himself, had poured out for him; and then approaching me, with the silver cup he had drained in his hand, said, “Look at the crest! Do you recognize it—fool, idiot that you are!”

“I did so readily enough; it was a portion of the plunder carried off from Portman square.

“Come,” again interposed Dubarle, “let us have our game.”

The play began, and— But I will dwell no longer upon this terrible passage in my police experience. Frequently even now the incidents of that night revisit me in dreams, and I awake with a start and cry of terror. In addition to the mental torture I endured, I was suffering under an agonizing thirst, caused by the fever of my blood, and the presence of the absorbing gag, which still remained in my mouth. It was wonderful I did not lose my senses. At last the game was over; the Swiss won, and sprang to his feet with the roar of a wild beast.

At this moment Madame Jaubert entered the apartment somewhat hastily. “This man below,” she said, “is getting insolent. He has taken it into his tipsy head that you mean to kill your prisoner, and he won’t, he says, be involved in a murder, which would be sure to be found out. I told him he was talking absurdly; but he is still not satisfied, so you had better go down and speak to him yourself.”

I afterward found, it may be as well to mention here, that Madame Jaubert and Martin

had been induced to assist in entrapping me, in order that I might be out of the way when a friend of Levasseur's, who had been committed to Newgate on a serious charge, came to be tried, I being the chief witness against him ; and they were both assured that I had nothing more serious to apprehend than a few days' detention. In addition to a considerable money-present, Levasseur had, moreover, promised Madame Jaubert to pay her expenses to Paris, and assist in placing her in business there.

Levasseur muttered a savage imprecation on hearing the woman's message, and then said, "Come with me Dubarle ; if we can not convince the fellow, we can at least silence him ! Marie Duquesne, you will remain here."

As soon as they were gone, the woman eyed me with a compassionate expression, and approaching close to me, said in a low voice, "Do not be alarmed at their tricks and menaces. After Thursday you will be sure to be released."

I shook my head, and, as distinctly as I could, made a gesture with my fettered arms toward the table on which the wine was standing. She understood me. "If," said she, you will promise not to call out, I will relieve you of the gag."

I eagerly nodded compliance. The gag was removed, and she held a cup of wine to my fevered lips. It was a draught from the waters of paradise, and hope, energy, life were renewed within me as I drank.

"You are deceived," I said, in a guarded voice, the instant my burning thirst was satisfied. "They intend to murder me, and you will be involved as an accomplice."

"Nonsense," she replied. "They have been frightening you, that's all."

"I again repeat, you are deceived. Release me from these fetters and cords, give me but a chance of at least selling my life as dearly as I can, and the money you told me you stood in need of shall be yours."

"Hark !" she exclaimed. "They are coming !"

"Bring down a couple of bottles of wine," said Levasseur, from the bottom of the stairs.

Madame Jaubert obeyed the order, and in a few minutes returned.

I renewed my supplications to be released, and was of course extremely liberal of promises.

"It is vain talking," said the woman. "I do not believe they will harm you ; but even if it were as you say, it is too late now to retrace my steps. You cannot escape. That fool below is already three parts intoxicated ; they are both armed, and would hesitate at nothing if they but suspected treachery."

It was vain to urge her. She grew sullen and menacing ; and was insisting that the gag should be replaced in my mouth, when a thought struck me.

"Levasseur called you Marie Duquesne just now ; but surely your name is Jaubert—is it not ?"

"Do not trouble yourself about my name," she replied ; that is my affair, not yours."

"Because if you *are* the Marie Duquesne who once kept a shop in Cranbourne alley, and lost a child called Marie-Louise, I could tell you something."

A wild light broke from her dark eyes, and a suppressed scream from her lips. "I am that Marie Duquesne !" she said, in a voice tremulous with emotion.

"Then I have to inform you that the child so long supposed to be lost I discovered nearly three weeks ago."

The woman fairly leapt toward me, clasped me fiercely by the arms, and peering in my face with eyes on fire with insane excitement, hissed out, "You lie—you lie, you dog ! You are striving to deceive me ! She is in heaven ; the angels told me so long since."

I do not know, by the way, whether the falsehood I was endeavoring to palm off upon the woman was strictly justifiable or not ; but I am fain to believe that there are few moralists that would not, under the circumstances, have acted pretty much as I did.

"If your child was lost when going on an errand to Coventry street, and her name is Marie-Louise Duquesne, I tell you she is found. How should I otherwise have become acquainted with these particulars ?"

"True—true," she muttered ; "how else

should he know? Where is she?" added the woman, in tones of agonized entreaty, as she sank down and clasped my knees. "Tell me—tell me, as you hope for life or mercy, where I may find my child?"

"Release me, give me a chance of escape, and to-morrow your child shall be in your arms. Refuse, and the secret dies with me."

She sprang quickly to her feet, unclasped the handcuffs, snatched a knife from the table, and cut the cords which bound me with eager haste. "Another draught of wine," she said, still in the same hurried, almost insane manner. "You have work to do! Now, while I secure the door, do you rub and chafe your stiffened joints." The door was soon fastened, and then she assisted in restoring the circulation to my partially benumbed limbs. This was at last accomplished, and Marie Duquesne drew me toward a window, which she softly opened. "It is useless," she whispered, "to attempt a struggle with the men below. You must descend by this," and she placed her hand upon a lead water-pipe, which reached from the roof to within a few feet of the ground.

"And you," I said; "how are you to escape?"

"I will tell you. Do you hasten on toward Hampstead, from which we are distant in a northerly direction about a mile. There is a house at about half the distance. Procure help, and return as quickly as possible. The door-fastenings will resist some time, even should your flight be discovered. You will not fail me?"

"Be assured I will not." The descent was a difficult and somewhat perilous one, but it was safely accomplished, and I set off at the top of my speed toward Hampstead.

I had gone perhaps a quarter of a mile, when the distant sound of a horse's feet, coming at a slow trot toward me, caught my ear. I paused, to make sure I was not deceived, and as I did so, a wild scream from the direction I had left, followed by another and another, broke upon the stillness of the night. The scoundrels had no doubt discovered my escape, and were about to wreak their vengeance upon the unfortunate creature in their

power. The trot of the horse which I had heard was, simultaneously with the breaking out of those wild outcries, increased to a rapid gallop. "Hallo!" exclaimed the horseman, as he came swiftly up. "Do you know where these screams come from? It was the horse-patrol who thus providentially came up! I briefly stated that the life of a woman was at the mercy of two escaped convicts. "Then for God's sake jump up behind me!" exclaimed the patrol. "We shall be there in a couple of minutes." I did so; the horse—a powerful animal, and not entirely unused to carry double—started off, as if it comprehended the necessity for speed, and in a very brief space of time we were at the door of the house from which I had so lately escaped. Marie Duquesne, with her body half out of the window, was still wildly screaming as we rushed into the room below. There was no one there, and we swiftly ascended the stairs, at the top of which we could hear Levasseur and Dubarle thundering at the door, which they had unexpectedly found fastened, and hurling a storm of imprecations at the woman within, the noise of which enabled us to approach them pretty nearly before we were heard or perceived. Martin saw us first, and his sudden exclamation alarmed the others. Dubarle and Martin made a desperate rush to pass us, by which I was momentarily thrown on one side against the wall; and very fortunately, as the bullet leveled at me from a pistol Levasseur held in his hand would probably have finished me. Martin escaped, which I was not very sorry for; but the patrol pinned Dubarle safely, and I griped Levasseur with a strength and ferocity against which he was powerless as an infant. Our victory was complete; and two hours afterward the recaptured convicts were safely lodged in a station-house.

I caused Madame Duquesne to be as gently undeceived the next morning as possible with respect to her child; but the reaction and disappointment proved too much for her wavering intellect. She relapsed into positive insanity, and was placed in Bedlam, where she remained two years. At the end of that period she was pronounced convales

cent. A sufficient sum of money was raised by myself and others, not only to send her to Paris, but to enable her to set up as a milliner in a small but respectable way. As lately as last May, when I saw her there, she was in health both of mind and body, and doing comfortably.

With the concurrence of the police authorities, very little was said publicly respecting my entrapment. It might perhaps have excited a monomania among liberated convicts—colored and exaggerated as every incident would have been for the amusement of the public—to attempt similar exploits. I was also anxious to conceal the peril I had encountered from my wife; and it was not till I had left the police force that she was informed of it. Levasseur and Dubarle were convicted of returning from transportation before the term for which they had been sen-

tenced had expired, and were this time sent across the seas for life. The reporters of the morning papers, or rather the reporter for the "Times," "Herald," "Chronicle," "Post," and "Advertiser," gave precisely the same account, even to the misspelling of Levasseur's name, dismissing the brief trial in the following paragraph, under the head of "Old Bailey Sessions:"—"Alphonse Dubarle (24), and Sebastian Levasseur (49), were identified as unlawfully-returned convicts, and sentenced to transportation for life. The prisoners, it was understood, were connected with the late plate-robbery in Portman-square; but as a conviction could not have increased their punishment, the indictment was not pressed."

Levasseur, I had almost forgotten to state, admitted that it was he who wounded me in Ryder's court, Leicester square.

C. W. Livingston.

INDEPENDENCE ODE.

'Tis the day of Freedom's birth;
 Fling her starry banner forth;
 Let it wave, from South to North,
 In her own blue sky.
 Floating wide, from sea to sea,
 On the breath of liberty,
 Let that glorious standard be
 Ever borne on high.

Who its onward course would bar?
 Who its lustrous folds would mar?
Who would blot away a star?
 Let him come not near.
 Who would bear it proudly on,
 Till its world-wide course is run?
 Of his sire a worthy son,
 Let him join us here.

By that sainted hero, sage,
 Whose great deeds—our heritage—
 Fill with brightness hist'ry's page,
 By our Washington,
 We will cling, till hope expires,
 To the charter of our sires,
 With a grasp that never tires,
 Till our course is run.

Pres. Barnard, Columbia College.

POPSY'S GRAND JOURNEY.

WHEN Popsy first looked at her new trunk, she little dreamed what a long journey it was destined soon to take. She had heard her father and mother sometimes talking about selling the farm, and moving away, but she did not believe such a thing would really happen. However, happen it did, and in only a few months after Popsy got her trunk; and the first thing she thought when she found they were really going, was: "Now, my trunk will be splendid to carry my clothes in."

Uncle Eli Hyer had gone first. It was only a few weeks after he gave Popsy the trunk that he had suddenly sold his farm, and started with his whole family for Missouri. Before he went, he came over and had a long talk with Popsy's father, and tried to persuade him to go, too. He said there was a better chance for farming in Missouri than in Tennessee; a great deal more room, and better land. Missouri, he said, was the finest State in the West; hogs grew twice as fat there as they did in Tennessee.

When Popsy told me the story of her grand journey she was an old woman between fifty and sixty, but she laughed as she recalled this reason Uncle Eli had given for moving to Missouri.

"I just wondered, then," said she, "if hogs could be any fatter than ours were; and if they could, I thought I didn't want to see 'em; for ours were so fat they couldn't but just turn over. I never did like hogs; I don't like 'em now; though I may say, I haven't ever been separated from 'em, not since I was a child."

Two of Popsy's brothers also had gone to Missouri, to work on farms; and they had been sending back letters urging their father to sell out, and come and join them.

"They didn't give daddy any peace," was Popsy's way of putting it, "till he'd written 'em that he'd sell the first chance he got."

So it was finally settled; and before midsummer the last piece of Mr. Meadows' farm had been sold. They could not find anyone

to take the whole of it; it went in lots; three hundred acres to one man; three hundred to another; the farming fields to one, and the pasture lands and timber to another.

There was a great excitement at the time throughout the whole region, about moving to the West. Every body seemed to have got suddenly discontented with living in Tennessee. The news spread from family to family. About every day the news came that another had decided to go. It seemed as if the people were half crazy; some of them about gave away their farms to get money to go with. One persuaded another; relatives and friends did not want to be left behind, and when the time finally came for starting, the party, all told, men, women and children, counted up to fifty.

At Mr. Meadows' house the day before they were to set off, there was a kind of farewell feast. All the people who were going to emigrate were invited, and all the people who wanted to bid them good-bye; in short, everybody for forty miles round. It was the biggest entertainment ever seen in that region. Three extra negro servants had been cooking night and day for a week to get ready for it; pies and cakes and hams and chickens and turkeys were literally piled up in stacks more than could be counted. Some people arrived to breakfast; some just rode up, alighted for a few moments, took a cup of coffee and a bit of cake and drove away again; some staid to dinner, and the greater part staid till dark and had a dance—the first time that there had ever been dancing in the house. "Just for once," Popsy's mother and father said. "Just for once. There wouldn't ever be such a time again."

Nobody counted how many people came and went in the course of the day. Nobody could. Everybody was too busy. But reckoning as well as they could, afterward, they thought there must have been at least six hundred, and perhaps seven.

This was Tuesday. The next morning, at

ten o'clock, the party of "movers" gathered in front of the Shiloh meeting-house to make their start. That was the place agreed upon, and the hour of starting was to be nine. Before seven the wagons began to appear; but it was past ten when the last one arrived, and nearly eleven before the cavalcade moved off. There were fifty white-covered wagons, mostly drawn by oxen; three comfortable carriages for invalids and old people, and a long procession of horseback riders. Among these last came Popsy, her sister Lyddy, and brother Jim. Popsy was so excited and happy she could hardly sit on her horse. It was a big yellow horse named Crusoe, for Robinson Crusoe, but the whole name proved too long, so they dropped the Robinson. Popsy and her sister wore homespun cotton gowns, and big sun-bonnets made of the same cloth. Popsy's sun-bonnet was generally flapping on her shoulders behind, for if she kept it on her head she could not see half she wanted to—Popsy did not mean to miss seeing a single thing on the way.

In her pocket she carried a book with a pencil tied to it. She had resolved to write down in this book the name of every town, river, and mountain she saw. It seemed to Popsy like seeing the whole world, to go all the way from Tennessee to Missouri. She had never been more than four miles away from her father's house, and she had never seen any other sort of life than the life her own family, and the farmers' families in that region, led. How things looked in large towns, and how things were done in what we should now call comfortable and well appointed houses, Popsy had not the least idea. This journey was going to teach her a great many things.

Mr. Meadows was the leader of the party. He had the care of all the arrangements; providing the food for the animals, selecting the place for camping at night, and determining the routes they should take.

He must have had a good instinct about roads, for he never but once, during the whole six weeks' journey, lost his way, though all he had to go by was a little old map which had few of the roads marked on it. He walked

every step of the way; always a little in advance of the foremost wagon.

Popsy on her yellow horse was here, there, and everywhere in the procession. She was so full of fun and good spirits that she became a sort of privileged character. Everybody liked to have her come cantering up, and walk her horse by the side of the wagons.

Her brother Jim rode a big bay horse. Popsy wanted that horse, but it was not thought safe for her; it was too high-spirited. Old Crusoe was the fastest, if he could only be got to do his best; but he was old, had lost his ambition, and needed much whipping before he would show his speed. One day, however, Popsy had the satisfaction of making him win in a race with the bay. She had dared her brother to a mile run for a pound of candy; and she had won fairly and squarely by dint of lashing Crusoe every other second with a willow switch she had cut.

They were just entering a town, and Jim made Popsy go into a shop to buy the candy. He held her horse outside. The first thing she saw, when she crossed the threshold, was a low iron stove with a fire burning in it. She had never before seen a stove. She did not know there was such a thing. The sight nearly took her breath away.

"What's that?" she exclaimed, pointing to it. The man in the shop did not understand her.

"What's what?" he said.

"This thing where ye've got your fire!" said Popsy, kicking it with her foot. "Why don't you have your fire in a fireplace?"

Then the man laughed at her and told her he "reckoned she was from Tennessee." At which Popsy was angry and said no more.

But when she went out, she said to Jim and Lyddy, "What do you think they've got in there? A kind of mud turtle, with fire in it." Which I think was a very good phrase for a child thirteen to have hit upon to describe a stove.

This was in Kentucky. Kentucky seemed to Popsy a beautiful country; such lovely hills and groves and sparkling streams. She saw many a place where she wished that they could stop and build a house and live always.

In the town of Bowling Green, in Kentucky, she had an adventure with a parrot, which produced a great impression on her mind.

They had camped for Sunday, in the outskirts of the town, on the edge of a little stream. They always rested over Sunday, and when they were not near enough to a town to go in to church, they had some sort of religious services in the camp.

On this Sunday, Popsy had strolled away by herself without permission, and walked into town. She was sauntering from street to street, gazing with eager and anxious eyes at everything and every person, when she spied a huge green and red parrot, in a cage, hanging in an open window of a room on the first floor of a sort of restaurant, or eating house.

The window was so low that the bird was but little above Popsy's head. She stood stock-still, lost in admiration at the beautiful creature. She had never seen any colored pictures of birds. She had no idea that so gorgeous a bird was to be seen on the face of the earth. It almost frightened her, it shone so in the sun, and its feathers were of so many splendid colors. But how much more frightened was she when after looking at her for a second the bird opened its mouth, and in distinct words, said, "Good-morning, madam! Go to hell," and after this a volley of more awful oaths than Popsy had ever heard in her life. It was a parrot belonging to some sailors, who had wickedly taught it to swear at everybody in this way.

Poor Popsy took to her heels, and ran for dear life out of the town, back to the camp, and never stopped nor took breath till she had reached her mother's wagon. She made no doubt that a miracle had been wrought at that moment, to punish her for having broken the Sabbath, and run away from camp without leave, and that she was in danger of experiencing all the curses which the profane bird had hurled after her. This lasted her brother Jim for fun till the end of the journey. In fact, poor Popsy did not hear the end of it for years; and I do not wonder, for I think myself it was a very droll thing to

have happened just as it did, on a Sunday, when Popsy had run away.

The days flew by like a dream to Popsy. She thought she would like to spend all her life journeying in that way. Everything was so systematically arranged that there was no real discomfort in the life. They had plenty of provisions in the wagons; barrels of flour, and of salted meat, and kegs of cider. There were three tents which were set up every night; two for the women, and one for the men. Many members of the party made up beds in their wagons and slept on those. Popsy tried both, but liked the tents best. Every night there were built four big fires of logs, and after the suppers had been cooked and eaten, everybody gathered round these log fires, and sang, and told stories far into the night. There were two fiddles in the party, and several first-rate fiddlers—so they never lacked for music.

Popsy never wanted to go to bed. When the camp was in a grove, she would sometimes select a tree whose branches were low enough to be easily climbed—she could climb like a wild cat—and once up and curled into a crotch, with her head resting against the trunk, she would sit by the hour, watching the men moving about with lanterns, feeding the animals, throwing logs on the fires, and singing, sometimes negro songs, but oftener religious hymns; for they were nearly all Methodists. Then when all the work was done, and the story-telling began, it was like fairyland to Popsy. Not a word escaped her ears, and her great blue eyes looked black with excitement as she listened.

Once she gave everybody a great scare. It had grown very late, and spite of all her interest in the stories and talk, Popsy was sleepy. Again and again she found herself nodding, but she could not make up her mind to tear herself away and go to bed. At last she was really overpowered by sleep, and her head gave so violent a nod that she lost her balance, let go of the branch to which she was holding, and came down, luckily feet foremost, into the middle of the group of story-tellers.

They were more frightened even than she

for they did not know or had forgotten that she was up there, and their first thought was that it must be some sort of wild animal that was coming crawling through the branches. But Popsy's scream soon reassured them. She alighted on her feet like a cat, jumping up and down, to get her balance. "It's only me," she said. "I missed my hold on the tree."

"Ye was asleep, Pop, ye know ye was," cried her brother Jim.

"No such thing," exclaimed Popsy. "How'd I come down on my feet if I'd been asleep, I'd like to know! I wasn't asleep any more'n you are."

"Catch a weasel asleep," said one of the men.

"Pop goes the weasel," laughed Jim, at which Popsy darted back, and before Jim knew what had happened to him, had got his head tight under her right arm, and was giving it a good sound pummeling till he was glad to beg for mercy.

"Don't call me a weasel again, then," she said, as she marched off as dignifiedly as she knew how.

Another sight Popsy saw on this journey, which she never forgot. She was galloping along on her horse, when she suddenly saw a man sitting by the roadside, with a big pile of sticks and old bones in front of him, building them up into a sort of house, as children build houses out of corn-cobs. The man was laughing to himself, and pointing to the house, as he laid each fresh stick on the pile. Popsy halted her horse: "What be ye doin' that for?"

The man looked up at her, and burst into a loud laugh, still pointing to the sticks and bones, but made no reply. While she sat there on her horse, looking bewilderedly at the man, her father came up, and reproved her sharply.

"Aint ye ashamed, Pop," he said, "to stare so at the poor creature! Come away. It's an idiot."

Popsy had never before heard the word idiot; and she did not in the least know what it meant.

"I don't care," she replied, "I'm going to

have a good look at it," and she waited there till the greater part of the procession of wagons had passed her. Then she cantered on, and for half a mile the fences on both sides of the road were hung full of old bones and sticks such as the man had been playing with. That was the way he spent all his time, gathering up old bones, and bits of sticks, tying them on to fences, and building them up into towers, which he knocked down and built over again a dozen times a day. Even now Popsy did not understand what the word idiot meant, but she asked no more questions; and for years afterward she thought an idiot was simply a man who tied bones on fences.

When they first started on this journey, Popsy's mother was so feeble that she had to lie down all the time on a bed in the bottom of one of the wagons; but before they had been on the road three weeks, she was so much better that she could sit up all day, and walk a little.

There was one woman in the party who had come very unwillingly. She did not want to leave Tennessee; and she was so angry at her husband's having decided against her wishes to make the move, that she, too, lay on a bed in the bottom of their wagon all the way. She would not get up at all to help about anything. She would not look out of the wagon, nor let anybody see her face, if she could help it. She slept most of the time, and when she was awake she cried.

Popsy thought she must be crazy, not to care anything about seeing the beautiful country they were traveling through, and all the interesting people, and things that happened. Even when the fiddles were playing at night, and everybody in the whole camp having a good time, she would not lift her head from her pillow, nor speak a word. Her husband, poor fellow, had a sorry time with her. I think he must have wished he had staid at home.

When they got into the southern part of Illinois, the party broke up, about half of them deciding to settle there, instead of pushing on to Missouri.

Both of the fiddles and the two best story-tellers staid behind, here, which was a loss

Popsy felt deeply. There was not so much fun after that; and very often Popsy would be in bed and sound asleep on a wagon-bottom, in half an hour after they stopped for the night. She was growing a little tired and sore from the saddle, also, and sometimes, in the day-time, she and her sister would tie their horses behind one of the wagons, and climb in on top of the piled boxes and trunks, and ride there for part of a day. It was from one of these perched-up seats inside the wagon, that Popsy made a famous leap to the ground, which might have broken her neck, but by great good fortune, did not hurt her at all.

It was in a farming town in the high lands in Illinois. The wagon-train had stopped to let the cattle drink, and Jim came galloping up to the wagon in which Popsy was sitting. "Oh, Pop, Pop!" he cried, "get down quick. Here's an Irish woman making cider with her feet."

The driver who had helped Popsy up to her perch was filling his bucket at the spring. Popsy was too impatient to wait for his return. She eyed the distance between her perch and the near ox's back, made a spring, and alighted firm on the astonished creature's shoulders, caught hold of the two horns, and swung herself to the ground, greeted by the cheers of half a dozen men, who had sprung forward to catch her when they saw her come flying through the air.

"Well done, Pop!" they shouted. But her father was very angry, and told her if he caught her doing such a thing again, he would give her a whipping she would not forget in a day. Popsy hardly heard either the praise or the blame, she was in such a hurry to overtake Jim, whose big bay horse she saw a few rods ahead, standing in front of a shed. She was on Crusoe's back in a second, and by Jim's side before he thought she would have had time to climb down from the wagon.

"How'd ye get down so quick, Pop?" he said.

"Jumped," replied Pop, curtly. "Daddy said he'd lick me if I did it again. It didn't hurt me. I knew old Major wouldn't budge. His back's broad as a barn door."

"Ye didn't light on Major's back, though, did ye, Pop?" exclaimed Jim.

"Course I did," replied Pop. "I'll do it again some day, when daddy's on in front. It's real fun."

"Pop, you'd ought ter ha' bin a boy," said Jim, admiringly.

"I expect so," answered Pop. "Oh, the dirty thing! just look at her feet. They're black as mud. Well, I don't want any Illinois cider, if this is the way they make it."

There stood the Irish woman, in a great wooden vat, half up to her knees in foaming apples and cider, her bare feet, as she jumped up and down, showing, as Popsy had said, black as mud. It was not an appetizing sight for a cider-drinker. In her two hands she held a big wooden pestle; and with this she beat and mashed the apples, all the while hopping and whirling about in the vat, and stamping with her feet, till the juice flew in all directions, and splattered her face and hair.

"Weel yees have some cider?" she called out, tossing the hair back from her face, and resting her pestle on the floor of the vat. She hoped here would be a fine chance to sell some of her cider to this big party of travelers. "I've a fine barrel of it jist over beyant there," pointing to her house, on the other side the road; "a fine barrel uv it, swate, an' a plinty that's sour, for them uz likes it sour."

"Have ye got any that's clean, mother?" asked one of the men.

"Clane, is it ye're askin'?" she exclaimed, with great surprise. "Sure, an' why shouldn't it be clane?"

At which everybody roared, and Popsy, with her usual impetuosity, cried out: "Why, your feet are as dirty as anything."

"Indade, an' they're as clane, thin, as a babe's in arms; it's the stain o' the cider ye see on thim, an' it's nothin' else. It's no worse for the cider than for the wine ye drink, is it, thin? I've niver heard tell, ayther, as hands wuz made afore feet"; and seeing that she was not going to make any trade for her cider, she fell to, more vigorously than before, at her beating and stamping; and Jim and Popsy rode away, looking back

over their shoulders as long as they could see her. Popsy was aghast.

"What did she mean about the wine, Jim?" she said. "They don't stamp it out that way, with feet, do they?"

"Don' no," replied Jim; "shouldn't wonder. Nobody's hurt by what he don't see."

"Ugh!" said Popsy, shuddering. "It makes me sick to think on't. I mean to ask daddy."

But before she had a chance to speak with her father, new scenes and new incidents had put it out of her mind. One thing followed another on this journey so fast that Popsy could not remember half of them. Even where other people did not see much to observe, or be interested in, she was full of eager interest and observation. Nothing escaped her quick eyes.

It was on the fourteenth of September that they left home. And it was not until the thirty-first of October that they reached the spot in the northeast corner of Missouri, which was destined to be Popsy's home for the next thirty years of her life.

The precise place had not been determined on before leaving home. Mr. Meadows preferred to decide that for himself, on the spot. It was a sort of accident which finally settled that important question.

They camped one night in the edge of a fine oak wood, on a little stream. In a clearing in this forest stood a small, two-roomed log-cabin. On making the acquaintance of the people living in it, Mr. Meadows found that they would like to sell the place. Nick Roberts was the man's name. This clearing and this cabin were the thirteenth clearing and cabin he had made in the wild regions in the West. He said he believed it was his mission in life to go ahead and cut down trees and build log cabins for other people. At any rate, as soon as he had got one made, somebody always came along, and offered him a good sum of money for it, so he would sell it, and push along again into some new wilderness.

When Popsy found that her father was going to buy this place, she went off alone, far, far into the woods, and had a good cry. It

seemed to her the loneliest, dreariest place she ever saw. The land was rough and hilly, broken up into ravines and cliffs; the woods were dark, and full of underbrush; it was five miles from a town, and poor Popsy had hoped so much that their new home would be near a village, so that she could, as she would have said, "see folks." Then the little log cabin seemed to her only fit for a barn; and, altogether, Popsy was wretched enough.

"After all the lovely, beautiful country we've come through," she thought to herself, "hundreds and hundreds of miles of it, what could have made daddy choose this horrid place!"

Many a good cry Popsy had, and Lyddy, also, in those first days as Nick Roberts.' When they found that the Robertses were not going out of the cabin till spring, they felt worse than ever.

"What! all live together in these two rooms?" cried Popsy. "We can't!" Popsy had yet to learn what can be endured by settlers in a new country. Their old house in Tennessee, though it had not been a very good one, had still been roomy and comfortable, in comparison with this. "I'll sleep in the wagon all winter, then," said Popsy to her sister. "I won't be in the room with all these folks we don't know."

But before the winter was half over, it was far too cold to sleep in the wagons, and Popsy and Lyddy were glad enough to be tucked away on the floor, in the corner of the room where Grandma Roberts and Mrs. Roberts, and her two children, and Popsy's mother, all slept. The men slept in the outside room, which was also the kitchen. It had a big stove in it, and two wooden settles, and the men slept rolled up in blankets on the settles.

In the spring, when the Robertses went away, Popsy cried as hard as she had cried in the autumn at the thought of having to live with them. They seemed now just like her own grandparents, and uncle and aunt, and her affectionate heart was nearly broken at the thought of never seeing them again. But there was not much time that summer for crying over anything. How they all did

have to work! Popsy and Lyddy worked as hard as anybody else; clearing up fields, planting wheat, getting ready to build the new house. They had a terrible bit of bad luck with their first orchard. In Tennessee it has always been the custom to plant wheat between the trees, in the orchards. So Mr. Meadows planted wheat in his orchard here. But the Missouri soil was different; the wheat killed out all the young trees but one. And that was a terrible loss.

One of the biggest jobs Popsy did was setting out wild gooseberries. The woods all about were full of wild gooseberry bushes. As soon as the bushes were transplanted and cultivated, the fruit grew very large and delicious. Popsy was so fond of gooseberries that she did not mind working hard to make sure of having all she wanted to eat; and the second summer after they moved to Mis-

souri she actually dug up with her own hands one hundred gooseberry bushes, brought them from the woods in bundles on her back—just as she had brought flax, two years before—and set them out in rows on two sides of the garden. On the opposite sides were currant bushes, red, white and black, and a big raspberry patch; so they did not lack for fruit.

Here Popsy lived till she grew up to be a woman, and was married to the son of one of their near neighbors. Then she went to live with him, on his father's farm, only a few miles away; and she never had another journey till she was over forty years old. Through all those years, this journey of which I have told you remained in her mind, as the most wonderful and interesting experience of her life. It was, indeed, as I have called it, her "Grand Journey."

Helen H. Jackson.

THE PARTNER.

MR. THOMAS MATHERS was only a ledger clerk in the banking firm of Hodgson, Dunford & Parr, St. Swithin's Lane, Lombard Street. It was neither a very responsible nor a very lucrative position, and Tommy—as all his friends called him—longed, as perhaps fifty thousand young men in a similar situation in London are longing at this moment, for a chance of turning his brains to better account than adding up columns of figures and copying entries from one big book into another. The chance did not come, but Tommy did not despair; and there was this difference between him and the great majority of his fellow-prisoners of the desk—he had the pluck to work away manfully at whatever he thought might possibly some day help him to better his position, even though he could not see exactly how it was to be done. With this end in view he got up French, German, and Italian, and he did everything he could to pick up information as to the financial circumstances of the customers of the bank. He scraped acquaint-

tance with every clerk employed by those who had accounts at the bank, as far as he possibly could, and picked up in time an idea, more or less accurate, as to the commercial status of most of them.

One day he happened to be at lunch in his favorite restaurant, when an acquaintance named Darling came in and sat down beside him. After a little casual conversation, Darling asked him to let him know of any vacant clerkship he might hear of.

"I will, certainly, old fellow," returned Tommy; "but I hope you haven't got into a row with Appleton"—Frederick Appleton was Darling's brother-in-law, and he was also the secretary of the Mudford and County Chemical Company, in whose counting-house young Darling had a subordinate post.

"Oh no, nothing of the kind," returned Darling, and then he changed the subject.

On his way back to the bank after lunch, Mathers asked himself why Darling should leave his present situation. He had a capital prospect there, his brother-in-law being

the secretary, and there was no disagreement between him and his influential relative. Could it be that Darling had had a hint from his brother-in-law that the Chemical Company was getting into shallow water, and that it behooved him to be looking out for another situation? It seemed more than likely, and young Mathers determined to act at once. He slipped into the bank parlor that afternoon, hoping to find the junior partner, Mr. Parr, a good-natured sort of man, who was not likely to snub him for volunteering information. To his disappointment, he found only Mr. Hodgson, a sour-tempered old man, who was struggling into his overcoat, preparatory to leaving his office for the day.

"Well," growled the banker, "what do want?"

Tommy was on the point of saying that he had come to speak to Mr. Parr, but in a moment he changed his mind.

"I heard something today, sir," he replied, that made me think that the Mudford Company is not in a very good way."

"Well, what of that? what's that to me?"

"Nothing, sir; only I thought there was no harm in letting you know."

"Anything of that kind you can say to Mr. Parkinson," answered the old gentleman, as he seized his umbrella and waddled down the passage.

Tommy felt snubbed, but he did not mind that much. He had done what he wanted; brought himself under the personal notice of one of the partners. If he had given the hint to Parkinson, the head cashier, Parkinson, not he, would have had all the credit of it. He retired to his place among the other clerks a little sore at the rebuff, yet not entirely dissatisfied.

On his way home Mr. Hodgson remembered that the bank held some shares of the Mudford Chemical Company, as security for the balance of the account of one of their customers who was deemed rather shaky. Next morning, accordingly, he called Tommy into his room, and questioned him as to the nature of his information.

"Perhaps you will excuse my entering

into that, sir," said Tommy, with the utmost coolness.

Mr. Hodgson dismissed Mathers to his work with a dissatisfied grunt and a wave of his hand, and immediately set to work to have the shares of the Mudford Company exchanged for other securities.

Tommy, who managed to know most of what happened at the bank, noted the fact and rejoiced.

Within six weeks the shareholders of the Mudford Chemical Company met and resolved to go into liquidation; and though Mr. Hodgson did not think it worth while to thank the junior clerk for the information he had given, Tommy was perfectly satisfied. He knew that people do not forget things which save their pockets.

It happened that, some months after the incident of the Mudford Chemical Company, Messrs. Hodgson had important business to transact in Turin, and it was thought advisable that the senior partner should proceed to that city to look after it. There was some idea, if the prospect seemed favorable, of starting a branch house there. The question then arose which of the clerks should accompany the head of the firm as his secretary; and Mr. Hodgson, mindful of the service which Mathers had rendered him, consulted the head cashier on the propriety of the selection. Parkinson, it happened, had a favorite of his own, and Tommy would have lost his opportunity if he had not remembered that at one time, when he was bent on acquiring foreign tongues, he had spent his evenings for a few months over an Italian grammar. He contrived to let this fact be known, and in due time Mr. Parr informed his senior partner that "it seemed that young Mathers knew something of the language."

This decided the point. Tommy received his orders, and in three days more found himself on board the Dover and Calais packet, in charge of a large dispatch box and Mr. Hodgson's bulky portmanteaus. The journey was by no means a comfortable one, for the young man found that he was expected to travel second class, and generally act as

courier to his employer. When at last Turin was reached, things were no better. Mathers found that his Italian went but a very little way, and, besides, he had to do the work of three clerks. Sometimes he was tempted to regret that he had left his comfortable rooms in Torrington Square, Bloomsbury; but in his calmer moments he reflected that at least he was occupying a different position from that of the rest of his fellow clerks.

The chief man in Turin, so far as Hodgson, Dunford & Parr was concerned, was a certain Count Marsoni. The Count's nobility did not prevent his being the principal member of a large firm of merchants and ship-owners. To cultivate this man's acquaintance was, indeed, the chief reason of Mr. Hodgson's journey to Turin; and as the old banker knew very well how to lay aside his crusty and pompous manner when it suited his book to do so, he soon came to be not an unfrequent guest at the Villa Marsoni.

Mr. Hodgson began to see that there was a very fair opening for an English bank at Turin, and he was still engaged in pushing his way here and there when he received news that his wife was seriously ill. This made him hurry off to England, leaving Mathers behind him to complete a transaction which he had already practically arranged.

Delighted at being left to represent the firm for ever so short a time, and in ever so formal a matter, Mathers was pacing one day down the principal street of the city with a look of considerable importance on his face, when he met Count Marsoni. The Count stopped and asked after the old banker, when Tommy proudly informed him that he had returned to England, leaving him in charge of the affairs of the firm.

"Ah, indeed! Well, there's a little matter I wanted to speak of to him."

"I shall be happy to serve you, Count," said Tommy in his very best Italian.

"Well, suppose you dine with us tonight, and we can talk it over after dinner," returned the Count, who thought he ought to show a little attention to the lonely Englishman.

Of course the invitation was accepted, and Tommy had no sooner entered the drawing-room at the Villa Marsoni than he lost his heart at once, irrevocably and forever. Maria Marsoni was, indeed, beautiful and vivacious enough to have turned the head of a wiser and colder-blooded man than Tommy Mathers; and so ready was he to amuse her by his efforts to speak a language that he partially knew, that he won more favor in the maiden's eyes than many a more brilliant talker would have done. Such an impression, indeed, did the signorina's bright eyes make upon Tommy's susceptible heart that he was barely able to give due attention to the Count, when, after dinner, he began to talk of bills, discounts, mortgages, and debentures.

Time went on; Mr. Hodgson did not return to Turin, and Mr. Mathers paid several visits to the Count's residence, coming away more in love every time. Meanwhile, by dint of going about continually among the citizens, the young man was able to send home so good a list of prospective customers that the partners determined to establish a branch office at Turin, and offer young Mathers a subordinate post in it.

Nothing definite, however, had been fixed, when one day Tommy, finding Maria Marsoni alone when he called at the villa, lost his head completely, and was making love as well as his imperfect knowledge of Italian permitted, when the Count, suddenly coming in, caught him in the act of kissing his daughter's hand.

Maria fled like a hare disturbed on her form, and the Count advanced with a heavy frown on his aristocratic brow.

More as a matter of form than anything else, for he knew his case was hopeless, Mathers formally asked the hand of the signorina in marriage, laying the blame of his irregular declaration on the strength of his passion and his ignorance of Italian etiquette.

The Count heard him to the end, and then surveyed him from head to foot with a look of contempt.

"It is a piece of gross presumption in you—a mere clerk, a nobody—to address

my daughter," said the Count at last in English, with his chin in the air.

"Of course," said Tommy bitterly, stung by the Count's look. "If I were a partner in Hodgson's, though, you would give me a different answer."

"If you were a partner in Messrs. Hodgson, Dunford & Parr's," said the Count with an altered expression, "that would make a difference, of course; but as I do not understand that you have any prospect of entering that firm, I don't see how that affects you."

Tommy sighed, and made his escape as soon as possible. He knew that he might as well ask for the Lord Chancellorship as ask for partnership in the bank.

For two days he remained in a state of collapse, and then he received advices from London, informing him of the decision to which the firm had come with respect to the new branch. A few months before Mathers would have been transported with delight at the proposal which the firm made to him; but now he considered that he was getting barely his due, and besides he was so cut up with respect to the beautiful Maria that mere commercial matters did not possess their usual interest for him.

Suddenly, as he sat with the open letter bearing the well-known signature before him, Tommy conceived an idea.

Without a moment's delay, he called for his bill at the hotel, sent a waiter for a cab, and took the first train northward. He arrived at Victoria early in the morning, went to a hotel, washed and dressed himself, and purposely delaying until the partners should have reached the office in St. Swithin's Lane, he presented himself before his employers as they were engaged in discussing the morning's letters.

"Hello, sir!" cried Mr. Hodgson, as he caught sight of the young man. "What are you doing here? Anything wrong?"

"Nothing is wrong that I know of, sir," said the young man, coolly.

"Then why are you here without leave?" asked the junior partner. "Didn't you get our letter, informing you of our new arrangements?"

"I did, Mr. Parr. It was in consequence of that letter that I am here." This was said with considerable gravity, and Tommy helped himself to a chair as he spoke. "I am afraid, sir," he continued, "that I cannot accept the situation you were good enough to offer me at Turin."

"Don't, then," burst out old Mr. Hodgson, in great wrath at the tone which the young man was assuming. "We'll find fifty clerks ready to jump at it—five hundred, for that matter."

"You forget, sir," said Tommy, respectfully but firmly, "that I have been at Turin for some time; I know the business there; and what I came here to propose was that I should have a small share in the firm—"

Mr. Parr stared and ejaculated, "What, sir?"

Mr. Dunford laughed aloud, and then swore.

Mr. Hodgson choked and gasped for breath. If a shell had burst in the room, it could not have occasioned more surprise than Tommy's modest request. If the sweeper at the next crossing had demanded to be allowed to help himself from the drawers under the counter, it would not have seemed so absurd as this demand of the junior clerk's.

"Of course, having no capital, I expect only a very small share in the business," continued Tommy; "but you will see that as Count Marsoni's son-in-law—"

"What! What? What do you say?" echoed the partners in various inflections.

"As Count Marsoni's son-in-law, I should be able to influence a large amount of business, and it would be more fitting if my name appeared in the name of the branch firm."

"Do you mean to say that you are going to marry that young lady, Count Marsoni's daughter?" said Hodgson, with wonder, incredulity, and a tinge of new-born respect for his clerk mingling in his countenance.

"It is as good as settled, sir," said Tommy, modestly. "Of course this is a private matter, but it is one that would naturally be taken into account." This was quite evi-

dent, and Tommy, having made his shot, rose, bowed, and withdrew.

Before half an hour had passed the firm had taken their resolution. The share which Tommy was given represented little more than a somewhat liberal salary, but he was included as a partner in the branch firm of Hodgson, Dunford, Mathers & Co., of Turin. As soon as the partnership deed was drawn up and executed, Tommy returned to Italy,

and had another interview with the Count, who, imagining that he had misconceived the young man's true position all along, was politeness itself. The young partner in the wealthy house of English bankers was one who might, without any impropriety, be presented to society as his daughter's husband. Within three months the marriage was celebrated. Tommy had done the trick.

Whitehall Review.

THE NEW BONNET.

A FOOLISH little maiden bought a foolish little bonnet,
With a ribbon, and a feather, and a bit of lace upon it ;
And that the other maidens of the little town might know it,
She thought she'd go to meeting the next Sunday just to show it.

But though the little bonnet was scarce larger than a dime,
The getting of it settled proved to be a work of time ;
So when 'twas fairly tied, all the bells had stopped their ringing ;
And when she came to meeting, sure enough, the folks were singing.

So this foolish little maiden stood and waited at the door,
And she shook her ruffles out behind and smoothed them down before.
"Hallelujah! Hallelujah!" sang the choir, above her head ;
"Hardly knew you! Hardly knew you!" were the words she thought they said.

This made the little maiden feel so very, very cross,
That she gave her little mouth a twist, her little head a toss ;
For she thought the very hymn they sang was all about her bonnet,
With the ribbon, and the feather, and the bit of lace upon it.

And she would not wait to listen to the sermon or the prayer,
But pattered down the silent street, and hurried up the stair,
Till she reached her little bureau, and in a band-box on it,
Had hidden, safe from critic's eye, her foolish little bonnet.

Which proves, my little maidens, that each of you will find
In every Sabbath service but an echo of your mind ;
And the silly little head that's filled with silly little airs,
Will never get a blessing from sermon or from prayers.

Eva Hartley.

A MODERN DINNER.

AN invitation to dinner is the highest social compliment, and should be so received and treated. While almost all other invitations are issued by the hostess alone, the invitations to dinner are always in the joint names of host and hostess. The host occupies here the high position of entertainer, and he is expected to do much toward the amusement of his guests. It is he who goes first to the dining-room, and it is he who conducts on his right arm and seats at his right hand the most important lady of the party.

For a good dinner does not consist alone of the meats and drinks, although both should be carefully considered, but of the proper seating of the guests at the table, as well as the etiquette to be observed toward them, and the perfection of every arrangement.

Most ladies who give dinners constantly keep books in which the name of every guest is entered and a record of the dinner. Also they keep their own dinner cards, on which they write the names of their neighbors at the dinners to which they have been asked. They also keep a book in which they record carefully the names of their hosts to whom they owe return dinners, for this is a hospitality which, in a large city, and with a fashionable acquaintance, must be returned.

The hostess attends to the writing and sending out of invitations. Engraved cards, are used in a majority of cases for these invitations, with spaces left for names, date, hour, and address. These invitations are sent a fortnight in advance. Many ladies select Thursday, or some other day in the week, as their invariable dinner-giving day, and have their cards engraved accordingly, leaving blanks for the names of the guests and date, which are afterwards written in. This saves a great deal of trouble.

Now the acceptance or refusal of this invitation should be sent with as little delay as possible. It shows a want of courtesy or good breeding on the part of those invited to leave this invitation unanswered more

than a day, as no lady wishes to send a second note to learn if her dinner is accepted or not. Many ladies drive to the door of their invited guests with their dinner invitations, having the footmen leave them, so solicitous are they that they should be properly delivered. It is also proper to send them by a servant or by post, which latter way is observed in England by the highest authorities, but there is a sort of reluctance here to this sensible course.

In whatever way it is done, the same plan should be followed in returning the answer promptly. For small and unceremonious dinners a shorter invitation and a written note, sometimes in the first person, are proper. The onus of answering them, and of being particular about keeping the engagement, remains the same.

It is not well for a hostess to invite too many members of one family to the same dinner. It is better to ask them on different occasions. But it is the height of impropriety to invite the husband without the wife, or the wife without the husband.

Punctuality is a necessary courtesy. "It is the courtesy of kings," and many a common person could be taught this virtue by the Prince of Wales, who never keeps his host waiting. Be within five minutes of the dinner hour, rather before than later.

In the hall the gentleman arriving should find a small envelope, which contains a card, having on it the name of the lady whom he is to conduct down to dinner; also a small boutonnière, which he puts in his button-hole.

When his wife comes down from the dressing-room the two do not enter arm in arm—that is considered vulgar—but the lady goes first, followed by her husband. A servant should be stationed at the door to announce them, and should open the door for the lady.

The host and hostess stand near each other in the drawing-room, ready to receive their guests, and, if necessary, the host introduces

the guests to the hostess, if, as often happens at Washington, or at an official dinner, she does not know them.

The punctual arrival relieves the hostess of any awkward apprehension she may have about her dinner being spoiled, and enables her to make any introductions, if she may so choose, before dinner.

In France it is never done—the waiting for a tardy arrival—but in our country fifteen minutes, and even half an hour, are sometimes allowed, particularly to a distinguished guest. But this delay is a great discourtesy to the host.

The gentleman having read the name of the lady on his dinner card, if he does not know her, asks the hostess to present him to her. He begins a little conversation with her before dinner is announced, if there is time. The host and hostess shake hands with each new guest on his or her arrival; ladies seat themselves, but gentlemen stand about the parlor chatting.

The question of rank not being one which troubles us in America, the lady who is first taken in is the lady to whom the dinner is given, and if there is no lady, *par excellence*, who is the guest of honor, then the oldest lady present should be taken in. Age is of itself a claim to precedence in America. Members of the same family, as husbands and wives, fathers and daughters, mothers and sons, should not be sent in to dinner in couples, nor should one gentleman take two ladies.

If a dinner party be short of gentlemen, or the reverse, there should be no attempt to make a formal entry to the dining-room, but the host should go first with the lady of most consequence, the others should be asked to go in informally, and the hostess should always enter last. This is an infallible rule.

If the dinner is not a sufficiently formal one for dinner cards, the host should inform each gentleman whom he should take down to dinner. If any difficulty arise, the hostess must come to the rescue, and playfully indicate who must be the lady chosen. But it saves injured feelings and trouble if the list is made out before dinner, and the gentle-

man is informed as to whom he is to offer his arm—invariably his right arm.

When the guests are all arrived, the butler comes into the room, and, addressing the hostess, says, "Madam, dinner is served." Unless he has been instructed to wait for a tardy guest, he does this fifteen minutes after seven, if dinner is ordered at seven. If he is ordered to wait, he must remain in the dining-room until he hears his master's bell.

The duties of a hostess at a dinner are, in the first place, to use a woman's tact as to the invited guests, striving to find out who will be agreeable to each other, and placing such people near each other. Some women have a sixth sense as to this delicate point, and some are utterly deficient in it.

To give dinners simply to pay one's debts is in the extreme a disruption of all the claims of hospitality. To pay one's debts and at the same time give delightful and hospitable dinners, is to raise hospitality to a very grand thing.

A clever hostess not only places her guests in the proper neighborhood, but she adroitly starts the conversation for them. If she has invited a gourmand who cares more for her excellent entrées than for the lady next him, if he has come merely to eat and not to talk, she must address some remark to him and to the lady, which will set them both talking if possible. She must at least let him know that she observes his silence.

The manner of a hostess should present a simple dignity, and an equal interest in all her guests. If she sees a guest lingering over a plate which the servant is waiting to remove, she must seem to be eating herself, and save him from the mortification of looking up and observing that he is the last. If she has a ready wit and a pleasant laugh, if she has tact, she can make everybody happy at her table. But it is a sign of a vulgar woman and one of low breeding, if she shows more attention to one than another, if she pays a servile deference to wealth or fashion, and treats an old friend with coldness. Some women invite those whom they consider as their inferiors to their houses apparently to

insult them ; others gush in a ridiculous manner. Either extreme is in bad taste. The old courteous dignity which gave every lady a formula of manners having passed, each lady must make a manner for herself. Etiquette should be veneered over a good heart and a thorough self-respect, then it cannot wander far from the perfect bearing.

In England it was formerly *de rigueur* for a lady to wear a low-necked dress and short sleeves at dinner. But Frenchwomen, who seldom have handsome necks, brought in the high-necked dress, now almost universal. It is, however, incumbent on all ladies to go to a dinner in full dress, whatever that may be. There is no entertainment at which jewels and laces and dress are so indispensable. The low-necked dresses are far more becoming to many ladies, and such should adopt them. In these days of luxury and splendor it is hardly necessary to hint as to the necessity of a lady's wearing a handsome dinner dress, or that the minutæ of gloves, fan and handkerchiefs should all be thought of. A lady wears her gloves to the table, nor removes them until she has sat down. These gloves should always be perfectly fresh. Young women should be dressed more simply than older women, and should wear less jewelry, or none at all.

A gentleman does not wear gloves to dinner. He is always dressed in faultless evening dress-coat, and black cloth trousers, and black cloth waist-coat cut low ; his linen must of course be immaculate and plain, and he wears a white tie, which he must learn to tie perfectly. He must carry a crush hat into the drawing-room, and at dinner he puts it under his chair. This hat is called a *Gibus*, and is a most important accessory to evening dress.

A man should dress without pretension or eccentricity, with no—or very little—jewelry, and that for use, not ornament. A fob hanging to his watch, as his grandfather wore it, is now fashionable, and rings are worn on the last finger ; one single stud, either of a black pearl or a cat's-eye, may fasten his shirt bosom ; his sleeve-buttons may be of gold, enamel, or of intaglios ; but this is all the jew-

elry which he can well wear. He should be scrupulously neat and fresh, and wear his clothes as if he did not think of them himself or wish others to do so. His feet must be scrupulously well dressed, with silk stockings and low shoes, and here he is permitted to throw in a bit of color if he chooses, lighting up his sombre black with a bit of scarlet stocking. Black silk stockings are, however, the most fashionable.

The way of serving a ceremonious dinner in the great cities is now almost wholly what is called "*à la Russe*," that is, nothing is put on the table but the dessert. Everything else is handed by the waiters. This has its advantages, as it saves the host all trouble of carving and helping. This plan is also neater, and has obviated the old fashion of removing the cloth, which was very inconvenient. Now a modern dinner table has the same neatness of aspect at the end of a dinner that it had at the beginning.

The modern guest, as she seats herself at a dinner table, sees before her a picture of beauty, in the white open-worked linen cloth, the silver, glass, and porcelain, the flowers and the fruits, and the beautiful ruby flagons, mounted in gold, which hold the wine, and recall Rubens' pictures. At her plate she finds a *bonbonniere* on which her name is painted, a bouquet, and perhaps other gifts, like fans, etc., etc.

The first delicacy brought to her will be possibly clams or oysters on the half-shell, with a bit of lemon. This is followed by a plate of soup, and she noiselessly eats her soup. This again is followed by fish, which is eaten with a fork—a small fork, which she will find at her plate. After the fish comes an entrée, such as sweetbreads with green peas, or a dish of chicken in little pasties called *bouchées à la Reine*, and with the fish and these entrées white wine is drunk. After these morsels come the *pièces de resistance*, the heavy roasts, fillets, and so on. The Roman punches, called *sorbets* (very refreshing ices, with some liqueur to give point to them), are passed in small glasses or pretty dishes, like roses or boats, or something fanciful. These are followed by game, and *pâté*

de foie gras, and salads. After the salad, cheese, and some delicate biscuits, precede the dessert. A cabinet or plum pudding is then passed, served on elegant dessert plates. After that ices and jellies. Then fruit, can-

dies, or preserved ginger are handed. Each guest has by this time a glass plate and finger-bowl before him, into which a tasteful hostess throws a few fragrant flowers. Coffee in small cups finishes the dinner.

Celestine Fourgeau.

A SINGULAR DILEMMA.

"DEAR, dear me!" said Miss Lucilla Morton, as, chancing to look into her garden, she instinctively raised a small, plump hand to set in order bobbing ringlets that showed little sign of disarray. "Dear, dear me!"

Miss Lucilla blushed; and as the only occupant of the garden was her niece, bending industriously over a rose-bush, and as the tending of rose-bushes seems, upon the face of it, an occupation of an extremely harmless and inoffensive nature, it is to be presumed that she blushed on some one's else account, not on Lucy's. A hat was visible—a distinctly masculine hat—apparently travelling above the garden wall, and in the direction of the gate. The hat may have been the disturbing element.

"Dear, dear me!" said Miss Morton again, with an extra flutter of the straw-colored ringlets. The French windows were standing open, and Lucy heard this time and lifted her head. "It is really not my fault, Lucy. If gentlemen will behave in this way, I am not to blame for it; but people will talk—in a country place like this they are sure to be talking at this moment. Mr. Westbrook does not think of such things—men hardly ever do; but he forgets that I continually run the risk, while I remain single, of having somebody's name coupled with mine. And he was here only yesterday, Lucy. If Mr. Westbrook is coming again to-day," ejaculated Miss Morton, shaking her head, a mingling of importance and agitation in her tone, "it can only be for one reason."

The color was coming and going in Lucy's cheeks. She had dropped a little basket she had been carrying, and, as she stooped to pick it up, her aunt noticed her confu-

sion—a thing altogether uncalled for on Lucy's part, and even presumptuous in a person expecting no one.

"What a state of heat you are in, child!" said Miss Morton, with annoyance; "and your hat is almost on the back of your head! I don't know what Mr. Westbrook will think of you; I hope he will make allowances for you, as I often have to do, I am sure. Not," said Miss Lucilla, relenting, "that I think you really mean it—it is carelessness, I know—or that you need be afraid that I am going to part with you. So far from that being the case, my dear, I quite made up my mind from the first that, if Mr. Westbrook had no objection to it, you should live with us. I hope you like him as an uncle, though no one, of course, could expect me to consult you in the matter. Dear, dear me!" Miss Lucilla ejaculated, almost indignantly; "what are you coloring so for? You surely did not think I was going to refuse everybody?"

"It is so warm, aunt," said Lucy, almost inaudibly; but she straightened the offending hat, and bent again over her rose-bush. Miss Morton, sitting in the shaded coolness of a pleasant room, had no sun-rays pouring down upon her, and no abundance of tresses to become entangled; but it was undesirable, nor, indeed, was it in Lucy's thoughts, to mention either fact.

"Heat never made me look like that," said Miss Lucilla complacently—when the gate clicked, and she retreated hastily, as she heard the sound, for a final arrangement of the straw-colored ringlets before the mirror.

She was sentimental; she was, if the truth be told about her, inordinately vain; yet a

Good

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kinder heart than Miss Lucilla's never beat, nor was it wonderful that on this particular occasion it should be in a state of agitation, for she was fifty-two, and fate had so willed it that she had never possessed a lover. She arranged the ringlets with a hasty hand, and then turned, expecting to see Mr. Westbrook approaching the open window ; but she was a little surprised to observe that he had made his way to the rose-bush. He appeared to have something to say to Lucy, or, perhaps—it was quite possible—he too was agitated, and, manlike, had suddenly been seized with a desire to defer the important moment.

Lucy exchanged the ordinary nandshake with the visitor, a man of about thirty-two, with a pleasant face of a boyish type ; but the clasp was more lingering than usual on his part this afternoon, and she had already noticed an alertness of step and a new joyousness of air. They talked in low tones for a little while ; they had forgotten Miss Morton, though the ringlets had been adjusted again, and the possessor of them had peeped impatiently across the grass. A searching, expressive glance from the man, a shy, faintly responsive glance from the girl, and John Westbrook, country doctor with a poor practice, was tempted once again to do a thing he considered dishonorable, to bind a young girl by definite promise to a man with no settled income, when a cough—a slightly mincing and an altogether arresting cough—became the warning that recalled him to himself.

He released Lucy's hand—he had taken it for a moment, ostensibly to examine a scratch a thorn had given it—and then, with a lingering look at her, and with the consciousness of an unspoken understanding between them, he walked into the house. He met a gently reproachful look from Miss Lucilla's eyes. Kind creature ! and he owed so much to her. He would not have appeared to wound her dignity for the world.

He dropped into a seat beside her, and with a satisfied smile, Miss Lucilla saw he was watching her fingers, busy with some fancy work. It was an orthodox commencement.

"I'm afraid you're thinking I'm a very frequent visitor ; but I wanted to tell you some news I've heard since yesterday. I think you'll be pleased, Miss Morton ; but I feel sure of that ; you've always been so kind to me." he said, drawing, in his animation, a little nearer. "You are the kindest friend I have."

"I have always taken—an interest in you, Mr. Westbrook," replied Miss Lucilla softly. "Oh, you needn't mind that noise ; it is only the parrot, dear thing."

" made me so welcome," Mr. Westbrook went on, with something remarkably like a tremor in his voice. "A poor doctor with no practice—well, with nothing to speak of, at all events ; you were the first to hold out a helping hand to me, and your welcome has been the same ever since. But you are always kind ; I hear the same from everybody. Your niece, Miss Lucy, tells me you have the warmest heart in the world."

"Mr. Westbrook, you really must not—flatter me," murmured Miss Morton, with an agitated flutter of the flaxen curls. "As to Lucy, poor child, it is natural she should be attached to me ; the orphan child of my brother, my god-child, too, named Lucilla, after me. It was quite a matter of course that I should adopt her, and she thinks too well of me in consequence."

"Lucilla !" said her companion, with an unmistakably tender emphasis. "Is her name Lucilla ? I did not know it. It is a beautiful name."

"Do you think so ?" returned Miss Morton, blushing. "I am glad you like it. I have sometimes thought it a little—old maidish."

"Like it ? How could I help liking it ? Oh, Miss Morton, I needn't keep silence to you," he said, taking her hand impulsively. "You must know all about it ; you have been so kind and good ; and you have never discouraged me yet. I haven't asked any promise, I couldn't, with such a wretched look-out ; but what I came to tell you is, that I have just had a letter, offering me an excellent chance in New York. I have a cousin there, a doctor ; his practice, he writes me, is

getting very large, and his health is not what it used to be; and he asks me to join him, and I believe he'll take me into partnership eventually, if all goes well. Oh, Miss Morton—dear Miss Morton!" ejaculated the young man ardently, holding her unresisting hand with still closer pressure, "you have seen it for a long while I am sure; and have still been so kind to me. I have no right to speak now; but, if I wrote when I had a right to do so, do you think the answer would be yes? And suppose I found it impossible to leave, to come home for my wife?"

Miss Lucilla's natural impulse was to sink gracefully, as far as excessive stoutness would permit her, into the suitor's arms; but as he, with a really morbid sense of honor, refrained from a loverlike behavior of a kind too marked, she thought better of it. But she murmured—quite audibly, in spite of her emotion. "It would be 'Yes.' You must have already divined it—John."

"You called me 'John!' That is kind of you. I wish I could show you how much I feel your goodness. But, supposing I could not leave; supposing it were entirely out of the question on account of my cousin's health; do you think my—Lucilla," said Mr. Westbrook with a tender lingering emphasis on the name, "might brave conventionalities and come out to me?"

"Yes," murmured Miss Morton, after a moment's reflection, "she would. I know she would. In fact—John, I will promise you that she shall."

"How can I thank you?" said John Westbrook, with simple fervor; and in his gratitude, he raised the plump white hand to his lips. It was the hand of one of the kindest creatures in the world, though a little eccentric, and somewhat uncomfortably enamoured of cats and parrots; it was the hand of his Lucy's guardian and benefactress.

"Then I may write?" he asked. "And as I will not do so until I am in a more assured position, I may hope soon after, dear Miss Morton?"

"You may write," Miss Lucilla said softly; "and I will look for the letter; I shall know the postmark."

The roses in Miss Lucilla's garden were in bloom again; and coming up the path one morning, the postman gave a final look at a letter bearing a stamp unfamiliar to him, before he let it drop into the box. Crowhurst was a quiet place, and the postman was an old inhabitant; and as he had very little else to do just then, he wondered who Miss Morton's correspondent was.

Lucy had a headache and had not come down yet. She had had a good many headaches of late, and had grown pale and thin; nor was she so energetic as she used to be. But her aunt, busily engaged in feeding her favorite parrot, relinquished her task, as was usual when she heard the familiar rat-tat.

"'Miss Lucy Morton', one for Lucy," said the spinster half aloud. "And another the long-looked for letter!" gasped Miss Lucilla, sinking into a chair, and gazing with a delightful agitation at the postmark and address, "Miss Lucilla Morton."

"'My darling,'" she read aloud, as she opened it—Miss Lucilla's very curls were bobbing with importance. "'My darling—may I venture to say 'my darling' at last? My dearest little love, you know already how inexpressibly dear to me you are; you know how you have been in my thoughts, how I have longed week by week, and hour by hour, to write to you." How charmingly he writes! A sweet letter!" ejaculated Miss Morton, looking for her handkerchief. "'May I have the right to call you, indeed, my darling, my own, and, before long, a sweeter name still?'" Miss Lucilla was overcome, for a moment, by maidenly emotion; then she took up the letter again—it was the first of the kind she had ever received—and finished reading it. She returned to the last paragraph, and murmured the words aloud.

"'You know I have loved you so long; would you have courage, my child, to come out to me? for I cannot leave.' It is really beautifully written; and how young he must have considered I looked! "Blue eyes and golden hair," she murmured, glancing at the mirror. "The type of beauty; and he is dark; it will be a pretty contrast. 'Do not keep me in suspense, my darling. If you

knew how I longed for you ; how I think of your sweet face every hour !' Keep him in suspense ! Why, of course, I shall do nothing of the kind ; it would be too cruel, too cruel !" said Miss Morton agitatedly.

"A letter, aunt ? Anything particular ?" Lucy asked, as she came in at the open door. Her cheek had been pale—far paler than Miss Morton's, notwithstanding that good lady's agitation ; but at sight of the stamp on an envelope lying on her aunt's lap, Lucy's paleness changed to crimson.

"Anything particular ?" returned Miss Lucilla, brindling. "Only a declaration of love ; another offer of marriage. Lucy, child, I have heard from Mr. Westbrook," she announced, unable to be anything but smiling and self-important at this triumphant moment, and only too anxious to impart her news. "A charming letter ; really, a sweet letter, and full of protestations of devotion ; mentions how young he always thought I looked, and asks if I have the courage to come out to him. So you must make up your mind to part with me, child ; he asks me not to keep him in suspense, and I shall sell the house at once."

"To part with you ? Mr. Westbrook," said Lucy faintly ; but she was unable to go on. Was it all an appalling dream ?

"He is too delicate to touch money matters, of course ; I think he will be agreeably surprised," said Miss Morton complacently. "I shall take Dr. Redburn's offer ; if he has told me once he should like to take this house off my hands, he has done so fifty times ; and I shall turn everything into ready money. I shall lose no time, for I don't approve of long engagements. As to you, my dear, Mr. Westbrook—dear me, how awkward, and yet how extremely natural it seems to say John !—does not make the faintest allusion to your living with us ; he thinks newly married people, I dare say, are best alone ; so I shall try to leave you comfortably situated with your cousin Emily. Dear, dear me !" said Miss Morton, rising. "I have a hundred things to think of. John will meet me, and take me to his cousin's ; I am to stay with Mrs. Fairfax a short time, and be mar-

ried from there ; and he will be looking for a house, of course, as soon as he gets my answer. I must put on my things at once ; I want to know when the next mail goes out. I think," Miss Lucilla added, with something singularly like a simper, as she paused for a moment, to arrange the straw-colored ringlets at the glass, "that I really ought not to be married in anything but white ; I am far too young-looking."

"Good heavens, I trust it's not my head !" said John Westbrook agitatedly, as he paced up and down his room, holding a perfumed rose-pink sheet of paper in his hand. He stopped and looked at it for the fiftieth time. "Heavens, what idiots men are !" he ejaculated, as his eyes fell on the signature—"Your Birdie." "To have everything within one's grasp one most desires, and then to begin to cavil !"

Mr. Westbrook began to walk up and down the room again, he was evidently much perturbed, though, now and then, he appeared to fall into reverie. "How lovely she looked, that day among the roses !" he suddenly burst forth, taking up the letter again ; he knew every sentence it contained by heart, but that apparently, made no difference. "My shy, sweet darling ! I knew she understood me ; she gave me a little hope that day ; to think my dreams have come true at last ! It's too good to be true ! To think she's actually coming out to me ; to be my very own ; that I've only to wait. I can't realize it ; it's too much happiness. My dear little Lucy ! My own little Lucy ! 'No damp anywhere in the walls,' " he added, an oddly perturbed look—at least, for an accepted lover—crossing his face. "I know what unprincipled wretches they are ; I have suffered so much from the whole of them—especially plumbers.' It can't be a dream ; she did really write all that ?" He opened the pink note again and sat down at a table, propping his head on his hands.

"Mr. Puddicombe ? Oh, all right ! Yes," said Mr. Westbrook hastily, as his meditations were interrupted by a message. "Of course," he added somewhat bitterly, as he

was left alone again. "Sure to be Puddicombe; just because I've been keeping out of his way; I know he's the only soul I can speak to, and I'm afraid to face him. If I had had a sister!—but no, I couldn't have shown it to her. My dear little Lucy! My shy little darling! There must be something amiss with my brain, I think. I hope it's not overwork; I've heard of such cases. I'll ask Puddicombe!" said the young man, clapping his hat on his head with something very like an air of desperation. "If my brain's failing me, at least I'll know it. I'll show him the letter."

"Westbrook," said a voice solemnly, half an hour later; it was the voice of his patient—Mr. Puddicombe was an elderly gentleman of stout and rubicund aspect, and he had been eying his medical attendant with curiosity for some minutes—"you have something to tell me. I have seen, for the last quarter of an hour, that you have something to tell me; and you don't like to do it."

"Something to tell you!" repeated Mr. Westbrook, with a guilty start. He had been avoiding personalities in the most cowardly manner, and he had no idea that his unquiet had been divined. "Well, you are right; I should like to tell you something. But you'll let it be in the strictest confidence; I couldn't ask even Fairfax."

"John—I call you John, you know, sometimes; it was your father's name, and we were friends," said Mr. Puddicombe impressively, "you are in trouble of some kind. You had better trust me. Tell me all; everything about it."

"In trouble? Oh no, not at all! The very opposite; I'm the happiest man in the world. I really should like you to know it, Mr. Puddicombe; and she is coming out to me."

"Indeed!" returned his interrogator blankly. He had taken a great interest in the young man, and the news was certainly sudden. "And who's the lady? The sweetest lady in the world, of course."

"Just what she is. Exactly what she is. When I left England I left, as you say, the sweetest girl in the world behind; I hadn't

ventured to speak to her while my prospects were so poor; but we understood one another, I think. I must tell you that she lived with an aunt, who quite approved of what was going on; indeed it was this aunt, Miss Morton—an awfully kind old lady, though a little cranky about cats and parrots—who told me that, if I wrote, and Lucy said yes, she was quite ready to consent that Lucy should come out to me. Mr. Puddicombe," ejaculated the lover, in a sudden fit of ecstasy seizing his elderly friend's hand in a cordial—too cordial—grip. "I have written; I have had the answer: it's the best news in the world."

"She has said yes to you; she's coming out to you; and what's the trouble, then?" asked the patient a trifle less sympathetically, nursing his injured hand.

"It's the letter; it's that that puzzles me. Either my brain's going, or Lucy's strangely—changed. I can't understand it," said John Westbrook, crimsoning from throat to brow. "I left a dear, shy girl, almost a child in some of her ways—and it seems to me incomprehensible. I'll read it to you—that is some of it," he added, coloring again guiltily; "and for heaven's sake tell me the truth about my brain; I know you will. Sometimes I think my head's not right."

"My dear, darling Precious,"—he did not read that aloud. Sweet Lucy! it would be desecration to disclose such innocent affection. "I have been looking for the declaration you hinted at, every day since you left, and (shall I own it?) thought it very long in coming; but I am not going to reproach you; I couldn't be so cruel. No, my dearest John, let me rather assure you fondly that I reciprocate every ardent expression of affection contained in your sweet letter. Of course I will come out to you; I don't approve at all of long engagements. When young people understand each other, I always think the sooner they are settled the better." He passed over that, "You were my choice from the first, my own Poppet—" He laid the letter down, took out his handkerchief to wipe his forehead, and gazed blankly at the twinkling eyes opposite.

"Don't like to read it to me, after all. What's it all about? Pets and poppets of course."

"Poppets!" repeated Mr. Westbrook, with a gleam of extreme joy. "Do you consider—do you think Mr. Puddicombe—that 'poppet' is a usual—term—in a love letter?"

"Why, of course, of course, my dear boy; any amount of them. But leave the poppets out, if you want to; I am a bachelor, and they mightn't edify me."

"I will not try to hide from you, darling, that I have had other admirers; but I bring to you a virgin Heart. About the house,—Oh, here it is!" said John feebly—"It is such a worry to me, John dear, that I cannot be on the spot to see to everything myself; I know men are never half careful enough about drainage, and what can I expect from a man in love! But do be sure, darling, you get a perfectly new house; and see that you have the choice of papers yourself. Don't let the paper-hanger, on any account, persuade you to get them from him. You will scarcely believe it, but I assure you that some one was telling me, only the other day, of a friend of hers who saved one pound six through getting them from the manufacturer. And there is another thing makes me very anxious; don't let the workmen waste their time, dearest; I know what a set of unprincipled, beer-drinking wretches they are—especially plumbers; if you had suffered as I have from them, you would feel indignant at the very sight of them. It makes me quite low-spirited, to think I can't be there to superintend; guzzling, idling things, I know what they are, and what I have gone through with them. But I shall be truly happy—really quite easy in my mind—if you'll make me one promise, love; that you will be firm in the matter of beer.

"And do, my dearest John, have green paper for the drawing-room, a light shade in the background, (I should think red would do very well for the dining-room, but I think I might leave that to you; I don't feel so anxious about that room. I am not so very particular as to a yellow-green or a bluish-green; but pray get a small pattern, and don't be persuaded to give more than two-and-six-

pence apiece. And—a most particular injunction, love—I hope you'll see that there's a south aspect, and a really good cellar; and do be most particular and careful in examining yourself, darling, as to whether there is any damp in the walls."

"John Westbrook!" ejaculated Mr. Puddicombe solemnly, suddenly becoming very purple in the face, and bringing down his hand on the arm of the chair with an emphatic thump. "You have drawn a treasure, sir—drawn a treasure! That woman is one in a thousand!"

"She is, indeed," said the lover, but with a slightly stupefied air. "If you only knew her, knew how sweet and lovable she is—"

"I don't want to know her, sir; I mean, that I admire her sufficiently already, and I consider she is one in a thousand. One in a thousand? One in ten thousand! Upon my word, if I had met such a sensible girl when I was young—one who could find time, among her pets and poppeting, to see that the house had a southern aspect, and to examine, herself, to see that there was no damp in the walls—by George, sir, I might not be at the mercy of landladies at this moment—I might not be sending for you, for rheumatism—I might have been the father of a family. You ask me what I think of your letter, and I say, You have drawn a prize; and the sooner she comes out to you, the sooner you marry her out of hand in case any one else wants her, the sooner will you be the most fortunate man in New York, sir—the most fortunate man I know."

"How well you seem to know her! I shall be the happiest man in the world. She's the sweetest, dearest, loveliest girl that ever breathed," said the delighted lover.

"And the most sensible. Don't forget to add that. 'A south aspect, and a really good cellar!' John Westbrook, luck's your way. I don't know that I ever heartily congratulated any one before on becoming tied up for life, but I do it now," said Mr. Puddicombe, with a thump on the armchair. "I warn you, that I shall be an admirer of Mrs. Westbrook. The most sensible woman I ever heard of!"

THE day and the hour had come; the ar-

dently expected, the longingly looked for. The steamship was in the harbor; the "Nova Scotia"; the vessel—happy vessel!—that numbered "Miss Morton" in the list of its passengers. And John Westbrook, with eager eyes that as yet failed to catch any glimpse of his Lucy, and with heart throbbing with such delight as comes rarely in a lifetime, was waiting his opportunity to go on board.

It came at last. At last he stepped upon the deck—the deck little Lucy's feet must have trodden so often—and eagerly looked round him; scanning face after face, hoping in another moment to meet the sweet brown eyes and confiding glance of the little sweetheart who had bravely crossed the sea to come to him. The moments passed by, one after another. What could have become of Lucy? Good heavens, if anything should have happened to her—if she should be ill!

A cold chill burst out on his forehead. Why had it never occurred to him before? Why had he so eagerly expected all would be well? How many had drawn near happiness only to have it struck from their grasp? He looked round again, full of the terrified imaginings of a lover; and at that moment became suddenly conscious of seeing a face he knew—but it was not Lucy's face. As suddenly, to his amazement and horror, a shrill female voice shrieked out "John!" and Miss Morton was in his arms.

It was Miss Morton—Miss Lucilla Morton; but it was the aunt, and not the niece. Miss Morton herself, looking nearer fifty-two than she had ever done before in his recollection, an extraordinary biliousness of hue about the complexion she had so prided herself on, and a general limpness about the straw-colored ringlets. But the most extraordinary part of it to John Westbrook was that she should have thrown herself into his arms in a manner, to say the least of it, too public—people were tittering; and that, at that moment, two mittened hands should be locked together tightly at the back of his neck—and Miss Lucilla was no light weight; and she had just burst into tears.

"My dearest John! haven't I been brave to come out to you? And if you knew what

I have suffered!" she gasped pathetically, between her sobs. "You begged me not to keep you waiting, and that was why I sent you word I was coming so soon, on the 'Nova Scotia.' And you will make amends to me for all I have gone through with sea-sickness; you see how I have trusted you?"

A horrible conjecture had suddenly flashed across John Westbrook's brain. He gazed at Miss Lucilla in blank, speechless horror. "Where is Lucy?" he managed to articulate at last, with dry lips.

"Where is Lucy?" repeated Miss Morton, bursting into tears afresh; her nerves had certainly been tried, and this was not the reception she had expected. "Oh, John, dear to think I should have braved the ocean in order to m-m-marry you, and this is all you have to say to me when we meet—trivial questions about Lucy. You might trust me, that I should have seen to everything; and so I have," said Miss Lucilla, sobbing. "Put Lucy in a comfortable home, sold my house, and given up all my investments, and turned everything into ready money. And I've brought everything to you, John—I always said I would trust my husband in everything; and oh, have you c-c-ceased to love me?" Miss Morton had become inarticulate, and was apparently about to collapse, with a remarkable rigidity of limb, somewhat in the manner considered peculiar to dolls of the rag species; but a desperate calmness had with John Westbrook taken the place of anguish, and he disengaged himself, and offered Miss Lucilla his arm.

"We musn't keep the Fairfaxes waiting, he said, with a smile that could only be denominated ghastly. "Take my arm, Lucilla; and where is your luggage?"

"Oh, it is all carefully labelled," returned Miss Morton, with a return to cheerfulness. "And you haven't ceased to love me? You still mean all you said?"

"We—we are in public," said John Westbrook abjectly. "And about your boxes?"

"Of course, I had forgotten them. You must forgive me, dearest. But women are apt to forget such things; too fond, too emotional," said Miss Lucilla, wiping her eyes.

“And oh, my dearest John, you will be careful about the parrots? especially the one with something the matter with one eye.”

“The parrots!” said her companion feebly. He sat down on a box near, and passed his handkerchief over his forehead.

“Oh, this has been too much for you—the excitement, the anxiety!” ejaculated Miss Morton. The unfortunate bridegroom in prospect sprang to his feet; she had evidently been about to encircle his neck tenderly with one arm.

“Of course I had a stateroom, John dear. I would not have left the parrots behind on any account. I had to part with the cats; poor, faithful things, how they must have missed me!” said Miss Morton with an accent of melancholy. “But you are more to me than all, John; as I told you, I felt that I could give up everything for you.”

“It is very kind of you, I’m sure. I’m—I’m much obliged to you,” returned Mr. Westbrook wildly. “And about these parrots; I had better go and look for them. You have parted with—with Lucy, you say? You have sold your house?”

“Ah, I thought I should surprise you; I carefully avoided telling you when I wrote. Yes, I have sold out everything, even the furniture, John dear; I have left England behind me in every way. And Lucy, dear child, has gone to live with her cousin Emily; she will make herself useful in the family, and receive twelve pounds a year. And she sent her best love to her—uncle,” said Miss Lucilla, blushing.

“To her uncle! Good heavens!—very kind of her. Where shall I find the parrots?” asked John, looking about blindly.

“Oh, my dearest John, you don’t look well! You have been overworking,” cried Miss Morton, anxiously. “I have noticed for several minutes that you haven’t seemed yourself. The agitation of meeting me has been too much for you; as you said in that sweet letter of yours, you would be in a state of feverish expectation. Surely we had better get the luggage together, and the parrots, at once now, and drive to Mrs. Fairfax’s.”

“Mrs. Fairfax’s! Oh, yes!—we’ll drive

to Mrs. Fairfax’s. And we’ll take the parrots—both of them; and you haven’t any cats?” inquired Mr. Westbrook, with a singular solicitude, that, to an unprejudiced looker-on might have savored of desperation. “Are you sure you didn’t bring out any of them?”

“I didn’t; but if I had known you would not have thought it too much—Oh, I do wish now I had brought Eglantine,” said Miss Lucilla regretfully. “Such a companion she would have been to me when you were out; and so beautifully marked on the tail.” Mr. Westbrook made no rejoinder. He went in search of the parrots; and, five minutes later, with a stout and elderly spinsters hanging bucket-fashion on his arm, with a parrot cage held in one hand, and a small boy, of grinning aspect, following with another, he desperately made his way back to the place where he had stood but a few short minutes before, full of such delightful expectation.

“COME at last, John; come at last,” said Mr. Puddicombe cordially. “More than a week since your lady-love arrived; but I suppose I musn’t blame you. Of course, you have brought the lady with you. Where is she?”

“No,” said John Westbrook desperately, throwing himself into an armchair opposite, and disclosing a haggard countenance, “I haven’t brought her; and I wish somebody would have the kindness to shoot me. It’s all a horrible mistake, Mr. Puddicombe; it’s the aunt, and not the niece.”

“The aunt! Dear, dear,” said the old gentleman seriously. “You said the aunt; however came you to ask the wrong one? Though I really don’t wonder. Those remarks about damp in the walls showed such amazing sense in a young woman. Still, if you were attached to the aunt—”

“Attached to the aunt! I never have been, though I seem to be now, worse luck to it!” John Westbrook rejoined bitterly, with a hollow and mirthless laugh. “My letter was addressed ‘Miss Lucilla Morton.’ I never thought of the aunt except as ‘Miss

Morton'; and yet it seems she imagined it was hers. Just think of it, Mr. Puddicombe; it is the aunt who has accepted me; the aunt—the old aunt, sir—who has actually come out to marry me. And heaven knows what I am to do!"

"Come out to marry you!" Do you mean to say you never knew—never suspected—

"Never," said his companion doggedly: "never once. Not even when I brought you that outrageous letter."

"The aunt!" said Mr. Puddicombe musingly. "A most astonishing thing! The strangest thing I ever heard of! Thought it was her letter and answered you; and yet you never knew! Then it was the aunt who was the very sensible woman who wrote about a good cellar—and a southern aspect. A most desirable point. Don't you think you could—considering that she is a person of such amazing sense, and that you might never find another ready to pay the proper attention to such things—reconcile yourself to it, my dear John?"

"Reconcile myself!" groaned John Westbrook. "Expect the sweetest girl in the world, whom I've loved since I first set eyes on her, and be met by her aunt instead—fifty if she's a day; old enough to be the mother of both of us; and so horridly, confoundedly sentimental, too. I am a laughing stock at Fairfax's. They think I'm marrying her for her money."

"Really—really!" said his sympathetic companion, with an astonished stare. "It is, as I said, the most astounding thing I ever heard of, John. But why so delicate in the matter? Surely you have—intimated—to her that it all happens to be a mistake? You have not left her in ignorance?"

"Good heavens! You are the only real friend I have; surely you see my position," said John Westbrook, with a groan. Here she has given up everything, she tells me; her house, the garden she was so proud of, her position in the place, even—she has told everybody she knows; she would be an object of ridicule if she went back. She had money, well invested, it seems, and, like a

woman, sold out everything—some at a sacrifice—to turn it into what she calls ready money, for me. She's lived in the place all her life; her position, that house of hers, were everything to her. Can't you see the situation I'm in? not to say anything of the rest of it, her answering my letter and fancying herself in love with me. I don't know how I keep up the farce. If she didn't happen to be the best-tempered creature living, she'd have broken it off long ago, in disgust. And as to marriage," said Mr. Westbrook, with another groan, "I've told a hundred lies about it already; said I'm not so well off as I thought; that unexpected circumstances make it necessary to wait some weeks longer than the time I had thought of—that's true enough, at any rate, but it can't go on forever."

"Really, really! And with money, too, you say; and such a sensible woman! If you could reconcile yourself to it, John. I am afraid the other young lady is not likely to be her equal. It is the best advice I can give you. But it seems to me very evident you are not going to reconcile yourself. It is the most unfortunate affair.

"Yes—with money! Will bring in a nice little income, she tells me. Money, Mr. Puddicombe—money!" said the young man, suddenly starting upright, and his countenance brightening. "It is a nice thing to marry a wife with money. And such common sense, too. One would never have rheumatism—you remember that letter! And not in the least ugly; plump as a partridge; quite a—comfortable-looking person. You should see her; you should really see her."

"Now that is the way to talk, John. That is reconciling one's self to the situation. I am delighted to hear it," returned his friend, with a genial countenance; and I congratulate you both."

"No—let me congratulate you instead! It has just occurred to me," said John Westbrook, gripping the old gentleman's hand so wildly that a profane ejaculation disturbed the air. "If you would marry her yourself! She would be a blessing to you—I'm positive she would."

"I—marry her!" repeated Mr. Puddi-

combe, with an air of stupefaction. I—a confirmed bachelor! What on earth are you talking about? And to ask me to marry a woman, too, I've never seen!"

"But you shall see her; you shall see her this very day. She is just your age, or a little younger; and so talkative and lively; and so sensible; and such an excellent nurse. She's one in a thousand; she'll reconcile you to matrimony directly, I'm sure; and I'll go and fetch her now, if you'll allow me," said the lover, precipitately snatching up his hat, which he had previously thrown in a manner expressive of despair on the table.

"Stop! stop! Where are you going to? Bring her here in the afternoon; you're out of your mind, boy. I have no objection to making the acquaintance of your lady-love," said Mr. Puddicombe somewhat more calmly, as he dropped back in his chair, "but the other is the most astounding and ridiculous proposition that I ever heard in my life. And the lady about to be married to you, into the bargain!"

"But woo her—win her from me. She shall never know the truth," said the infatuated young man, imploringly. "You are much better off than I am—and in a better social position—and a finer looking man in every way—" Mr. Puddicombe smiled, but indulgently. "Oh, if you would win her from me! I should be so very much obliged," said John, almost tearfully. "I should never forget your kindness."

"I think," said Mr. Puddicombe emphatically, "you've talked enough rubbish for one morning, John Westbrook. Bring your intended bride to see me, if you like; as soon as I can get about I shall be happy to call on her. But all the rest of it is the most abominable rubbish! A finer-looking man, indeed!" he added, relaxing.

"So you are. A—a—presence I haven't got at all. And if you should like her, will you at any rate promise to consider it?" asked the lover anxiously. "Just to consider it; I don't ask more."

"So I should think. Consider it, indeed! I don't mind promising to consider it, but I

can tell you beforehand how it will end. But what idiotic nonsense it is, talking about a person I've not even seen," said the old gentleman testily. "You've brought my rheumatism back again."

"I MUST say," ejaculated Miss Lucilla, drying her eyes, "that you have a very abrupt way of replying to me, John; and I only inquiring about our marriage, too. I have been here so long; the Fairfaxes must think it so odd. But you are so abrupt, if I say anything. Mr. Puddicombe said to me only yesterday—a kind, sympathetic man—that he thought you scarcely understood me; there was a volatility about you—though I'm sure I don't wish to reproach you, John, dear."

"So there is," returned the lover gloomily. "I'm far too volatile; he's quite right. I wonder you stand it; I wonder you don't throw me over. I should, if I were you."

"I hope I am not fickle," said Miss Morton, adjusting her ringlets with greater cheerfulness. "I should feel it very bitterly, John—for I am no coquette, I am sure, though I may have had inducements to become one—if I had to blight your life."

"And what would it matter if you did blight it? A poor beggar like me! You ought to have taken somebody else—somebody with a more assured position. With your looks, too!" added the deceiver, heaving a sigh—but it was an extremely genuine sigh, as well as a profound one—as he gazed on the charms before him.

"It is often only a snare to be passably good-looking," said Miss Morton, with a cough. "I do not desire to be beautiful, John; it only attracts where one has no wish to do so."

"Look at Puddicombe; he was talking of you yesterday. 'An extremely fine woman, Westbrook,' he said to me; three times, was it? No, it was five. 'The more I see of her, the more I admire her.' I wish I had Puddicombe's luck!" said the melancholy one, gloomily; it was a remark he seemed to be fond of recurring to; he had made it some dozens of times before. "I could offer

you something like comfort, then. When I look at my position, and then at his, isn't it enough to make me despondent? Look at the respect he's held in; the way he is sought after, only he is such a confirmed bachelor; though, as he said to me only yesterday, he never met his ideal till he saw you. An independent income! If that man married and took to housekeeping, what style he could keep up! And to think that it's such a man as that will say, 'the more I see of her, the more I admire her.' To think that you should give up opportunities like that for a poor beggar of a struggling doctor. It's really hardly—proper."

"Did he say that?" said Miss Lucilla coyly. "Foolish, foolish man, to talk about such things so publicly—and I another's, too. I will never, never desert you on account of poverty, John; though I really understood from your letter that you were doing well, and anxious to settle. Ah, no! the only, only thing that could ever tempt me to forsake a lover would be," added Miss Morton, with a slight accession of color, "dissimilarity of tastes." She heaved a gentle, almost regretful, sigh, as her eyes fell on a figure approaching the house. It was short and stout, and roundabout, but it was the figure of an admirer—could it be that she was now actually in possession of two?—possibly, a lover of her own age. It would, she could not deny it, have been a pleasanter thing to have married some one about whom chits of girls could not joke; it would be said the bridegroom was a good deal younger than the bride. Why had not Mr. Puddicombe presented himself before? And he certainly was a much more appreciative person—one who could turn a compliment far more delicately—than Mr. Westbrook.

"I think, John, I see Mr. Puddicombe coming," said Miss Lucilla softly, and with a very conscious fluttering of the ringlets. "He is here very often."

"His time is all his own. I wish I had his luck. He can go where he likes, and do what he likes; and everybody seems to know him," said the misanthropist.

"Yes, it's very nice for him to have his time

at his own disposal; a doctor is at every one's beck and call, as you are always saying; but I am afraid you are of a jealous disposition, John."

"Perhaps so. But there's time for me to improve. I'm not thirty-three yet," rejoined Mr. Westbrook. Miss Lucilla winced. "By the time I'm forty or forty-five, I daresay I shall have sobered down; I shall be quite an old fellow then," said John recklessly.

"Old," repeated Miss Morton, with a flush. "You do talk absurdly at times John. Forty-five is not old."

"Forty-five! I should think not, indeed," said Mr. Puddicombe, as he entered. "But no one in this room—except myself—has any right to be talking of age; and I feel myself young again—a boy, positively, upon my word—in the presence of such charms." He bent over Miss Lucilla's hand gracefully, and she felt that he was charming; here at least was a person of delicacy and refinement, of judgment and taste. And she gave utterance to a sigh.

"Westbrook, my dear madam, is always talking of disagreeable things. I own to sixty-two, and I see no reason why he should flaunt his youth in my face. We are all young in the presence of Beauty," said Mr. Puddicombe gallantly. Miss Lucilla blushed. He gazed upon her with eyes of approval, and murmured to himself, "No damp in the walls." "And how great," he added, with emphasis, "are the charms of beauty united with discretion."

"It will be a most trying, trying interview," said Miss Morton, tearfully. She glanced at the mirror, as was her wont, for consolation; her countenance relaxed into a smile; she adjusted a straw-colored ringlet, and heaved a sigh. "To think that I should be so essential to the happiness of man; that I must blight the existence of one or the other. Ah, they may well say," added Miss Lucilla, pathetically, clasping her hands nervously together, as she heard Mr. Westbrook's footstep, "that the gift of beauty is a fatal one." John Westbrook was looking very haggard. The weeks of suspense had begun to tell upon

him. He regarded Miss Lucilla with a forlorn air of inquiry, and seated himself obediently at her side, as, with a handkerchief in her hand, she pointed to the vacant place. And then, without further warning, the lady burst into tears.

"What is the matter? My dear Lucilla, what is the matter? I'm very sorry, I'm sure, if I've done anything to wound you. It's only a way I have; I don't mean it," protested the young man, remorsefully, with a shamed remembrance, certainly, of the shortness of his replies at times.

"It is not your fault, John, neither is it mine, I am sure," said Miss Lucilla, sobbing. "I proved my attachment to you by coming out to marry you, and we have not seemed altogether in harmony. But money, I assure you, has nothing whatever to do with it."

"I hope not. I don't possess too much of the article, not having Puddicombe's luck," returned the lover grimly, and somewhat despairingly.

"Yes—Mr. Puddicombe. It's about him. I—I want to speak to you about him, John. He was—here this morning," faltered Miss Lucilla. She was utterly unable to understand the sudden illumination that seemed in a moment to have overspread John Westbrook's countenance. Miss Lucilla's conscience smote her; to think that he should be on the brink of loss and despair, about to hear news that would blight every fond hope he had cherished, news which in the very telling would, she felt sure, overwhelm her with remorse—and look like that.

"He was here this morning? And what did he say? Oh, go on, go on, Lucilla; tell me all, for heaven's sake!" urged the lover, enthusiastically. Miss Morton looked at him with a sudden nervousness, inspired by his manner. He could not have been in the habit of drinking, and have managed to conceal it from her entirely till the present moment. But as Mr. Westbrook observed the look, his appearance changed.

"You have something to tell me; what is it?" he said, and his accents had become those of anguish. They were accents of conviction, also; and Miss Lucilla felt, rather than knew, that her confession was already

divined, that she was at least to be spared the sorrow of communicating the blighting intelligence. "It is as I thought," ejaculated Mr. Westbrook, tragically. "Puddicombe adores you, and you love him. Oh, Lucilla!"

"I am sure, my dearest John," said Miss Lucilla, in tears; "I don't know that I ought to say 'my dearest John,' either; but you will always let me regard you as a friend, I hope, if it would not be *too* trying to you, and if Mr. Puddicombe would not object; the thought that I must blight your life has been a terrible one to me. I have cried, I am sure, till I am a perfect object. If you would only consider what it is to be placed in such a position, John; if I say I will not ruin your happiness, I am obliged to make another miserable for life; and such a very nice person," she added, pathetically, "of such delicate refinement, and so sympathetic. Oh, dear, dear John," cried Miss Lucilla, bursting into tears afresh, "the shock has been too much for you. I wish you wouldn't groan."

"Nothing. It was merely anguish. I often do," returned the deserted one incoherently; and, to Miss Lucilla's horror, he seized his hat, and threw it wildly, madly in the air. "Forgive me, oh, do forgive me," he said, suddenly dropping into his chair again. "I was a little delirious for a moment, I think. Only the effect of the shock, that's all. No, Lucilla, I will never stand in your light; I will never come between you and happiness."

"If you should feel it too much, John," ejaculated Miss Lucilla, in fear, not unmingled with remorse; "if you think it would disturb your reason—if you could not continue to live without me, I could not be the cause of so much misery."

"Oh, dear, no! Don't ever think of it. I resign all claim," said Mr. Westbrook, with a sudden and alarming change of countenance. "I know how fascinating Puddicombe is: I have seen it coming. And—and—I shall get over it in time. I hope you won't consider me."

"How can you utter such words? Oh, the self-reproach that I feel!" sobbed Miss Morton. "'Not consider you! How can you use such cruel, cruel language? You

think it is Mr. Puddicombe's position ; but I felt for a long time that there was an incompatibility of tastes—a dissimilarity, as he puts it—and I feel his words to be true. I cannot say," added Miss Lucilla modestly, " why I should be the chosen of each ; it is a most painful thing to me to think that I should be necessary to the existence of more than one ; but it is my trying position. Oh, John, dear, do you think you ever *can* be happy again ?"

" Perhaps not ; but no matter," said the discarded lover in accents of anguish, with a dim remembrance of a melodrama in which he had once taken part.

" Oh, for my sake ! Promise me that you will try for my sake. You will find another, though it is natural, perhaps," added Miss Lucilla, with a glance at the mirror, " that you should think at present that you could never care for any one else. If you would endeavor to think of me as another's, John, if you would try to tear me from your heart, I should not feel the self-reproach I do now. But, for my sake, promise me that you will at least try to be happy."

" Then I promise it—for your sake," said John Westbrook, heroically. There was the radiance of a high endeavor on his face. Miss Lucilla recognized it. " Good-bye, Lucilla ! I will try to forget you—if I ever can."

It has been said that all things come to those who wait. Miss Lucilla Morton had

waited—for two and fifty years. On her return to England as Mrs. Puddicombe, she found herself in the proud position of being able to narrate—with a few trifling embellishments—the romantic story of the heart-rending position in which she had been placed. The ardent declaration of devotion ; the voyage she had so courageously undertaken ; the two impassioned lovers who had sought her favor ; and, above all, the cruel necessity she had been under of blighting a life ; she did justice—it might even be said, poetical justice—to all. It became, indeed, as time went by, a story her friends knew by heart ; nevertheless, references to it continued to adorn Mrs. Puddicombe's conversation, as she had the happiness of being complacently conscious, for the remainder of her days, that she was an object of envy to at least the unmarried among her younger acquaintance.

" The state of mind he was in was heart-rending, my dear"—so ran the ending of the story. " He rushed off to England by the next steamer, and, in a fit of frenzy, proposed to my niece, solely because she was my namesake. They are getting on very well in New York, and I believe he is growing reconciled to it by this time ; and it may be that, as years go by, he will become attached to his wife ; but I know that I was his first and fondest love, and that life will never be quite the same to him again."

Mary Kernahan Harris, in Belgravia.

THE HEART.

THE heart hath chambers twain
Wherein do dwell
Twin brothers, Joy and Pain

When waketh Joy in 'one,
Still calmly
Pain slumbers in his own.

O Joy, thy bliss restrain,
Speak softly
Lest thou should'st waken Pain.

From the German.

HOW TO READ BOOKS.—A TALK WITH CHILDREN.

HAVE you ever thought of the great pleasure that is to be gained from reading? Have you ever tried to imagine what life would be to you if there were no books in the world, or if you could not read? Every child knows, I hope, the joy of having a true friend, whose company is dear to him, who can be interested in what he is interested, no matter whether it be work or play. Now a book is not quite like a friend. The author can talk to us as he pleases; he can make us sorrowful or glad; he can make us cry or laugh; he can give us knowledge and he can make us think; but we cannot talk back to him, we cannot tell him what we feel, and he cannot sympathize with us as a friend can. On the other hand, friends may change; they may go far away; they may cease to care about the things we care for. Books cannot change, though our interest in them may; and if they are great and good books—for there are bad books, just as there are false friends—it is impossible to know them too well or read them too often.

I dare say you have heard people speak of a taste for reading. Some children read greedily any book that comes in their way. A biography, a volume of travels, a poem, a history, even a cookery-book will attract their attention, and be read from the first page to the last. I even knew a boy who found inexhaustible pleasure in the study of Bradshaw's Railway Guide. Such little people have, no doubt, a taste for reading. But this taste, to be of much good, needs to be cultivated. A child may have what is called a natural ear for music, but this will never make him a good musician. He must be taught his notes, and learn a great deal besides, before his ear for music will prove of much service. Just so does the young book-reader need training in order that he may read wisely. Now I shall try and tell you as well as I can in a few pages how to read, and the good that is to be gained from reading; but there is something to be said first. You must learn—

How to use Books.—Books deserve to be treated with care. Think of the labor it has cost to produce them! The author's head-work is the hardest labor of all; but the paper-maker, the printer, the binder, the publisher, and sometimes the artist, have each to use brains and hands in the making of a book. If it be a good book, which our poet Milton calls "the precious life-blood of a master-spirit," no toil is too great to expend upon it. If the words are beautiful, so also should be the form, and many of our publishers take delight in bringing out editions of famous poets and prose writers that it is a luxury to handle and to read. Now, not only books like these, but every book we read, should be used in a careful manner. We are gentle towards everything we love, and people who love books will be sure to treat them gently.

Here are four rules to remember: 1. Never turn down the leaves of a book. 2. Never play with the leaves so that they become dog-eared. 3. Never read a book with dirty or inky fingers. 4. Never place a book upon the table face downwards, lest you should crack the binding. A book that has been well read will no doubt show signs of use; but if it have been read with proper care, it will not show signs of neglect.

Suitable Books.—Young children with a craving for books cannot always gratify their special tastes, but must be content with what they find in the family bookcase. Pious people, who really want to do children good, will sometimes give them tracts, or little books which teach them what a wicked world they live in, and how—which is, indeed, quite true—pain and sorrow and death are evils common to all men. A happy, healthy child, who has been taught to love his heavenly Father, who enjoys the sunshine and the flowers, and feels his life in every limb, may read books of this kind, and for a moment be made unhappy by them; but he looks up to see his mother's smile, or he runs out into the fields and hears the birds singing, and the belief that he has been born into a happy world is

once more strong within him. The tracts, you see, make no impression, because they are not fitting food for a joyous child; and just so, books that will do you good service must be books you can partially understand and appreciate. I say partially, because it is not necessary you should understand all a book teaches in order to gain delight from it, and wisdom also. It is a great pity when a boy or a girl who really likes reading is forced to read dull books, or books that are unsuitable. And it is a terrible pity when all the literature open to boys and girls is of a trivial, feeble sort, or worse still of a corrupting character. Happily, good books for the young are numerous, and there are few children, whether in country or town, that have not access to some well-selected parish library.

The Bible.—And here, perhaps, I may remind you that there is one book good for all ages and for all circumstances in life. The first book an English child will learn to read is the Bible—that is to say, THE BOOK which ranks above all other books as containing the word of God. It would be easy to fill these pages with good words about the Bible; but that is not my object now: all I want to say is that, apart from the great purpose with which it has been given to us, this book, or rather these books—for the Bible consists of many volumes composed in different ages by historians, prophets, poets and apostles—this book, I say, is the most interesting that has ever been written. There is, no doubt, much in it hard to be understood; but there is much more which a child can understand and enjoy. The beautiful Old-Testament stories of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, of Samuel and David, of Elijah and Daniel, are told in our translation of the Bible in the most beautiful English that was ever written. Then in Job, the Book of Psalms, and the prophecies of Isaiah, we have the devout thoughts of good men expressed in the highest strain of poetry; and passing on from these, we come to the simple gospel story—the story of glad tidings—with our Lord's parables and precepts, his gracious deeds, and divine words, followed by the Acts of the Apostles, and the letters they wrote to the first Christian disciples. Our

English Bible is not only the first book that should be read by the child, because it tells him what no other book can, but because it is the key to so many other good books—that is to say, it opens them and makes them plain. Nobody who has read this wonderful book carefully, and who loves the wise and beautiful lessons it contains, will like to read what is coarse and evil. He will have a taste for something better.

Two Words Explained.—You will all have seen the word “literature,” but probably you would find it difficult to tell me what it means. I must try and explain the term as well as I can. First of all, I will tell you what it is not. Books have been written upon every subject in which men are interested. The architect, the engineer, the lawyer, the doctor consult books that will help them in their professions; but law books, and medical books and books on architecture—books written for a special class—are not literature. On the other hand, books written in verse or prose that awaken thought, that give solace and delight, and lift us above the narrow round of our daily life—books that make us happier, wiser, even merrier—are books that deserve to be called literature. Our poets, our historians, our essayists, our novelists, the travellers who describe what they have seen in different parts of the world, the critics who write about books and show us their faults and beauties, have all contributed to build up what we call our national literature, by which we mean the literature produced by Englishmen. Every great people has produced a noble literature, and this is, indeed, one of the chief signs of its greatness. We read the literature of the Jews in the books which form our Bible; ancient Greece produced a literature unequalled in Europe to this day, for beauty of language and wealth of thought; Rome, that once ruled the world, did so first by the sword, then by her laws, and then by the poets and historians who have made the Latin language so famous. Modern nations, too—such as Germany, France and Italy—can each boast a national literature; but not one of these countries has a literature equal to that which is open to readers of the Eng-

lish language. Here, then, is a vast storehouse full to overflowing of precious treasures, and the wealth piled up may so puzzle the youth who looks in at the door, that he will perhaps hesitate to enter. What can he do? he may ask; how can he best use the good gifts that wise and great Englishmen have left for his service? In reply to this question I must explain to you another word, and that word is "culture." You know the difference between land in its natural state and land that has been drained and manured, that has felt the plowshare and the harrow; you know, too, the difference between the flowers of our woods and fields and the flowers that grow in a well-cared-for garden. Some sort of difference like this may be seen between people whose minds have been allowed to run wild, and people whose minds are carefully cultivated. The contrast, however, is not quite complete, because nature however wild, and flowers however untended, are always beautiful; but there is no beauty in a mind that, like the garden of the sluggard, contains nothing save wild briars, thistles and thorns. In order, then, to read books so as to get good out of them, the mind needs culture which is not mere knowledge, although that is very needful, but the power of seeing what is good and wise in a book, and rejecting what is feeble and false. This power cannot be acquired off-hand, like a lesson. Some people, although they may read a great deal, never gain this gift, never know how to use their reading wisely. They have a confused notion of many things, but they know nothing thoroughly, partly because they have never had the training so necessary in early life, and partly because they read books in a sleepy, stupid way, content to be amused, and not wishing to learn. Reading, you will see, may be the idlest of pastimes, a pursuit followed from mere indolence and emptiness of mind. I am writing, however, for boys and girls who want to know how to read, and for them a few hints shall be given that may prove generally useful.

Reading with a Purpose.—Some of the children who read these pages will have visited the British Museum, but few probably have

entered the reading room, with its splendid dome and vast shelves of books. Those who may have done so will have been told that the books they see are but few in comparison with the number contained in that immense library. Now it is evident that if a man were to read in that room every day and all day through a long life, the books he read would be insignificant in number when compared with the volumes stored up in the museum. What then does the student do, who wants to make good use of that great library? He selects a subject, and chooses books that will tell him what he wants to know on that subject. And just in the same way, the boy or girl who loves reading, and wishes to gain from it something more than mere amusement, must choose some subject—that is to say, he must read with a purpose. Mind, I do not say that amusement is not sometimes a sufficient reason for taking up a book. We cannot be always wise, and a capital story-book—a book for example like "Alice in Wonderland," or "Cast up by the Sea," is as good a recreation for a child on a rainy day as a game of cricket or rounders when the sun is shining. As you grow up you will, I hope, read a number of stories, and among others, the stories written by Sir Walter Scott, which are so pure, so wise, so beautiful, that young people, and old people too, will be happier and better for reading them. The boy or girl who does not love a good tale will not often be found to care for books of any kind.

But if reading for amusement is an easy and pleasant thing to do in leisure moments, reading with a purpose requires resolution and courage. Without these virtues neither boy nor man will do much good in life, and therefore it is well to remember, even in early years, that nothing of lasting value can be acquired without labor. There is no doubt plenty of reading that needs no thought, but then it does no good, and only serves, as people say, to kill time—a horrible expression when you come to think about it. To get good from a book you must feel a thorough interest in it. A boy who keeps pigeons, and is fond of them, will read with great eagerness any book that tells him about

those birds ; and you may be sure that when he reaches the end of that book he will have learned all it has to teach him. And the reason is plain. The boy is interested in his subject, he wants to gain knowledge, and this desire makes it pleasant to acquire it. So you see he has been reading with a purpose.

A Plan for Reading.—The young reader who is beginning to understand the importance of reading is apt to waste the time which he is really wishing to improve. Now it is impossible to give him all the advice that might be of use to him in this difficulty, but I will give him one hint that may be serviceable, and one which an intelligent boy or girl can follow to some extent alone, and may follow easily with the help of a master.

I will suppose that the student has already some knowledge of English history, and especially of that history from the time of the Reformation, when a new era began in these islands. Whatever is really noble in English literature (with the exception of the poetry of Chaucer, who ranks among our greatest poets and lived in the fourteenth century) dates from the latter part of the sixteenth century, so that speaking roughly we may say that all the famous books England has given to the world have been given within three hundred years. Suppose then that we make our starting point the reign of Queen Elizabeth. If the chief events of that interesting reign are known to the young reader, he will have learned from it, or rather this knowledge will come with riper age, that though our ancestors had many faults in those days (different, but not perhaps worse faults than we exhibit now), they had also splendid virtues, courage, self-denial, the love of enterprise, the love of country, faith in themselves and in God. The books people write are an index to character, and the books written during the reigns of Queen Elizabeth and James I. show the character of that age. Therefore you will see that the actions of that time, as described by the historian, and the words of that time, uttered in literary form by poets and other writers, serve to illustrate each other. Study carefully then the history of Elizabeth's reign, and that of her successor, store up in your

memory the principal dates and events, and then when these are familiar read some of the best books, or selections from the best books, written during that period, and learn the most important facts in the authors' lives. This advice is not, of course, intended for very young children, but boys and girls of twelve years old and upwards should not find it difficult to follow. They might read some of Shakespeare's plays, some beautiful passages from Spenser's "Fairie Queen," and many of the lovely songs and lyrics written in that golden age of English poetry ; and they might read, and could not fail to read with pleasure, the lives of the brave soldiers, sailors, and travelers who helped to make that age so famous—the lives, for instance, of Drake and Frobisher, of Sir Philip Sidney and of Sir Walter Raleigh, which have all been written, and written extremely well, by modern writers. It was the age of adventure, and the daring deeds of English seamen were as famous then as they have been in later years. Read what those men did, and you will say that they were men of whom Wolfe and Nelson and Collingwood might well have been proud. Read about the Elizabethan heroes in the first place, and then if you read the life of Lord Nelson, so beautifully told by Southey, or the life of the good and brave Collingwood, or the lives of Wellington, Lawrence, and Havelock, whose brave doings should be known to every English child, you will learn how the spirit that animated the men who fought and labored for England three hundred years ago has inspired also the splendid deeds achieved in our own century. Thus you can see that books will not only tell you what has been done by famous Englishmen in days gone by, but may also call forth one of the noblest of virtues—patriotism, or the love of country. And no man who loves England, no child who has learned to be proud of his English birthright, will do aught that can disgrace the English name. The more you know of this dear island—"this precious stone set in the silver sea"—the better will you love it, and this knowledge, remember, is to be chiefly gained by books. You will understand now, I think, how close is the

connection between the history of a country and its literature—between the heroes, martyrs, and statesmen, who have fought, bled, and labored for their country's welfare, and the poets and historians who have sung their praises or recorded their acts.

One or two words more must be added here. You will see that the plan of reading suggested may be followed through any reign, or any portion of a reign; but though system in reading is good, it is not necessary to follow it too strictly. Sometimes it may be best to read the book that comes easiest to hand, and a good book, remember, may be read and read and read again, and each time with greater benefit. What child ever grew tired of "Robinson Crusoe" or the "Pilgrim's Progress?" what man that loves reading can grow weary of Shakespeare or of Scott? The number of books and cheap magazines printed in our day may tempt a young reader to be indolent, and to pass from one to another, as a butterfly from flower to flower, without mastering any. A few books well chosen and well read will be better than many books glanced at carelessly. A sensible man, Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, advised his son not to take up any book without reading it to the end. The advice may have been good for Buxton's son, but it is not good in all cases, and might disgust some young readers altogether. For different minds not only is different food needed, but it must be taken in a different way. Variety is more necessary in some cases than in others, but all minds—young minds as well as old—need discipline; and if it be enough for the student to taste certain books, it is only when other books are patiently studied and inwardly digested.

How to Remember What is Read.—I have said that we do not easily forget what we read on a subject that greatly interests us. A man who is told that some one has left him a large sum of money is sure not to forget that news. A boy who has the promise of a cricket-bat will not forget that promise. And so you see there is a connection between a strong interest and a good memory. It is generally true that a man who loves poetry remembers

poetry; that the man with a strong curiosity to learn the facts of history remembers those facts; and it may be safely said that the child whose interest is thoroughly aroused in any subject is certain to recollect what he reads about it. There are many things it is necessary to know which cannot attract a child. These must be learned by heart; and as the memory like every other faculty grows stronger by exercise, it is well that it should be thus used in early life. Useful facts, such as dates, if stored in the memory while young, will be fresh for use in, after days, and in all future reading they will be found of service. There are other ways in which the memory may be strengthened; and no doubt the young reader will agree with me, that if not more useful these ways are more agreeable than the dull storing up of figures. Suppose, for instance, that after reading a charming tale you shut the volume and try to tell the story to your brothers and sisters. This may, no doubt, be difficult at first; but the labor will soon become a pleasure, and the effort to recall the tale will so fix it in your mind that many a long year afterwards it will be still remembered. This is one hint to the boy or girl bent upon self-improvement; and I need scarcely add that the endeavor to write down in simple language an account of what has been read is another way of strengthening the memory. Indeed, it is something more, and may be a lesson in English composition, which is, you know, the art of writing English.

Reading Aloud.—The art of reading aloud should be practiced by every reader. A book read in a clear voice, with proper emphasis and feeling, seems quite different from the same book read in a sing-song drawl. The noblest words ever written are likely to fall upon deaf ears, when read as task work and without animation. The mind of the reader does not come into contact with the mind of the writer; and so the thoughts uttered, however beautiful and worthy, make little if any impression on those who hear them. Every child will have noticed this in a church. One clergyman has read the words of Bible or Prayer-book so as to compel him to listen:

another has read the same words so as to send him to sleep. To read well you must understand and feel what you are reading, and the more alive with meaning the words are to you the better will you utter them. Thus a good reader not only makes his hearers understand the book he reads, but proves by his clearness of utterance and modulation of tone that he understands it well himself.

A good voice is what we call a gift of nature, and the charm of its sweetest tones cannot be acquired; but the voice is so flexible an organ, that, however naturally defective, it can be trained and improved, and every young person may learn the art of elocution, or of distinct and forcible utterance, which is essential to good reading. Poetry and rhythmical prose, that is to say, prose that moves in a kind of harmonious measure, should be read aloud, and if possible in the open air. Let the boy or girl begin by a clear and energetic recitation of such stirring verses as Drayton's "Agincourt," Scott's "Flodden Field," Campbell's "Hohenlinden," Macauley's "Lays," and Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade." From these he might pass on to descriptive and pathetic poetry—to the incomparable "Elegy" of Gray, to Goldsmith's "Traveler" and "Deserted Village," to Wordsworth's loveliest lyrics, and to the many noble passages in Shakespeare which are fitted for recitation. And lastly, let him turn to the sublime and unapproachable harmony of Milton, whose majestic verse, although perhaps but dimly understood, will fill the ear and gladden the heart with its enchanting music and superb beauty of form. Every word in the works of a great poet has a special meaning, and so you will see how necessary it is that every word should receive due attention from the reader. In reading prose it is possible to slur over words, to clip them, and to treat them with something like contempt; but in reading verse this is not so easy to do, and therefore it will be well to study the art of reading aloud through the help of our great poets. And, in order to succeed in this accomplishment, it is advisable—I had almost said necessary—to commit poetry to memory. Thus only will it be-

come a part, as it were, of your mental property, and only by this familiarity with poetical words and imagery will you be able to read poetry as it deserves to be read. It is not necessary to do more than mention the conspicuous faults of bad readers. Some read as if they were crying, although the subject may be the merriest in the world; some whine and some drawl; some assume an artificial sort of voice, altogether unlike the voice in which they talk to a friend; some lay an emphasis on the wrong words; some mumble their words so indistinctly, and read in such a monotonous tone, that it is impossible to listen to them with patience. Remember, then, in reading aloud, to avoid all tiresome effort. Be natural; speak with clearness; understand and feel what you read; and you can hardly fail to read well.

And now, before I end this "talk," let me remind you that it is possible to be a slave even to books. Books cannot be loved too well, but they must be loved wisely. Some young people live in a kind of book-world, and forget the living world around them, and older people become sometimes so absorbed in the imaginary griefs of characters in novels as to disregard the real troubles of their friends and neighbors. This is not making a good use of books. Then, if books so occupy you that you do not care about the beautiful world in which you are living, it is a sign that you are not using them to good purpose. The mountains and woods, the sky and ocean, the birds and flowers have a thousand voices; but it is possible to close our ears against them, and to despise that Book of Nature which is open to every one and has a lesson for all. Yet remember that other books are great and pure and noble, in proportion as they make us see more clearly and enjoy more thankfully the glories displayed in this infinitely wonderful book, of which David speaks so well in the nineteenth Psalm and in the one hundred and fourth Psalm. Many and many a lesson must be learned about this world which books cannot convey, and the proof of what a man knows and can do is not always to be tested by his book-knowledge. It is possible to write many books or to read

them without growing in wisdom, just as it is possible to travel in foreign countries and to learn no more than if you had remained at home.

I hope that what has been said will be enough to teach many a young reader that

one of the most substantial enjoyments of life is to be found in books. With such companions no one need be idle or dull. Let them be used thoughtfully and lovingly, and you will find that they grow dearer every day.

John Dennis.

YACHTING ON THE PACIFIC.

I was not bred to the sea, but have *inherited* a fondness for salt water, and a Cape Horn voyage completed my education.

Engaged in mercantile life, my chief delight is to loiter along the wharves, and admire the latest specimens of marine architecture. To me there is a sort of personality connected with a fine deep-water ship; it seems an animated being, with a sort of individuality in the rake of the masts, and the steeve of the bowsprit; in fact, it bears a look of intelligence. Why, it would seem to me a *landsman* could not mistake the piratical look of the traditional "long, low, black schooner." The clipper, the yacht, the collier, and the lumberman all have their distinctive traits, as much so as the dandy, the dude, the farmer, or the laborer, among human beings. Ships' names are often suggestive, and more particularly was this the case in the days of our early California clippers; as, the "Flying Cloud," the "Sword-fish," "Sovereign of the Seas," "Sea Witch," "Wings of the Morning." Scripture speaks of "taking the *Wings of the Morning*, and dwelling in the uttermost parts of the Seas."

It is not easy to divest oneself of the idea that a ship is in reality an animated being, completely under the control of a skillful master. An old sailor maintains an affection for the ship that has been his home for many voyages, and is always ready with a substitute should his old "Barkey" be christened with an unpronounceable name. A Boston ship was launched, and called the "Chaos," but Jack at once dubbed her the "Shay-Horse," and by this name was she called till the ocean waves gathered her in. Another, the "Adirondack," was too much for the old

boatswain, who entitled her Ad-iron-on-deck. A story is told of a downeast coaster, who had the misfortune to command a new vessel called by the Indian name "Penjajawock," and when spoken at sea and asked the name of his vessel, replied, scratching his head, "It is too much for me, but you can read it on the starn."

It was with pleasurable emotions that I accepted an invitation from Commodore Philip Caduc, of the Pacific Yacht Club, to occupy a bunk on board the flag ship "Annie" in the cruise to Santa Cruz. The "Annie" was a modest little sloop of near twenty tons, beautifully sparred, somewhat in the style of the English cutter, mast and top-mast well proportioned, and spreading considerable area of canvass for her hull; a centre-board type of vessel, like the famous "Puritan" and "Mayflower." She sat low in the water, with no great amount of free-board, a curious model, more like an egg cut in twain lengthwise, but of good beam. A bow, sharp below the water line, and flaring above, to give her buoyancy. The stem ornamented with a small, full-length figure of a maiden. In fact, she had a sort of prim, old-maidish look. Talk of "skimming dishes," the "Annie" was a veritable one.

Many friends sought to dissuade me from the trip, but I knew her for a good sea-boat, always atop of the water; and then it was a matter of history that the "Annie" was said to have carried Boss Tweed to Cuba, in his escape from a New York dungeon, and why could she not carry a party of innocent yachtsmen to Santa Cruz, only seventy miles along shore?

Commodore Caduc always took sole charge

of his own yacht; he was a good sailor, and knew just what the "Annie" could do. Eleven yachts comprised the squadron assembled at Santa Cruz, but only four participated in the race proper from San Francisco to Santa Cruz; the others took their departure at different times, before the hour prescribed by the Commodore of the fleet. The night of Friday, July 1st, was foggy, and cheerless; a strong wind blew in from the Golden Gate, as the expectant yachts lay anchored off Meiggs' wharf, awaiting the starting hour, arranged for 1 A. M. of July 2d. The weather seemed so unpropitious, that a consultation was held, and the hour of starting by mutual consent was postponed till 4 o'clock A. M., when the first dawn of day-light should assist in combatting the unfriendly weather.

Grouped together in friendly proximity lay the "Annie," "Lurline," "Aggie," "Casco," "Nellie," and "Virginia," which were expected to compete for the prizes in the friendly race to Santa Cruz. The "Lurline," a beautiful keel yacht, with a neat sheer, black bends, and golden band; masts a little rakish; like her namesake she was an artful little Syren. She was a favorite; her name, selected in good taste, assisted the little water-sprite to a good reputation as an aquatic champion. She has the Turner stern, so called.

The "Aggie," on the other hand, is of a different type—a center-board boat, hull as straight as an arrow, long bowsprit, masts standing plumb, and great spread of canvass. She comes down upon you at sea standing up like a tower of strength, and is known as a "powerful boat." Painted white, a neat oval stern set at a raking angle with the keel, she is as pretty as a picture on the water. The "Virginia" is of still different style—short, stubby bowsprit, no foretopmast, a solid looking hull, more like a pilot boat. She lacks the graceful lines of the two aforementioned boats, but is considered an able craft. The "Nellie," a pretty yacht with easy lines, no foretopmast, and carries that safe but homely looking sail called the Bermuda main-sail, or leg of mutton sail. The cut of the sail brings its breadth well down, and is therefore safer in heavy weather; the "Nellie" is

a crank boat, and finds this style of canvass better suited to her. The "Ariel," another of the fleet, is a New Yorker, and came to California through the Straits of Magellan. She is one of the most yachty looking vessels in the fleet; a beautiful hull, but unsightly aloft. She has the Bermuda sail, a long main-mast and topmast in one stick, and a short foremast, giving her an awkward look, and we miss the doubling at the masthead to make things look more shipshape.

The "Casco" is the largest of the yachts, and some eighty tons burden. She is a stanch yacht, built for sea service, and has borne her owner to Sandwich Islands and Tahiti. She is well timbered, and to do her best she must have a strong breeze. In light weather she is too heavy to move quickly, and the zephyrs have too much of a load to carry. She is a fast vessel, but hardly able to compete with the flyers built for speed only.

Save the swash of the sea waves, all was quiet till the clanking chain on the "Virginia" at 11:30 o'clock, gave notice that she preferred to leave at once; and heaving up her anchor and hoisting her jib, she threaded her way among the fleet and started on her trip. It was somewhat of a disappointment to see her make sail and leave us, but it could not be helped, and we swallowed our chagrin. At 3 A. M., an hour before the time appointed, the "Nellie" spread her white wings, and she too sailed away solitary and alone, heading seaward. Thus were four yachts left as competitors, viz: the "Lurline," "Aggie," "Casco," and "Annie."

It was a coldish morning, and promptly at 4:20 A. M. the signal gun was fired. The "Aggie" was the first to get away, followed immediately by the "Lurline," and "Annie," with the "Casco" but a few minutes behind. The fog had cleared somewhat, and a strong breeze enabled the yachts to beat out against the flood tide, each one taking advantage of the eddies, and working down along the north and south shore.

It was a pretty sight, as the yachts passed and re-passed each other, all plain sail set, eager to reach the broad ocean, where the tidal current would offer less resistance.

The "Aggie" and "Lurline," old rivals in racing, kept close together, with no apparent advantage to either. Victory had aforesaid perched sometimes on one and sometimes on the other, and the question of superiority never completely decided. The two yachts passed out by Seal Rocks in about two hours from the start. The "Annie" had worked down the south shore, and passed out a half hour later. The "Casco" attempted to better her condition by taking the northern shore, but after passing Point Bonita and finding she was losing ground, she tacked over to the Seal Rocks and joined the line of yachts stretched out to the west. Some seven miles off shore, at the whistling buoy, the fog shut out the leading yachts, and from the "Annie" the "Casco" only was in sight, some four miles astern.

The "Annie," under jib and mainsail, rode the long swell with an easy motion, and plowed her way westward. The direction of the wind assured us it was a forgone fact that the voyage to Santa Cruz was to be a dead beat to the windward, and we prepared for a trip of longer duration than had been anticipated.

With appetites whetted by an early start and work to do for all hands, we waited the summons to breakfast, when the boat-keeper announced our Japanese cook was afflicted with the terrible *mal de mer*, and had taken to his bunk; and we had to content ourselves with hot coffee and hard tack, with a slice of cold ham. Fortunately, when across the bar, our cook recovered his health and spirits, and we afterward enjoyed our square meal in its season.

The prevalence of fog made charts and compass necessary, and charts were studied, courses laid, and calculations made, whether it were best to tack to the southward and trust to a favorable wind from the land, or should we follow the syren "Lurline," luring us away to the westward. The "Lurline" was a wonderful boat in light weather. She had but to spread her wings, and a puff of air, would waft her along like a tuft of down. Nothing can touch her; she fans along even in a calm. In heavy weather too,

she has proved herself an able boat, but rivals are more willing to tackle her if a strong wind is blowing. The "Annie" is the fastest sloop of her inches afloat in these waters. She is a thorn in the side of the larger yachts; a teaser, always on the watch for chances; fleet enough to slip in and take advantage of any error or mishap among her comrades, and seize a prize when nearly won by another.

But now the question arose, Shall we follow the lead of the "Lurline," and push for the Farallones, or tack to the southward? As we argued the point, the "Aggie" suddenly loomed up out of the fog, standing southeast, and as she had an old Santa Cruz trader on board, who probably knew what he was about, we decided to follow suit. As we reached the wake of the "Aggie" "ready about" was the word, and curvetting to her sister "Aggie," the "Annie" swung around obedient to her helm, and followed after.

The "Aggie" passed us about a mile away, and as we hauled aft the sheets, she was disappearing again in the fog. The "Casco" in turn, upon reaching our wake, followed suit. A good breeze was blowing, and a long, smooth sea followed on, testing the qualities of the yacht as a sea-boat, and we voted her a daisy.

Previous to the shutting down of the fog, the "Nellie," which had started an hour before us, was seen afar in the westward, making for the Farallones, and both the "Nellie" and the "Lurline" were seen no more till we met them again at Santa Cruz. The "Casco," setting balloon jib, gaff topsail, and staysail, began to overhaul us rapidly.

The "Annie," content with jib and mainsail, was going along cleverly six knots by the log, and it was provoking to see our neighbor drawing steadily nearer. At 11 A. M. we made the land, bearing N. E., and the "Aggie" appeared again upon the scene, now on the port tack. She had come about just under the land, which proved to be Pt. Pedro. Again she disappeared from view oceanward, and now getting quite near enough, to land, we tacked ship under the fog whistle at Pt. Pillar, the "Casco" crossing our bow on the starboard tack, half a mile away.

How beautifully she looked under a cloud of canvass; and now the impenetrable fog began to disappear, and afforded us an uninterrupted view for miles. As seen from the deck, the horizon is said to be five miles distant, but no friendly sail appeared in the west. A vessel's sails can be seen a longer distance, but as her hull appears in view above the horizon, it is computed at five miles distant in a clear day.

The day was spent in long and short tacks, the "Casco" and "Annie," the only companions, passing and repassing each other at intervals. The "Aggie" was far ahead on the shore side, evidently beating down the shore in short tacks. Thus was spent the afternoon, the wind moderating and making it evident that we had a night at sea before us. At 4 P. M. the "Annie" tacked in the wake of the "Casco," and spreading her balloon jib and club topsail, she pursued her rival, now two miles ahead, on a S. E. by E. course. Pigeon Point bore S. E., the highlands to the north of it plainly visible twelve miles distant. We discern the yachts "Lolita" (sailed at 1 P. M. the day previous) and the "Virginia," sailed five hours before us, both well down toward Pigeon Point. We were now picking up the "Casco" very fast, and she was soon within hail to leeward. We passed, exchanging greetings with Dr. Merritt and friends.

"Casco" set her balloon jib again, but apparently without benefit, for we gradually dropped her in the light wind. 7 P. M. found us slipping along cleverly, having passed Pescadero and Pigeon Point light, about five miles distant. "Lolita" and "Virginia" hauled off shore on the port tack, and we followed suit, the "Casco" imitating our example. All yachts, including the "Aggie," are now heading to the westward to get an offing for the night.

At 7:50 Pigeon Point light flashed out upon the scene, with intervals of thirty seconds between the flashes. The wind gradually died away, and night closed around us. Whales have played about us all the afternoon, yet not coming uncomfortably near. Side lights, the green and red, were placed in the rig-

ging—a legal requirement—and as we are in the path of the coast steamers, we must provide against accident.

Curiosity led me on deck at 11 P. M., with a desire to scan the weather in the hope of a change. And now a nervous shock was experienced, as a huge whale, apparently forty or fifty feet in length, rose within thirty feet of the yacht, and with his sighing sound of respiration, startled all on deck. His black, India-rubber-looking hide shone like satin in the moonlight, when, with a whip of the flukes, he descended to ocean depths. No sleep for me this night. Should such a monster happen to hump himself beneath the yacht, it would certainly put an end to our cruise.

Daylight of July 3d found us enveloped again in a fog, the ocean calmly sleeping, and the yacht without steerage way. We doubted not the "Casco" was close by, and we longed for a lifting of the curtain.

The long continued head winds and calms, added to the appearance of whales in such numbers, instinctively led us to believe there was a Jonah on board; and he was finally identified in the person of a young man, bearing a badge upon his breast N. S. G. W. These initials must signify "No signs good weather." We felt we would be perfectly justified in throwing him into the sea, to be cast up by a whale on dry land—probably much to his joy.

At 7 A. M. the fog had partially cleared. No "Casco" in sight, but in her place the yacht "Ariel" appeared abeam, about one mile distant; like ourselves, rolling in the long swell. A light air seemed to fan us, and only by throwing overboard wads of paper could we detect we were moving as the messengers drifted astern. We were surrounded by the "Nautilus," or "Portuguese Men of War," gliding along the surface of the sea, with their tiny purple sails spread to catch the light air. The sky was gray, with no signs of sunshine—in fact, we have seen but little of the sun during our voyage.

Whales again sporting around us, but with daylight our courage had returned, and we watched their huge, shining forms, as they ap-

pear and disappear, their whereabouts below detected by the ripples and their bird attendants; lazy fellows moving with dignity, conscious of their superior strength.

And now a breeze is rising; the ripples multiply under the bow. Every rag of sail that she owns is spread upon the yacht, to catch the fickle zephyr, and we roll along under jib, mainsail, club topsail, and spina-ker. Good-bye to the "Ariel," we will meet her later.

A coast steamer, supposed to be the Los Angeles, passed near by, going north. We gave her a gun, and she responded with whistles. No yacht in sight but the "Ariel." What has become of the "Casco; has she given us the slip in the night, and is now well on her way to our destination?

At 11 A. M. a steamer passed well off shore bound south; 12 M., Pigeon Pt. bears E., and Point Año Nueva rises to view five miles distant. Our course is now E. S. E., and the wind aft.

Another steamer passes in shore, bound N. 1 o'clock, wind freshened, boomed out the mainsail with guy rope, and set spina-ker on the port side. The "Ariel" far astern, and wind increasing fast; at 2 P. M., Pt. Año Nueva bears N. N. W., distant eight miles. "Ariel" hull down astern. A strong breeze has settled down, and the "Annie," with her skirts spread wide, is showing her heels; it is very exhilarating; the yacht is reeling off her ten knots, with a big bone in her teeth. The foam rolls away in heaping masses of froth; and like a mill-race sweeps off, leaving a broad white roadway, which rises and falls in the undulating waves, till it vanishes in the distance. Could we have had this wind before, what might we not have accomplished!

3 P. M.: wind increasing, the mast buckles with the strain, and the preventer braces are taut as harp strings, as she speeds along, caressing the breeze, obedient to the helm, held with a vice-like grip in the hands of the Commodore himself. Davenport Landing bears abeam, and Santa Cruz light appears in sight twelve miles away.

The "Annie" is obedient to her helm always, and when by the wind in a good breeze

she will steer herself, with her nicely balanced sails; the experiment was often tried. No fighting her with the helm was needed; let her alone, was the order; don't resist her; she will take care of herself, with now and then a spoke. When off the wind, a steady hand is needed.

At 4:20, passed Santa Cruz light. The cliffs about are covered with spectators; waving of handkerchiefs, as a welcome to the Commodore, is responded to with a gun. Yacht "White Wing" comes out to meet us, and saluted our gun-fire. As we entered the harbor, the yachts at anchor man the rigging as we pass, and shout their cheers for the Commodore, mingled with the voices of howitzers. We ran up the bay, then rounded to, and came to anchor in a convenient spot, thirty-six hours from San Francisco; sixteen hours headwinds, sixteen hours calm, and four hours of strong breezes. The "Lurline" was the first to arrive at about 6 A. M., followed by the "Nellie" and "Aggie" some hours later. The "Ariel" arrived in an hour and a half, and the "Casco" two and a half hours after the "Annie."

The bay presented a beautiful sight, and the excitement attendant upon the arrival of the flagship was a tribute well appreciated. We compared notes with our comrades in the race. After getting outside the Heads, the "Lurline," in view of the doubtful situation, decided to stand off to the westward, until they were able without a doubt to make a straight course for Monterey Bay. In company with the "Nellie," which had made several tacks, they stood fearlessly on to the Farallones, permitting the "Aggie" to part company without hindrance; passed to the southward of the islands, and tacked to the S. E., the island bearing N. three miles distant; the sea was found to be pretty rough; the "Lurline" manifesting an uneasy disposition in the heavy sea.

Old Neptune saw his opportunity, and exacted a tribute from some of the guests on board, and four were bent in devotion together at the ship's rail. The "Nellie" tacked a half hour before the "Lurline," while the latter held on steadily to the west; then tack-

ing to the S. E., with sheets eased off a little, she started after the "Nellie," passed her about 1 P. M., about a mile to windward, and when night shut in she was far astern.

A land-fall was made at Pigeon Pt. light, which she reached about 4 P. M., and was at once becalmed; saw the "Aggie" away in shore, to the northward, also becalmed.

But light airs now and then fanned her along, till at 8 P. M. Santa Cruz light was raised some five miles distant, and the yacht became motionless for the night. At daylight, a light air springing up, they were enabled to pass the line (Santa Cruz light), and time was taken, 5:53 A. M., anchoring in the harbor at 6:35.

The "Nellie" arrived at 11 A. M., and the "Aggie" at 12:25. The "Virginia" tacked just outside the whistling buoy, and beat down along the shore; saw the "Lolita" at daylight off Pt. Pillar. The "Lolita" seemed glad of company, and favored by a light wind, kept along with the "Virginia," arriving at Santa Cruz about half an hour behind her. The "Virginia" complained of the whales, whose proximity disturbed them by their villainous smell.

The time of the yachts was as follows:

"Lurline," twenty-five and one-half hours; "Aggie," thirty-two hours; "Nellie," thirty-two hours; "Annie," thirty-six hours; "Casco," thirty-eight hours; "Virginia," thirty-eight hours; "Lolita" thirty-seven hours. It should be borne in mind that those sailing from San Francisco with the ebb tide, viz: the "Virginia" "Lolita," and "Nellie" had an advantage of at least one hour in their favor, as compared with those working out against the flood tide.

The morning of July 4th dawned upon the fleet at anchor in Santa Cruz harbor. At gun-fire (8 bells) from the flagship, as if by magic, each yacht was dressed in flags from stem to stern, and from truck to water's edge. It was a beautiful sight. Yachtsmen in their natty uniforms passed from ship to shore, to join with the citizens in celebrating the day. The presence of the fleet formed an important feature in the day's celebration, and the hospitable manner in which the sailor boys

were received was fully appreciated. Landlubbers stood no chance with the jolly yachtsmen among the fair sex, and the freedom of the city was theirs. The afternoon of the Fourth was given up to the reception of visitors. Boats flitted to and fro, bearing loads of merry maidens to the different yachts. The bay was a sea of parasols of many hues, and the soft strains of the organette, on board many of the fleet, added to the enchantment of the scene. Boats of the yachts were freely used in transportation, and visitors counted by the hundreds. Both lady and gentlemen swimmers found their way to the nearest vessels, and seated themselves on the rail for rest, too moist to occupy the plush cushions of the cabin. At sundown the scene changed. As old Sol descended below the hilltop, the crews of the yachts stood by the halliards, awaiting the signal given by the sunset gun, and before the echoes had died away the bunting had disappeared in a twinkling.

As evening approached, Chinese lanterns in fantastic forms and devices took the place of bunting, and the bay became a fairyland; then came the pyrotechnic display—rockets everywhere, a bombardment of fire balls and Roman candles, discharge of cannon, and general noisy demonstrations seemed for two hours to be more like Bedlam broke loose; and quiet was restored only after the ammunition was exhausted. As midnight approached, a calm stillness reigned once more, only broken at intervals by the merry songs of belated yachtsmen returning from the shore.

On July 5th orders were promulgated dismissing the fleet, and preparations made on the different yachts for the return trip. The order to "go as you please," was fully carried out, and the yachts began to disperse. Quite a number of the fleet took their departure on the 6th of July. The "Lurline" left for a trip to San Diego, and the "Casco" for Santa Barbara. Five yachts started for San Francisco: the "Aggie" at 6 A. M., "Lolita" at 8 A. M., "Annie," 9 A. M., "Ariel," 9:15, and "Virginia" at 9:30. Wind westward, and light at the start. Off the lighthouse the yachts all stood to the southward, and as seen from the "Annie" it was a pret-

ty sight. The Commodore had left the flagship in charge of his boat-keeper, with orders not to be the last to arrive at the home port. The wind breezing up, all the yachts worked down along the northern shore in short tacks. The "Aggie" was sighted about 10 A. M., having had three hours the start. All yachts tacked off and on to New Year's Point, when the wind died away and the fog came in, when all stood off shore to the southwest. At midnight "Annie" tacked ship in a light S. S. W. breeze, and headed W. N. W. At 3 A. M. sighted the "Aggie" to windward two miles distant; at 7 A. M. drawing near her, a boat was sent to the "Aggie" for some needed supplies, and returning, a good breeze from the southeast made all hands alert to take advantage of the slant. Set balloon jib, gaff topsail, and spinnaker, guyed out the main boom, and headed W. N. W. We now dropped the "Aggie" very fast, sighted the "Lolita" and "Virginia" abeam; yacht going five knots, and dropping all others astern. At 11:30 wind died away, and light airs from the west obliged us to take in the light sails; yacht close hauled, heading N. N. W. At 5 P. M. passed the yacht "White Wing" off Half Moon Bay; sailed the day before us. All other yachts astern, "Aggie" to windward. Saluted the "White Wing" with a gun, and

bade her good bye. Tacked off shore and then again to northward. Wind hauled to southwest, steady breeze, and a very heavy sea running, the "Annie" showing her fine qualities as a sea boat. Off Point Pedro took weather preventer back stay well aft, and set light sails. Eased off the sheets and let her run about a point free, steering for the whistling buoy. Reached the buoy at 9:30, a bad sea running, but determined to make for the Golden Gate. The "Annie," now on the bar in a heavy sea, won our encomiums for her good behavior—not a bucket of water came on board, and no yachts in sight around us; it was, in fact, a dark and a rough night. Passed rapidly by Point Bonita at 10:15 P. M.; fired three guns off the telegraph station at Point Lobos, to announce our arrival, and came to anchor off Meigg's wharf at 11 P. M., thirty-eight hours from Santa Cruz. "Aggie" arrived in forty-three hours, "Virginia," forty-six hours, "Lolita" and "Ariel" forty-nine hours, "White Wing" sixty hours. After an absence from our anchorage of six days, the fleet is at anchor again at the old familiar rendezvous, ready for any new experience.

The "Annie" is entitled to the first prize for the homeward trip, having made the best time by five hours, but alas! no prizes are forthcoming for the homeward bound.

J. S. B.

HOPE.

THERE'S a cleft in the clouds today, a cleft today,
And streams the glittering sun-light over the bay,
Where sail the ships away.

It kisses yon white-sailed bark. Its golden mark
Is over the land and sea. Its heavenly arc
Compasses doubt and dark.

The gift of this lingering light is an inward might
That makes life's pathway ever smooth and bright,
And guides our steps aright.

THE HORRORS OF POI.

A FEW days ago I went to a "Luau," (pronounced lu-ow,) and am now slowly recovering. "What is a 'luau'?" I hear the reader inquire. A "luau," my friend, is a barbarous plot against the peace and well being of the human stomach, an instance of savage gastronomy, a provocative of nightmares and biliousness—in short, a native feast. Great preparations had been made for it; it was to be a "royal luau," gotten up under the patronage of the King himself; the invitations came direct from the palace, and royalty had promised to grace the head of the table. One of the many good friends that we had made in Honolulu came for us in his carriage; we enjoyed a charming ride through the town, among the banana plantations and carp-ponds, and along the edge of the emerald-and-sapphire-tinted sea, and turned into the royal park at the eastern end of the city, where the King has a warm-weather bungalow. The King's chamberlain met us as we left our carriage, and escorted us to the pavilion in which his Majesty and his friends were enjoying the cool shade, the trade-winds, and champagne frappé. We were shown into a room that was plainly and sensibly furnished, and had upon the walls portraits of former Kings and Queens—together with a framed address, that was presented to the King, on the occasion of his visit to New York, and to which he afterwards called our attention with considerable pride. The King immediately entered from the veranda, which overlooked the scene of the coming festivities, and greeted us in excellent English. There was little about him to suggest the monarch—he had no crown on, carried no sceptre, and did not even wear the famous \$20,000 cloak of yellow feathers, which is the distinctive mark of Hawaiian royalty. His appearance was simply that of a light-tinted colored gentleman of perfect manners; he was dressed in a complete suit of white flannel, and carried a straw hat in his hand. Around his neck he wore a "lei,"

(pronounced lay,) or garland of flowers, and another of rich yellow blossoms encircled his hat. His features were of strong native type; he looked neither better nor worse than half the male Hawaiians of middle age, whom one meets in Honolulu.

After a few moments' chat we made our salaams and went out into the park. It was filled with gayly dressed natives, members of the royal family, and the notabilities of Honolulu; the royal Hawaiian Band, all its members dressed in white, was flooding the air with strains of Strauss and Offenbach, and in the intervals of instrumental music a corps of native singers, male and female, chanted plaintive and sensuous Hawaiian songs. At one end of the park was spread a large tent, open at the sides, in which we saw a tempting array of fruits and flowers, and a display of bottles which showed that whatever the character of the food might be, there was to be no lack in the quantity or quality of liquid refreshment. Beyond the tent, the processes of native cookery were approaching their termination; an appetizing odor of baked meats, a smoke as from the burnt offering of rams and goats, a steam suggestive of emanation from tender, youthful pigs, blended together and came to us down the breeze—the ceremonies in honor of the ancient institution of the "luau" were evidently about to begin.

At this interesting moment the King's chamberlain again appeared before us. "His Majesty would feel honored if we would fall into the procession to the tent directly behind himself and the members of his family, and sit with him at the head of the table." We thanked the chamberlain for the King's attention; in any little thing like that we would be pleased to gratify him. Royalty appeared at the door of the pavilion, with a female branch of its family hanging on each arm, and making a brave show in robes of brocaded black silk; republicanism, in us embodied, followed af-

ter; the other guests succeeded, and moving to the strains of a stirring march by the band we entered the banqueting-tent, passed around the hollow square formed by the tables, and took our positions at the top of them. Good-looking Hawaiian girls, from fourteen to twenty years of age, stood behind the company and filled the open space inside the tables, bearing long wands, set with bunches of variegated feathers, with which they fanned the guests and waved away the intruding mosquitoes. All these maidens were dressed in white, and—like every Hawaiian in holiday time—wore about their necks and heads “leis” of fragrant flowers.

After an address of welcome by the King, we are desired to sit down and fall to. We prepare to do so, when—hello! where are the chairs? There are none, and if any were provided, what in the world would you do with them, at a table that is raised not more than six inches from the ground? We look at the King. He has curled his legs up under him, and is seated tailor-wise upon the matting that is spread upon the earth around the festive board. We do in Honolulu as the Honoluluans do, squat ourselves like so many Turks about the table, and at the close of the feast find both legs asleep, and experience the sensation of having no feet whatever. This Oriental and unaccustomed attitude being at last assumed, we look about at the viands. They seem to consist chiefly of raw fish, and piles of uninviting boiled leaves, interspersed with seaweed, and live shrimps which are cheerfully wriggling and hopping over the table-cloth. We feel our appetite taking a sudden congé; we only came to look on, anyway, we say; we never take anything to eat in the middle of the afternoon. A waiter brings us a dish, with the chamberlain’s compliments; we look into it and see a raw crab lying on a bed of glistening sea-weed. “An excellent appetizer,” says the waiter. We “pass” on the uncooked crab, but try the sea-weed. Concentrated iodine, with a dash of chlorine, and an infused taste of sour fermentation! Open that bottle of Pommery Sec at

once! A draft of the foaming liquid relieves us of the taste of this “excellent appetizer.” Sea-weed, forsooth! It is nothing less than sauer-kraut with the delirium tremens. A pile of the boiled leaves before us is deftly opened by an attendant, and behold! a delicious baked mullet, king of edible fishes, partaking of which we declare that there is some merit in Hawaiian cookery, after all. Beside each plate stands a large calabash of “poi,” the *pièce de résistance* of every native repast. It is made from the root of the taro—an esculent of the Aurum family—which is ground into flour, beaten into dough with stone pestles, mixed with water, and allowed to ferment. It is of a faded lavender color, and looks like bill-posters’ paste—tastes like it, too—when the bill-poster has been careless and allowed it to sour. There is a mild flavor of mouldiness about “poi” much admired by the natives, but which my palate is too little educated to appreciate. It is made in three forms, which vary only in consistency, and are expressly described as “one-finger,” “two-finger” and “three-finger” poi. The “one-finger” grade is the thickest, the “three-finger” the thinnest; to eat the latter, and not smear one’s self and one’s neighbors, is to attain the height of trencher ability in Hawaii. It may be unnecessary to explain the mysteries of “poi”-eating any further—in the present instance the honored adage that “fingers were made before forks” is disregarded, and the latter artificial utensils are employed. We make but little impression on our calabashes of “poi”—even with the assistance of dried fish and a pungent sauce made of the candle-nut (which tastes like burnt almonds, and continued so to taste four days after the “luau” was only a memory) the national dish remained insipid. Others, better endowed by nature, or with superior advantages in the way of gastronomic education, seemed to relish it hugely. I was filled with admiration at the exploits of a worthy native dame near by, who put away three quart-calabashes of it in an awful and mysterious manner. “Poi” is undoubtedly nutritious. The taro

plant, from which it is made, will support a thousand men to the acre, and a taro field containing only forty square feet will keep a man for a year, "poi" and the taro-root, baked or boiled, being his chief food.

Another mass of boiled leaves, filling a large platter, is opened and disclosed — pig. Charles Lamb himself would have rejoiced at seeing this Hawaiian modification of his favorite dish; the Hawaiians would make a niche for him in their Pantheon, if they had ever heard of his glorification of their most esteemed edible. The pig is almost a fetich in Hawaii; he is credited with supernatural sagacity; is sacrificed as an offering of popular avail to Pele, when that unpleasant goddess becomes obstreperous; is accounted, when given by man to man, as the most delicate expression of friendship, and is the choicest expression of love and fealty that the subject can offer to his King. His baking is as solemnly considered and carried out as any sacrificial rite. He is dispatched, with all possible tenderness, after a generous diet of "poi"; his incipient bristles are delicately removed, and his internal machinery dished up as a particularly agreeable *bonne bouche*; he is washed and cleansed, and laid out white and innocent for the fire. A hole is then dug in the ground and lined with glistening banana and "ti" leaves; red-hot stones are placed therein, and others fill the interior of the pig. He is placed upon a layer of leaves, two or three pails of water are turned upon him, vegetables and seaweed are packed about him, the earth is replaced, and he is left to steam and bake until the time set for the "luau" arrives. Delicious is he when served up at the table, as pure and savory a piece of meat as any man would wish to sit down to. We try the pig, and pronounce him very good. Another sort of meat comes down to us from the King's territory — delicately assorted of fat and lean, smoking hot, tasting like very rich boiled beef, but with a peculiar, entirely unfamiliar, very agreeable flavor. We send back thanks for his Majesty's kind attention; will his Majesty favor us with the name of this new delicacy? His Majesty, smiling graciously, imitates the barking of a dog,

and waves his hand reassuringly. Royalty must have his little joke; we humor it by laughing heartily. Very good, i' faith! ha! ha! Our neighbors join with us in the merriment occasioned by his Majesty's witticism. Why, hang it all! they are laughing at us! The waiter brings the dish—dog, for a ducat, dog. The chamberlain explains. This is no ordinary "yellow dog," he says, but a "poi" dog. What is a "poi" dog? It is one, he goes on, that is taken out of the world of dogdom directly after it is weaned, and fed on "poi" until it is so fat that, when it is standing still, you can in no wise determine in which direction it will go when it moves. This result achieved, it is treated like the pig above described, and is esteemed by all table-oracles in Hawaii as a worthy companion dish to him. We look again at the platter; that is surely a pig's head that lies upon it? Truly, yes — it is common to defer to the prejudice of strangers by setting dog before them with a pig's head attached to him instead of his own. Pig or dog—you may toss up to decide which you have eaten, when you return from a Hawaiian "luau."

After the *roti du chien*—of which we declined to taste further, lest we should acquire a taste for it and shock our friends when we reached home, by insisting on having a cut of cold puppy always on the sideboard—come various concoctions of cocoanut, followed by the more civilized incidents of water-melons, fruit of all sorts, cake and ice-cream. During the repast, the band and the singers have been hard at work outside, and in the intervals of melody speeches of dull import have been made by distinguished guests. After all was done the King led the way to the cocoanut trees, where several natives were assembled to climb to their tops for a prize. One young fellow surpassed all the others. At the word, up he went in convulsive, frog-like jumps, clinging mysteriously to the smooth bark with fingers and toes. Twenty-five seconds to the tuft of leaves at the top, eighty feet from the ground; he picks a nut and drops it; in fifteen seconds more he was on the grass again—making in forty seconds a trip that I should have

thought cleverly traversed, if he had taken half an hour for it. Then more music, some chat, a farewell bow to the King, and home by the edge of the sea just as the sun was setting. Later, to bed, and to dreams of dogs climbing cocoanut-trees, and throwing the fruit at one; of gigantic crabs waltzing with cuttle-fish (for these, too, we had at the "luau"); of goggle eyed fish, that had somehow got into the King's clothes, and other such enlivening visions. The next day in

bed, to give the cocoanut concoctions and the sea-weed and the candle-nut—not to mention the dog—a chance to digest, which they wilfully refuse to improve.

Thus in-completely have I sketched the incidents and effects of the great "luau" of King Kalakaua, in the present year of grace. These feasts grow fewer and further between; this may be the last important celebration of atime-honored and characteristic Hawaiian custom.

Corr. N. Y. Tribune.

CHIHUAHUA.

SITUATED in the very heart of old Mexico, surrounded on all sides by mountains, grim and well nigh impassable, it is small wonder that until steam had worked its mighty way to its doors, Chihuahua was a veritable *terra incognita*.

It is a beautiful city. Approaching it at nightfall, when soft shadows throw an enchantment over all, it looks like a marble town, gleaming white amid the trees. The buildings, with the exception of a few shops and churches, are all of one story, and composed of adobe stuccoed with white. The roofs of the dwelling-houses are perfectly flat. The houses themselves are built about a court or *patio*, upon which doors open, and in which grow trees and vines and flowering shrubs. There is usually the *patio* of beauty and luxuriance, which opens into another of utility, within which chickens feed and cows and horses have their home. The walls of the houses are very thick, and few rooms have windows in them. The heavy doors, dividing in the center, and provided with iron bars, are generally open upon the *patio*, and then in case of assault by their enemy, the Indian, the inhabitants retreat within their substantial houses, and bar and barricade their mighty doors. Those attacks are now, however, a tale of the past. The *haute noble* of the Chihuahuans pride themselves upon their Castilian blood and language, and it is not uncommon to see a beauty with golden hair and soft blue eyes.

On account of the difficulty of access, the duty upon all imported articles has been very high, and many that are deemed necessities with us are esteemed among most of the Chihuahuans unallowable luxuries. The hotel at which we tarried was most primitive in all its arrangements. Upon boards about a foot wide were placed on narrow iron bedsteads mattresses, which were certainly not luxurious, and the pillows were as hard as a block of wood. "Feather pillows!" exclaimed the person to whom we applied in our despair; "Why, no one but the rich people in Chihuahua can afford them."

Its Cathedral is one of the grandest in all Mexico. It was built by taxes levied on the Santa Eulalia mines. Its façade is of brown stone. In different niches are life-size statues of the Apostles. And like St. Mark's of Venice, far away, about it doves in quantities flutter and coo the whole day long, and find their repose at night. It is no uncommon thing to see one perched upon a saintly head or an outstretched hand, or nestling at stone feet. Within, the Cathedral is vast and capacious, with several chapels opening from the grand center. There are no seats, and we saw kneeling upon the adobe floor many a *señorita* whose bright eyes surveyed us from behind the folds of her *serape*. Above our heads a little bird had made its home, and was warbling forth its song of praise. In one of the chapels the figure of the Madonna was attired in a blue silk dress, and

upon her head a straw bonnet, with blue strings tied beneath her chin. Until the advent of those innovators, *los Americanos*, bonnets were unknown among the Chihuahua femininity, and even now are rarely seen save on dress occasions—the lower classes wearing a *serape* of light wool, while the better class wear a small, square black shawl over head and shoulders. There is much luxury and considerable elegance among the high classes. Houses are handsomely furnished and ladies finely dressed. Some one present upon some festive occasion spoke of thirty or forty ladies attired in costumes made by the famous Worth.

The streets are constantly policed and kept very clean, but in the most primitive way: a quaint little cart into which the refuse is thrown, a brush and wooden receptacle, upon which the dirt is placed. One might fancy that he was suddenly dropped in some ancient city across the seas, from certain aspects. The carts, with clumsy wooden wheels, the simple, old-time farming tools, the perfect content with what to us seems inconvenient and incomplete, the distaste for any modern innovation. The Alameda is a beautiful drive. Beneath its over-arching trees the road is well kept and pleasant. At the right winds the Rio Grande, a narrow stream at this point, scarce worthy, pretty as it is, of its high-sounding name. Upon its banks were many women washing; and the bright-hued serapes, the snowy clothes, gleaming in the sunshine, and the rippling river, made a picturesque appearance. *Burros* are used as beasts of burden in all Mexico. Pretty little animals are those of Chihuahua: delicate legs and feet, small heads and bright eyes, and exceedingly shapely, small bodies. Poor, patient little mules! A drove of them, upon one occasion, was passing down beneath the trees of the Alameda, attended by a *Mejicano*, with broad-brimmed sombrero, and gay serape tossed gracefully across his shoulder. The little creatures were heavily laden with adobes. One of them, whose patience was taxed beyond his endurance, deliberately laid himself down in the road, and tumbled them off in the dust. One is always coming across pretty pictures and statuesque groupings in Chihua-

hua. Here a lovely child with bare shoulders, tangled, black hair, and a pair of glorious eyes, holding an *olla* upon her well-poised head, with the aid of one bare, brown arm; there a latticed door ornate with choice carving, through which bright eyes are peering; and again, one of the old-time carts, filled with produce, and a dainty, laughing child perched in the midst thereof.

Opposite the cathedral is the plaza—a pretty park filled with blooming plants, and with a fountain in the centre. Here, upon Sunday evenings, plays the band—a very choice one, by the way—without, assemble carriages, and within, walk belles and beaux. The market is exceedingly quaint. Everything is placed upon the ground, and divided off into what we would call stalls, and presided over by the owners. Provision is made for the slenderest purse. Every thing is placed by itself, and there will be piles of different sizes. For the poor, there can be found those valued at a *telaka*, two or three tomatoes, a few nuts and other produce, at the same ratio. The lover of pottery and Guadalajara ware can procure it for little or nothing. But let him beware lest the duty he must pay at the Mexican frontier causes it to mount to figures he reckons not of.

Among the prettiest curios to all lovers of such pets are the tiny Chiquita dogs, some of them so small that they can easily be carried in one's pocket. They have fur soft as satin, bright eyes, and long, pointed noses, and resemble much our black and tan terrier. They are quite difficult to obtain, and those of pure blood can only be found with fanciers, who make it their special business to raise the little creatures, and are loth to part with them to any save the Mexicans, who make great pets of them. The wee dogs are wonderfully intelligent, obedient, and affectionate. When we were in Chihuahua, it was during a successful opera season, and all the *élite* of the city were there assembled. The lamented Peralta, the Mexican nightingale, was the prima donna; and of rare quality was her delicious voice. She was well supported by a fine tenor, superb contralto, and a finely drilled and capable chorus. The house was a plain, unpretentious building,

but the audience would have borne favorable comparison with that of any city. But it was up in the gallery "among the gods" that *los Americanos* cast most interested eyes. Swarthy countenances, shadowed by wide hats, ornate with silver trimmings, *serapes* with blue and yellow and red stripes, lighting up the gloom like radiant flowers; and one little star-like face, fit to shine in its beauty upon Murillo's canvas. The opera given upon one occasion was *Lucretia Borgia*, and the sweet, silvery notes of its melodies live yet in many memories.

There is a fine woolen factory on the outskirts of the town—a substantial building set in a park of beauty, green grass, and alfalfa, and gaily blooming flowers. Its new aqueduct is a finely constructed piece of masonry, while the old one, winding off among the hills, shows that in its prime it was not far behind it.

Chihuahua may in future possess more luxury and modern conveniences, but it is to be doubted whether it will remain as picturesque as in the old secluded days. The present population is about 12,000, the city having greatly decreased in importance since the year 1718, when it is said to have numbered over 70,000 inhabitants.

In the heart of the town is a slender, white tower; near its summit is a grated window. Within this narrow cage did an ardent, earnest soul beat against the bars many years ago. To this day it is known as "Hidalgo's tower," and much interest is attached to it. Thoughts fly back like birds to the memory of the patriot priest; lovingly rest there, chanting requiems, and hoping that at last he has entered into his rest. Hidalgo Y. Costilla Don Miguel was born in South America in the latter part of the eighteenth century. In his early life he was a priest, earnest and conscientious in the performance of his religious duties. To him is accredited the introduction of the silk-worm into Mexico, and much interest in viniculture. The Spanish government discouraged all manufactures or agriculture which could interfere with the revenues, and destroyed Hidalgo's vines. He was thus driven into rebellion. He had great influence with the Indians, who joined his standard; and the

plan of a general insurrection was arranged, to take place November 1st, 1810. One of the conspirators proved treacherous, and the movement was precipitated. In September Hidalgo and his forces were joined by three officers, the garrison of Guanajunto, and raised the standard of revolt. Hidalgo was possessor of great eloquence, and swayed minds at his will. After one of his orations, a banner was unfurled, ornamented with a rough portrait of Our Lady of Guadalupe, the patron saint of Mexico, and the insurrection assumed the character of a crusade. September 20th, with an army of twenty thousand strong, mostly Indians, Hidalgo captured Guanajunto; afterwards Valladolid was taken, and other small places. Soon after the impassioned leader was proclaimed Generalissimo, and the army advanced against Mexico. Hidalgo being excommunicated by the Archbishop, disorder and desertion followed among his superstitious followers. He was defeated at Aculco by Caluja, in November. Soon after he was driven from Guanajunto with great slaughter, and entirely overcome January 17th, 1811. He rallied a remnant of his forces at Saltillo, and attempted to go to the United States, to beseech military aid, but was betrayed into the hands of the Spaniards by one of his associates. He was taken to Chihuahua, degraded from the priesthood, imprisoned, and finally shot July 27th, 1811.

He is looked upon as a saint and a martyr, and the place of his execution showed as one of holy interest.

Framed in by picturesque surroundings, seen through the mist of years, the image of Hidalgo is one of romantic interest. We seem to see in him an emancipator—one who endeavored to throw off the shackles of restricting power, and to set his people free from the bondage of narrowness and prejudice.

Leaving it in the early morning, with that indescribable purity of atmosphere and delicacy of color due to its great altitude, who that has seen it will ever forget the beautiful city at the base of the Sierra Madre?—like a gem in the clasp of the mountains—fair Chihuahua!

M. E. S. Brooks.

POPULAR SCIENCE NOTES.

“A CHIEF'S AMANG YE TAKIN' NOTES.”

From the “Amateur Photographer” we quote the following :

“A wealthy ironmaster in the north of England, whose works and house are daz- zlingly illuminated by the electric light, has adopted an ingenious contrivance, by which he may glean some information as to what goes on during his not unfrequent absences from home. In several of his rooms, and in his offices, there is a concealed apparatus in the walls, consisting of a roll of Eastman pa- per and a train of clockwork. Every hour a shutter is silently opened by the machinery, and an instantaneous photograph taken of all that is going on in the room. On the great man's return, he delights to develop these pictures, and it is said that they have fur- nished some very strange information indeed. One clerk, who received his dismissal some- what unexpectedly, and boldly wanted to know the reason why, was horrified when he was shown a photograph in which he was de- picted lolling in an easy chair, with his feet upon the office desk, while the clock on the mantel-piece pointed to an hour at which he ought to have been at his busiest. The ser- vants' party in the best dining-room furnished another thrilling scene !”

We hope the reprehensible example set by this wealthy British ironmaster will not find many imitators. Heaven only knows what would become of us all, subjected to the mer- ciless supervision of the all-seeing eye. There is only one thing which could possibly be worse ; that is, an instrument to record all our foolish words. And we are informed, too, that there is an invention in progress of per- fection even for that diabolical purpose. Given both records, then “let men sit in judg- ment upon themselves.” Assuredly, no tribunal armed with the mighty power of the law would be necessary. Man would decree his banishment—would seek to flee from him- self.

We remember attending a school in our young days, where every Saturday the schol- ars were encouraged to sit in judgment upon themselves in punishment of any breach of discipline. It was a very effective device, as all the delinquents found to their cost. The boys, when put upon their honor, chastised each other with inexorable severity. It is Burns who sings :

“Oh wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see ourselves as ithers see us.”

With this diabolical photographer and phonographer we should be enabled to do so. Who thinks that he would admire his own portrait in black and white — principally white, no doubt ?

WHY WE CANNOT SEE THE STARS BY DAY.

“The extinction of ‘starlight’ by the daylight is not due to the vapors of the at- mosphere, but to the ‘stronger’ vibrations of sunlight, which prevent our eyes perceiv- ing the weaker vibrations of starlight, exactly as a stronger sound, say a cannon-shot, pre- vents us from hearing a smaller noise, say a mouse piping ; or, as is well known, a larger disturbance in water extinguishes a smaller one. The smaller noise, the smaller sound waves, and the smaller light vibrations are not perceived by our senses when the greater impressions or disturbances occupy them. There is not the slightest necessity of elab- orate theories on ‘ether,’ when the limit of the susceptibility of our senses offers a suf- ficient explanation why we cannot see the light of all and every star in the universe.”

Some such suggestion has been made the text of one of Mr. Proctor's finest essays, and there is a corresponding train of thought per- vading many of them. It is indeed suggest- ive to think that glorious and blessed as is the light which we receive from our sun, yet his light obscures from us the glories of the universe. It is during darkness only that we behold the heavens in all their splendor. Mr.

Proctor closes the essay alluded to with the following fine and appropriate lines :

“Mysterious Night ! When the first parent knew
Thee from report divine, and heard thy name,
Did he not tremble for this goodly frame,
This glorious canopy of light and blue ?
Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
Hesperus with the hosts of evening came,
And lo ! creation widened in man's view !
Who could have 'thought such darkness lay concealed
Within thy beam, O Sun ! or who could find,
Whilst fly and leaf and insect stood revealed,
That to such countless hosts thou mad'st us blind ?
Why do we then shun death with anxious strife ?
If light can thus deceive, why may not life ?”

A NAVY is getting to be an expensive luxury these days. The admiral, who, like old Van Tromp, is ambitious of carrying a broom at his masthead with which to sweep the seas, must first hold a consultation with his bankers.

“In the House of Commons, recently, the Right Hon. W. H. Smith, ex-first Lord of the Admiralty, stated what was the cost of the armament of a first-class ship in 1854 and 1855. The “Duke of Wellington,” the most powerful ship in the navy in 1854-5, carried 131 guns. The total cost of her guns amounted to £7,000, the gun carriages to £2,500, the projectiles and ammunition to £5,200, and the stores, side-arms, powder cases, boats, equipments, etc., to £2,300. All this showed a total cost of £17,000. The “Benbow” is one of the latest additions to the fleet. The total cost of her guns was £58,339. The mountings cost £82,858; the projectiles, powder and cartridges, 100 round per 110-ton gun, and eighty-five rounds per 6-inch gun, £38,500; cartridge cases, £7,000; miscellaneous stores and equipments, £13,800; eighteen Whitehead torpedoes and equipments, £7,200; the total amounting to £207,697. This is the cost of the armament and ammunition of one ship in the present day, as against £17,000 in 1854-5.”

We can count upon the fingers of the hand the powers able to sustain much of a navy at the above rates. It is recorded that while the Romans were ravaging the cities of Sic-

ily, the Carthaginian fleet in command of the sea was making continual descents upon the towns along the coast of Italy, destroying and plundering without mercy.

The Romans at that time had no experience at sea, or in building ships. Their largest vessels were triremes. But it happened that a Carthaginian quinquereme was driven ashore on the Italian coast, and this serving as a model, *in two months* the Romans built and launched two hundred such ships, meanwhile exercising their rowers on benches on the shore. It is rather sad to think that neither the energy of pride or despair would be of the least avail in these modern days. By sea and land the armaments are so enormous, that many long years of preparation are necessary to build a fleet or equip an army. And woe to the nation that is caught unprepared! This is why such monstrous preparations still continue in Europe during times of peace. That is the time to prepare for war. When war actually comes, it is too late.

‘*El hombre prevenido nunca es vencido,*’ is the Spanish proverb, now infinitely more true of nations than of individual men. The nation that does not prepare for war in time of peace, more particularly those nations with extensive lines of coast and wealthy seaports to defend, should be ready to swallow a little humble pie whenever it becomes necessary to do so, even at the risk of serious attacks of indigestion.

WE are informed that the passage of the Suez Canal, which until recently occupied from thirty-six to forty-eight hours, can be made, now that navigation during the night is possible, in sixteen hours for mail steamers and war vessels, fitted with the electric light apparatus and projectors prescribed by the Canal Company.

We have seen nothing lately as to the progress of the enlargement of the canal, but understand that the undertaking is being actively prosecuted. Under Lord Salisbury's administration there is no further talk of the evacuation of Egypt by the English. If Mr. Gladstone does not get another innings, it is

not probable that they will evacuate it. If they ever do, they will bitterly repent of it. As the world is constituted at present, nations cannot afford to be high minded—at least European nations cannot. While all are armed to the teeth watching each others motions like wild animals about to spring, it would be as consistent to disarm altogether as to abandon such a post of vantage. So long as she considers it her policy to uphold Turkey, to keep the Russians or any great power out of Constantinople; so long as she holds Gibraltar and Malta, so long as she commands the sea, she will probably continue to hold Egypt. That is what France made by building the Suez Canal; or perhaps it would be fairer to say, what they lost when they surrendered control of it.

It is painful to think of our own position in relation to the Isthmus of Panama; painful to think of the enterprise of foreign nations in South and Central America, when compared with our own indolence. When we first designed to build the Panama railroad, it would have been easy to obtain even the sovereignty of a strip across. But we must even *sell* the railroad. We have no commercial relations worth speaking of, and no friends in South or Central America. Considering the indifference we have shown we could not expect any. How much we are indebted to the menace of the canal, for the present activity of the navy department, who shall say? But since we have made the mistake of letting that pass out of our hands, which we might have controlled with ease, it is only wise to prepare to defend or sustain, by force if necessary, those principles which are threatened by a foreign control of the Columbian peninsula. No one can doubt that there is an important future for the Spanish American races of Mexico, and South and Central America. We know next to nothing about them, and have never cared to know. In these progressive days it is almost as fatal to be ignorant of the language, ways, customs, and resources of our neighbors, as to be unprepared to meet our enemies. There is food for much reflection in the following, which we clip from the London "Spectator."

"A fortnight ago we put before our readers the results of the 'Blue-book' on the depression of trade abroad, especially in the countries with which we have most productive competition, and showed that, as the depression existed as much, if not more, in protected countries than in unprotected, the Free Trade of England was not the cause of depression here, nor were the protective tariffs of other countries the cause of the lessening of our trade abroad. Seeing, too, that the country to which we send least of our manufactured products, and with which we can least compete in such production, is America, in which the wages are infinitely higher than here and strikes as frequent, it is also quite clear that neither strikes nor higher wages, as is alleged by some of our Tory manufacturers, are the chief or only causes of depression. But these, though most important, are only negative, and not positive results. When we turn from the manufacturing countries themselves, with which, as they progress in civilization and population, and the organization of industry, we cannot hope permanently to compete in their home markets, to those countries which, possessing little or no manufacturing industry themselves, constitute what may be called the neutral markets, it is then that we really see cause to dread lest we are actually standing still, or even falling behind in the race. And it is a significant fact, that the manufacturing and commercial power which is beating us in the neutral market is not so much America, but the new power of Germany, where protection exists, indeed, but only in a modified form, and rather for revenue than for protective purposes. It is singular that Austria is the one country in which it is stated that absolutely protective tariffs have driven, as they were intended to drive, English competition in the cheaper articles from the field. As, however, the report in this case is very incomplete, and no statistics are given, it is impossible to know whether British imports into Austria have absolutely as well as relatively decreased. However that may be, and in spite of the protective tariff, which applies equally to Germany and England, even in Austria and

Hungary we are confronted with statements such as these: 'Velvets used to be extensively imported, but have greatly decreased on account of their manufacture here, and owing to Germany's successful competition with England.' 'Germany and England have taken over a considerable portion of our imports, also Belgium.' At Trieste, though sea carriage is far cheaper than land carriage, 'English rails have long been beaten out of the market by Belgian firms.' In Hungary, 'articles formerly imported from England are made in Austria, and in a lesser degree imported from Germany.' In textiles, and in iron and steel goods and machinery, the importation of English goods has decreased, 'owing to the development of industry in Germany able to compete in point of quality with that of England.' The reason assigned is partly that 'English manufacturers are not, like Austria and Germany, in direct communication with the wholesale dealers here. Most of the English dry goods sold in Hungary are obtained through an Austrian intermediary. A much larger trade in Manchester goods and other British articles might be developed if English manufacturers would enter into more direct connection with merchants, and send their goods straight to Hungary.' Turn to Italy. Here England still ranks first; and, notwithstanding decrease in prices, English imports to Italy show an enormous increase, both in volume and in value. Yet even here, while the imports of England—starting, of course, from a much larger aggregate—have increased 16 per cent., those from Germany have increased by 102 per cent., and from Belgium 150 per cent. There has, too, been a considerable decrease in some English goods, due to 'foreign competition, especially of Germany,' coupled with 'want of activity and of trade facilities' on the part of British firms. German competition is most serious 'in the less bulky articles, such as crockery, cutlery, hardware, chemicals, surgical instruments, earthenware, glass, and fancy goods generally.' 'The reason would seem to be a higher standard of technical education, greater activity in the employment of commercial travelers speaking Italian, greater at-

tention paid to the wants of the Italian market, greater facilities for delivery and for payment.' Another reason given is, 'above all, the advantages of shorter distance afforded by the St. Gothard Railway'; but as 'faulty transport communications between Italy and England' are alleged as another cause, this reason really resolves itself into the same 'want of activity.' 'German and French manufacturers are more in connection with importers than are British manufacturers. They send round numbers of commercial travelers who consult their wishes, and communicate with them in Italian or French. *German houses even correspond in Italian.*' All the consuls agree that the use of the Italian language by Germans and the ignorance of it by Englishmen is the chief reason for the successful competition of Germany. Similar reasons are given everywhere. In Bulgaria, Austria gets the trade that exists, because of the greater facilities and the activity of 'some Jew from Vienna,' who 'comes every week offering something wanted,' while an English order has to be given months beforehand, and in large quantities. In Egypt, British import trade has fallen off, in spite of our political possession of the country, in 'woolen articles and hardware, by transfer to Germany.' 'It is probable that much might be done to develop the demand for British goods if the British manufacturer were induced to study much more closely than he has hitherto done the tastes of the local consumer, as is done by German houses, who are in the habit of constantly sending travelers here to push the sale of their goods.' Even in Greece, though there has in the last twenty years been an enormous increase of British trade, especially in the carrying trade, amounting in imports to 400 per cent., and in exports to 200 per cent., there is no doubt that a transfer of trade has been gradually taking place in Greece during the last few years from Great Britain to other countries. Woolen cloths, soft goods, iron, hardware, machinery, glassware and pottery, formerly chiefly imported from the United Kingdom, come now almost exclusively from Germany, Belgium and France,' and chiefly from Germany.

OUR EASTERN LETTER.

"THE LARCHES," NEW JERSEY.

My Dear Kathleen :

I WRITE this letter from a porch all covered with honey-suckle, overlooking a lawn dotted here and there with trees; below us winds the yellow road, and in the far-off distance lies a valley, trembling now in blueish heat. On a clear day we can see the river, and in the evening the lights of "Brooklyn Bridge." We are "out of town," for New York is dead, and the once populated streets are deserted. It is a summer's day, and I feel the heat as I write, for it is not cool—96° in the shade. What wouldn't I give for a stiff, fog-laden breeze from San Francisco bay? I never fully understood the mosquito, or comprehended what he was capable of doing, until we came here; the flies also seem to be of a new, black, vicious kind; the breeze which blows the mosquitoes out blows the flies in, and the breeze which blows the flies out blows the mosquitoes in. All day old Sol shines mercilessly in the blue, cloudless July sky. In the early morning, before the intense heat, the robins chirp and hop in dozens over the lawn—pretty red-breasted things; they are so tame and friendly. The thrush and the linnets wake us up in the morning with their singing; in the evening the fire-flies are never-ending sources of admiration and wonder. They are enormously large and quite dazzling, as they flash in and out among the trees. I feel like inviting Sir John Lubbock to spend a week with us and explain things. You will wonder how we pass our time, and I must confess to you that a summer in the East is a very lazy one. When it is not too warm, we walk; so we have adopted the tramping dress, which we find very useful—a short, round skirt of tennis suiting, a jersey, and a broad, wide sash. Everything we wear is of the lightest material; for, although it is cool when we start out, it often grows extremely warm—if not hot—before noon. A broad hat is a necessity, to keep

off the glare and protect our faces from sunburn, which often is very painful; the most comfortable walking boots we have also purchased, realizing that ease is better than show in this weather. You will find this walking costume very suitable at home for your long tramps over the hills, also for your sketching trips in the woods. Speaking of sketching, reminds me of a conversation I heard not long ago between one of the most celebrated and popular of the portrait painters of New York—Carrol Beckworth—and a young artist friend of mine, who was ambitious enough to wish to open a studio in New York City. "I suppose you want to succeed," he said brusquely, "in your particular branch of art?" "Why, of course," she replied in rather an injured tone; "that is why I wish to take my stand as a professional and strike out for myself. How can I expect to accomplish anything at home, where I am tied down to mock-modest ideas of fifty years ago. Whenever a model puts foot in the house, grandma holds up her hands in holy horror. 'Why don't you paint *apples*?' she says, 'or bananas—say peaches—or there is landscape—what attractions Nature holds forth, with its lakes and mountains and valleys!—paint *them*; paint flowers; something lady-like; something that harmonizes more perfectly with the gentler side of woman's character and the modesty of the domestic hearth.' I reply, 'No; I shall paint figure and have a studio.' Result: grandma and I do not speak for a week."

Carrol Beckworth shook his head. "You better go to Europe and study with Carolus Durand, if you want to make a success. Then all the world *knows* you are studying with *Carolus Durand*—all the world knows that every morning you thread the streets of the foreign city to *his* studio. It does not really matter if you do go, or if you lounge and loaf as you please. Every one thinks you are working like a horse with *Carolus Durand*. On the whole, it is better to study

some, so as to have *something to copy* on your return. After a while, buy an enormously large canvas and paint a picture; get every one to help you on it. Of course it will be an atrociously bad picture; but what of that?—it is *big*. When you come home, you will have an awful time getting it through the custom house, it is so *big*; but that is what you painted it for. A fuss is made; every one talks about it, and then about you. ‘Don’t you know Miss So-and-So, who has studied with *Carolus Durand*, and painted that enormously large picture that created such a sensation when she tried to get it through the custom house?’ Then open your studio and announce your reception day; place your picture on exhibition, and invite your friends to come and see it; send carriages to bring them, if you can afford it; the bigger time you have in front of your door, the better. The artists cut you to pieces, but what do you care for the artists? Your patrons admire your big picture ‘which created such a sensation *when you tried to get it through the custom house*,’ and they settle down gradually into pupils, who buy yards of canvas to paint pictures only a few degrees worse than the ‘enormous one’ you brought over. Such,” added Mr. Carrol Beckworth, “is life.” The art schools in New York are so numerous and excellent, it is difficult to select from among the number. The Art Students’ League on Fourteenth Streets is quite a favorite however, although the severity and strictness with which it is carried on is sufficient to discourage a faint-hearted follower of art.

Said a young lady friend to me: “Two or three years ago I resolved, as I thought I had some talent, to become a painter, and devote myself to ‘Art.’ I joined the ‘league’ and commenced to draw from the cast. The President would stroll through the rooms about twice a week, sometimes once, to make such remarks as this: ‘That hand looks like a billiard ball, and what do you call that smutch—a classic nose?’ After I had been there eight months, his assistant approached my easel one never-to-be-forgotten day, when I was drawing ‘The Farm.’ I

thought I had it beautifully. ‘Take your pencils and go home,’ said he; ‘why do you waste your time drawing caricatures. Better scrub well, cook well, darn stockings or sweep well, than insult art by drawing badly. Go, and I’ll call to see what a fine dinner you can cook for me some day.’”

“And did you go?”

“Oh yes, I packed up my things and went.”

“And did you ever return?”

“No,” she said, “I never would have dared to go back. I was half broken hearted, and cut to the quick. I thought I would never get over it. The girls came into the dressing room, and put their arms about me and kissed me, and said he was a crank; but both they and I knew better. I went home, and at the end of a week had recovered sufficiently to join a cooking class, and now am waiting for him to come to dinner.”

“Why, how is that,” I asked?

“Well,” she said, “wasn’t it too ridiculous. I sent him an invitation after I left the ‘league,’ out of pique, to come to a dinner which I had cooked myself. He pronounced it excellent, admired the artistic arrangement of the table, and the gown I wore. Six months after that I married the crank.”

But to come back to New Jersey, we spend our afternoons, after four, in playing tennis. The gentlemen come out by the 4:50 train, and we play until dinner at 7 o’clock. The tennis ground is often an interesting place to study character. It is always amusing to see people muff balls, and notice how they take the disappointment. It is also a good spot to hear peculiarities in expression. “I say, Selah,” shouted a nimble young fellow, with an unmistakable Jersey accent, “keep on your own territory, will you!” But we are too near New York to discover anything original or interesting among the country people, we shall have to get back into the mountains. There is only one queer little establishment over the hill and outside the village which has attracted our attention, and caused all the inmates of the house a great deal of amusement. It is called “the rag shop.” Of course, we have nothing like it at home.

It is a tiny little building in front : but at the back stretches a long out-house. This is a paper mill. The factory buys up all the remnants from certain manufactories, goods which have been misprinted, or stained with dye, or possessing flaws of any kind. These are sold at a reduced rate to the farmers' wives and the villagers—a little care exercised by cutting out a flaw here and there, or removing a stained portion, gives the result—a very pretty dress. They tell me that many of the poorer people of the town are practically clothed by the "rag shop." The poorer bits and smaller remnants are thrown on the floor where they are sold by the pound ; the unsalable pieces are sent to the paper mill. For souvenir's sake each of us bought a very pretty rag-shop dress, as dainty a lawn as one could see anywhere.

Auntie made the remark, that she wished we were all little again, so she could dress us in remnants. Our table-talk is often very interesting. Among the twenty-two people who sit down to breakfast, some are sure to be bright and entertaining. One New York lawyer is the life of the party ; he has not been married very long, and was relating the other morningsome of his matrimonial experiences.

"A month after we were married," he said, "during one of the hottest months in summer, we went to visit my mother-in-law. I have always asserted that during the period of the heated wave, which sweeps over our Eastern States, we must always have as much room as possible, to save our tempers, and ease the friction which is sure to arise, with the thermometer in the nineties. Not having much experience in married life, however, when my wife suggested that we could put all the things we needed in one trunk, I thoughtlessly assented. Our first trial came when she insisted on putting all my things at the bottom, which necessitated my lifting her things out every time I wanted a trifle, and replacing them in the same position as before. I am a very neat man, and can find any book, in my library at home, in the dark [here arose shouts of oh ! oh ! from around the table], but my wife rather inclines to the grab-bag principle, which means put in your hand and

bring out what you can. Now, my difficulty was to arrange in proper place her temporary grab-bag. I hurled in the dresses and flung in the ribbons, and piled the shoes and slippers, and powder puff and powder, on top of one another, and then tried to settle everything by sitting on the tray ; but somehow my wife was not satisfied ; she said she never could find anything ; no one thing was ever in the same place twice, and that although when she packed things *appeared* to be disorderly, there was a system in it which she recognized, and which she thought any man of sense should be able to recognize, unless his senses were perfectly flattened and overcome by the heat.

"We never traveled with one trunk after that, although we love each other very dearly." Moral—Never do it.

"Advice Number 2.—Never take your wife across the ocean immediately after your wedding day. She will hate you before you have reached Queenstown. No where like upon the sea do one's defects appear to such enormous advantage. She will groan and sob because she was such a simpleton as to leave dry land, and you will call yourself a brute for daring to be well, and having such a beastly appetite, while your lovely treasure suffers all the agonies of *mal-de-mer*, and turns her head away in disgust when you suggest a broiled chop or an underdone beef-steak."

Speaking of the ocean, our friend L—— returned on the Umbria last Saturday ; and gave me a few fashion notes which may prove interesting.

During the summer, cotton, and sateens are almost exclusively worn. The former are made very plainly, so as to be easily laundered ; white dresses are the favorites, dead white, or "iced white," as it is called, being more popular than the *écrus* or creams. Sateens are still made up with vests, cuffs and collar of colored velvet, or embroidery of the yellowish or coffee tint, which is now so fashionable. Velvet ribbon is much worn with muslin dresses, a band being often fastened with a tiny brooch or pin about the throat. Cuffs are worn very deep.

Canvas shoes are indispensable for outings

and morning wear. Painted cuffs and collar for tennis and yachting suits are the rage. Puffed sleeves are now fashionable. Lace dresses are worn more than ever before. If you want a pretty morning gown, buy some French lawn, put a deep hem on your skirt, and tuck it in large tucks to the waist. Make a yoke of this thin, open-work embroidery, and pleat on to it your lawn ; a large sash of

some material finishes this very pretty dress. If you give a little care to it, you can make it yourself.

Broad hats are much worn for the summer ; also round sailor hats, trimmed with white mull. All white costumes are most popular.

Hoping to hear from you very soon,

Very affectionately,

Pepita.

HISTORIC GROUND.

My Elsa (in far Germany)
 Once turned her sweet face to me,
 Love sleeping in her deep blue eyes.
 "See, Fritz! yon Castle grim and high,
 In proud affront against the sky
 (Grand picture for an artist's eye).
 That Castle, now with no glad sound,
 Stands upon *Historic Ground.*"
 And Elsa, in her own dear way,
 Told legends of many an olden day ;
 Stories of land, wild tales of sea,
 Of ladies, and knights of chivalry.
 I listened to her pretty talk
 (By tree-fringed stream we took our walk),
 But Oh! my soul was wrapt attention
 Upon a secret I fain would mention—
 Stole fearful to my lips—
 Ah! would the words in courage come
 Before we turned our footsteps home?
 At last beneath a linden tree,
 Sudden I clasped her close to me.
 "Oh, Elsa! deeper than knight of chivalry
 Is my whole heart but filled with thee"
 (*Her blue eyes only answered me*)
 Oh happy heart, I cried, I've found
This spot to me Historic Ground
 To build our dearest hopes upon.
 For on some lofty future fair,
 We may build castles in the air ;
 When only love words break the sound
 Of the *Castle on Historic Ground.*

Annie Cox Stephens.

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