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# ST. MARY'S MUSE.

Vol. I.

RALEIGH, MAY, 1879.

No. 8.

*Devoted to Music, Literature, and the Interests of St. Mary's School.*

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

BY THE

DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC.

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All matters on business should be addressed to Department of Music, St. Mary's School.

The next number of THE MUSE, in magazine form, will appear about June 15th. The yearly subscription price will remain the same. Old scholars, and all interested in educational work, are earnestly requested to send us communications and such articles as will be of interest to the readers of THE MUSE.

## AN IMITATION.

NORA CANNON.

What are the wild winds saying,  
In their whisper, strange and low,  
Mid the pine, which with slumbrous swaying,  
Mimic the soft wave's flow.

Do they tell of a home in a distant land,  
Of a heart, (its treasures buried),  
Which ever looks back to that vanishing strand,  
And recks not whither 'tis hurried?

Do they whisper the purpose, strong and bold,  
Of a will, which will *do or die*?  
Or speak they of peace to the struggling soul,  
Of *Rest* in a home on high?

Is it the echoes of sighs, long past,  
Which have shaken the grief tossed heart?  
Or whispers it rather, of joys, which at last,  
From the ashes of dead hopes start?

Is it a murmur 'gainst Fate's decrees,  
That ceaseless monotone!  
Breathing amidst those grand old trees,  
Which shivering, sigh and moan?

Each hears a different message given,  
As we list to the whispering breeze,  
Which like an angel's voice from heaven,  
Ever murmurs amidst the trees!

Then ask not what the wild winds say,  
In their whisper, strange and low,  
'Mid the old pines, which with slumbrous sway,  
Mimic the soft wave's flow!

But let thy heart the message read,  
And be sure 'tis read aright;  
Whether it tells of the victor's meed,  
Or some bright hope crushed in night!

## SPECIAL NOTICE.

In order to circulate the MUSE among those interested in educational work, we make the following liberal offer: Any one sending 50 cents for a year's subscription to the MUSE, can obtain from us, without further charge, 50 cents worth of music, which will be mailed free to any address. The music may be selected from any catalogue in the United States or Europe. The usual discount allowed to teachers. Scholars will find it to their advantage to order music from us. Orders filled to any amount. Special terms given for large amounts.

Address, WILL H. SANBORN,  
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### CONFIRMATION IN THE CHAPEL.

On Friday of the third week after Easter, while yet the joy of the Great Feast lingered with us, Bishop Lyman came to celebrate the Apostolic rite of "Laying on of Hands."

The candidates were eight in number. As they knelt around the church rail, "by holy hands o'ershadowed," their white robes symbolizing the freshness and purity of their youth, the solemn beauty and appropriateness of the service came home to our hearts with deep impressiveness. When the Bishop moved on from one to another in succession, and prayed God to defend *this* His child with heavenly grace, and invoked the daily increase of the Holy Spirit within her, with one heart and one mind, "all the people said 'Amen.'"

His address was full of godly counsel and cheer, and must have stirred the hearts of those young "soldiers" to fight manfully under the banner of the Cross, until the time shall come when there shall be no more war and the Cross shall be crowned with palms of victory and buds of never ending peace.

WE take this method of acknowledging the courtesy recently paid us in the musical tones of a delightful serenade.

The strains of the harpers were so entrancing that even in the witching hours of the night, we longed to rise for an impromptu fairies' waltz, or witches' dance, or whatever new steps might have come to our excited fancy. But stern dormitory rules are too strong and inflexible to yield even to the enchantment of a serenade. So in unmitigated darkness, we listened, enjoyed, wished we *could* do as we pleased, and slept again to dream that the honors of graduation had set us free, and life stretched before us a prolonged mingling of "moonlight, music, love and flowers."

THE claims of the first day of the "merry month" were not forgotten, by some of the Juniors, at least.

A pic-nic, if not a coronation, was *en règle*, and determined on. So under the kindly conduct of a teacher, who was pressed into the service by their importunity, some ten or twelve braved the threatening clouds of the May-day skies, and went off with well-filled baskets and a plentiful supply of the best sort of spirits. But as Jack and Jill met with an ignominious fate, (nobody could guess our classical riddle in the April MUSE, so we will *have* to tell the answer) so did our pleasure seekers. In about three hours, the most forlorn looking set of dripping females came straggling in bereft of all save the inex-

haustible *spirits* which served a good purpose in the merry home consumption of what was left in the baskets. *They* declared that it was all the better for the drenching, and don't like cold water and wet blankets, and must wish them brighter skies and sunnier hours for all future May parties.

THE next number of the MUSE will appear in different shape; as a specimen of what we wish and intend it to be next year. The unexpected favor with which it has been received, is a gratifying evidence of the interest of our friends, and has enabled us to do sooner than we dared hope, our purpose to enlarge and improve it by degrees.

The interests of St. Mary's will always be its primary object; to send out to all who may be interested in our work, a monthly record of current events of importance or interest; to preserve such efforts of their own in all departments of study, as may be deemed worthy of special commendation, and to bring to them, from correspondents and contributors, a résumé of what is happening in the outer world, and such literary compositions as will serve as models for imitation as well as mediums of instruction and entertainment.

To this end, the services of authors prominent in the literary world will be called in requisition, and articles will be selected from the best magazines.

### FEATHERS.

Commencement at Chapel Hill on the 5th June.

There are over three hundred students at the University of Virginia.

The girls at the Peace Institute have a disadvantage inasmuch as their vacation begins a week before ours.

The annual Convention of the Diocese is now in session at Fayetteville. Our Rector is in attendance upon it.

Steps have been taken to incorporate the old college of William and Mary, which has never recovered from the disastrous effects of the war, with the University of the South at Sewanee, Tenn.

St. Mary's School at Knoxville, Ill., has a custom peculiar to itself but worthy of imitation. On "Anniversary Day" the girls provide a birthday cake, which is brought in during the festivities of the evening, gloriously decked with tiny flags and ribbons and mounted by one taper for every year of the school's existence. (Query. How large was

birthday cake have to be should we follow the bright example?) The cake is always cut by the "first honor" girl, and the fly is kept as a high holiday.

St. Mary's, individually and collectively, bewildered by conflicting invitations to commencements and Society Balls; and what think, we can't go to any of them because our Commencement comes after they are all over. But then, we console ourselves with the thought that our friends will all be free to come and enjoy the fun with us, and we thereby tender an invitation to all who have invited us, to be present upon any or all of these evenings of Commencement week.

Old scholars, and particularly those who left us last year, will take notice that we are preparing for a reunion of *Alumnæ*, and shall be disappointed if they do not come in sufficient force to make a good beginning of the association we would like to see formed. They all know that St. Mary's has room enough and to spare—both in dormitory and dining hall—and a warm welcome and hearty hospitality await all who come to do honor to our first distribution of Diplomas.

#### "LULU'S COMPLAINT."

I'se a poor 'ittle sorrowful baby,  
For Bridget is way down stairs;  
My titten has scatched my fin'er,  
And Dolly won't say her p'ayers.

I haint seen my bootiful mamma,  
Since ever so long ado;  
An' I aint her tunniest baby  
No londer, for Bridget says so.

Mamma's dot anode new baby;  
Dod dived it—he did—yes'erday,  
And it kies, it kies—oh, so defful,  
I wis' he would tate it away.

I didn't want no "sweet 'ittle sister,"  
I want my dood mamma, I do;  
I want her to tiss me, an' tiss me,  
An' tall me her p'ecious Lulu.

I dess my dear papa will bin me  
A 'ittle dood titten, some day;  
Here's nurse wid my mamma's new baby;  
I wis' she would tate it away.

Oh, oh, what tunnin' red fin'ers,  
It sees me 'ite out of its eyes;  
I dess me will teep it, and dive it  
Some canny whenever it kies.

I dess I will dive it my dolly  
To play wid mos' every day;  
And I dess, I dess—say, Bridget,  
Ask Dod *not* to tate it away.

#### COMMENCEMENT WEEK PROGRAMME.

SUNDAY, JUNE 15TH.

Morning Prayer, with Holy Communion.  
Sermon before the school, by the Rev.  
George Patterson, D. D., of Wilmington,  
N. C.

MONDAY, JUNE 16TH.

Examinations from 9 o'clock till 2.  
Deutsche Unterhaltung at 8 P. M.

TUESDAY, JUNE 17TH.

Examinations from 9 o'clock till 2.  
Soirée Francaise at 8 o'clock P. M.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 18TH.

Examinations from 9 o'clock till 2.  
Musical and Literary Recital at 8 o'clock  
P. M.

THURSDAY, JUNE 19TH,

COMMENCEMENT DAY.

Exercises at 10 o'clock A. M.  
Reunion of *Alumnæ* at 4 o'clock P. M.  
Reception at 8 o'clock P. M.

#### A QUAKER MEETING.

MINNIE A. ———

Some time ago, while on my way in company with my father to visit a friend living at some distance from our home, we arrived, late in the evening of Saturday, at a little country village inhabited for the most part by Friends or Quakers. We decided to pass the night in this place, and to attend the "Quaker meeting" the following day.

The morning was yet in its first freshness when my father and I took our way towards the old Meeting-house, which was in the country at a distance of about three miles from the village. We drove along a broad, level road, shaded on each side by woods that had not yet exchanged the light green tints of Spring for the darker hues of Summer. Never had the "fresh fairness of the Spring" seemed more sweet. The Sunday quiet pervaded as it were the whole atmosphere, and rested on us like a benediction. The very bird-songs, all joyous as they were, added to, rather than disturbed, the beautiful quiet of the scene; for they seemed to take a tone of reverence as if the little warblers knew that this was a holy day. When we reached our destination, we found the grounds around the Meeting-house already filled by vehicles of every description. Here were to be seen the carts of farmers of the poorer class, the shining new buggies of those upon whom fortune

had looked more kindly, and the old-fashioned "rockaway" which looked as if it might have been the family carriage of one of the signers of the Declaration of Independenee.

The Meeting-house was situated on a slightly rising ground surrounded by a pine wood, amid the dark foliage of which the dogwood had just flung out its broad white banners.

It was a large, roomy building, painted white; well built, but without any ornament, without even the steeple by which such edifices are usually characterized. The interior was as plain as the exterior; there was no altar; one or two rows of raised seats at the end of the room afforded accommodation for the elders of the congregation and for traveling preachers who at the Quarterly Meetings and other important seasons, come from far and near to transact the business of the society and to preach to the large crowds which always assemble on these occasions.

Such was the place which we now entered. Meeting had commenced. An impressive stillness reigned throughout the house. A soft breeze coming in through the windows and rustling the leaves of an open Bible, was the only sound to be heard in the room. This "silent worship" had continued for some time when the stillness was broken by a gentle voice saying "God is love." Looking up, I saw a woman whose whole appearance was in perfect harmony with her voice, standing before an open window as in a frame. Her light brown hair was put smoothly back from her calm, sweet face. Her dress was of some soft gray material, and folds of pure white muslin crossed her bosom. She spoke a few simple but earnest words on that subject which should rouse the deepest feeling of our nature, the love of God to man, then she took her seat and silence again fell on the assembly. It was not long, however, before another voice was heard; that of one of the elders, a stern-looking old Quaker, whose face made me think of the Pilgrim Fathers. He spoke at some length, setting forth and explaining in clear and forcible terms the doctrines of his sect. He was succeeded by several others, some of whom merely repeated a text from the Bible.

After all had taken their seats one of the elders rose and gave his hand to the person who sat next to him. This was the signal for the meeting to break up, and it was followed by a general hand-shaking, after which the congregation streamed out into the grounds, which now presented a busy scene of preparation for departure. My father and I were among the last to go; and, as we drove away, I turned my head to take a long farewell look at the old Meeting-house among the pines.

### NEW BOOKS.

Our thanks are due the publishers, Alfred Williams & Co., for a copy of the *SCHOOL HISTORY OF NORTH CAROLINA*, by John Wheeler Moore. The author of this work is a native of North Carolina, and has not only given us a History admirably adapted for use as a text-book in schools, but has written with such evident filial devotion to his subject, that as we read the sentences, simple yet glowing, our hearts too swell with pride for the good old North State. His graceful tribute to the excellence of St. Mary's among the schools of N. C. (see page 210) is a paragraph of special interest to us, and we wish the work a prosperous future.

Superintendent Scarborough has already approved it, by recommendation of the Legislature, for use in the Public Schools of the State.

We have also received an excellent compilation for reading classes, by Rev. Dr. Leffingwell, the accomplished Principal of St. Mary's, Knoxville, Ill.

Mr. Whitaker, No. 2 Bible House, N. Y., also has our thanks for *A YEAR AT BRIERCLIFFE*, by HOPE LEDYARD. This charming story of school girl life appeared last year as a serial in the *Churchman*. We are glad to have it in book form as a permanent addition to our Sunday library.

It tells of the ups and downs, the trials and temptations of school life, ending, of course, happily, in the triumph of innocence and the reward of honest endeavor. Like Whitaker's publications generally, the story is told in a churchly way, and exemplifies the good results of following closely the teachings of the Prayer Book.

Every Sunday School and family would do well to put it into their children's hands. We would be obliged to Mr. Whitaker for a catalogue, with a view to replenishing our library shelves.

Il a tant plus  
Qu' on ne sait plus  
Pendant quel mois il a l'plus plu;  
Mais le plus sûr, c'est qu'en surplus  
S'il eût moins plu  
Ça m'eût plus plu.

On monte l'escalier. L'escalier est très-dur, et Bébé, avec ses petites jambes a tontes les peines du monde à opérer l'ascencion. Son père le pousse par derrière, tout en lui répétant.

Allons! Courage done! Conrage! Mais, papa, soupire enfin Bébé, hors d'haleine, je courage tant que je peux.

**MICE.**

They break the kitchen windows,  
 And overturn the chairs;  
 They cut the doors and tables,  
 Much wicked work is theirs.  
 Your watch they often handle,  
 And sometimes let it fall;  
 Which fact is quite suprising,  
 When told of rodents small.

They hide your books and papers,  
 Unlock the doors and gate;  
 They revel in the pantry,  
 And rattle down the plates;  
 They fill your boots with pebbles,  
 And to your great dismay,  
 A garret full of pussies  
 Can't keep the knaves away.

But mice don't slam the shutters,  
 And sail your hats for boats,  
 And give away to beggars  
 Your pantaloons and coats.  
 At last you muse on Darwin,  
 And much to your annoy,  
 You find those mice developed  
 Into that youngest boy.—*Ec.*

**NEW ENGLAND INDIFFERENCE TO RELIGION.**

Says the Golden Rule: The fact is, Boston and New England are already, in the majority of their population, non-church-going. The church, and hence the Word of God, is fast ceasing to be a power over the popular thought and conscience. The average man and woman care little for either. They neither attend the services of the one nor read the other, as a rule. In short, it amounts to just this: young New England is growing up Bibleless. That worst phase of scepticism is being reached—universal and good-natured carelessness touching religious claims and teachings. This scepticism, mark you, is *home-bred*. The "scientists" have nothing to do with it. Its parents are here, its home is here; here, too, it is nursed. Its mother is bigotry and stiffness and coldness in the administration of our churches. Its father is dry and stupid preaching. The church has, as it were, turned against herself, and by her own errors and weakness lost her hold on the popular heart and the popular imagination. The hopeful sign, the one bright beam that penetrates with its golden shaft the very centre of the black cloud is—that the church herself is getting alarmed.

Says the Christian at Work: The world is busy enough. Theatre and beer garden and opera house and billiard hall and drinking

saloon are all open in full blast, on every night of the week. We tell our young people to be ware of them. But what do we offer instead? One prayer-meeting a week, or possibly two, and the church doors closed all the rest of the time. In some of our churches there are gorgeous carpets going to waste on church parlor floors, which ought to be worn out by the tramp of the feet of the church's young people and neighbors. There are bare walls in church apartments which should be cheerful with library shelves, and which might be the resort of an eagerly reading people. Let us wake up. We are not living up to half our privileges in taking hold of our people.

**HALF-WORK.**

There is time enough to do many things, if the person is seriously concentrated in his work, and does not squander his mind and his time by half-work. Nothing is so bad as that. There are many persons who think they are working, when in truth they are only dawdling over their work with half-attention. There is time enough thrown away every day to enable any one of earnest mind to do more than many a man does with his whole day. All depends upon love of the work on which one is engaged, and in concentration of one's faculties. It is, in my opinion, better to utterly idle, and lie fallow to influences, than to muddle away hours in half-work. Besides, change of labor is rest, and to an active mind more rest than laziness. I have always found in music a more complete refreshment of my mind, after a hard day's work in my studio, than even sleep could give. The faculties and powers and interests are thrown in a different direction, and while one series works the other reposes. After an entire change of occupation one returns with fresh zest and vigor to the work he has left; whereas, if the thoughts are constantly treading the same path, they soon, as it were, wear a rut in the mind, out of which they cannot extricate themselves, and this begets in the end mannerism and self-repetition. Still more, the various arts are but different exercises of correlative powers. They each in turn refresh and enlarge the imaginative and motive power, and extend their sphere. Each, as it were, is echoed and reflected into the other. The harmonies of color and forms and tones and words are closely related to each other, and but different expressions of merely the same thing. A sculptor's work will be cold if he is not sensitive to color and music; and a painter's work will be loose and vague unless his mind has been trained to the absoluteness of form

and outline; neither can compose well his lines and forms unless he possess that innate sense of balance and harmonious arrangement and modulation which is developed by music.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

VERDI'S *Requiem* was performed on Good Friday at the Theatre Royal, Cassei.

GILMORE'S Band will begin its concerts at Manhattan Beach, June 15th.

HENRI VIEUXTEMPS has returned from Algiers, much benefited by the change.

THE mother of Miss Elizabeth Philp, English ballad-singer and composer, died recently in London.

THE Swedish Ladies' Quartette is announced to sing in Troy, N. Y., May 22d, prior to returning to Europe.

MR. AND MRS. CARLYLE PETERSILEA will take charge of the Piano department of the National Musieal Institute to be held at Jamestown, N. Y., this summer.

"LA BELLE GALATEA," an opera of the mythological comic order, music by Franz Von Suppe, and English libretto by Julius Frankel, is in preparation for performance in Philadelphia.

THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH, of Roumania has written a German libretto for an opera which has been translated into Italian and Roumanian and will shortly be produced at Bueharest.

A LONDON critic states that the old Italian school of singing is disappearing from the stage. The new operatic artists are adopting the declamatory style of the French opera. Even Signor Gayarre sings his Italian music in a style that is partly French.

LAVENDER says that he knew all along that "*Pinafore*" at the Boston Theatre would be a success, for while the preliminary rehearsals were going on one of the ladies in the cast said to him: "Oh, Mr. Whitney is going to do '*Captain Corcoran*' splendidly! He sings it *just like an oratorio!*"—*Courier*.

THE comic opera, "*Fatinitza*," which will probably equal "*Pinafore*" in popularity, will soon be brought out at the Boston Theatre in grand style, with a cast including Miss Mary Beebe, Miss Adelaide Phillips, Mr. Tom Karl, Mr. H. C. Barnabee, and several other prominent artists of Boston.

JOSEPH JOACHIM, on his way to Berlin, played in Brussels at the Cercle Artistique et Littéraire. His reception was enthusiastic.

MISS EMMA HOWSON, after singing for 240 nights her original part of *Josephine* in "*H. M. S. Pinafore*," is now at Brighton, Eng., taking a month's well-earned rest, previous to her resuming at the Opera Comique.

A COLLEGE for young ladies is to be established at Oxford, England. Miss Wordsworth, daughter of the Bishop of Lincoln and grand niece of the poet, is to preside over it as Lady Principal.

HAWORTH Church, so intimately associated with the Brontës, is to be pulled down. A correspondent of the *London Standard*, who has recently visited the church, finds that the gallery over the altar has been swept away, and, although the old "three-decker" pulpit still stands, the quaint square pew where the Brontë girls used to sit has vanished.

SOME children take naturally to a practical view of things. A little girl in Brookline was saying her prayers the other evening, closing up with: "God bless Papa and Mamma, little sister, and everybody, and keep us from harm this night. Amen." The "little sister," a bright-eyed puss of five years, quietly remarked: "If you had said 'everybody' to begin with, you needn't have made such a long prayer."

A VERY little boy had one day done wrong, and he was sent, after paternal correction, to ask in secret the forgiveness of his Heavenly Father. His offence was passion. Anxious to hear what he would say, his mother followed to the door of his room. In lisping accents she heard him ask to be made better; never to be angry again; and then, with childlike simplicity, he added: "Lord, make ma's temper better too."

"PHAIREST Phlora," wrote an amorous youth who is smitten with the phonetic craze, "Phorever dismiss your phears and phly with one whose phervent phaney is phixed on you alone. Phriends, phamily, phather—phorget them, and think only of the phelicity of the phuture! Phew phellows are so phastidious as your Pherdinand; so pheign not phondness, if you pheel it not. Phorego phrolic and answer phinally, Phlora." "Oh! Pherdinand, you phool!" was phair Phlora's curt reply.

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1879

# ST. MARY'S MUSE—EXTRA.

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## “*FINIS CORONAT OPUS.*”

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The labors, the trials and the glories of Commencement Week are over, and if ever a chosen motto was verified, we may well claim that ours has become a glad reality. The year's work has been faithfully and thoroughly done, and a crown of brilliant fruit, and of unstinted approval of friends and lookers on is its well-merited reward.

In the quiet of these deserted halls one or two Pierians still linger for a brief season, and at Euterpe's bidding we gather up the scenes and memories of the five days just past, not only to present them to our readers, but that fixed in a word-picture we may the more vividly recall them in the years to come.

The “Sisters Nine” are already widely scattered, never more to meet on the sunny slopes of this Olympus, or drink together the nectar of our own pure fountain. Let us waft a sweet good-bye to them and to other friends scarcely less beloved and regretted.

Euterpe is winging her flight across the broad Atlantic in quest of all that modern science and research may have to embellish her department. “Bon voyage and a happy return” to her. Our “Damon and Pythias”—the “Duchess May” in her stately beauty, and the cherished child of our fond love and pride—pass from our midst forever. As hand in hand they fade from our sight in the dimness of the “shadowy lane,” with tearful eyes we follow them, and pray that God will have them ever in His holy keeping, blessing and making them blessings through all life's pilgrimage. The echo of Polyhymnia's mournful chant comes back to us in the “parting of Arthur and Guenever.” To us it seemed a token of her own farewell, but her haunts are close at hand, and we shall hope to meet her soon again.

The Texan Empire claims again her sweet children of Dance

and Song. But ere they return to their distant homes they, with the spotless Lily of Alabama, go northward in search of metropolitan pleasures and profit, perhaps to add lustre (as our girls have done before) to some "finishing" school. For three long years these three have graced our every assembly; they carry with them our loving regrets and fondest wishes, and leave to us sweetest memories of gentle hearts and winsome ways. May they, wherever they go, wear upon their bosoms "the white flower of a blameless life." Of our "Petite" pianiste, what shall we say? Her facile fingers never called forth from the white keys of her beloved instrument richer tones of harmony than on that last evening when she played so brilliantly grand Von Weber's concerto. Shall St. Mary's never hear her sweet music again?

Our beloved "Snail" promises to seek the shelter of the "Ark" once more, so we will only sing out, "*au revoir*" to her and wish her a summer bright enough to fill her sketch book with its sunny pictures. How glad we shall be to welcome her back next Fall! She and the sunny-hearted Louise will be the nucleus of a new "Pierian." May its shadow never grow less.

Upon the brows of five of our number rest laurel wreaths of victory, and in their hands they bear St. Mary's first diplomas! From salutatory to valedictory the exercises of commencement day gave full proof that their honors were the just reward of earnest, persevering effort and manifest proficiency. Of these exercises we leave our pen to other less partial writers to tell the story.

But in the name of St. Mary's we must express our thanks to the faithful and efficient teachers who have made study a pleasure as well as a profit to us, and whose interest and pride in our Alma Mater has enabled us to crown her year's work with such glorious fruits.

A delightful feature of the week was the presence of so many Alumnæ. Those of last year came in the freshness of youth, beauty and spirits, with sprinklings from the rolls of bygone years, all the way back to '43—with husbands and babies and grandchildren too! Our association was organized and Mrs.

Mary (Kinzey) Boylan was elected President by acclamation. She was the oldest graduate present. She was the first to send grandchildren to her Alma Mater, and this year has presented the venerable dame with three great grandchildren. Is she not worthy of her honorable position? The enthusiasm of these dear "old girls" was unbounded, and we felt sure that St. Mary's can never grow old while any of her children live.

But we have no time to indulge in pleasant reverie, and must give place, as we promised to do, to those who will tell us of

#### THE EVENTS OF THE WEEK.

The work of COMMENCEMENT WEEK began, very appropriately, in the Chapel, at 11 o'clock, on the morning of the 15th of June, the first Sunday after Trinity.

The sacred edifice, presenting its fairest appearance in festal dress of flowers and Scripture legends and ecclesiastical emblems, was filled with an audience gathered from many parts of the State besides Raleigh and its immediate neighborhood.

Vesting in the Main Building, the Clergy followed thence, across the shady lawn, to their places in the sanctuary, the long train of scholars and teachers singing as they went, Hymn 202.

The service was choral throughout, the Rev. J. E. C. Smedes saying Morning Prayer and the Litany, and the Rector celebrating the Holy Communion. The preacher was the Rev. George Patterson, D. D., Rector of St. John's Church, Wilmington. His sermon was an impressive and seasonable discourse, delivered with the preacher's characteristic force and earnestness, upon the inestimable importance of Time. Specially addressing his youthful hearers, and, most of all, the young ladies upon the eve of graduation,

"He taught them how to consecrate their hours  
With vigorous effort and a holy aim,  
And thus to draw the sting of life and death."

The entire service, ending with the recessional, "Brightly gleams our banner," will long be remembered by all who were present.

The programme for GERMAN NIGHT, on Monday, was carried out with great success. It consisted of a scene from Schiller's *Wallenstein*, in which the principal characters were sustained by Misses Smedes and Tew, of the Senior Class; and a comedy, by members of the Junior Classes, in German. The fluency and accuracy of these young ladies evidenced the careful and efficient instruction given in this language. Their proficiency not only charmed the visitors who were present, but gratified those who had taken such pains with them.

The SOIRÉE FRANCAISE was perhaps even more enjoyed, as this language is more generally understood, and a larger audience inspired the young performers. Misses Myers and Smedes presented a scene from Moliere's inimitable *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, with spirit and effect, and the "Juniors" followed with a "petit drama," which was admirably done. To quote the words of a visitor, "It is simply astonishing—never have I seen or heard anything like it. No wonder St. Mary's scholars bear off the palm when they go to other schools."

We know that there was no special effort at "showing off." It is all just the fruit of faithful work on the part of teachers and scholars, and as such we have a true pride and pleasure in it.

At 12 o'clock on Wednesday, when the examination of the "big girls" were all over, the children of the KINDERGARTEN came in to show their friends what they have been doing in the little while they have been at school. All were delighted with their exhibition, their recitations and their songs. Already we see promise among them of such talent and scholarship as will win for them in the years to come St. Mary's pride, as they have already won her loving approbation.

Of the MUSICAL AND LITERARY RECITAL of Wednesday night, we leave a Professor of Music from another State to speak.

\* \* \* \* \*

"A programme being handed us, we glanced over it and saw, yes, saw a collection of authors and their works that would do credit to a troupe of professional artists; and we here confess that, although we did not say so then, we were just a little in-

credulous of the facts before our eyes. But listen! there is the beginning of No. 1 on the programme, Chopin's Scherzo in B Minor. It will tell its own story. Hardly six measures are over and we are convinced that Miss Adele L. Steiner will do herself credit, for any one who plays Chopin, and does it well, deserves credit. This beautiful composition was well rendered and was a fine introduction to the entertainment.

No. 5, Von Weber's ever charming Polonaise, op. 21, was played with the fire and spirit required for this master production. Miss Josie W. Myers, the fair interpreter, received from the audience well-merited applause.

No. 7, a Concerto in D Major, op. 40, by Mendelssohn. This composition, which requires the technique of a master-artist, really produced in us a genuine surprise. It was, as rendered, a most excellent true picture—so far, the gem of the evening. Miss Eliza H. Smedes has a fine touch, knows how to phrase and shade, and can surprise her hearers, after a brilliant staccato passage, with a beautiful legato. She is a pianist of great promise.

No. 8, Beethoven's fourth Symphony in B Minor, was admirably rendered by Misses Smedes, Myers, DeRosset and Steiner, with true spirit and in excellent time.

No. 14, Concerto by Weber, op. 79, played by Miss DeRosset, assisted by Miss Adele Steiner on the second piano, was played with brilliancy and finish.

So much for the instrumental pieces. Misses Ihrie and Bessie Steiner each sang one of the charming ballads of the great Schumann, and a Vocal Andantino, from Roberto il Diavolo, sung by Miss Alice J. Leake, received a perfect ovation. Being obliged to give an *encore*, Miss Leake sang the Scotch song, "The Blue Bells of Scotland."

The recitations on this, as well as on the previous evenings, were wonderfully well done, and were received by the crowded audience with such bursts of applause as testified to their real enjoyment and appreciation of the merits of each selection.

Pleasant are the memories we take with us.

A VISITOR."

The whole entertainment, both musical and literary, was of the highest order, and reflects the greatest credit upon Mr. Sanborn, the able and energetic Director of Music, and the lady in charge of the elocution.

Thursday, the 19th, was COMMENCEMENT DAY. At 10 o'clock A. M., in the great parlor, which was well filled with an appreciative audience, academic exercises, consisting of an original essay and a recitation, by each member of the graduating class, were rendered, in very different styles, but of an order of merit uniformly excellent, and according to the following programme:

FRENCH SALUTATORY AND ESSAY—The Cid.

*Miss Ella G. Tew.*

RECITATION—The Burial of Hector, . . . . . *Bryant's Homer*

*Miss Lucy P. Battle.*

GERMAN ESSAY—Schiller.

*Miss Eliza H. Smedes.*

RECITATION—The Soul-dirge, . . . . . *Coxe*

*Miss Katherine D. Cheshire.*

ESSAY—Women of the Greek Drama.

*Miss Josephine W. Myers.*

LATIN ODE—Laudabunt Alii, . . . . . *Horace*

*Miss Eliza H. Smedes.*

READING—Mrs. Major Ponto's Soirée, . . . . . *Thackeray*

*Miss Ella G. Tew.*

ESSAY—Japanese Art.

*Miss Katherine D. Cheshire.*

RECITATION—The Rhyme of the Duchess May, . . . . . *Browning*

*Miss Josephine W. Myers.*

ESSAY—The Indians—and Valedictories.

*Miss Lucy P. Battle.*

These exercises being concluded with the addresses of the Valedictorian, the Rector, in surplice and stole, and attended by several of the clergy of Raleigh and the neighborhood, led the way from the grand salon to the Chapel, where the week's work fitly ended as it had appropriately begun.

Here, after silent devotions, an address was delivered by the Rector, whose earnest words, uttered with the unction of sincere feeling, must have deeply touched all his scholars, and found permanent lodgement in the hearts of the white-robed band awaiting their diplomas.

The announcement of honors and the presentation of diplomas followed, and last of all came the Church's benediction, seeming to set the seal of a gracious approval from above upon the culmination of St. Mary's good work during her 37th Annual Term.

As all work and no play is not in accordance with good taste or sound teaching, on Thursday night the Graduating Class gave a RECEPTION to their school-mates and hosts of other friends. The harpers played their sweetest strains; the grounds, as on the preceding night, when the annual concert was given, was beautifully illumined by Chinese lanterns—the young ladies were charmingly attired, their manners faultless—and all present agreed that the evening was one of rare enjoyment and ended all too early for the merry party, who next day were to scatter to their homes far and wide apart.

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### SALUTATOIRE.

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ELLA G. TEW.

---

MONSIEUR NOTRE RECTEUR ET CHEF:—Les paroles me manquent pour exprimer toute la reconnaissance et toute l'affection que nous ressentons envers vous. J'espère que les exercices de ce jour vous feront honneur et aussi à nos instituteurs. Votre présence encourageante nous aidera sans doute à faire notre possible. Il appartient à ma soeur, la valédictrienne, de vous exprimer notre gratitude; mais permettez moi de dire ces quelques paroles-ci. Votre bonté et vos soins à l'égard de tout ce qui nous touche pendant que nous avons été ici, ne diffèrent qu'en titre du soin de nos parents. Vous avez partagé nos joies et nos douleurs, et vous avez fait votre possible afin que notre séjour ici

se passe agréablement et profitablement. Oubliant vos propres chagrins et vos douleurs, nous les cachant soigneusement, vous vous êtes toujours montré devant nous la figure souriante afin que nos jours ne soient pas moins heureux. Votre désir a toujours été de nous mener dans le chemin du savoir et de la droiture et le souvenir de votre patience et de votre intérêt à notre égard sera parmi les plus agréables souvenirs que nous emporterons avec nous.

Que Dieu vous accorde une longue vie remplie de bonheur ! et nous ne doutons pas qu'elle sera plus heureuse par le souvenir du savoir et de la lumière que vous avez jeté dans la vie de tant d'autres. Je vous salue !

Madame la Directrice, et mes Instituteurs, Messieurs et Dames, je vous salue ! Vous aussi, nous désirons remercier du fond de notre coeur de vos attentions et de vos soins assidus. Pour vous, peut-être, les exercices de ce jour seront plus intéressants qu' à tout autres, car c'est par ces exercices que vous verrez en grande partie le fruit de vos travaux des années qui sont passées. Quelque fois les instituteurs sont considérés par leur élèves comme des ennemis naturels ; mais je pense que vous avez entièrement réussi à vous faire aimés et respectés. En vous nous voyons, non pas, des critiques sévères, mais des amis intéressés en tout ce que nous ferons, et dont l'intérêt ne cessera pas quand nous les aurons quittée, mais durera aussi long temps que nous le mériterons. Je vous salue !

Amis qui nous honorent ici, Je vous salue ! Votre présence toujours agréable, l'est particulièrement aujourd' hui. Nous espérons toutes que les exercices de ce jour vous feront plaisir, car c'est votre approbation aussi bien que celle de nos parents et de nos instructeurs que nous désirons gagner. Nous espérons que ce ne sera pas la dernière fois que nous nous rencontrerons entre ces murs protecteurs, mais que l'avenir nous verra encore unis ici, avec des espérances aussi brillantes et des coeurs aussi pleins de joie.

Sans doute il y a ici devant moi des écolières du Passé. De grâce, ne le trouvez pas présomptueux que nous accueillions

celles qui ont plus de droit ici que nous, et qui ont tant ornées ces appartements. Que nous ne soyons indignes de succéder à vos honneurs, et que vous n'ayez jamais raison de rougir que nous sommes aussi des "Filles de Ste. Marie!" Soyez les bien-venus, les bien-venus !

---

*VALEDICTORIES.*

---

*LUCY P. BATTLE.*

---

REVERED SIR:—It becomes my duty as representative of my class, to express to you our appreciation of the advantages we have here enjoyed, and we do most heartily thank you for your most earnest endeavors to train us in the principles of religion and virtue, while we have been pursuing the ordinary duties of a school. We have known you in the double capacity of teacher and Rector; and while we feel deep gratitude for your valuable instructions, we prize still more the impartial justice and perfect charity with which you have watched over us day by day, providing for us pleasures and shielding us, as far as might be, from every sorrow. Could our late honored and beloved Rector look down upon us to-day, surely his heart would rejoice to see his mantle so worthily borne, his work so faithfully confirmed. These walls have been to some of us a second home, to all a scene of happiness and profit. We bear away with us the memory of an example of zealous piety, of consistent self-denial, of true humility. We leave these pleasant groves with deep regret, but it is with sorrowing hearts that we bid you, with deep respect, an affectionate farewell.

To you, our dear Lady Principal, our loved and honored teachers, what can I say that will adequately testify our appreciation of your careful guidance and instruction. Yours are the voices that have ever cheered us, yours the hands that have smoothed for us, the admonitions that have spurred us on, in the toilsome path of learning. All our lives long we shall ex-

perience the wisdom of your precepts, we shall daily be reminded of your faithful care. We have been often wilful, often restive under restraint; at times we have tried your patience sorely. If our thoughtless words and actions have ever wounded you, ever seemed to imply a want of appreciation of your never failing kindness and solicitude, believe me, they were never an index to what we really thought and felt. They were but the momentary outburst of girlish petulance, which we shall regret, when by you they have been long forgotten. If we have failed to become good scholars, and shall not hereafter be good, useful women, be assured that it is in no way your fault but our own. Whatever be our lot in this life, we shall ever think of you with loving regard. It is with feelings of the deepest regret that we bid you too, farewell.

Dear school-mates, with whom we have mingled day by day in pleasant intercourse, while we wish you all the happiness, which at the beginning of a long vacation you so confidently anticipate, a strain of sadness mingles with our parting. This closing of school is to you but a holiday, for you expect to return in the Fall to old friends and old associations, while some of us are leaving forever. You will fill the places that have been ours; may they be pleasant places to you. As pupils of St. Mary's, there will ever be a bond of union between us, our common love for this our Alma Mater. May we ever so conduct ourselves that we reflect no discredit upon her.

We ask that you will hold in affectionate remembrance the Class of '79, in whose name I bid you a loving farewell.

Class-mates, companions, friends, the last moment of our school-life draws near, and your hearts and mine are full of sorrow. We are about to bid farewell to scenes and faces long known, long loved, and we dare not realize that our happy school-life will be henceforth but a memory. Already its cares, and trials, and vexations are fading from our minds, and there remain only its pleasures, which the realities of life can never obscure. The broad future, in which we are to act our part, stretches before us. We stand at the turning point whence our

several paths diverge; and none of us know the shadows which shall fall upon them. But O, may we so live, so apply the precious lessons taught us here, that they may one day lead us safely to our heavenly goal; and however we may have been sundèred in this world, may we one day meet in happy union around the throne of God!

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### APOLOGETIC.

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We feel sure that our friends who were not fortunate enough to be present during the exercises of Commencement Week will pardon us for withholding the June number of the MUSE in order to insert some account of the sayings and doings of those important days. From the services of Sunday morning to the "Senior Reception" of Thursday night, there was not one disappointment or failure in carrying out our programmes. The examinations were pronounced by the teachers to be perfectly satisfactory; the evening entertainments were declared by the audience to be more than worthy of St. Mary's reputation in that respect; the Kindergarten was lovely, and charmed every body, and so everything went off to the gratification of our pride.

But we must plead the manifold claims of the week as our apology for so many mistakes in the printing of the MUSE, assuring our readers that they are *all* typographical and not "copy" errors. "Proof" had to pass unnoticed in the haste of those days, and we beg our readers to *make* sense where they do not find it. The French type is *most* ludicrous in its vagaries, but our printer is strange to that foreign tongue, and only imported his type for our accommodation. His interest in the MUSE has won from him a promise to study up during the vacation and follow "copy" more closely next year.

We particularly regret the omission in the table of contents of "The Career of Archery," by Miss Adele Steiner, and also the explanatory heading of that wonderful specimen of rhetoric, orthography and punctuation, "The Preamble." It is a copy of

the actual proceedings of a colored musical association in the land of liberty and freedom, and is surely worthy of a place in "the archives of gravity." Numberless, but minor shortcomings are plain enough to our readers, and we can only beg that they will cover them all with the mantle of charity.

# ST. MARY'S MUSE;

## A Monthly Magazine,

EDITED BY THE

PIERIAN CLUB OF ST. MARY'S SCHOOL.

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Vol. II.

RALEIGH, N. C., JUNE, 1879.

No. 1.

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# St. Mary's Muse.

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VOL. II.

RALEIGH, N. C., JUNE, 1879.

No. 1.

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## A LEGEND OF COLOGNE.

BY BRET HARTE.

Above the bones  
St. Ursula owns,  
And those of the virgins she *chaperones* ;  
Above the boats,  
And the bridge that floats,  
And the Rhine and the steamer's smoky throats ;  
Above the chimneys and quaint tiled roofs,  
Above the clatter of wheels and hoofs ;  
Above Newmarket's open space,  
Above that consecrated place  
Where the genuine bones of the Magi seen are,  
And the dozen shops of the real Farina.  
Higher than even old *Hohestrasse*,  
Whose houses threaten the timid passer ;  
Above them all,  
Through scaffolds tall  
And spires like delicate limbs in splinters,  
The great Cologne's  
Cathedral stones  
Climb through the storms of eight hundred winters.  
Unfinished there,  
In high mid air

The towers halt like a broken prayer;  
 Through years belated,  
 Unconsummated,  
 The hopes of its architect quite frustrated.  
 Its very youth  
 They say, forsooth,  
 With a quite improper purpose mated;  
 And every stone  
 With a curse of its own  
 Instead of that sermon Shakespeare stated,  
 Since the day its choir,  
 Which all admire,  
 By Cologne's Archbishop was consecrated.

Ah! *that* was a day,  
 One well might say,  
 To be marked with the largest, whitest stone  
 To be found in the towers of all Cologne!  
 Along the Rhine,  
 From old Rheinstein,  
 The people flowed like their own good wine.  
 From Rudesheim,  
 And Geisenheim,  
 And every spot that is known to rhyme;  
 From the famed Cat's Castle of St. Goarshausen,  
 To the pictured roofs of Assmannshausen;  
 And down the track,  
 From quaint Schwalbach  
 To the clustering tiles of Bacharach;  
 From Bingen, hence  
 To old Coblentz:  
 From every castellated crag,  
 Where the robber chieftains kept their 'swag,'  
 The folk flowed in, and Ober-cassel  
 Shone with the pomp of knight and vassal;  
 And pouring in from near and far,

As the Rhine to its bosom draws the Ahr,  
 Or takes the arm of the sober Mosel,  
 So in Cologne, knight, squire, and losel,  
 Choked up the city's gates with men  
 From old St. Stephen to *Zint Märjen*.

What had they come so see? Ah me!  
 I fear no glitter of pageantry,  
     Nor sacred zeal  
     For Church's weal,  
 Nor faith in the virgins' bones to heal;  
     Nor childlike trust in frank confession  
     Drew these, who, dyed in deep transgression,  
     Still in each nest  
     Of every crest  
 Kept stolen goods in their possession;  
     But only their *goût*  
     For something new,  
 More rare than the 'roast' of a wandering Jew;  
     Or—to be exact,  
     To see—in fact—  
 A Christian soul, in the very act  
     Of being damned, *secundum artem*,  
     By the devil before a soul could part 'em.

For a rumor had flown,  
 Throughout Cologne,  
 That the Church, in fact, was the devil's own;  
     That its architect,  
     (Being long 'suspect,')  
 Had confessed to the bishop that he had wreckt  
     Not only his *own* soul, but had lost  
     The *very first Christian soul* that crossed  
     The sacred threshold; and all, in fine,  
     For that very beautiful design  
     Of the wonderful choir  
     They were pleased to admire.

And really, he must be allowed to say—  
 To speak in a purely business way—  
 That, taking the ruling market prices  
 Of souls and churches, in such a crisis  
     It would be shown—  
     And his Grace must own—  
 It was really a *bargain* for Cologne !

Such was the tale  
 That turned cheeks pale  
 With the thought that the enemy might prevail,  
     And the church doors snap  
     With a thunder-clap  
 Of a Christian soul in that devil's trap.  
     But a wiser few,  
     Who thought that they knew  
 Cologne's Archbishop, replied, ' Pooh, pooh !  
     Just watch him and wait,  
     And as sure as fate  
 You'll find that the Bishop will give "checkmate."'

Bom ! from the tower !  
 It is the hour !  
 The host pours in its pomp and power  
     Of banners and pyx,  
     And high crucifix,  
 And crosiers and other processional sticks,  
     And no end of Marys  
     In quaint reliquaries,  
 To gladden the souls of all true antiquaries ;  
     And an *Osculum Pacis*—  
     (A myth to the masses  
 Who trusted their bones more to mail and cuirasses),  
     All borne by the throng  
     Who are marching along  
 To the square of the Dom with processional song,

With the flaring of dips,  
 And bending of hips,  
 And the chanting of hundred perfunctory lips ;  
 And some good little boys  
 Who had come up from Neuss  
 And the *Quirinuskirche* to show off their voice ;  
 All march to the square  
 Of the great Dom, and there  
 File right and left, leaving alone and quite bare  
 A covered sedan,  
 Containing—so ran  
 The rumour—the victim to take off the ban.

They have left it alone,  
 They have sprinkled each stone  
 Of the porch with a sanctified *Eau de Cologne*,  
 Guaranteed in this case  
 To disguise every trace  
 Of a sulphurous presence in that sacred place.  
 Two Carmelites stand  
 On the right and left hand  
 Of the covered sedan chair, to wait the command  
 Of the prelate to throw  
 Up the cover and show  
 The form of the victim in terror below.  
 There's a pause and a prayer,  
 Then the signal, and there—  
 Is a *woman!*—by all that is good and is fair !

A woman ! and there  
 She stands in the glare  
 Of the pitiless sun and their pitying stare.  
 A woman still young,  
 With garments that clung  
 To a figure though wasted with passion, and wrung  
 With remorse and despair,  
 Yet still passing fair,

With jewels and gold in her dark shining hair,  
 And cheeks that are faint  
 'Neath her dyes and her paint—  
 A woman most surely—but hardly a saint!

She moves. She has gone  
 From their pity and scorn;  
 She has mounted alone  
 The first step of stone,  
 And the high swinging doors she wide open has thrown,  
 Then pauses and turns  
 As the altar blaze burns  
 On her cheeks, and with one sudden gesture she spurns  
 Archbishop and Prior,  
 Knight, ladye, and friar,  
 And her voice rings out high from the vault of the choir,

'Oh, men of Cologne!  
 What I *was* ye have known,  
 What I *am*, as I stand here, One knoweth alone.  
 If it be but His will  
 I shall pass from Him still  
 Lost, curst, and degraded, I reckon no ill  
 If still by that sign  
 Of His anger divine  
 One soul shall be saved He hath blessed more than mine!  
 Oh, men of Cologne!  
 Stand forth if ye own  
 A faith like to this, or more fit to atone,  
 And take ye my place,  
 And God give you grace  
 To stand and confront Him, like me, face to face!

She paused. Yet aloof  
 They all stand. No reproof  
 Breaks the silence that fills the celestial roof.

One instant—no more—  
 She halts at the door,  
 Then enters! . . . A flood from the roof to the floor  
 Fills the church rosy red.  
 She is gone!

But instead,  
 Who is this leaning forward with glorified head  
 And hands stretched to save?  
 Sure this is no slave  
 Of the Powers of Darkness, with aspect so brave!

They press to the door,  
 But too late! All is o'er;  
 Nought remains but a woman's form prone on the floor.  
 But they still see a trace  
 Of that glow in her face,  
 That they saw in the light of the altar's high blaze.  
 On the image that stands  
 With the Babe in its hands,  
 Enshrined in the churches of all Christian lands.

A *Te Deum* sung,  
 A censer high swung,  
 With praise, benediction, and incense wide-flung,  
 Proclaim that the *curse*  
*Is removed*—and no worse  
 Is the Dom for the trial—in fact, the *reverse*.  
 For instead of their losing  
 A soul in abusing  
 The Evil One's faith, they gained one of his choosing.

Thus the legend is told,  
 You will find in the old  
 Vaulted aisles of the Dom—stiff in marble or cold,  
 In iron and brass,  
 In gown and cuirass,  
 The knights, priests and bishops who came to that Mass.

And high o'er the rest,  
 With her Babe at her breast,  
 The image of Mary Madonna—the blest.  
 But you look round in vain,  
 On each high pictured pane,  
 For the woman most worthy to walk in her train.

Yet, standing to-day  
 O'er the dust and the clay,  
 Midst the ghost of a life that has long passed away,  
 With the slow-sinking sun  
 Looking softly upon  
 That stained-glass procession, I scarce miss the one  
 That it does not reveal,  
 For I know and I feel  
 That these are but shadows—the woman was real!

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### A LETTER FROM CALLIOPE.

NEW YORK, June, 1879.

DEAR SISTER EUTERPE: It is with great pleasure that I return thanks for your cordial reception of my greeting, sent you by the hand of that saucy fellow, Mercury, on his last rounds. I willingly accede to your request that I write again, and I hope this will be ready for our courier on his next circuit. Indeed, who could resist the charming appeal of that clever typographical perversion—Euterpe's *entrancing* spell? Not I, at least, and so you see I am already fairly *in the traces* as your correspondent from the Metropolis.

These poor mortals—how I pity them—can ill endure the heat; and when Apollo rides his burning chariot higher over their heads—taking his course through the heavens farther and farther to the North each day—they flee for shelter from his glory

to the coolest retreat earth affords them, there to remain until he, taking pity upon their weakness, retraces his way to the other hemisphere. The Arts are, during this period, thrown aside; all their mental energies being concentrated upon the one great problem—how to keep cool! Hence the concert season is over, and I have therefore nothing very new to tell you of. But I did snatch the opportunity of witnessing the final event of the season, that I might not be without something of interest to relate to you, dear Euterpe.

On Wednesday, the 28th of May, was celebrated the Centennial Birthday of the charming Lyric Poet of Hibernia, Thomas Moore. He it was who wisely tested the strength of his poetic pinions in translating into his own language the Odes of our ancient Greek disciple, Anacreon, ere he launched out into the free flight of his own untrammelled genius. The hall of the Academy of Music was the scene of the anniversary performance, and when the curtain rose at eight in the evening, the eyes of all in the crowded house beheld a chorus of four hundred voices, who were to sing the Irish Melodies, as the chief feature of the evening. This large body of singers was ranged in ascending tiers, filling almost the entire perspective of the proscenium. And above and back of all, upon a draped pedestal, stood a magnificent bust of colossal size, fashioned with consummate skill in the likeness of Tom Moore.

Of this statue I have to tell you a secret which belongs only to our immortal Sisterhood, in order to explain its presence as the centre of attraction in the hall of the assembly. You know that of yore I was wont to hunt the studios of Phidias and Praxiteles, the ancient poets of form and figure, to watch them as they evolved from the rude marble or bronze the immortal conceptions of their mortal minds. And in my roving among the abodes of those who court the Arts—seeking for Genius hidden from the envy and sordidness of the petted and arrogant Mediocrity in obscure and poverty-stricken retreats—I happened not long since to discover one on whom Apollo had bestowed a true poetic soul, gazing through eyes dimmed with tears at the work

on which he was putting the finishing touches, and which I saw at once to be a perfect image of "the Bard of Erin." The destitute sculptor wept because he knew the fire of true genius burned within him, and yet it seemed that the cruel Fates had doomed him to die unnoticed and unknown. Of course, dear Sister, this was more than heart could endure, and so I sped to one who I knew could bring the artist's creation to the light; and touching him upon the forehead, I inspired him to seek the crazy garret where this modern Praxiteles wrought. Struck with the excellence of the work and moved to pity by the distress of the workman, he cared for the wants of the sculptor and had the bust conveyed to the hall, where on the evening of the anniversary it occupied the conspicuous position I have already described.

The entertainment was well calculated to interest the minds of the million. The performances of the evening were as follows: After an introductory address by Chief Justice C. P. Daly, the Chorus, accompanied by an Orchestra of over fifty pieces, and all under the baton of the popular conductor, Mr. P. S. Gilmore, sang the Irish patriotic air, "Let Erin Remember the Days of Old;" after which, the well-known tenor, Mr. Geo. Simpson, sang the stirring martial ballad, "The Minstrel Boy." Then, "Flow on Thou Shining River" was rendered as a duet by two sweet-voiced sisters, and thereafter a poem written for the occasion was recited. Next, "Oft in the Stilly Night" was sung as solo and chorus, Mrs. Florence Rice-Knox being the soloist. She is a woman to whom Nature has given a voice proportioned to her magnificently developed person, large, and full, and rich. But alas, Jove has not enlightened that queenly form with the noble soul it would seem worthy to enshrine; the mind and heart lack strength and beauty, and she who possesses so grand a voice knows not how to use it, because the *character* is weak and ignoble! Although her singing seemed *almost* to touch the heart and move the feelings, yet in every strain one felt that something was lacking—a vague disappointment followed each momentary anticipation of depth and pathos. But the mere power of her

voice was shown by its being heard above the large chorus and orchestra, when they accompanied her in the refrain.

The numbers that followed "Oft in the Stilly Night" were: "The Harp that Once through Tara's Halls," solo; a long address on the life and character of Moore; "The Last Rose of Summer," solo; "Believe Me, If All those Endearing Young Charms," chorus—during which so noted a leader as Mr. Gilmore, the conductor of the Boston Jubilee, actually allowed the Chorus to sing the closing phrase in one key and the Orchestra to play it in the interrupted resolutions of that chord on the half-step, producing the excruciating discord of two pairs of adjacent semi-tones, supported by a bare octave! Enough to blast a Conductor's reputation for life! I blush to tell it, but it is even so.

This one harsh feature was forgotten in the pleasure of the next number; for, after the recital of an original poem by John Savage, LL. D., a wreath of flowers was handed to him, with the request that he would crown the Laureate of the evening. Amidst loud cheering and applause, he made his way through the Chorus, and with the blooming chaplet encircled the head of the bust of Moore. The entertainment then closed, after the recitation of one of the Bard's poems in the Irish tongue, by the singing of the time-honored chorus, "Sound the Loud Timbrel," and our National Anthem, "The Star-Spangled Banner." The people thoroughly enjoyed the performance, if we may judge from the fact that every musical number of the programme was encored.

During the evening I noticed a young lad going about with a shallow basket among the audience, seeking contributions for the aid of my friend, the destitute sculptor. He had received a beautiful bouquet for the artist; but there was little in the basket. Such is the bounty of mankind to genius in want!

Hoping that my long epistle has not worried your patience, I close, wafting you many sisterly greetings. If it were not for the impertinence of that rogue, Mercury, I should feel tempted to send by him a more *touching* pledge of my love!

Your Sister,

CALLIOPE.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

BOSTON, June 7th, 1879.

EDITOR MUSE:—Here in the North we are now occupied with the same topics as our Southern friends—planning and anticipating much pleasure for the long summer days of July, August and September. Then our schools will again be in session. But meanwhile there will be plenty of camping, boating, hunting, fishing—but there is no end to the list of possible pleasures, therefore I shall put a period after neither one of them.

For myself, among other things, I expect to spend a few weeks in company with Mr. Hardy “under the canvass,” in a beautiful little town on the southern shore of Cape Ann—Manchester-by-the-Sea—where there is a charming confusion of high cliffs, headlands and sandy beaches, reaching along the coast for miles. Here, too, is one of those wonders of the world—a “singing beach.” When one walks over the dry, shifting sands, the constant striking of the foot produces a peculiar high, metallic, “singing” sound, as if the sand was composed of tiny molecules of glass. These “musical sands” are a great curiosity. A little back from the beach is a large hotel—the “Masconomo House” (notice the soft Indian name), owned by Mr. J. B. Booth, the actor. The town is getting to be quite a popular summer resort; it has many beautiful summer residences, owned by wealthy people from Boston, Cambridge, New York, Philadelphia, New Orleans and elsewhere. Dr. Bartol, of Boston, Augustus Hemenway, Russell Sturgis, L. N. Tappan, Joseph Sawyer, Rev. E. P. Tenney (novelist), James T. Fields, Isaac West, of New Orleans, and (until his recent death) R. H. Dana, all spend most of their summers here. William Black, the English novelist, once visited Mr. Fields at his “Gambrel Cottage,” and acknowledged his indebtedness in “Green Pastures and Piccadilly.” Manchester is also the resort of a bevy of players—Southern, the Booths, Chanfraus and others. Near by, off the coast, is the famous reef of “Norman’s

Woe," on which the *Hesperus* was wrecked many years ago, which sad event Longfellow has immortalized in one of the simplest, saddest, sweetest poems ever written.

Of "Pinafore,"—well, I shall not say much about it. For seven weeks the Boston Theatre gave what was called the "best presentation in the world." Now the Globe Theatre proposes (though it has played it before), to "go it one better," and advertises to begin, on Monday, June 9, a performance absolutely perfect in *acting*; they concede that the *singing* at "the Boston" cannot be surpassed. The minor theatres have been presenting it about all the past winter and spring, one after another. It is an epidemic. Old actors complain that it is ruining the popular taste for the legitimate drama. The Museum has a juvenile Pinafore troupe—ages ranging from four to fifteen years. Strong efforts were made by the Puritanical School Committee of Boston to break up the affair, but the Police Commissioners refused to revoke the license, "and it's greatly to their credit!" And so the children are triumphant; they enjoy it ever so much, and are earning a handsome sum weekly.

"Fatinitza," a drama of the last Turko-Russian war, is now on the boards at the Boston Theatre, where "Pinafore" has just closed a seven-weeks voyage. The new Park Theatre is playing "The Banker's Daughter."

Political matters are already agitating our commonwealth. Gen. Butler will probably be the regular Democratic nominee (also Greenback) for Governor. Look out for a close contest in "the Old Bay State."

Pardon this touch upon politics; I was betrayed into it by reading Prof. Hardy's comments on the "exodus" in his last letter to me. The South is doing bravely, and growing better and wiser every day. Even the Radicals know that; hence their tears.

F. W. YOUNG.

## THE FOOTPRINTS BY THE RIVER SIDE.

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### CHAPTER I.

Walking in idle mood by the river bank, I paused to note the footprints in the soft and plastic soil, and as I gazed, I read in them characters and histories. Here was the tiny impress of a little child, in some places clear and distinct, in others faint and scarcely discernible. In imagination I saw a fair and rosy-cheeked little one, with her flossy curls all blown about her lovely face by the sweet breath of Spring, as she sprang hither and thither in idle, wanton play—now chasing a golden-winged butterfly—now pausing to admire the beautiful ocean spread out before her; and I read each impress of the heart in the varied footprints. Here, under a spreading maple, two persons had walked side by side with slow and loitering pace; this bears the firm impress of a man strong in purpose and love, treading down all impediments, all obstructions, to keep ever by the side of the slight footprint of woman. How different were the two! *Hers*, evidently needing or asking for assistance from the strong form beside her; *his*, proud of the task of giving that, *perhaps* unasked, but *certainly gladly received*, support! Here they passed along, and their forms rose clearly before my mind's eye and I reared a bright castle in the air, of which they two, and they alone, were the occupants. I saw his eye gaze on her with the tenderest affection, and as he drew her closer to him, I heard his voice of wildering sweetness softly whisper, "*My darling!*" I saw her face turned toward him, speaking more plainly than her faltering tongue (overcome by the intensity of her feeling) could utter them, the words, "My heart's Love, my King."

Oh, what a heavenly thing is this same "Love!" Its influence is universal, yet indescribable! Some persons contend that love, earnest, whole-souled love, *enforces* a return; but this is not

always the case. Men may, nay, often do, love truly and earnestly one whose pulses do not quicken one beat, whose heart does not vary in its pulsations while they plead in vain but for a hope; and again, that same heart, now so calm, will start at the first sound of a voice, its beatings will be so rapid that the breath is impeded, the citadel of life yields up its keys, throws open its gates, and the conqueror triumphantly takes entire and complete possession!

But I did not intend to write a dissertation on Love, but on Footprints. In the wilds of the Far West, the passer-by sees stamped in the solid rock the impress of a giant foot, clear and distinct to-day, after the lapse of ages, as when first imprinted in the yielding soil! And thus do some characters make their impress on the hearts and lives of those around them. Years may roll onward; the seasons may come and go, and age, with its chilly breath and stealthy pace, make the bright eye grow dim and the firm, elastic step falter, still the footprint of the mighty giant is seen; the soft and yielding character becomes hardened and warped by contact with the world, but the mighty footprint, stamped indelibly upon it, hardens into adamant and remains!

After the pause beneath the maple, the footprints passed onward, and I traced them back and forth—marking with pleased emotion that they were ever side by side; for it seemed to me that I had so plainly read the feelings and thoughts of those who had loitered there before me, that the wish rose to my heart and almost to my lips, that they might ever thus through life pass onward side by side, loving and being loved, till time itself shall have ceased to be!

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#### CHAPTER II.

A few days elapsed and again I strayed beneath the maples on the river bank. But alas! alas! where were the footprints on which I had gazed so short a time since? Those of the child had disappeared—washed out by the rain, effaced by the breeze, and I sighed as I thought but a few short years, and all recollection of that little one, with her rosy cheeks and flossy curls,

would have passed away, even as her footprints had faded. But, no! *one* heart retains the memory even as here between this trailing vine I trace *one* tiny footprint. The mother still holds close locked in her bosom the form of the child which passed away, it may be years ago; but to *her* it is still "*the little one*"—*her child!*

Sadly I turn to look for the traces, left beneath the maples, by those whom imagination had pictured to me as lovers. I started back as I beheld them! warped out of all shape and hardened by the sun, they were now but blots and scars on the bosom of the earth! Again imagination took the helm, and under her guidance the ship of mind flew hither and thither, driving wildly along in the sea of thought. I pictured those same lovers, now either scattered by the fire of passion or parted by some stern decree of cruel fate! Had the breath of slander, like the simoon of the desert, withered the blossoms of love? or had stern duty stepped between them and, pointing to different paths, said, "Henceforth ye must walk apart?" I know not, but I saw that all beauty had faded from their pathway. There were the footprints still side by side, but instead of pleasure, the contemplation of them *now* gave me intense pain, and, foolish as it may seem, I burst into tears as I thought of his face turned from her who was no longer the "loadstar of existence," and heard the wail of anguish with which her heart still acknowledged him as "King," even tho' that kingdom was now a desert. I turned away heart-sick! I had sought out this "sly green nook," hoping again to pass a pleasant half hour beneath the cool shadow of those glorious trees, for those footprints had seized hold on my imagination and had haunted me as with a living presence. Through the days which had intervened I had woven many a web of fancy, in which the golden threads of Hope and Love gleamed brightly amidst the gorgeous flowers scattered by the hand of Anticipation! But *now*, the golden thread had cankered and rusted, eating into the flowers whose bright tints had faded, so that the whole fabric was more than useless.

"Somehow the place seemed cursed," and I turned away, inwardly resolving never again to wander there.

*FASHION.*

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E. R. BURR.

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“ Loveliness  
Needs not the aid of foreign ornament but is,  
When unadorn'd, adorn'd the most.”

We profess to be a Christian people, and send messages of free grace to heathen lands and yet, there is an idol in our midst, who is worshiped with a zeal worthy of a Hindoo priest. No heathen god or goddess has ever had more zealous devotees, or a more mortifying ritual to perform, or more cruel penances, than this dame of fame, renowned Fashion. She has laws, and severe ones too, but unlike the laws of the Medes and Persians, they are constantly changing. They are not often founded upon reason, for sometimes they violate even common decency, and often sacrifice comfort to her whimsical decrees. She imposes unexpected burdens upon her followers, which are oftentimes detrimental to health, time and wealth—but what cares this fickle goddess? Like the moon, she changes every quarter in spite of sunshine, wind or storm, and carries along in her train one vast tidal wave of nick-nacks, flounces and flummery, long sleeves and short sleeves, or no sleeves at all. One month, she appears in frills and flounces; the next, lo! these are perished, and the plainest of skirts has usurped their place, while a wing which some bird has once worn, stands erect, where graceful tendrils twined, a few weeks before. Fashion is a tyrant, she speaks the word only, and all obey her commands. If she orders a long skirt, a short skirt—a hoop, or balloon; a broad brim; a jockey, or “sky-scraper” for head-gear-crinoline or no crinoline—it is done—her will, immutable, is obeyed. Perhaps she fancies wool for August, and thin fabrics for December—it matters not—the mandate goes forth; the contagion spreads, while disease creeps silently behind, and Death exulting, lingers not far in the background. Not only is this adulation for the goddess felt by the female sex, the men

also, follow closely in her train, and many tricks she plays upon them. Now the loose flowing garments, with collar *a la* Byron—then presto; pants, patent-leather tips, and neck-tie, all rival each other in tightness, while the poor exquisite, gold cane in hand, and beaver dexterously balanced on one side of the head, showing the middle part in the hair, carries himself painfully, with a swagger not unlike the famous “bend” of a few years ago. Thus it is, she makes fools of us all—even creation’s noble lords succumb to the wily arts of this inconsistent goddess. In the days of good Queen Bess, Fashion ran riot with the court ladies. At one time each one wore, suspended from the waist by a small chain, what was called a “Scratch back.” This was a small cylinder, about a half yard in length, made of wood, bone or ivory, with a bird’s claw carved at one end, or a human hand with the fingers in position for a scratch. These were very useful instruments, inasmuch, if any biting insect assailed the wearer, all she had to do was to insert her ivory claw between the folds of the wide frill, and satisfaction was forthcoming. However capacious she may be, the jade is not without some feelings of sympathy for mortals. Richard Third’s hump was a source of mortification to him all his life. Fashion, whose ready wit is ever quick to cover the defects, and hide the deformities of human-kind, came to the rescue, and placed a hump upon the backs of court and peasantry until all England was humped and crooked. And so it has been, and will be, from the dim past to the uncertain future; this *ignis fatuus* will lead us whither she will; few can stem the torrent of ridicule poured upon those who refuse to follow the mysterious and intricate movements of Fashion!

*THE CAREER OF ARCHERY.*

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The party of school-girls clustered round the bright wood fire. The ponderous tome was handed down; we listened breathless for the first magic words.

“Oh Goddess, sing the wrath of Peleus’ son.” The liquid music of the verse swelled into ever richer, grander strains. From the depths of old ocean to the peaks of old Olympus did we follow, lured by the siren song, Calliope’s flying feet.

Anon, we stood upon the battle field, amid the clash of weapons, and with beating hearts, we saw the warriors fall. Each hero had an ardent and admiring heart devoted to his cause, and mine was won by Tencer, who protected by his brother’s mighty shield, shot his arrows into the middle of the fray—shot them with all the strength of a hero’s heart, if not a hero’s arm. My fancy wove many a fair tale of that slender bow. Mayhap, I thought Luna’s own bright self hung in the clear air as its model; and when her silver crescent had waxed to a shining disc, the youthful warrior fastened on his quiver and marched to battle at his brother’s side. Alas! the Encyclopedia, dissipation of myths, came to the rescue of my fancies. My pretty dream dissolved amid a shower of tears, shed both for my hero and my theory. Both vanished before the powerful light of knowledge. No pretty Greek first fashioned, with Pallas’ aid, the archer’s weapons. The same mystic hands that reared the pyramids, drew also the cross-bow.

Before Greece was a nation, mighty Eastern empires rose and fell by its strength. Greece herself bowed and yielded up her liberty under showers of stinging arrows. Rome, the proud mistress of the world, surrendered her pleasant fields and sunny vineyards to hordes armed with the bow. When the venturesome spirit of the Northmen led them south, it was the arrow that gained them a home under the balmy skies of bonny France.

Still restless, they caught sight of Albion's white cliffs, and eager to possess them, crossed the narrow channel, and landed in the country which was to be the chosen home of Archery. In conquering the country the Normans had taught its inhabitants to conquer. It was the Saxon who, in the Middle Ages, wielded the bow with the most consummate skill in war; it was he who bore off the prize in peaceful contests of dexterity and strength.

It was not always in open warfare nor in public games that the dart was surest. Under Sherwood forest dwelt Robin Hood and his band. Here fell the deer, staining the unerring arrow with his blood, ere startled by the approach of the silent hunter. When the bow was drawn by the scarce steady hand of the stripping, the ominous whiz of the weapon as it sped by, warned the trembling animal that only far from this treacherous spot could safety be found. As the clear horn rang through the forest, echoed back by every hillock in softened sweetness, the song of the feathered inhabitants was silenced; the squirrel stopped in his gambols, and the timid hare crouched in sudden fear; but a crowd of merry men in Lincoln green sprang up at its call, eager to follow where their bold chief might lead.

Long years after, when Robin and his men had been laid beneath the sward which was the scene of their restless, active lives—court ladies flitted between the forest trees, and tripped over the mossy turf. But no pretty songster yielded his heart's blood to the gold-tipped arrows which sprung from those white hands. No deer, tossing his handsome antlers, bounded to denser shades, for fear of those feeble darts. The only arrows shot with effect, methinks, among that courtly train were those of Venus' run-away, who

“—— doth bear a golden bow,  
And a quiver hanging low,  
Full of arrows, that out-brave  
Diana's shafts——”

Cross the ocean, and turn to the vast forests of America. No silver laughter floats upon the air. The stillness is broken only by fierce cries of savages and the rush of their weapons. Only

yesterday one gallant officer fell by the poisoned arrow of the Indian.

But the powerful tribes that once held America in sway have melted to a few handfuls. The whiz of their deadly weapons comes to us as a far off echo, soon lost in the turmoil of our busy life. The arrow has ceased to be a weapon of war; all efforts to revive its use have; failed it has become the sport of children and a pastime for the idle.

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### THE ELVES.

[TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF LUDWIG TIECK BY MISS  
BLANCHE E. GRIFFIN.]

“Where is our little Marie?” the father asked.

“She is playing out there on the grass, with our neighbor’s son,” answered the mother.

“I hope they will not go astray,” the father said apprehensively; “they are thoughtless.”

The mother looked for the little ones, and brought them their afternoon luncheon. “It’s hot,” said the lad, and the little girl eagerly held out her hand for the red cherries. “Be cautious, children,” said the mother, “do not run too far from the house or into the forest; father and I are going out to the field.” Young Andres answered: “O, don’t be uneasy, for we are afraid of the forest; we will sit here by the house, where there are people near us.”

The mother returned to the house, and soon came out again with her husband. They locked up their dwelling and turned towards the fields in order to look after the laborers in the meadow and, at the same time, see the crop of hay. Their house was situated upon a little green knoll, surrounded by a neat rail fence, which also enclosed their orchard and flower garden; the

village sloped down somewhat lower, and on the other side rose the Count's castle. Martin had rented this large estate from the Count and contentedly lived here with his wife and only child, for he laid by something yearly, and had the prospect, through industry, of becoming a wealthy man, for the soil was rich and the Count did not oppress him.

As he went with his wife towards the fields, he looked joyously around him and said: "Brigitta, how very different this region is from that in which we formerly dwelt. Here, it is so fresh; the whole village is thickly planted with fine fruit trees; all the houses are neat and their inhabitants well-to-do; indeed, it seems to me that the forests here are more beautiful and the sky bluer; and as far as the eye can reach, beautiful Nature spreads pleasure and delight."

"Only on the other side of the river," said Brigitta, "you seem to be in another world, all is so barren and dreary. Every traveller asserts that our village is the fairest far and wide, through which he has passed."

"All but the fir grove on the low grounds," her husband answered; "look back there how dark and dismal that isolated spot lies amid these cheerful surroundings; the smoky huts behind the glowing fir trees, the tumble-down stables, the sadly-flowing brook."

"It is true," the woman said, as they both stopped, "if one but draws near that place he becomes sad and uneasy, yet cannot tell why. I should like to know who the people really are who live there, and why they hold themselves aloof from every one else in the community, as if they had evil consciences."

"Miserable creatures," the young farmer replied, "who look like gipsies, rob and cheat at a distance, and perhaps have their hiding-place here. I only wonder that the lord of the manor allows it."

"Ah! they may be poor people," said his wife softly, "who are ashamed of their poverty, for nothing evil can be said of them; only it is strange that they do not go to church, and one really cannot tell what they live on, for the little garden, which

appears to be entirely uncultivated, cannot support them, and they have no fields."

"The dear God knows," Martin continued as they walked on, "what they do ; no human being comes to them, for the place where they live is, as it were, charmed and enchanted, so that the most prying fellow will not trust himself in it."

This conversation they held as they walked through the fields. That dark region of which they spoke lay beyond the village. In a hollow, surrounded by fir trees, was a hut and several almost ruinous barns ; very rarely did smoke rise behind from those trees, and still more rarely was a human being to be seen there. A few inquisitive persons who had gone somewhat nearer, had seen at times on the bench before the hut some hideous women, in tattered garments, on whose laps equally hideous and dirty children were tumbling. Black dogs ran around the enclosure, and of an evening an unknown man of extraordinary size, whom nobody knew, went over the small bridge which crossed the brook and disappeared in the hut ; then in the darkness several figures were seen moving like shadows around a gipsy fire. This valley, the fir trees, and the tumble-down huts, formed, indeed, a most curious contrast with the green landscape, the white houses of the village, and the splendid new castle.

Both the children had now eaten the fruit ; it occurred to them to run races, and the agile little Marie always came out ahead of the slow Andres. "It is not fair," the latter finally cried out, "but let us try a longer distance ; then we shall see who wins !" "As you wish," said the little one ; "only we cannot run toward the stream." "No," answered Andres, "but there, on that hill, stands the large pear-tree, about a quarter of a mile from here ; I will run to the left around the fir-grove, you can run to the right through the field ; so we shall not meet till we get up the hill, then we will see who is the better racer."

"Good," said Marie, and immediately began to run. "We will not be in each other's way, and father says that it is the same distance up the hill, whether you go on this or on the other side of the Gipsies' dwelling."

Andres had already sprung forward, and Marie, who turned to the right, could no longer see him. "It is really silly," she said to herself. "If I could only get the courage to run over the bridge, around by the hut, and across the yard, I should certainly be there before him." She was already close to the brook and the grove of firs. "Shall I? No, it is too frightful," she said. A little white dog was standing on the other side, barking with all his might. In her fright he seemed to Marie a monster, and she sprang back. "O, O!" said she, "now that little wretch has gone ever so far ahead because I have stopped here considering!" The little dog kept barking, and now that she looked at it more closely, it no longer seemed frightful to her, but on the contrary exceedingly pretty: it had a red collar around its neck, with a shining bell, and as it raised its head and shook it in barking, the bell tinkled very sweetly. "Well! I can but try it!" cried the little girl. "I will run as fast as I can and be quick, quick out on the other side again; they cannot eat me up alive in a second!" With this the light-hearted child sprang on the bridge, and rushed quickly by the little dog, which became quiet, and fawned upon her; and now she stood on dry ground, and all around her the black fir-trees hid from view her father's house, and the rest of the landscape.

But how great was her amazement! She stood in the midst of the gayest, most beautiful flower-garden, in which tulips, roses and lilies flaunted in the most brilliant colors; blue and gold butterflies swung gently in the flowers; many-colored birds sang glorious songs, as they hung in cages of shining wire on the espaliers; and children in short white dresses, with golden curls and sparkling eyes, were springing about, some playing with lambkins, others feeding the birds, or gathering flowers and giving them to one another; others again were eating cherries, grapes, and rosy apricots. No hut was to be seen, but there stood a large, beautiful mansion, with bronze doors and raised carvings, shining in the midst of the space. Marie was beside herself with surprise, and could not collect her thoughts; but as she was not timid, she walked straight up to the first child, extended her hand to her, and bade her good-day.

"Have you come to see us at last?" said the shining child; "I saw you running and playing across the brook, but you were afraid of our little dog."

"So you are not gipsies and rogues," said Marie, "as Andres always says? But he is a silly fellow and babbles nonsense all the day long."

"Only stay with us," said the wondrous little one. "We will make you happy."

"But we are running a race."

"You will return soon enough. There, take and eat."

Marie ate and found the fruit sweeter than any she had ever before tasted; and Andres, the race, and the prohibition of her parents were forgotten. A tall lady in shining garments drew near and inquired about the strange child.

"Beautiful lady," said Marie, "I ran here by chance, and now they want to keep me."

"Thou knowest, Zerina," said the beautiful one, "that only a short stay is allowed her; and besides you ought to have asked me first."

"I thought," said the shining child, "that as she was permitted to cross the bridge, I could do it; we have seen her so often running in the field, and thou thyself hast been charmed by her bright ways; she will have to leave us soon enough."

"No, I will stay here," said the stranger, "for it is beautiful here; here too I shall find the finest playthings, besides strawberries and cherries. Over there it is not so grand."

The lady dressed in golden garments withdrew smiling, and many of the children now sprang laughing around the happy Marie, teasing her and inviting her to dance; others brought her lambs, or wonderful playthings; still others made music on instruments and sang to it. But she preferred to stay with the playmate who had first come to meet her; for she was the kindest and the sweetest of all. Little Marie cried out from time to time: "I will always stay with you, and you shall be my sisters," at which all the children laughed, and embraced her. "Now we will have a charming sport," said Zerina. She ran

hastily into the palace, and returned with a little golden box, containing glittering seeds like dust. She took a few grains in her little fingers and strewed them on the ground. Immediately the grass rustled and waved, and in a few minutes shining rose-bushes sprang from the ground, grew up quickly, and unfolded their buds, while the most delightful odor filled the air. Marie also took some of the dust, and when she had sprinkled it around, white lilies and variegated pinks sprang up together. At a sign from Zerina the flowers vanished, and others appeared in their places. "Now," said Zerina, "prepare thyself to see something greater." She laid two pine kernels on the ground, and stamped vehemently upon them with her feet. Two green bushes stood before them. "Take a firm hold of me," she said, and Marie threw her arms around Zerina's slender form. Then she felt herself lifted up, for the trees were growing under them, with the greatest speed. The lofty pines swayed to and fro, and both the children held each other fast, and hovered in the evening clouds, embracing and kissing each other; the other little ones climbed nimbly up and down the trunks of the trees, and laughingly pushed and teased one another when they met. If one of the children in the press happened to fall, it flew through the air, and sank slowly and softly to the earth. After a while Marie became frightened; Zerina sang a few loud notes, and the trees sank down again, and set them upon the ground just as softly as they had at first risen up to the clouds.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### PREAMBLE.

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“WHEREAS Literary pursuit, and a thorough knowledge of the science of Music, and the art of properly executing the same (both vocal and instrumental) has ever been held in the highest estimation from the earliest ages as one of the first accomplishments in refined society; And as the cultivation of Sacred Musical sounds have ever been characterized by the harmonizing influence with which it pervades the social Circle of its votaries, harmonizing their minds, elevating their spirits, purifying their hearts. and uniting them in sentiment, and harmonizing action in the performance of the many important duties enjoined upon them by the rules of well regulated society, and the Holy mandates of the Allwise, Glorious, and Powerful creator. Regulator. and Harmonizer of the *universe. which* to his holy name sings forth one continual song of praise, as it performs its several duties of continual progress. Therefore are we loudly called upon, as rational beings: The nobles of God's creation to read & practice the divine laws of God. to study the Great Book of nature & behold the harmonious workings of the universe. learn wisdom and the science of progress.

Therefore be it Resolved in order to form a more perfect union, and to establish a more friendly and refined state of society among us. and the rising generations of our race; that we do organize into a Sacred and Secular musical and Literary Progressive Union, and do agree to be governed by the following—

#### CONSTITUTION AND BY-LAWS.

*Article 1st.*—This association shall be known as the African-American Adult. and Juvenile Progressive Union.

*Article 2nd.*—The chief object of the Association shall be to cultivate and improve the fine feeling of our nature. and the thorough development of our intellectual faculties: By the practice of Morality. Sociality. Harmony and Melody. Literature and science.

*Article 3rd.*—All persons desirous of becoming members of the Literary department of this association must be of good moral character, and able to read and write—And to enter the musical department they must be additionally able to read music in all the keys.

*Article 4th.*—The initiation fee to this association shall be fifty (50) cents and a general tax of five (5) cents per month there-after, which, with the finds imposed, and assessments made upon the members, shall constitute a general fund for contingent expencies.”

Detroit-Michigan 1862.

(Copied, *verbatim, et literatim, et speleatim, et punctatim* from the archives of the “Union” by the Rev. —) E. E.

---

### MON ANNEAU INVISIBLE.

Combien de fois, entend on des personnes dire. “Oh! que je voudrais être invisible, et me voir comme, on me voit. Ah! ils ne savent combien il est heureux, qu’ils ne peuvent se voir. Cette affirmation, je puis la faire, ayant moi même subit l’épreuve, de ce qu’ils voudraient si follement savoir. Je vais maintenant raconter ma propre expérience, et l’on pourra juger, si elle n’est pas un peu drôle.”

C’était un beau jour d’été, et je me reposais, sous un arbre, avec un livre de contes de fées at souhaitant que les jours des fées ne fussent pas passés, at que j’eusse une bonne fée, qui me donna tout ce que je pourrais désirer, mais surtout, un anneau, qui me rendrait invisible. Soudainement j’entends un léger bruit derrière moi, et en me tournant, ma surprise m’obligea de me lever. Devant moi, était la plus belle petite dame, avec de grands yeux gris, et des cheveux qui tombaient presque à terre.

Ella portait une robe blanche, brillante comme la lune.

Ancun ornement n’était sur sa personne, mais dans sa main-elle tenait un anneau d’or. “Que voulez-vous?” dit elle et sa voix ressemblait à un carrillon de cloches d’argent. Voulez-vous

être invisible? Vous-ai-je bien entendu? Je fus si surprise, que je ne pus à peine dire, *Oui Madame,* Eh bien, dit-elle, c'est un souhait très ridicule, mais vous l'aurez. J'ai ici un petit anneau, et quand vous voulez être invisible, mettez-le sur votre petit doigt. - Si à l'avenir vous ne vous en trouvez pas bien vous pouvez me le rendre en frottant l'anneau et je parîtrai. Adieu. Elle disparut, et je fus senle. Je voulus essayer mon anneau immédiatement; mais je ne pus me décider où porter mes premiers pas. Je résolus enfin d'aller, chez une de mes amies. Quand j'y arrivai la porte était ouverte et j'entrai au salon.

J'y trouvai deux de mes amies, occupées, à parler de moi.

J'écoutai un moment, et je fus bien surprise d'entendere, que j'étais "une pauvre petite."

J'avais pensé que j'étais bien grande, mais maintenant, je venais d'entendre dire, que j'étais petite.

Hélas, pour mon amour propre! is fut extrêmement blessé, et j'aurais bien voulu leur dire qu'elles avaient tort. Bientôt j'entendis une autre chose qui me frappa. "Oui dit une autre, elle a les yeux bien petits." Cela est trop fort, me dis-je! Moi! les yeux petits!

Vraiment ce sont elles qui ne peuvent voir les miens. J'avais toujours pensé que mes yeux étaient bien grands. C'était la seconde chose merveilleuse que j'entendais.

Mais comme par mon propre choix je m'étais rendue invisible, je fus forcée de me taire, et d'endurer jusqu' au bout, tout ce que je m'étais attiré par ma folie. Entièrement satisfaite de ce que j'avais entendu je n'eus plus envie de contrinuer mon chemin, et quittant la chambre, je me dirigeai aussi vite que possible à mon jardin, pour revoir la fée, et me defaire de mon anneau. Je me mis instammenent à le frotter, suivant l'ordre que j'avais reçu, et la même belle dame se présenta devant moi à qui, après l'avoir remercié, je le rendis, lui disant en même temps que je ne voulais plus le revoir.

"Ah! dit elle me regardant gracieusement et avec bonté." "Vous voyez maintenant, combien il est heureux que vous ne puissiez avoir tout ce que vous désirez, et rappelez vous qu' en

vous accordant le don que vous désireriez, ce n'était que pour vous enseigner cette leçon. "Adieu. Elle partit, et je restai sans fée et sans anneau, mais une personne plus sage et plus raisonnable. Et maintenant mes bons amis, quoiqu' on dise souvent avec l'Ayrshire Ploughman le poète à la langue doéré de la Calédonie "O wad some pow'r the giftie gie us to see oursel's as others see us." Je répète qu' il est bien hcreux que nous n'ayons pas ce don et prenez garde de le désirer ; car il pourrait vous apparaître une fée, non pas, bonne comme la mienne, mais une mauvaise, qui ne serait pas si prête à reprendre l'anneau que vous aviez reçu d'elle.

# ST. MARY'S MUSE,

PUBLISHED MONTHLY,

BY THE

**DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC.**

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EDITED BY EUTERPE AND THE PIERIAN CLUB, UNDER THE  
PATRONAGE OF THE LADY PRINCIPAL.

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The publisher wishes to give notice that in the hurry of Commencement Week the MUSE has not received that attention which it is intended it shall receive hereafter. Mr. Eugene Thayer, of Boston, has promised to contribute articles on musical matters, and no pains will be spared to make the MUSE valuable as a school magazine. The next number will be issued in September.

Subscribers not receiving a copy by the 10th of the month, are requested to notify us at once. The MUSE will be issued monthly during term time, or nine numbers a year, and advertisers will be given the space in ten numbers as a year's contract. All matters on business should be addressed to the Publisher, St. Mary's School, Raleigh, N. C.

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## VALEDICTORY.

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"The last day of school!" With how many different intonations these words are uttered! The voices of some speak them lightly and carelessly, others again with pure happiness; while others still utter them with deep regret and seriousness, recognizing that a new page in life's history is to be turned, presenting mingled good and ill.

At one moment the thought that the restrictions of school are over gives us a sense of freedom, the very novelty of which makes it charming. But again the knowledge that we are leaving forever our dear school, the little chapel from whose pulpit we have received so many never-to-be-forgotten lessons, our kind teachers and loved school mates, turns our joy to grief, and we could almost wish it the beginning of the term, instead of our much talked of and wished for "class day."

The parting is particularly sad to us, the members of the "Pierian." We have clung together in sunshine and tempest, joy and sorrow, and have endeavored to do our mite to add raciness and interest to the columns of the MUSE.

We offer our sincere thanks to all those who have smiled on our first journalistic efforts, and have encouraged us both by a kindly criticism of our writings, and by contributions of their own.

We tender particularly warm thanks to Mrs. Norah Cannon, our former teacher, who, though called to pursue her duties at a distance, has not forgotten "St. Mary's," and has favored us with two beautiful poems.

Thanks are also due to our errant sister, "Calliope," so long absent from us, but now again brought to our knowledge and to our hearts by her charming contributions to our columns. She has indeed proved that her wanderings in the cold North have not chilled her heart, which still beats warmly for her sisters in the Sunny South.

The pleasure with which "A Visit to Salem," by "S. S.," was read, urges us, while expressing our gratitude for that contribution, to beg for another from the same pen.

Nor would we forget our faithful Boston correspondent who has kept us "au courant" with the news of the great "Hub."

We trust that the "Pierian" of next year will find as kind friends as we have, and will do them infinitely more credit. For we must yield to the rising generation, and retire to rest upon our laurels (let none be so unkind as to enquire where they are): Success to the "Pierian of the Future!"

"Upon their pen sit laurel victory!"

THE PIERIAN CLUB.

*THE RECTOR'S FAREWELL ADDRESS.*

---

The great object had in view by the founder of this school,—the object to which he devoted his life,—was so to educate those who were committed to his care that they might go forth into the world, devoted daughters of the Church. His one absorbing desire was that his pupils, while in his charge, should consecrate body, soul and spirit, to the service of their Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; and that afterwards, wherever their lot might be cast, they should spread around them, in the family and in society, the blessed influence of holy lives.

To prepare them for this reasonable offering of themselves to the glory of their Creator and to the good of humanity, it was his unwearied effort to draw forth and develope all their powers.

The intellect was to be disciplined, good habits of study to be formed, and ready command of acquired knowledge and of quickened faculties to be attained.

The moral and religious sensibilities were to be guided, refined and elevated by the teachings of the Church, and by the precept and example of teachers chosen with careful regard to this most important consideration. In all academic knowledge, adapted to the age and sex of his scholars, in the whole domain of belles lettres and the arts, as well as in the lighter accomplishments which are regarded as peculiarly feminine, it was the aim and work of his tireless energy to perfect them in whatever was useful, pure, lovely, and of good report. And what was to be the incentive to their self-denying toil? The pupil's unremitting labor for her own improvement was to be bestowed not with a view to mere worldly gains, or from any other low impulse of selfishness; not that success at school might qualify her to shine afterwards in society, attracting attention and respect from all capable of appreciating intellectual and æsthetic culture; not even that she might be prepared, if occasion should arise, for the successful employment of her own energies in self-support or in aiding others. Such, no doubt, under God's blessing would

be the fruit of her faithful discharge of school duty, but a loftier motive was to constrain her efforts. All this earnest work of self culture was to be undertaken in order to fit her for the service of her God.

The laws of physical health, moreover, were to be understood and the body carefully exercised; the appetites, the passions, the affections controlled by habits of obedience to the law of God's commandments; the spirit, the intellect and those faculties which, by reason of their capacity for what seems to us almost infinite development, separate man from the brute creation,—was to be instructed and strengthened to the utmost, that the pupil in the most complete development might offer herself to her Master. As under the old dispensation the animals and fruits offered in the temple were each after its kind to be of blameless perfection; so, too, she who was entrusted to his care when presenting herself to the service of her God was joyously to unfold, in the highest state of improvement, all the best gifts of body, soul and spirit. As in the Olympic games the contests of the pentathlum were instituted to prevent any one-sided mastery, and to elaborate in all particular kinds of dexterity a complete gymnastic perfection; so in his pupils would he have had a full, well-rounded development; that their whole spirit, soul and body might be presented a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable to God.

His work has been laid upon us. The holy purpose he had in view when he laid the foundation of this school must ever animate us. That you may go out from St. Mary's blessed by the influences which have surrounded you while here, and a blessing to all with whom you may be associated must be the supreme object of our endeavor. To this end we shall ever strive to furnish you with all the means and appliances necessary to the complete growth of your being. No pains shall be spared to provide you with teachers, not only well informed upon the various subjects intrusted to them, but capable also of imparting information, of exciting enthusiasm in the pursuit of knowledge, and of stimulating the pupil with the desire for self-culture and self-education.

It was the high aim of the founder of St. Mary's to prepare you as an offering for the Infinitely wise, the Infinitely holy, the Infinitely loving God! How true, how honest, how thorough, then, must be our work; from the elementary teaching of the kindergarten to the most advanced instruction of the higher departments! With what stern severity must everything like faithlessness to our great responsibility be opposed, every temptation to substitute an effort after mere external show and frivolous accomplishments for the consecration of all our powers to the sacred duty of presenting the pupils committed to our care faultless in body, soul and spirit.

As an acknowledgment of our great purpose, and of our belief that from above, from the Father of Lights cometh every good and perfect gift, we meet in this holy place, specially set apart for His worship, to offer Him in these testimonials, now laid upon His altar, the first fruits of such self-dedication. It is, we trust, no unworthy, no unacceptable offering. These honors of your school, which it shall be our happiness to confer, are the result of continuous, persevering, successful effort, not only for excellence in literary and æsthetic culture; they indicate also that you aim at that moral superiority, that true Christian character which it is the special labor of this school to impart. But there are many among you who, though they have not reached the highest rewards of the scholastic course, have nevertheless shown dispositions so amiable and an application so steady as to assure us that the best gifts will yet be within their grasp. Of this number some entered too late to compete for the highest honors. Some lost grade through absence. Others have failed because their habits of study were not fully developed. Another year will see them coming to the front with well earned prizes in their possession. In the consciousness of a session well spent, such scholars may joyfully return to their homes and claim the parental embrace with the satisfaction of having well improved the opportunities they have enjoyed.

Some of you, like those athletes at the Olympian games, who were permitted to contend for the highest rewards, have gone

through the entire course of study prescribed for graduation. To you we give a special testimonial in the form of a diploma, to certify you and all others whom it may interest that you have devoted time to the work of your education; that the course pursued has been a literal one, and that you have carried your school work to advancement, which indicates maturity of intellect and fitness to begin the life of a teacher, or to direct your own further studies with every prospect of successful progress. With fear and trembling, and yet with pride and confidence, we send you out into the world, trusting that you will be ornaments of society and instruments of good in your generation; that you will scorn and loath all meanness and turn with a certain honest haughtiness of nature from the baser and more degrading forms of vice; that you have determined to live by God's grace lives pure and true, and serviceable, and to continue Christ's faithful soldiers and servants to your life's end.

You will return no more as pupils, but the tie which has been forming during the years that you have been with us; which has been strengthened by such intimate acquaintance and delightful intercourse; the tie which has been so solemnly cemented by holy prayers and sweet communions in this sacred place and around that hallowed altar, can never be severed! Wherever you may go, remember that St. Mary's is always and under all circumstances of weal or woe your home—that her arms will ever be open to give you a loving welcome.

And now in the name of our Lady Principal and of your teachers, I thank you one and all for the unvarying kindness and respect with which you have always treated us; and as your Rector, I pray that the blessing of God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Spirit, may ever rest upon you!

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No. 2.

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# St. Mary's Muse.

VOL. II. RALEIGH, N. C., OCTOBER, 1879. No. 2.

## *THE RUINED MANSION.*

We plodded through the fine and crumbling snow  
Along the desolate road, on either hand  
Enclosed by tall, lank trees, and starving shrubs,  
Grown hideous in their shapes, from long neglect,  
All shivering in the bitter winter wind,  
And soon we reached the spot where lately stood  
The old white manor-house among the elms—  
A quaint old house, deep-gabled, long and low;  
With heavy-columned portico in front,  
Inviting ingress with broad marble steps;  
With wide, old-fashioned door, and windows low;  
And towering over all, with haughty air  
Tall, stately chimneys stood like sentinels.  
Ah, treacherous guards! Ye shielded not your charge  
From ruin by the Fire-Fiend's direful hand!

Two hundreds ago,  
Beneath the hands of busy masons grew,  
With gradual rise and slow,  
The central walls of yonder mansion.  
The ringing trowels flew,  
The mortar and the brick beneath deft hands  
Took firm symmetric form.  
The wasting storm  
Through twice a hundred winters o'er the lands

Should roar and rage, but should not harm those walls.  
 And as the building slowly rose in height,  
     In sockets firm and tight  
     Through spacious rooms and halls  
 The floors were fixed with many a heavy stanchion.

    The workman's cheerful call  
     Resounded over all,  
 As friendly chat went round, or help was needed.  
     The hours flew by unheeded,  
 Chased by the hand of Industry.  
     In constant jollity  
 The happy laborers talked and laughed,  
     And many a shaft  
 Of frank, good-natured satire hurled about,  
 In curt, sharp phrases of a foreign tongue ;  
     Till laughter rang again  
 Among the blithe, light-hearted men,  
     With long and merry shout ;  
 And many a jovial song was sung.

    Ah, free, contented Dutch !  
     Not long ere sorrow's touch  
 Assailed you in your home in the New World ;  
     Before the shafts of war were hurled  
 Among your happy homes, and fire and sword  
 Had seared and cut the bonds of sweet accord.

    And now the walls are finished :  
     Anon the sloping roof  
 Is raised and rendered weather-proof.  
     With labor undiminished  
 The carpenters and joiners work within.  
     The hammer and the plane  
     With constant din,  
 Resound through all the chambers, till at last

No lingering tasks remain.  
The carpenter makes fast  
The few remaining pieces merrily;  
Shouts out in glee,  
As in its place he nails the final one—  
And all is done.

---

And now a Knickerbocker bride and groom  
Are ushered into the new house.  
Through every decorated room  
The happy husband and his blooming spouse  
Are led in merry pomp.  
With joyous romp  
The buxom maidens flee pursuit  
From sturdy youths that chase them,  
Lest catching they embrace them.  
Loud rings the laughter through the halls,  
And echoing from the walls,  
Delights the ears of parents fond,  
Rejoicing in their children's marriage bond,  
Who sit complacently and listen mute  
To all the sounds of merriment  
With perfect satisfaction and content.  
The swift hours fly  
In frolic by,  
Until the joyous feast is o'er.  
Then through the open door,  
Projecting through the gloom its long bright light,  
The guests depart into the night,  
The happy pair alone remains,  
And o'er the new-made home sweet stillness reigns.

The time flies swiftly on,  
And lit by love's celestial rays,  
In peace and comfort pass the happy days.  
Soon months and years are gone,  
And daily grows the love of man and wife,

Each seeing in the other more and more  
 To love and to admire, unseen before;  
     And in their daily life  
 Each feels dependence on the other's aid,  
 And love by greater love is aye repaid.

    The blooming bride  
 Is now a stately matron, and beside  
 The bounteous board bright, ruddy faces shine,  
 The offspring of the fruitful vine,  
 Like olive branches round about the table.

    The lusty bridegroom now,  
 With stamp of manhood's prime upon his brow,  
     And air serene and stable,  
 In portly dignity maintains the head.  
 He quaffs his beer in foaming bumper red,  
 The froth from off his beard he blows,  
 And puffs his pipe, and sinks into a doze.

---

Year in, year out, the self-same scene  
 Repeats itself in dull routine.  
 The hearty mother waxes fat;  
 The sturdy father's beard is streaked with gray;  
     And every day,  
 His daughters, coming to receive the pat  
 He gives them with caressing hand,  
 Must stoop still lower, as they stand  
 Beside his chair, that he may reach  
 Their cheeks that ripen like the peach,  
 As childhood grows to maidenhood.  
 And now his sons relieve his care,  
 Each doing his allotted share  
 Of labor on his father's farm,  
     In field and wood,  
 In planting and in raising food.  
 And growing strong in frame and arm,

The boys are strapping youths awhile, and then  
Are sturdy men.

At last, when sire and mother have grown gray,  
And joy has crowned the golden-wedding day,

And when each aged head  
Has worn the grand-parental diadem,  
The last long sleep has fall'n on them,  
And they are numbered with the dead.

The generation ceases; and the lands  
Pass into other hands.

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The new possessor of the broad domains  
In lavish elegance maintains

His new estate.  
With preparations great,  
He fits it for his country residence ;  
Adorns the grounds with every ornament  
That Nature lends to Art,  
Nor rests content

'Till gold has decorated every part  
With all of wealth's magnificence.  
The skilful workmen speedily  
Despatch their tasks with hurrying hands and feet.  
The mansion is enlarged to meet  
The needs of hospitality.

Two wings are added ; from side to side  
Along the front is stretched on timbers wide  
The broad old-fashioned porch, with long, low roof  
On heavy columns held aloof.  
Within, the house is decked  
With everything that riches can collect  
Of costly ornament and rare.  
And soon the stately air

Of wealth's calm elegance is given to all.  
Soft carpets hush the echoes of the hall,  
Rich paintings hang on every wall ;  
The drawing-room displays the carvers' skill,

The silver-studded woodwork sparkles bright,  
 And gleams with ever-varying light;  
 Each turn discloses some new sight,  
 And antique what-nots every corner fill.

The larders overflow with bounteous store,  
 The vaults beneath their sparkling wealth outpour  
 In boundless streams of gold and ruby wine.

A thousand things combine  
 To fit the mansion for its destiny  
 Of life and mirth and revelry.

And now adown the long green avenue  
 Approach a merry train  
 Of dashing riders—many a courtly swain,  
 And many a beauteous maiden.  
 With joyous laughter all the air is laden,  
 As fair and laughing faces come in view.

Standing before  
 The open door,  
 The host and hostess now appear;  
 And as the cavalcade draws near  
 Wave welcome to their guests,  
 The while a ringing shout attests  
 The cordial greeting they return.

Then at the door the troop dismount;  
 While eager maiden lips recount  
 The incidents that marked the way,  
 The choicest gossip of the day;  
 And all the tidings that concern  
 Their absent friends the host and hostess learn.

A sumptuous banquet waits them,  
 Whose rich profusion sates them.  
 Their host then leads the rounds  
 Of all the stately grounds,  
 And next displays the beauties of the mansion;  
 Then from the wide veranda at the rear

They view the landscape spreading far and near,  
And see before them, shining clear,

    The Hudson's broad expansion.

And here they sit and watch the day sink down,  
And see the roseate sunset-glory crown  
The purple mountains, and the clouds overhead  
    All steeped in glowing red.

Then Night o'ershadows all the land,  
As with the hollow of her hand,  
While like the gem of her inverted ring

    The crescent moon appears.

    And as the luminary nears

    The mountains in the west,

Behold yon maid, with heaving breast,

    And arms that fondly cling,

To him who in his close embrace

Upholds her, as with gentle pace

They stroll along from walk to walk,

In far too blissful mood to talk:

'Tis doubtful e'en if either sees

The moonbeams flashing through the trees.

Let none reproach that happy pair,

For true and blameless love is there.

Ere long the night-dews fall ;

And now the rovers seek the dancing hall.

With graceful forms and nimble heels

They mingle in gavots and reels ;

The dancers in their glee forget

The slow and stately minuet ;

Nor till the time-piece stern and tall

Announces with its solemn call

The hour of midnight, do they cease,

And leave the mansion to repose and peace.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

*WASHINGTON ALLSTON.*

America boasts as yet but few great men, but those few are such as command her lasting love and gratitude, and high on the list we find the name of her great artist, Washington Allston. He was a native of South Carolina; but, when very young, was sent North for his health, which, being very delicate, required a more bracing climate than his native State could afford. He early gave evidence of great genius, and before completing his freshman year at Harvard, determined to embrace Art as his calling. From this time he devoted all the spare moments, which boys generally give to play, to the cultivation of his striking talent. Speaking of his childhood, he says: "My chief pleasure now was in drawing from prints of all kinds of figures, landscapes and animals. But I soon began to make pictures of my own, at what age, however, I cannot say. The earliest compositions that I remember, were: The Storming of Count Roderick's Castle, from a poor (though to me delightful) romance of the day, and The Siege of Toulon. To these succeeded many others which have likewise passed into oblivion. Though I never had any regular instruction in the art, (a circumstance both idle and absurd to boast of) I had much incidental instruction which I have always through life been glad to receive from those in advance of myself."

These boyish efforts must have shown his need of instruction, for he himself, after his fame was established, on seeing one of his youthful productions, and quite ignorant that it was his own, declared that "that youth had better turn his attention to something else;" but "that youth" had astonished England and America by his wonderful genius.

During his stay in Europe, where he went for the purpose of study, his charming conversation and agreeable, gentle manners won for him many friends. In company with Coleridge and our Irving he traveled through Italy and was a fellow-student with

Thorwaldsen in Rome, in which place he delighted to study the old masters. He soon showed a preference for the Venetian School, and on account of his own beautiful and delicate coloring was called in Rome the "American Titian." In his paintings he evinces a marked partiality for mysterious and awful subjects; he tells us that when a boy he delighted to hear stories of ghosts and goblins, and many of the ideas then received he probably afterwards conveyed to canvas. He thoroughly loved and enjoyed his art, but his standard was so high that he seldom or never was satisfied with his own efforts, though he had always for others an encouraging and sympathizing word. With his pure artist temperament he lived away from the world, but in his heart glowed the keenest love and sympathy for his fellows. Painters and literary men sought his company, delighted to talk with him and hear his opinions. We can see him sitting in his little study in his old-fashioned dress, with his long white hair, broad brow and eloquent eyes, aiding perhaps with his gifted brush the efforts of some young student, or pondering over the last touch on his own canvas. He must have met with many and great discouragements in his artist-life, for he was thrown entirely upon himself, being, as it were, the pioneer, in this country, of the profession he had chosen. But his love of nature helped him much. While living in his Northern home he frequently asked about the pine forests of Carolina, saying he knew of nothing more entrancing than the play of light and shade on a mild sun-shiny winter day in an unbroken forest of pines. Strange as it may seem, he found it difficult to paint to order, and declined the commission of decorating the Capitol at Washington, a work that would have kept him forever in the remembrance of the nation. But he painted wonderfully his own imaginings, as his works testify. Of "Jacob's Dream," one of his most famous canvases, he says: "It has been often painted before, but I have treated it in a very different manner from any picture I have ever seen; for instead of two or three angels I have introduced a vast multitude, and instead of a ladder or narrow steps, I have endeavored to give the idea of immeasurable flights

of steps with platform above platform, rising and extending into space immeasurable." Another of his famous pictures, remarkable though unfinished, is Belshazzar's Feast. "The exhibition of Allston's Feast of Belshazzar," says a late writer, "established an era in the history of painting." The immense canvas now fills one of the walls of the Boston Athenæum. The whole right side of the picture is wiped out, the outlines only remaining to show the artist's impatience with anything that fell short of his high ideal; but the heads and figures that remain are studies. One, in particular, that of a keen, suspicious old Jew, stands out in bold relief. No one knows for whom he was intended, but all feel the truth and power of his expression, and we think of the Shylock or Isaac who might have been in its model. Allston did not confine himself to painting, though his productions in this line so far eclipse his literary works that the latter are comparatively unknown. Indeed, these explain the latter, for his love and knowledge of art are clearly seen in his writings. Of his genius in painting, his own words, in which he describes the hero of his novel of Italian life, *Monaldi*, best defines it: "He differed no less in kind than in degree from his century. If he had anything in common with others, it was with those of ages past, with the mighty dead of the fifteenth century, from whom he had learned the language of his art; but his thoughts and their turn of expression were his own." His poems were numerous, the best of which, "America to England," he addressed to his friend Coleridge. His death, as his life, realized the ideal of a Christian artist. Delighting in his pen and palette to the last, he passed quietly away while writing beside his desk. Thus closed in tranquil beauty the artist life and earthly being of Washington Allston, and we may say without exaggeration, that he was the greatest artist of his century; more, the greatest that America has produced.

## THE "BAB" BALLADS.

BY W. S. GILBERT, AUTHOR OF "H. M. S. PINAFORE."

Kingsley, in the Envoi to his delightful extravaganza, "Water Babies," begs all "unbelieving Sadducees" to

"Leave a country muse at ease,  
To play at leap-frog, if she please."

The muse which inspired the author of the "Bab" Ballads seems to belong to the town rather than to the country, though she has certainly been allowed to "play at leap-frog" as much as the veriest country hoyden of them all could desire; but she performs her antics with such an airy grace that it does one good to turn away for a little while from the "dull conventionalities" of this every-day world and watch her playful gambols.

In his preface the author tells us that these ballads have gained a "whimsical popularity," and whimsical they undoubtedly are, but brim full of humor and sparkling fun, with a little dash of good-natured satire, which, like the bitter almond in the middle of a sugar plum, or the pinch of salt which a good cook adds to her plum pudding, serves to give a zest to the whole.

The admirers of "Pinafore" will like the "Bab" Ballads none the less that many of them recall that charming medley of sense and nonsense. We believe that the "worthy Captain Reece, R. N.," is the elder of the two, but there is such a strong family likeness between him and the "well bred" Captain Corcoran that there must be a "nautical relationship," and we think even the great Sir Joseph might find one of his "sisters or his cousins or his aunts" on board the "Mantelpiece," to say nothing of "Little Buttercup."

In speaking of these ballads we must not forget to notice the illustrations, which are by no means the worst part of the book. they are in the style of, and many of them not inferior to, Leech's inimitable vignettes, and, like them, have the power of calling to

mind all sorts of old likenesses, rendered the more ludicrous by the grotesque absurdity of the picture which suggests them.

It is perhaps safe to aver that if Thackeray had not written his ballads we should never have seen these. They cannot lay claim to entire originality, but because a clever thing has been done once is no reason it should not be repeated, so it be equally well done, and if we owe the "Bab" Ballads to Thackeray in the first instance, it only makes our debt of gratitude to him the larger. The most serious objection which can be urged against them is a slight want of respect for certain things which it is perhaps best not to hold up to ridicule, but nothing really good and true is ever hurt by a little good-natured raillery; perhaps it serves as a very safe finger-post to keep people in the middle of the high road of moderation, and enables them to avoid all the pitfalls and quagmires which are to be met with in the wilderness of extremes, which lies on either side.

On the whole, we may conclude that any one who is induced, by seeing the name of Gilbert on the very pretty outside of this little book, to examine the inside, will not be disappointed, and that, if there be any truth in the maxim, "Laugh and grow fat," in spite of some rather heavy verses, Mr. Gilbert, in giving the "Bab" Ballads to the world, has proved himself a very formidable antagonist to Banting.

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### LETTER FROM CALLIOPE.

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DEAR SISTER EUTERPE: How glad I am that the summer is over! Men have no energy for the divine arts while it lasts. They wilt in the sun as frail as the helpless convolvulus. My rambles have brought to light nothing of much interest, in all the long season which has elapsed since my letter to you. Some enthusiasts there are indeed, who strive to overcome this human weakness, and labor on in spite of the heat. But their efforts

show the lack of that vigor and power which should mark a work of true genius.

Of such sort is the poem I send you, written by one of my own pupils. I wish your cool judgment upon it, as I fear I am prejudiced in favor of its author, for I love the boy, he is so earnest in his desire to excel in my beloved art of Poetry. You will see that he has apparently resolved at the start to keep cool by imagining himself among the snows and cutting blasts of winter. But like many another human endeavor, his laudable design ended, as that expressive phrase of mortals hath it, "in smoke," as you will see from the close of the poem.

With the hope that ere long I shall be able to communicate something of real interest to you, and with many warm greetings, I remain,

Your faithful sister,

CALLIOPE,

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### *THE OLD MAID'S HOLIDAY.*

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One murky November afternoon Signorina Tacchi, the singing-mistress, set out on a round to the houses of her different pupils to tell them that she proposed to take a holiday on the following day, and would therefore be unable to give them their usual lesson. It was not the busy time of year; fashionable people were shooting pheasants, or seeing them shot; it was chiefly to schools that the Signorina looked for employment during the autumn, and as these lay somewhat far apart she had a long walk, and was well-nigh tired out when she reached her lodgings at Islington, after repeating some score of times her mechanical formula, "I was not feeling very well lately, and I have thought I would allow myself just one day's rest. I shall remember to deduct for ze lesson when I shall have ze honor to send in my account."

Pale, patient Signorina Tacchi, whom no one had ever seen out of temper, who never scolded, who never complained, who was often in pain, and always tired, would scarcely have thought it worth while to desist from her labors for four-and-twenty hours only because she was feeling a little less strong than usual; but the truth was that November 12 was a day which she had observed as sacred during a quarter of a century or more of toil and struggle, an anniversary memorable to her, and to her alone; for assuredly no one else thinks of the date in connection with her, or has done so for many years past.

The Signorina treated herself to an extra hour of bed the next morning, but she did not remain long in her dreary little lodgings. By eleven o'clock she was on her knees in the Brompton Oratory, and before the hour of Vespers she had found her way to the Chapel of the Carmelites at Kensington, where the dim light, the faint odor of incense, the solemn music and the chanting of the unseen monks seemed to her to give some foretaste of that rest which she now longed for as the chief of all blessings, and which, as she well knew, could never come to her in this world. Thus she disposed of the brief hours of daylight, and by six o'clock was glad enough to reach Islington again, and to sit down to the tea and the boiled egg which her landlady, according to custom, had got ready for her. It does not sound a very cheerful way of spending a holiday, but then every one has his own tastes.

The curtains were drawn, the fire was blazing; shabby and scantily furnished as it was, the little room had something of a friendly and homelike aspect at this hour. As soon as the Signorina had eaten what she wanted—and that did not take long—she got up, unlocked an old leather-covered box, took out from it certain treasures of her own, and, drawing her chair up to the blaze, sat down to dream. The real luxury of her holiday had come at last.

Some thirty years ago, there was, at the corner of the Piazza de' Mercanti in Milan, a tiny shop kept by one Tacchi, who described himself, upon the sign-board above his door, as a

jeweler and worker in precious metals, but who was in truth a dealer in old gold and silver ornaments, bronzes, carvings, lace, and antiquities of all kinds. Wealthy English tourists (we were all wealthy in those days, and *milordi* as a matter of course, and enjoyed a consideration among hotel-keepers and their satellites of which increased prices and the familiarity that breeds contempt have long since robbed us) knew the place well, and some still living may recollect the eager little dealer, with his shock of dishevelled grey hair and his bright black eyes, who was almost as fond of displaying his wares as of selling them, and whose delight at discovering a genuine *cognoscente* among his customers said more for his honesty than for his shrewdness. Poor old Tacchi! he was not one of those who make fortunes quickly, and shoulder their way upwards in the world. Like the rest of his countrymen, he dearly loved a bargain, and would chaffer and haggle all the sunny morning through, over the price of an intaglio or a bit of Luca della Robbia ware; but his heart softened towards the appreciative and held out against the ignorant, so that, whereas the former often obtained the object of their desires at considerably less than its proper value, the latter were sometimes sent empty away, declaring sulkily that Italians were all knaves, and that, after all, there was no knowing whether these so-called antiquities were genuine or not. This was not business; but what was even worse was that when, as would sometimes happen, he was himself taken in, and led into purchasing an article which he subsequently discovered to be worthless, this foolish old man would by no means try to make good his loss, but would toss the clever sham contemptuously into the dark and dusty recesses of his shop, and think no more about it. As though the mere instinct of self-preservation did not teach us to do unto others as they have done unto us, and to pass on Dick's bad half-crown to Harry!

So Signor Tacchi was a poor man, albeit a contented one. Such as his business was, it sufficed to clothe and feed both him and his pretty bright-eyed daughter, Marietta—Marietta, who was to make her own fortune, one of these fine days, by her voice, and

whom his old friend Busca, the famous master, was patiently educating for the stage, refusing all payment, and giving up time and pains for the sake of friendship and the pure love of art—as a true artist should, thought old Tacchi. Busca, to be sure, was to have a share in the spending of Marietta's money when it came in, as was but just. The three had settled it all between them in many a long twilight talk, counting their chickens before they were hatched, and deriving as much innocent pleasure from the process as many others have done before and since.

Marietta, too, was contented—as contented as a girl could be. In the tiny fifth story where she dwelt with her father, high above the turmoil of the streets, she built her airy castles, and worked, and sang, living a life that was without a cloud, unless it were the occasional scoldings of Signor Busca, who was a hard master, and more given to blame than praise. Weary old Signorina Tacchi, dreaming before her fire in the Islington lodgings, remembered it all as clearly as she remembered yesterday, and saw again the flat roof whither the neighbors used to come for cool air and gossip in the evenings, and the fields of maize, and mulberry trees, and vines that stretched away beyond the walls to the hill country, and the snowy, shadowy Alps in the far distance, and the street beneath, with its two parallel lines of flag-stones for the wheels of the carriages. Along that street, on a cloudy afternoon, she had once seen old Radetzky ride, followed by his staff, while the soldiers, drawn up on either side of the way, presented arms, and all the city was silent as death, mourning behind closed shutters for the black day of Novara.

Those times were certainly not the most propitious that could have been selected for an unknown singer to make her first appearance at La Scala; for the Milanese, naturally enough, were in the sulks with their Austrian conquerors, and would not hire boxes for the season as usual; while the Austrians, not less naturally, were out of temper with the Italians, and disposed to spend as little money as might be in the rebellious city. Still, Signor Busca was of opinion that talent would force recognition, in spite of adverse circumstances, and, as he added, with great

show of reason, if Marietta was to wait until justice was done and everybody had his rights, her first song would be sung in Paradise. Every day, therefore, this prima donna *in posse* took her way to Signor Busca's house in the Contrada della Palla, where her instructor, a burly gentleman in dressing-gown and slippers, awaited her, and where—happily or unhappily—there were other pupils besides herself.

If any one had asked the singing master whether he considered it an altogether wise arrangement that his pretty *protegee* should be thrown daily into the society of so handsome and fascinating a young fellow as Francesco Montenara, he might very possibly have answered in the negative; but he would doubtless have proceeded to point out that dangers such as this are inevitable in the career of a cantatrice; that his time was fully engaged by pupils who paid him highly; that if he chose to educate a poor girl free of charge, she must not expect to have hours devoted to her sole instruction; and further, that duets, trios, quartets, and other combinations which demand more than one voice are as much a part of a public singer's education as solos. Nobody, however, did put the question; and Francesco, the heir to the title and estates of the Counts of Montenara, sang tenor to the soprano of Marietta, the jeweller's daughter, sometimes even reading from the same score with her, without giving rise to any unpleasant remarks or suspicions.

Busca, good man, was too intent upon perfecting the work he had taken in hand, to speculate upon any sentimental side-issues: he threw himself into it heart and soul, like the short-sighted, irascible enthusiast that he was; and it has already been hinted that his mode of teaching did not err on the side of gentleness. To the Conte Francesco and other amateurs of that stamp he could be civil enough, not thinking it worth while to "*farsi cattivo sangue*," as he said, over the failures of rich folks, who only cultivated their voices to amuse themselves; but a mistake on the part of Marietta Tacchi, whose destiny it was to use the gift of God in earning bread for herself and reflected glory for her friends, was quite another matter, and we may be sure that that

young person did not utter a false note without hearing of it. Signor Busca did not mean to bully; but when his pupil disappointed him he had a way of shouting at her in his tremendous bass voice which was certainly rather alarming; and the epithets which he employed at such times were apt to be chosen with a view rather to force than to elegance. It was this propensity of his that brought about an unexpected little scene one fine morning.

"*Oh che sciocca! oh che sciocca!*" the professor was bawling; as he strode up and down the room, waving his huge arms about, while the delinquent gazed at him with wide-opened eyes, in which a suspicion of moisture was beginning to show itself. He stamped and scolded and raved till his breath gave out; and then young Montenara, who, as it happened, was the only other person present, came forward, and said quite quietly:

"Excuse me, Signore, but in your excitement you have made use of expressions which should never be addressed to a lady. Now that you are more calm, you will, I am sure, feel no hesitation about withdrawing your words, and apologizing for them."

Busca stared, reddened, looked from one pupil to the other, and finally stammered out an apology, which Marietta, alarmed and contrite, hastened to cut short. The remainder of the lesson passed off peaceably, if a little awkwardly; but when it was over, the professor begged for a few words in private with the young Count.

"Signor Conte," said he, as soon as the door had closed behind Marietta, "you rebuked me just now, rightly enough, I dare say; permit me, on my side, to speak a word of warning to you. I am not blind; and when I see a young man in your rank of life making himself the champion of a girl in hers, I know what is coming. Signor Conte, it will not do. You must seek elsewhere for your amusements. In her father's absence, I am responsible for Marietta Tacchi; and if any harm came to her—"

"Harm!" interrupted the other, indignantly; "you forget yourself, Signor Busca. You mean well, perhaps; but you forget yourself. I have never given you the right to suppose that I could act towards Signorina Tacchi or think of her with any-

thing but the profoundest respect. We will not pursue the subject any further, if you please. Good morning." And with that, Signor Francesco made a low and exceedingly dignified bow, and took himself off.

Busca was reassured. How, indeed, was he to suspect that this young aristocrat, whose ancestors had lorded it in Milan for six centuries, professed republican principles, if you please, believed in the equality of all men, and actually contemplated nothing less than a marriage with the low-born Marietta? But so it was. Francesco's father, the old Conte di Montenara, used to roar with laughter over his son's philanthropic schemes, which he thought the best joke in the world. "Come, Francesco," he would sometimes say, "I am an old man, and managing a large property is very troublesome, and my people cheat me right and left. I am half inclined to abdicate. If I transfer the whole of my land to you, and retire to live in peace and quietness in the town, as I declare I should like to do, will you promise to chop it all up into allotments and divide it among the tillers of the soil, as the rights of humanity demand? Now, there is a fair offer for you; what do you say to it?" To which Francesco would gravely reply that the times were not yet ripe for such sweeping reforms as these. But although the old gentleman could afford to speak lightly of theories which were not in the least likely to be ever carried into practice, he would have adopted a very different tone in treating of a matter so clearly within the range of possibilities as a plebian alliance; and Francesco, being aware of this, took very good care not to mention Signorina Tacchi's name in his father's presence. Nor, indeed, was he much less reticent towards the young lady herself. He was over head and ears in love; but he would not declare his passion, nor even hint at it, being withheld partly by the knowledge that a distant prospect of marriage was all that he could offer, and partly by a becoming modesty which forced him to confess he had as yet no grounds at all for supposing his sentiments to be reciprocated.

It need hardly be said, however, that there came a time when silence was no longer possible; and probably Marietta was not

very much taken by surprise when at last Francesco delivered himself of the stupendous announcement, "Marietta, I love you!"

It was an exquisite evening in the end of May. The last glow of sunset was fading out of the western sky; the bells were ringing the Ave Maria; the fresh green leaves were whispering under a northerly breeze, and a faint odor was rising from the flowers in the deserted Giardino Pubblico, whither these two foolish people had wandered for their evening walk, and where, of course, by the merest chance, they had encountered one another. One of them never forgot that peaceful scene to her dying day, nor failed to recall every detail of it at will, nor could ever smell the scent of lilaes in spring without tears rising into her eyes.

"*Francesco mio!*" she murmured. And any one may fill up the remainder of the interview as his taste and fancy may dictate to him.

Dialogues of this nature, which are so full of beauty and novelty to the ears of those who take part in them, are apt to read a trifle flat; and as for the sorrow of true lovers separated by an unfortunate disparity of birth or fortune, have we not grieved over them in a thousand romances, sustained the while by a comforting conviction that all will assuredly come right in the long run, either by means of everybody turning out to be somebody else, or by another equally ingenious device? Only, there are some love-tales—a good many, perhaps—which don't end in this way; and these are seldom told, or even remembered, unless it be by some sentimental old maid, like our singing-mistress of Islington; for it is an instinct of human nature to abhor incompleteness.

Francesco and Marietta, however, as they paced to and fro in that May twilight of the year 1849, had no notion of allowing their love to perish untimely, or of yielding to the conventional obstacles which clearly enough lay before them. They were sure of being true to one another—being too young to have learnt that in this world there is no such thing as certitude—and, that being so, all that seemed requisite was patience. Patience, and also,

no doubt, a little caution. Francesco insisted strongly upon the latter point. His was one of those natures which prefer out-flanking difficulties to conquering them; and a clandestine marriage, with its inevitable consequences, appeared to him a risk too great to be undertaken. They must wait for more propitious times, he said, and for the present must keep their attachment a profound secret; and Marietta, though she hated concealments, and could not bear the thought of deceiving her father, was fain to admit the force of his arguments. All she asked was to be permitted to see her lover from time to time; and it will be readily believed that no objections were brought forward in answer to that request.

By means of cunningly devised stratagems the newly betrothed pair contrived to meet pretty frequently; and when they were alone together—when they wandered under the stars in the Giardino Pubblico, or sat at noontide in one of the shady orchards which, in those days, occupied a large part of the space between the ramparts and the town, all Marietta's misgivings vanished like Alpine mists under the sun. Then she remembered only that she was loved—and most devotedly loved, if passionate words were to count for anything—by the one who was dearer to her than all the world; the present was perfect bliss, and as regarded the future, nothing seemed impossible. But the lovers did not talk much of their prospects at such times. The subject was a disagreeable one, bristling with perplexities and uncertainties, and they avoided it, as some people avoid the subject of health, as others avoid that of money, and as nearly all avoid that of the next world.

When the spring had passed away and the first thunderstorms of summer had broken, the old Conte di Montenara, grumbling a little, began to make preparations for leaving the sunny rooms of the Palazzo where he dwelt from November to June, and the cafe that he loved, and the faded Marchesa to whom he had been devoted for a matter of five-and-twenty years—and betaking himself to a tumble-down castle upon the southern shore of the Lago di Garda, where, from time immemorial, the head of the

family had been accustomed to pass at least four months of the year. A country life was excessively distasteful to him, but he probably consoled himself with the reflection that *noblesse oblige*. Less important personages might escape with a month of *villeggiatura* in the spring and another in the autumn; but a Conte di Montenara could no more consult his own wishes than a reigning sovereign, and was equally bound to reside among his faithful people. So, one sunny morning, the old gentleman rolled through the Porta Orientale in his cumbrous travelling carriage, followed by his fourgons, his horses, his valet, his French cook and the rest of his train, to the admiration of all who could see him through the clouds of dust he raised; and if anybody missed him, it could only have been his tradespeople and the mature Marchesa above mentioned. The heir-apparent remained at Milan to prosecute his musical studies, or to amuse himself in any other manner that might seem good to him; liberty being the unquestioned prerogative of heirs-apparent. Then it was that the prudent Signor Francesco was to be seen continually, in all sorts of places, with a little dark-haired lady by his side. Busca and Tacchi, busy bees who never left the hive till evening, did not encounter this couple; but where is there an Italian city in which drones do not predominate?—and these, of whom there was no lack in Milan, soon knew all about it. Patriotic drones, republican drones for the most part, who adored young Montenara for the sake of his advanced ideas, they laughed good-naturedly over his love affair, and chatted about it a little amongst themselves, but kept their own counsel, and were careful not to spoil sport. Francesco, with his nose in the air and his five wits gone wool-gathering, never heeded them; nor did Marietta, who had no eyes safe for her companion, nor any fear of detection now that the formidable Conte was far away, and her father was safe at home among his dusty treasures.

What days they were, those summer days of 1849! To wake up with the earliest glimmer of morning, when the air was fresh, and the lights clear and pearly, and the water-carriers and fruit-sellers were beginning to stir in the streets below—to wake, and

think of all the golden hours to come; to escape from Signor Busca's darkened rooms in the hot noonday, when all the world was taking its siesta, and in some blue shadow of the Duomo to meet Francesco and whisper important secrets to him, glancing to right and left, the while, in pretended fear of being overheard—fear that was only pretended, for the very dogs were asleep; to steal out at evening, beyond the city walls and the sound of the church bells, to a certain spot beneath a spreading ilex, and there to listen for the thousandth time to vows which somehow always sounded fresh—if this were not happiness, what can happiness be? And if five months of such bliss be not a fair allowance, why, the world must be a better place to live in than is commonly supposed. It was in the month of September that Marietta, coming home late one evening, was a good deal startled at being met by her father with the announcement, "My child, I am going to send you away from me for three weeks!"

"What for?" she ejaculated faintly.

"What for?" Why, to give you a sight of green fields and a mouthful of fresh air, to be sure. One requires such things when one is young. It was only yesterday that I was thinking how pale and tired you looked, and wishing that it were possible to get you away from these stifling streets for a time; and this evening, just as if the blessed saints had heard me, lo and behold! there comes a letter from my cousin Marco Tacchi—you remember Marco, the jeweller of Orta, who spent a few days with us last winter, and whom I flatter myself I was able to put in the way of a good bargain or two?—a letter from Marco, begging us to go and stay with him and his wife until the cool weather. Now, that I call a very kind and neighborly offer, and it shows that a little attention to others is never thrown away. For myself, of course, it is impossible to take advantage of it. I cannot leave my business, and besides, I am old, and the air of Milan does as well for me as any other. But you, Marietta mia, who have never seen the mountains, except like clouds in the distance, and have no more idea of what the blue water of a lake is like than you have of *châlets* and Alpine roses—what a treat this will be for you!"

“A treat!” echoed poor Marietta in dismay, not knowing how to escape from the very thing she had so often sighed for. “But Signor Busca will never allow me to interrupt my lessons,” she added hastily, remembering with joy that she too had a trade which could not be neglected.

“*Che, che!* Busca is a man of common sense; he knows that every one works better after a rest, and that to have a strong voice you must have good health. I will speak to him—have no fear! I will speak to him myself.”

And Marietta, not venturing upon further resistance, went up to her room, prayed heartily that Signor Busca might prove obdurate, and never slept a wink all the night through.

Francesco, when he heard the news—as we may be sure he did the first thing in the morning—burst out laughing at the dolorous voice in which it was communicated to him. “Why, you little goose,” he cried, “don’t you see that this is a piece of good fortune sent to us straight from heaven? Of course you will go to Orta and of course I shall go too; and we will sit all day together in the chestnut woods, and I shall take you out in a boat on the lake in the evenings, and there will be nobody to spy upon us, and we shall be happier than we have ever been in our lives before. What a stroke of luck!”

After this, Marietta was ready to entreat Signor Busca upon her knees to sanction her departure; and, indeed, she was very nearly having to adopt that posture before she carried her point. Busca pished and pshawed, vowed the thing was out of the question, and refused for a long time to listen to either supplication or argument; but at length he allowed his objections to be overruled, one by one; and Marietta, upon solemnly promising to practice scales and exercises for at least two hours every day during her absence, was permitted to climb into the Sesto Calende diligence, for which place Signor Francesco, travelling *vetturino*, had started some hours before.

The last thirty years, as everybody knows, have wrought a vast change in all the cities of Europe. Immense sums of money have been spent, and great improvements have been effected.

Street architecture and landscape gardening have taken a fresh departure; sanitary science and typhoid fever have stepped gaily forward, hand-in-hand; Paris and Vienna have been, so to speak, rebuilt; while in our beloved capital we are able to point with pride to underground railways, Thames Embankments, Albert Memorials, steam rollers, tramways, and many other delightful evidences of the advance of civilization and art. But the broom of Progress, which has swept the busier parts of the world so ruthlessly clean, has not as yet penetrated into sundry out-of-the-way corners, such as Orta; and if Signorina Tacchi could have revisited that quaint little town in the flesh instead of in the spirit, she would have found it but slightly altered from what it was on the warm September evening when she had entered within its walls for the first time, and when her cousin Marco had come running out in his shirt-sleeves to welcome her, followed by his fat wife and his troop of sun-burnt, black-eyed children. The streets are still narrow and dark. From the topmost stories of the overhanging houses, opposite neighbors still lean out of window and shriek at one another in their nasal Italian voices. From time to time a slow procession of priests, in gorgeous vestments, attended by banners and guttering candles and swinging censers, still wends its way towards the Monte Sacro, while the bystanders uncover their heads and devoutly drop upon their knees at the sound of the tinkling bell that precedes the Host. The children still play in the gutter among the cabbage stalks and potato peeling and other odds and ends which are thrown out, as a matter of course, from either side of the way, and lie there until such time as it shall please the scavenger to come and remove them. They are not the same children, nor the same cabbage stalks, to be sure, and there is a strange name over the little shop where good-natured old Marco, who has gone to his rest this many a long day, used to sell ear-rings and pins for the hair and what not; but these are changes which it requires a close scrutiny to detect; and in all essentials life in Orta sleeps on just as of old.

♦ There is a southern warmth of coloring, a pleasant southern indolence, about some of these Piedmontese towns which contrasts oddly enough with the Alpine scenery that lies so close to them. Little Orta, hemmed in between water and mountain, has something very like its counterpart on the Riviera and the Gulf of Salerno. Dark-eyed women wash their linen in the lake; bare-legged fishermen lounge before the open doors where dusty oleanders stand in tubs; in the gardens along the shore pomegranate and orange, aloe and cactus flourish; but if you stroll up through the Spanish-chestnut woods that clothe the slopes, you will soon find yourself among pastures as green as those of Switzerland, and an hour or so of gentle walking will lead you into a scene of bare rocks, morasses and shaly summits in which you may with perfect facility be overtaken by a drifting mist and lose yourself. To Marietta, born and bred on the Lombard plains, all this was like a realised vision. Later in life she looked upon the Bay of Naples by moonlight, and the Alps at sunrise, and many other world-famed scenes, but not one of them seemed to her to compare with the Lago d'Orta, and in all she detected a something wanting—which something, it may be plausibly conjectured, was the figure of Francesco in the foreground.

The young Count, wisely deeming it best to avoid needless mysteries, went boldly to the jeweller's shop and introduced himself as Signor Montenara, a fellow-pupil of Signorina Tacchi's, to the unsuspecting couple, by whom he was cordially received. That he and Marietta should like to take an occasional walk together appeared to them only natural; perhaps they may have even fancied that they were greeting a future second cousin in the person of this young man, whose renowned surname was wholly unknown to them; but they little suspected how frequent those walks were and what words were spoken in the course of them. Had any one overheard the words in question, he would not perhaps have been much impressed by their novelty or eloquence, nor shall they be set down here. What passed between Francesco and Marietta could interest themselves

alone; and if the latter, even after the lapse of so many years, could pass something like a happy hour in recapitulating conversations out of which the meaning had long since died, let us not grudge her so harmless a pleasure, while declining to participate in it.

The little old maid, lying back in her arm-chair, with her eyes closed, looks really almost pretty, as her thoughts go back in the past. The lines fade out of her careworn, sallow face; a happy smile dawns upon her lips; there is actually the ghost of a dimple in one of her cheeks. She is no longer in hard, dismal, matter-of-fact London; she is back on the shores of the Lago d'Orta, and the slant rays of the sinking sun are streaming across the mountain-side upon the glassy water and the tiny Isola San Giulio, with its cluster of houses and its old church; the leaves of the Spanish chestnuts are lightly stirred by the evening breeze; a far-away, slumberous hum rises from the town below; and it is Francesco's voice, soft and clear as of old, that murmurs, "Marietta mia, time can neve change our love."

"Will it not?" cries the girl, seized with a sudden fear, and clasping her hands tightly round her lover's arm. "Are you sure that it will not? We don't know what may be coming; we may be separated for months, perhaps for years. Promise me, Francesco, promise me that, whatever happens, you will never forget me?"

And Francesco, turning his eyes full upon hers, answers gravely, "I promise."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

*THE ELVES.*

[TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF LUDWIG TIECK BY MISS  
BLANCHE E. GRIFFIN.]

They went through the brazen door of the palace. Around a circular hall were sitting many beautiful ladies, old and young, eating delicious fruits, while delightful music resounded through the air. On the vaulted ceiling were painted palms, flowers and foliage, among which climbed and swung figures of children in the most graceful positions. According to the tones of the music, the pictures changed and glowed in the most vivid colors; now the green and blue flashed into pure light, then paled; the purple flamed up and the gold gleamed; then the naked children seemed to live among the garlands of flowers, and with their ruby-red lips to inspire and respire till one might see the changing glimmer of their little white teeth, as well as the sparkle of their heavenly blue eyes.

A brazen stair-case led from this hall into a large subterranean apartment. Here were much gold and silver, and precious stones of all colors sparkled between. Immense coffers stood around the walls, all seemingly filled with treasures. The gold was worked into various shapes and shone with a cheerful red. Numbers of little dwarfs were busy selecting the pieces and placing them in the coffers; others, hunch-backed and bandy-legged, with long red noses, were bending to the ground under the weight of sacks like those millers use for grain, and panting, shook pieces of gold out upon the ground. Then they sprang awkwardly right and left, and seized the rolling balls, which would run away, and it not seldom happened that they knocked each other over in their zeal and fell heavily in a heap upon the ground. They made wry faces and looked askance when Marie laughed at their gestures and ugliness. Farther on was seated a little, old, shrivelled-up man, whom Zerina greeted respectfully, but who only acknowledged her greeting by a solemn nod. He

held a scepter in his hand and wore a crown upon his head ; all the other dwarfs seemed to acknowledge him as their lord and to be at his beck and call. "What is it now?" said he morosely, as the children approached. Marie timidly kept silence, but her play-mate replied that they had "only come to look around in the room."

"Always the same childishness!" said the old man, "will idleness never cease?" Thereupon he turned again to his employment and had the gold pieces weighed and sorted ; some dwarfs he sent away, many he scolded angrily.

"Who is the gentleman?" asked Marie. "Our Gold-king," said the little one, and they walked on.

It seemed that they were once more in the open air, for they stood beside a large pond ; but no sun was shining and they saw no sky above them. A little skiff received them and Zerina rowed skilfully. The passage was quick. When they reached the middle of the pond Marie saw that a thousand channels, canals and rivulets flowed out in all directions from the little lake.

"This water at the right," said the little child, "flows under our garden ; that is why everything blooms so fresh there ; from here you come out into the large river below." Suddenly there came from out the canals and from the lake an infinite number of children, diving and paddling around ; many wore crowns of rushes and water-lilies, others bore branches of red coral, and others blew on curved shells ; a merry clamor re-echoed from the dark shores ; among the little ones swam lovely women, and the children often sprang from one to another and hung with kisses upon their necks. All greeted the stranger. In the midst of this confusion they passed from the lake into a little stream growing ever narrower and narrower. At last the boat stopped. Their companions departed and Zerina knocked on the rocks. These rolled back like a door and a womanly figure of glowing red helped them to land.

"Is everything going on gaily here?" asked Zerina. "They are busy now," she answered, "and as happy as you could possibly see them ; but then the heat is so pleasant."

They ascended a winding stair-way, and, suddenly, Marie perceived that she was in a room which shone so, that on entering it her eyes were dazzled by the brightness. The walls were covered with purple-red tapestry, which flashed and glittered like a web of glowing flame, and when her eyes had become accustomed to the light Marie saw to her astonishment that living figures were dancing up and down in this tapestry, in joyous revelry. They were so prettily formed and of such beautiful proportions, that one could not imagine anything more lovely; their bodies seemed to be of rosy crystal, and you might have seen the blood play in their veins. They smiled upon the strange child and greeted her with many graceful gestures; but when Marie wished to go nearer to them, Zerina suddenly seized and held her with all her might, while she cried: "You will burn yourself, little Marie, for all is fire!"

Marie felt the heat. "Why don't the lovely creatures come out here and play with us?" she said. "Just as you live in air," answered Zerina, "they must always in fire, and they would pine away out here. Only see how they rejoice in the heat, how they laugh and scream. They spread the streams of liquid fire on all sides of the earth, and only flowers, fruits and vines grow on their banks; the glowing streams flow near the water brooks, and these creatures of fire and flame are always busy and happy in their work. But it is too hot for you here; let us go out into the garden again."

Here the scene had changed. The moonlight lay on all the flowers, the birds were still, and in the green arbors were sleeping children clustered in loving groups. But Marie and her friend felt no fatigue, and they walked all the warm summer night until the morning, conversing on many subjects.

When day dawned they refreshed themselves with fruit and milk, and Marie said, "Let us, for a change, go out once more towards the firs and see how things look there."

"Willingly," said Zerina, "and then you can also see our sentinels, with whom you will certainly be pleased; they stand on top of the walls between the trees." They went through the

flower garden, through lovely groves full of nightingales, then climbed over hills covered with vines, and finally, after having followed, for a long time, the windings of a clear brook, came to the fir trees and the heights which enclosed the settlement. "How is it," asked Marie, "that in here we have to walk so far, while without the extent is so small?" "I do not know why it is," answered her friend, "but it is so." They ascended to the dark firs and a cold wind blew on them from without, for around a fog seemed to lie over the landscape. Above stood strange figures, with mealy faces, whose hideous heads were not unlike those of white owls. These figures were dressed in shaggy woolen mantles with hoods, and they held umbrellas of peculiar skins spread out over them; bat wings protruded strangely from their water-proof cloaks, and with these they blew and fanned incessantly. "I want to laugh, but I am afraid," said Marie. "These are our good, industrious watchmen," said her little play-mate, "they stand here and fan, and whoever wishes to approach us is seized with anxiety and strange fear; they are clothed in that manner because it is now raining and freezing outside, and they cannot endure the cold. To us snow and wind and cold never come; and eternal summer and spring reign here; though if the sentinels were not relieved from guard over there, they would die."

"But who are you?" Marie asked, as they again stepped down among the fragrance of the flowers, "or do you have no name by which you are distinguished?"

"We are called Elves," said the friendly child, "they speak of us sometimes in the world, I have heard."

A great tumult arose in the meadow. "The beautiful bird has come!" cried out all the children, as Marie and Zerina approached. Every one was hastening into the hall. They already saw how young and old were hurrying over the threshold, all shouting for joy, while triumphant music floated out from within. When they too entered, they saw that the hall was crowded with a multitude of people, and all were looking up at a large bird with shining wings slowly flying in large circles within the dome.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

# ST. MARY'S MUSE,

PUBLISHED MONTHLY,

BY THE

**DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC.**

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EDITED BY EUTERPE AND THE PIERIAN CLUB, UNDER THE  
PATRONAGE OF THE LADY PRINCIPAL.

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DEAR FRIENDS and readers, old and new, we greet you in the name of '79 and '80!

Poor Pegasus finds it pretty hard to come into harness again, after running at will in summer pastures all the long vacation, and we, his riders, have such a fellow-feeling for him, that we must begin by commending ourselves to your most kindly consideration.

In our wanderings and rambles we have not been unmindful of your interests, and now that our dear little MUSE needs our services, we meekly put on the yoke of obedience and come at her bidding to do our best to make her acceptable to you.

Our faithful Calliope has not forgotten her sisters and their work. She sends a poem by one of her protégés which, in *our* friendly opinion, is full of artistic merit. We bespeak for it a "review" by some less partial reader, feeling assured that the young aspirant for poetic laurels would gladly welcome whatever may help him in his upward flight, even if his wings should have to be clipped a little now to make them grow stronger in the end. The pen of *true* genius neither shrinks from the burning fire that proves its worth, nor from the rough friction that adds lustre to its brilliancy.

Euterpe's summer has been one long, bright holiday. Far off in some land of songs, he captured for us a veritable warbler. So sweetly does she trill the lays of "Faderland," that one might well believe her home had been "mid groves of the soft Hesperian clime." We only hope that her willing pupils may soon catch from her something of the witchery of melody and make the hearts of the old folks in the parent nest rejoice in the music of their sweet songs.

Clio, under a divine inspiration that the "Lives of great men" are the happiest illustrations of her eternal theme, gives us a sketch of her distinguished kinsman, the great painter, Washington Allston, thereby reminding us, in the words of America's equally great poet, that some of *us*

"—may make our lives sublime,  
And departing, leave behind us  
Footprints in the sands of time."

We "lesser lights" have contributed our mites and done what we could, amid the unavoidable settling down of the opening weeks of the session, to make these pages in some degree worthy of your acceptance and approval.

Our reunion has been very bright and happy, though shadowed by the inevitable absence of familiar and loved faces. We do indeed sadly miss the dear associates of past years, but among the new friends gathered around us we already discern some who will worthily fill their vacant places.

At first it was curious to note the different expressions on the faces of the old girls and the new comers. The former were so

glad with the joy of meeting old friends—the latter so sad and homesick. Now, however, all alike are bright, and constant employment leaves no time for unavailing regret.

Only a skeleton of the old Pierian remains; but over its "dry bones" will flow such waves of fresh life and thought as will soon restore its wonted vigor.

We find our old haunts as thoroughly renovated as we could wish. The spirit of progress is surely in league with St. Mary's, and the march of improvement never passes by without coming to a halt and leaving behind many a trace of its "occupation." This year it has given us the wondrous telephone. Our friends, however distant, are brought into neighborly contact, and we can make our visits and do our shopping without trouble, fatigue or loss of time. Electric bells are cheerily jingling in every class and practice-room at fixed hours. The parlor rejoices in a pretty, new outfit. The "long room" has been converted into the snuggest of libraries, where Pierian meetings and literary societies find a congenial atmosphere, and where many a distracted composition-writer flies for quiet thought and research. The school-room, under its improved arrangement, has put on an air of increased comfort and dignity. There the little organ, endeared by so many tender memories to every St. Mary's heart, finds a fitting resting-place, now that in its old age it has to make way for its grand successor which is daily expected from Boston. For the proper accommodation of this noble instrument, a transept has been built which adds greatly to the architectural beauty of the Chapel.

The Art Department is making vigorous use of the beautiful models recently added to its store, and the class, under the energetic lead of Miss Norwood, varies its work by sketching from nature with all the enthusiasm of novelty.

From "Senior A" to "Kindergarten," all seem possessed by a determination to make good use of the superior advantages afforded them. We trust that the bright hopes with which we hail the session of '79 may be the prophecy of its history.

### FROM THE KINDERGARTEN.

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How glad we all were to come back to school! Though we are such little children, we have not forgotten *all* we learnt last year and we are learning something new, too, all the time. We have such fun pasting pictures, and hunting for "specimens." And we are learning French too. Last session we used to *print* our words, but now we are learning to make real "writing" letters.

Before long we hope to write a "sure enough" letter, but we cannot say any more now, so we tell our friends of the MUSE good-bye until next month.

FROM THE MEMBERS OF THE KINDERGARTEN CLASS.

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### ART NOTES.

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At the late Paris Exposition there was an exhibit of work from the art schools of the United States, and our Southern girls will be interested to know that the highest prize was awarded to a drawing sent from a young ladies' school at Rome, Georgia. Think of that, art students of St. Mary's!

ART IN ASSYRIA EIGHT CENTURIES AGO.—The recent investigations on the site of ancient Nineveh have been chiefly directed to insure historical results. The art results, however, which have been obtained by the way, are of singular interest.

Perhaps the most novel and striking of the art objects, discovered by Mr. George Smith in his last expedition, was a throne of rock crystal. This throne, which was found in separate portions, contained two seats. The arms were of mushroom form, and the feet in front resembled those of an enormous lion. The place of discovery was the ruin of a palace built by Sennacherib, and this fact seems to fix the date of the work at between twenty-five hundred and twenty-six hundred years ago. Fragments of crystal vases and cups, bearing the name of Sennacherib, were also found in the same spot. A lamp feeder in terra-cotta was of

the unusual form of a sitting bird, the spout for feeding the lamp being in the breast. A bone spoon, with heart-shaped bowl, and a brass fork of the same date, show that the Assyrians in the days of Sennacherib had attained a degree of refinement which was not found in Europe from the fall of the Roman Empire to the renaissance.

ANCIENT STONE CROSSES OF ENGLAND.—The most beautiful of all the monumental crosses of England are those erected by Edward I. to the memory of his beloved Queen, Eleanora of Castile. Eleanora died in the autumn of 1290, at Herdeby, near Grantham, in Lincolnshire, and her body was borne in solemn procession to London to be interred there. At the end of each day's journey the royal bier rested in the central part of some great town, and at every one of these resting places the sorrowing King vowed to erect a cross to the memory of the "Chere Reine," as he lovingly styled his lost wife.

Thirteen of these splendid monuments of his affection once existed, and those which remain are models of architectural beauty. Of those which have vanished from the earth, Charing Cross, London, has left, in its name, the most enduring memorial of its history.

The name, derived from "Chere Reine," signifies the "dear Queen's cross," and whenever it is mentioned an unconscious tribute is paid to the virtues of Eleanora and the love of her heroic lord.

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Our Latin students can perhaps give us the translation of the following: "Quis crudus tibi lectus albusque speratus."

My first is seen among the Adirondacks during the summer.

My second is the *bête noir* of some of St. Mary's girls.

My whole is the name of a Scottish clan.

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We beg leave to remind Major Bingham of his promise to send to the MUSE a copy of his speech before the Normal School at Chapel Hill, last summer.

The many friends of dear "Miss Stella" will be glad to hear that she is at last free from the doctor's hands and has returned to the old home she loves so well.

The MUSE is honored by many "exchanges." Among these we especially honor the *Madisonian*, of Madison, Ga., as its literary department is under the editorial management of one of our own sex—Miss Anna C. M. Blackburn.

Our Missionary Society is re-organized, with Mrs. Iredell as President. The successful pecuniary results of past years lead us to hope for a continuance of the same, and to this end orders for crochet and other fancy work are solicited.

We must thank a correspondent of that excellent paper, the *Church Messenger*, for a capital article on Christian Education, in which St. Mary's receives (we think) well deserved commendation for what she has done and is still doing in that line.

It may not be generally known that the prize offered by the New York *World* for the greatest number of answers to its "Summer Questions" was awarded to Miss Kate Devereux, a resident of Raleigh and, we are proud to say, an ex-St. Maryite.

A pleasant feature of this session is to be a series of "Friday Evening Lectures" on various subjects—Literary, Artistic, Scientific, &c. The "season" was inaugurated by a paper on "The Study of Art," read by Miss Norwood, and enjoyed by the assembled school.

The "guest list" for September records only the name of Rev. Mr. Oertel, who came at our invitation to exercise one of his numerous talents in our behalf. As ecclesiastical architect of the Diocese, we called him to design the organ transept in the Chapel, and most skilfully he has done his work.

We learn that the Bingham School is more successful than ever before. There are 132 names on its roll for the current session, which is 45 per cent. ahead of the *last*, and 20 per cent.

ahead of *any* previous session. The catalogue for 1879 will contain more than 160 names. The last addition to the school is from Brazil, and Asia has been represented for the last three years.

---

SCENES IN CLASS-ROOM :

*Latin Teacher*—"Miss E., can you tell me what 'Taurus' is?"

*Miss E.*, (brightening visibly)—"Oh yes, ma'm; taurus—a tower!"

The homesickness of some of our new scholars is so pathetic and uncontrollable that it appears even in their Latin Exercises—for instance, "The master's field" was rendered by one, "*In miseram domine!*"

"Oh, Miss G., your brothers are certainly handsome, but you are not a bit like either one."

---

ITEMS.

Mme. Nilson is in Sweden.

Herr Von Bülow is at Bonn, with his mother.

Mdme. Gerster sailed for America October 2d.

"Measure your mind's greatness by the shadow it casts."

Mme. Camilla Urso has left San Francisco for Australia.

A new musical combination is called "The Bric-a-brac Troupe.

Miss Clara Louise Kellogg and her mother have gone to Aix-les-Bains.

Mrs. H. F. Knowles will sing at the Worcester, Mass., festival.

Mr. Carl Wolfsohn, of Chicago, has been passing his vacation at Patterson, N. J.

Verdi is at Genoa, and according to his own statement, will write no more operas.

M. Gounod has sued the director of the Imperial Opera at Vienna for royalty upon "Faust."

Mme. Adelina Patti is thirty-six years of age; Mme. Carlotta Patti, thirty-nine; Mme. Nilsson, thirty-two.

Herr Rubinstein is to produce his "Nero" in Hamburg, before November 15th, or forfeit twelve hundred dollars.

It is more than probable that some of Mr. John K. Paine's compositions will be performed in London in October.

The Bohemian composer, F. H. Chwatal, died recently. His piano-forte school at Magdebourg will probably be continued.

Miss Lizzie B. Ross, a native of Henderson, Ky., who four years ago went to Naples to finish her musical education, has appeared in that city in *Linda*.

My first is an accompaniment of Ague.

My second is a weapon of war.

My whole is the name of England's greatest poet.

THE ORIGIN OF THE SAYING, "THERE'S WHERE THE SHOE PINCHES."—Plutarch relates the story of a Roman being divorced from his wife. "This person being highly blamed by his friends, who demanded, 'Was she not chaste? Was she not fair?' holding out his shoe, asked them whether it were not new and well made. 'Yet,' added he, 'none of you can tell where the shoe pinches me.'"

"Pas de lieu Rhone que nous."

The quarrel about the London Opera Comique and "Pinafore" promises to show in court that "Pinafore" was at first a failure, the receipts dwindling to \$230 a night; that it was kept on and forced before the public in the interest of a music-publishing firm, and that through an unaccountable freak the receipts so increased as to show a profit of from \$2,500 to \$3,000 a week, whereas at one time the loss was \$1,000 a week on this wonderful "Pinafore."

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# St. Mary's Muse.

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## *A PASTORAL OF PARNASSUS.*

I.

At morning-dawn I left my sheep  
And sought the mountains all aglow ;  
The shepherds said : 'The way is steep,  
Ah, do not go !'

II.

I left my pastures fresh with rain,  
My water-courses edged with bloom,  
A larger breathing-space to gain  
And singing-room.

III.

Then of a reed I wrought a flute,  
And as I went I sang and played.  
But though I sang, my heart was mute  
And sore afraid.

IV.

Because the great hill and the sky  
Were full of glooms and glorious  
Beyond all light or dark that I  
Had visioned thus.

## V.

My sense grew pure through love and fear ;  
 I saw God burn in every briar.  
 Then sudden voices, strong and clear,  
 Flashed up like fire.

## VI.

And turning where that music rang  
 I saw aloft, half out of sight,  
 The watching poets; and they sang  
 Through day and night.

## VII.

And some with faces to the morn  
 Sang heralding the coming ray ;  
 Some sang of by-gone Muse or Norn,  
 Some of to-day.

## VIII.

And some in quaintly-ordered speech  
 Sang of the south and years gone past ;  
 All sang of Love, and sweetly each :  
 No first nor last.

## IX.

And very sweet—ah, sweet indeed—  
 Their voices sounded high and deep.  
 I blew an echo on my reed  
 As one asleep.

## X.

I heard. My heart grew cold with dread,  
 For what would happen if they heard ?  
 Would not these nightingales strike dead  
 Their mocking-bird ?

XI.

Then from the mountain's steepest crown,  
Where white cliffs pierce the tender grass,  
I saw an arm reach slowly down,  
Heard some word pass.

XII.

'The end is come,' I thought, 'and still  
I am more happy, come what may,  
To die upon Parnassus-hill  
Than live away.'

XIII.

Then hands and faces luminous  
And holy voices grew one flame—  
'Come up, poor singer, and sing with us!  
They sang, I came.

XIV.

So ended all my wandering ;  
This is the end, and this is sweet,—  
All night, all day, to listen and sing  
Below their feet.

---

*THE ADVENTURE OF A BUTTERFLY.*

---

One balmy day in May I was sitting by the window reading, when, glancing outdoors as I turned a page, I beheld a little butterfly flitting about among the flowers. It was a most beautiful little creature ; its body was brown, and its wings yellow, dotted with black, and it seemed to be very happy, lighting first on one flower and then on another ; but I noticed that it seemed to have a preference for the roses. Now and then it would chance

to light on a hyacinth, or a pink, or on some other flower equally sweet, but it always returned to the rose.

Now it happened, with this joyous little creature, as it does very often with persons who are in the midst of enjoyment, a sudden stop was put to its happiness. The bright brown eyes of a very sportive setter had been watching it intently for sometime. The little butterfly continued to flit hither and thither; the dog crept softly nearer; the devoted victim flew close to the ground; Brown-eyes gave a spring and—did not catch it. And now a singular chase began, the dog running after and snapping at the butterfly, the latter fluttering tantalizingly just out of reach. At last, Juno (the setter) made a desperate spring and the beautiful insect disappeared. Ah, how provoked I was! I was about to go into the garden and give Juno a sound whipping, when, looking out to ascertain her whereabouts, I found that she had gently fallen down in the middle of the path, and was preparing to amuse herself with the poor little butterfly which she held in her tight-closed mouth. But as Juno opened her jaws and raised a paw to take it, behold! the butterfly suddenly darted out, uninjured, and quickly disappeared, leaving the dog sitting gazing after it in utter stupefaction. I must confess I was no less surprised, and my pleasure was at least equal to Juno's disappointment.

---

### TO LITTLE MAMIE—TWO YEARS OLD.

---

Our little Mamie, darling child,  
Is a charming little elf!  
She is just as lovely as she can be,  
And like nobody but herself.  
She laughs and sings from morn till night,  
And loves to laugh and play;  
But she's not a baby, no indeed,  
For she's two years old to-day!

Her eyes are blue as violets sweet,  
Or the blue-bell's darker hue,  
And they sparkle and glow with sunny light,  
Like drops of morning dew.  
Her cheeks are roses freshly blown,  
Her mouth is a rose-bed red,  
And the glory of happiness and health  
All over her face is shed.

What shall I say of her beautiful hair ?  
Its color we cannot discover,  
For tho' in the shade we think it is brown,  
In the light it is gold all over.  
It ripples and curls on her shapely head,  
And falls on her forehead fair ;  
We would not give for the purest gold  
One curl of this shining hair.

Ah ! she is a beauty, our Mamie dear,  
And she's good as she's pretty, too,  
For she does not pout, and fret, and scream,  
As naughty children do.  
Her heart is loving, and tender, and true,  
She's sweet as a rose in May ;  
All blessings attend her, this dear little girl,  
Who is two years old to-day !

## BLIND.

A TALE—TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF PAUL HEYSE.

## CHAPTER I.

In an open window which looked upon a little flower-garden, stood the blind daughter of the village clerk, and drank in the cool air that played refreshingly over her hot cheeks. The delicate, half-grown figure trembled, the cold hands lay clasped on the window-sill. The sun was set, and the night flowers were beginning to give forth their fragrance. Within the room was seated a blind boy at the old spinet, playing fitful melodies. He might have seen some fifteen years, and was about a twelve-month older than the girl. To have watched him as he now raised his large, well-opened eyes, now bent his head toward the window, you would scarcely have suspected his affliction, so unconstrained, nay, so impetuous—were all his movements. Suddenly he broke off in the middle of a hymn, into which he had been introducing variations to suit his fancy.

“You sighed, Marlina,” said he turning his face toward her.

“Not I, Clement! why should I sigh? I only caught my breath when the wind blew in with such a strong gust.”

“You sighed, nevertheless. Do you think I cannot hear when I am playing? and I can feel even here that you are trembling.”

“Yes, it has turned cold.”

“You cannot deceive me. If you were cold, you would not stay at the window. But I know why you sigh and tremble. Because the doctor is coming to-morrow to stick his needles in our eyes; that is why you tremble. But he says it will be soon over, and that it will only be like the sting of a mosquito. Besides, have you not always been patient! and when I was little if I cried because something hurt me, did not my mother always hold you up to me as an example, though you were only a girl?”

And now you lose all courage, and think not of the happiness which we can hope for hereafter."

She shook her head and answered, "How can you think I am afraid of a little pain? But I am oppressed with stupid childish fancies, which I cannot shake off. Since the day when the strange doctor whom the Baron sent for came here from the castle to see your father, and your mother called us out of the garden, since then, some weight is upon me that will not leave me. You were so carried away with joy, that you perceived nothing. But when your father began to pray, and said, 'Thank God for this great goodness,' my heart was silent and would not pray. I asked myself for what I should be thankful, and found no answer."

So she spoke in a calm, collected voice. The boy again struck a few soft chords. Through the husky, buzzing tones, peculiar to these old instruments, sounded the distant song of the home-faring harvesters, a contrast like that of a full, bright, strong existence, with the dream-life of these blind children. And apparently the boy perceived it. He sprung up, walked to the window, with an assured step, (for he knew the room and all its furniture) and throwing back his beautiful blond's curls, he said, "I wonder at you, Marlina. Our parents and every one in the village wish us happiness. Will it not be happiness? Until it was promised me I did not ask much about it. We are blind, they say. I never have understood what we lacked. When we have sat in the grove, and heard passers-by say, 'Poor children!' I have resented it, and thought, 'Why should they pity us?' But that we were not like other people, I know well. They often spoke of things I did not understand, which must yet be very lovely. Now that we too shall know, curiosity will not let me alone day or night."

"I was happy enough as I was," said Marlina sorrowfully. "I was so merry, and would have been so merry all my life long. Now all will be changed. Have you not heard people complain that the world is full of sorrow and care? And had we any care?"

“Because we did not know the world, and I must know it at any price. I was willing for a time to drowse and idle my time with you; but not forever, and I want no odds from those who are in the struggle and strain of life. Many a time when father has been teaching us history, or telling us of heroes and heroic deeds, I have asked if such and such an one were blind. But all who had done anything worth doing could see. These thoughts have often tortured me for days together. Then, if I could return to my music, or play the organ in your father's stead, I forgot my trouble. But it came again, and I thought, ‘Am I always to play the organ? to plod up and down this petty village, known by none beyond its limits, forgotten so soon as my body shall lie in the grave?’ But since the doctor has been at the castle, I have encouraged the hope that I shall one day be a man. And then I will go out into the world, and wherever it pleases me, nor need to consult a soul.”

“Not even me, Clement?”

She said it neither complainingly or reproachfully, but the boy replied vehemently: “Hush, Marlina! do not say such stuff; I cannot bear it! Do you think that I would leave you at home by yourself and sneak away into freedom? Do you believe I would do that?”

“I know well how it will be. When the boys in the village go to the city, or on their travels, no one goes with them, not even their own sisters. And even here, before they are grown up, the boys will run away from the girls and go into the woods with their comrades; and they tease the girls wherever they meet them. Till now they have let you stay with me, and we have played and studied together. You were blind like me; what had you in common with other boys? But if you could see, and liked to stay at home with me, they would laugh at you, as they do at every one who does not go with them. And then—then you will go away for a long time, and I cannot do without you.”

She brought out these last words with difficulty; then her feelings overcame her and she sobbed aloud. Clement drew her close to him, stroked her cheek, and said imperiously: “You shall not

cry. I will never, never go away from you. I will stay blind first, and let everything else go. I will not go away from you if it makes you cry. Come, be quiet, be happy. You must not excite yourself, the doctor said, because it is not good for your eyes. Dear, dear Marlina!"

He held her tightly in his arms, and kissed her for the first time. From the door of the parsonage near by came his mother's voice calling him. He led the weeping girl to a couch near the wall, seated her and went hastily out.

Some time after, a worthy pair came down from the castle; the parson, a tall, powerful figure, with all the strength and majesty of an Apostle, and the clerk, a plain man of humble demeanor, his hair already sprinkled with white. They had both been invited by the Baron to pass the afternoon with him and the physician, who, at his request, had come from the city to examine the eyes of the two children and perform an operation upon them. Now he had repeatedly assured the overjoyed fathers of his belief in the possibility of a complete cure, and asked them to be ready for him on the following day. To the mother fell the task of preparing everything that was necessary at the parsonage; for they could not separate children on the day that was to bring to both the light of which both had so long been deprived.

The houses of the two men lay on opposite sides of the street. As they stood between them, the parson shook the hand of his old friend and said, with glistening eyes, "God be with us and them!" Then they separated. The clerk entered his house; there all was quiet: the maid was in the garden. He went into his room, and was thankful for the stillness, that he might be alone with his God. But as he stepped across the threshold, he was horror-struck. His child had sprung up from the couch, hastily pressing her handkerchief to her eyes, her breast heaving violently as in convulsion, her cheeks and lips ashy pale. He spoke to her, begging her to be composed, and asked her earnestly, "What has happened?" She answered only with tears, whose cause she herself did not understand.

### THE OLD MAID'S HOLIDAY.

---

This missive she sealed, directed to His Excellency the Signor Conte Francesco Montenara, Palazzo Montenara, and dropped into the letter-box before nightfall.

Three days—six days passed without a reply, but that was not surprising, for the letter would, of course, have to be forwarded, and Francesco might be far away. On the seventh, however, the sound of a man's heavy footstep was heard outside Marietta's door, and presently some one knocked gently. She had hardly the strength to murmur, 'Come in.'

Alas! it was not Francesco, but his father, who entered, and stood silently before her. Marietta gave a faint cry, and covered her face with her hands.

But the old gentleman was not angry, it appeared. 'So you have lost your voice!' he said quite gently. He was standing on the threshold in an almost deferential posture, and looked by no means a formidable person in his white linen suit and his loose Russia-leather shoes. His eyes were wandering over the shabby little room and its meagre furniture with a comical expression of commiseration. 'Eh, poverina!' he ejaculated.

'How did you find out——?' gasped Marietta, unable to finish her sentence.

'I—I opened your letter,' the old gentleman answered, looking very much ashamed of himself. 'It sounds a most dishonourable thing to have done, but I give you my word that I have no idea—I had no conception. The truth is that, my son being away from home, I am in the habit of breaking the seals of a great number of envelopes addressed to him; there are so many advertisements and begging-letters, and so forth, you understand, which are not worth the postage. But of course, if I had guessed what was in this one—though, after all, it is just as well.'

The Signore Conte seemed singularly troubled and embarrassed, Marietta, who, on his entrance, had supposed herself to

be confronted by a justly increased tyrant, knew not what to make of this queer old man, who looked more ready to weep than to denounce, and could only stare at him in mute bewilderment. Presently he sank down into a chair, and after wiping his forehead with his pocket-handkerchief, and sighing loudly several times, broke out into a plaintive soliloquy.

'Santo Padre! what have I done that it should fall upon me to inflict pain upon the innocent? Was it I who made the world, and ordained that there should be differences of rank, and that every man should mate with one of his own breed? If a young booby choose to amuse himself with fantastic republican notions, which I know he would throw off as easily as the whooping-cough and the measles, was that any fault of mine? And now, at my age, when I ask for nothing but rest and peace, I have to come all the way from Peschiera, on the hottest day of the year, in order to inflict one more blow upon an unhappy child who has done no wrong, and who has already lost nearly everything. There is a great deal of injustice in this world—a great deal of injustice,' concluded the Conte pathetically, meaning probably to imply that both his hearer and himself were hardly used.

'Signor,' exclaimed Marietta, clasping her hands, 'let me see him once more! You speak kindly—I don't know why—I thought you would be very angry. But it is all over now; I know quite well that I can never be his wife; it was impossible from the first, and I ought to have seen that it was. Only let me see him once more—just once more—to say good-bye. It is not a great deal to ask.'

The Conte shifted uneasily in his chair. 'And so Francesco was to have married you,' he murmured, after a pause; 'and you were to have supported him upon your earnings, and after a time you were to have come home and captivated the silly old father's heart by your beauty, and he was to have given you his blessing, and everything was to have ended well. Ah, my dear child, one sees these stories acted upon the stage, and sometimes, if the player be a good one, they are pretty enough; but in real

life, believe me, nothing of that kind takes place. In real life every man does the best he can for himself; and those who steal their neighbors' coats are sent to prison, instead of having cloaks offered to them into the bargain; and rich men feast, and beggars starve, and republicans are chained up, and counts marry countesses!"

'Is—is your son going to marry a countess?' asked Marietta in a low voice.

'What is the use of concealing it from you? He is married already!' There was a long silence. A sleepy undercurrent of sound—the rumbling of wheels, the indistinct murmur of voices, and the slow clanging of a distant bell, rose from the city below. The Conte, who had sedulously examined his yellow shoes, glanced furtively up, at last, at his champion. She was lying back in her chair, pale indeed, yet scarcely paler than she had been from the outset, and her face showed little sign of other emotion.

Meeting his eyes, she spoke; and there was only a faint tremor in her voice. 'When was it signore?'

'About ten days ago. He is married to a Sicilian lady of good family. The match was arranged long ago, though I suppose he knew nothing about it till he arrived at Palermo. It was I who sent him there, thinking it was time the affair was concluded; and if you will believe me, it was as much for your sake as his that I packed him off in such a hurry. It was easy enough to see that he was desperately in love with you, and I could not suppose that his intentions were honourable—you do not understand these things, and it is needless to talk about them—and I had taken a fancy to you ever since that first night when you appeared in *Lucia*. I did not choose that you should come to harm through any son of mine; and so I sent him about his business. I don't say, mind you, that I should have acted differently if I had known the true state of the case; but that was how it happened. And now, signorina, what shall I say? The thing you wished for, I could not give you; but what I can do, I will do. I am rich; I have influence with all classes of society; and if'——

But the remainder of the Conte di Montenara's offer remained unspoken, for Marietta had fainted dead away.

Such was the story of Signorina Tacchi's life, as she recalled it thirty years afterwards. It ended—or rather, it did not quite reach that point; for on a holiday one would fain keep to happy reminiscences. In all these toilsome, colourless years that had followed, where was there a single day worth the remembering? Many people whose whole lives have been darkened by disappointment can yet look back, when their journey's end is drawing near, upon this or that task accomplished, and say, with sober satisfaction, 'I have not lived altogether in vain;' but poor Signorina Tacchi could only have said, 'I have lived.' It is true that at certain times this had been in itself an achievement; but there is little comfort in the memory of having been nearly, though not quite, reduced to starvation. The old Conte di Montenara, who appears to have been a soft-hearted old fellow, would have provided for her, if she would have allowed him; but she was proud, and chose to earn her own bread. So Busca helped her to establish a small connection as singing-mistress in Florence; and thence, after some years, she shifted her quarters to Naples and elsewhere, sometimes making enough to live in comparative comfort, sometimes contriving with difficulty to keep body and soul together. She was a painstaking and most patient teacher; but, whether because she had not the requisite knack or because she lacked enthusiasm, she never became a successful one; and at fifty years of age she was living in lodgings at Islington and instructing young ladies in Kensington and Tyburnia at the rate of five shillings an hour, or seven-and-six-pence where two or three of a family share her services. Of such an existence what can be said, save, by way of consolation, that it cannot last for ever? Probably the very happiest day that had fallen to Signorina Tacchi's lot since July, 1850, was that on which her doctor, with some circumlocution and a good deal of grave pity in his voice, had given her to understand that she had organic disease of the heart. From that moment she took fresh courage, seeing land before her, and being relieved of that worst of all spectres, the dread of a helpless and peniless old age.

And with all due submission to Dante, there are worse aggravations of present misery than memories of a happier past. Surely, when all else fails, it is something to have joyous recollections, and a holiday in which to indulge them. Such, at all events, would have been the verdict of Marietta, who perhaps was not cast in the same mould as Francesca da Rimini. She always believed that her lover would have been true to her if her silence had not unhappily caused him to fancy her false to him ; and as what might have been is a subject upon which every one is free to form his own opinion, Francesco may be allowed the benefit of the doubt. At first she used to comfort herself with the thought that Francesco's heart still belonged to her, and that, though they could not be together in this life, they might be reunited in some future one ; but as time went on, and the plan of the world, with its remorseless logic and irresistible law of change, became clearer to her, this hope faded away little by little, and if she longed for death, it was rather for the sake of rest than with the expectation of any fulfilment of the dreams of her youth.

*Implora pace.* She has fought a hard fight, she has struggled bravely against odds, she has traversed many a flinty track and steep mountain-ridge, and now surely the time is at hand for the weary to be at rest. Yet on this twelfth of November, the anniversary of her long-faded triumph, she can still forget all pain and sorrow for a few hours, and be young again. She is wandering by the sunny shores of the Lake of Orta ; she is hurrying through the starlit streets of Milan on Francesco's arm ; time and space are annihilated, and two lovers are happy. And soon her day-dream turns into a sleeping one. Her eyes are closed, a peaceful smile is upon her lips ; the clasp of her fingers which hold the precious letters relaxes, and they slide down into the fender, where presently a hot coal falls upon one of them, and so they blaze up and are consumed and lost to her forever. Sleep on, tired little drudge, while the city chimes ring out the hours, and the candles sink in their sockets, and the ashes on the hearth turn grey. The night is far spent ; the day is at hand.

With early morning, in came the landlady, a lead, rough-headed woman, and descreying the Signorina still asleep in her arm-chair, began to ratc her soundly. ' Well, I declare ! Never been in yer bed all the night through ! Talk about being hill !— why, what *can* you expect ? If ever there was one to fly full in the face of Providence, 'tis you. Now, just you get up out of that cheer this immediate, and—' But Mrs. Jones' well-meant scolding dropped suddenly into an awe-struck silence when she drew nearer, and, looking into the face of her lodger, perceived that she was dead !

THE END.

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### VIEWS FROM A GERMAN SPION.

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OUTSIDE of my window, two narrow perpendicular mirrors, parallel with the casement, project into the street, yet with a certain unobtrusiveness of angle that enables them to reflect the people who pass without any reciprocal disclosure of their own. The men and women, hurrying by, not only do not know they are observed, but, what is worse, do not even see their own reflection in this hypocritical plane, and are consequently unable through its aid to correct any carelessness of garb, gait, or demeanour. At first this seems to be taking an unfair advantage of the human animal, who invariably assumes an attitude when he is conscious of being under human focus ; but I observe that my neighbours' windows, right and left, have a similar apparatus, that this custom is evidently a local one, and the locality is German. Being an American stranger, I am quite willing to leave the morality of the transaction with the locality and adapt myself to the custom. Indeed, I had thought of offering it, figuratively, as an excuse for any unfairness of observation I might make in these pages ; but my German mirrors reflect without prejudice, selection, or comment, and the American eye,

I fear, is but mortal, and, like all mortal eyes, figuratively, as well as in that literal fact noted by an eminent scientific authority, infinitely inferior to the work of the best German opticians.

And this leads me to my first observation, namely, that a majority of those who pass my mirror have weak eyes, and have already invoked the aid of the optician. Why are these people, physically in all else so much stronger than my countrymen, deficient in eyesight? Or, to omit the passing testimony of my *Spion*, and take my own personal experience, why does my young friend Max—brightest of all schoolboys, who already wears the cap that denotes the highest class—why does he shock me by suddenly drawing forth a pair of spectacles, that upon his fresh, rosy face would be an obvious mocking imitation of the *Herr Papa*—if German children could ever, by any possibility, be irreverent? Or why does the *Fräulein Marie*, his sister, pink as Aurora, round as Hebe, suddenly veil her blue eyes with a golden *lorgnette* in the midst of our polyglot conversation? Is it to evade the direct, admiring glance of the impulsive American? Dare I say *no*? Dare I say that that frank, clear, honest, earnest return of the eye, which has, on the Continent, most unfairly brought my fair countrywomen under criticism, is quite as common to her more carefully-guarded, tradition-hedged German sisters? No, it is not that! Is it anything in these emerald—and opal-tinted skies, which seem so unreal to the American eye, and for the first time explain what seemed the unreality of German Art?—in these mysterious yet restful Rhine fogs which prolong the twilight and hang the curtain of romance even over midday? Surely not. Is it not rather, O Herr Professor, profound in analogy and philosophy—is it not rather this abominable black-letter—this elsewhere-discarded, uncouth, slowly decaying text known as the German Alphabet, that plucks out the bright eyes of youth and bristles the gateways of your language with a *chevaux de frise* of splintered rubbish? Why must I hesitate whether it is an accident of the printer's press or the poor quality of the paper that makes this letter a 'k' or a 't'? Why must I halt in an emotion or a thought because 's' and 'f' are so nearly

alike? Is it not enough that I, an impulsive American, accustomed to do a thing first and reflect upon it afterwards, must grope my way through a blind alley of substantives and adjectives, only to find the verb of action in an obscure corner, without ruining my eyesight in the groping?

But I dismiss these abstract reflections for a fresh and active resentment. This is the fifth or sixth dog that has passed my *Spion*, harnessed to a small barrow-like cart, and tugging painfully at a burden so ludicrously disproportionate to his size, that it would seem a burlesque but for the poor dog's sad sincerity. Perhaps it is because I have the barbarian's fondness for dogs, and for their lawless, gentle, loving uselessness, that I rebel against this unnatural servitude. It seems as monstrous as if a child were put between the shafts and made to carry burdens; and I have come to regard those men and women who in the weakest perfunctory way affect to aid the poor brute, by laying idle hands on the barrow behind, as I would unnatural parents. Pegasus harnessed to the Thracian herdsman's plough was no more of a desecration. I fancy the poor dog seems to feel the monstrosity of the performance, and, in sheer shame for his master, forgivingly tries to assume it is *play*, and I have seen a little 'colley' running along, barking and endeavouring to leap and gambol in the shafts, before a load that anyone out of this locality would have thought the direst cruelty. Nor do the older or more powerful dogs seem to become accustomed to it. When his cruel taskmaster halts with his wares, instantly the dog, either by sitting down in his harness, or crawling over the shafts, or by some unmistakable dog-like trick, utterly scatters any such delusion of even the habit of servitude. The few of his race who do not work in this ducal city seem to have lost their democratic canine sympathies, and look upon him with something of that indifferent calm with which yonder officer eyes the road-mender in the ditch below him. He loses even the characteristics of species—the common cur and mastiff look alike in harness—the burden levels all distinctions. I have said that he was generally sincere in his efforts. I recall but one instance to the contrary. I re-

member a young colley, who first attracted my attention by his persistent barking. Whether he did this, as the ploughboy whistled, 'for want of thought,' or whether it was a running protest against his occupation, I could not determine, until one day I noticed that in barking he slightly threw up his neck and shoulders, and the two-wheeled barrow-like vehicle behind him, having its weight evenly poised on the wheels by the trucks in the hands of its driver, enabled him by this movement to cunningly throw the centre of gravity and the greater weight on the man—a fact which that less sagacious brute never discerned. Perhaps I am using a strong expression regarding his driver; it may be that the purely animal wants of the dog, in the way of food, care, and shelter, are more bountifully supplied in servitude than in freedom; becoming a valuable and useful property, he may be cared for and protected as such—an odd recollection that this argument had been used forcibly in regard to human slavery in my own country strikes me here—but his picturesqueness and poetry are gone, and I cannot help thinking that the people who have lost this gentle, sympathetic, characteristic figure from their domestic life and surroundings have not acquired an equal gain through his harsh labours.

To the American eye there is throughout the length and breadth of this foreign city no more notable and striking object than the average German house servant! It is not that she has passed my *Spion* a dozen times within the last hour—for here she is messenger, porter, and *commissionnaire* as well as housemaid and cook—but that she is always a phenomenon to the American stranger, accustomed to be abused in his own country by his foreign Irish handmaiden. Her presence is as refreshing and grateful as the morning light, and as inevitable and regular. When I add that with the novelty of being well served is combined the satisfaction of knowing that you have in your household an intelligent being, who reads and writes with fluency, and yet does not abstract your books nor criticise your literary composition; who is cleanly clad, and neat in her person, without the suspicion of having borrowed her mistress's dresses; who

may be good-looking without the least imputation of coquetry or addition to her followers; who is obedient without servility, polite without flattery, willing and replete with supererogatory performance, without the expectation of immediate pecuniary return, what wonder that the American householder translated into German life feels himself in a new Eden of domestic possibilities unrealised in any other country, and begins to believe in a present and future of domestic happiness! What wonder that the American bachelor living in German lodgings feels half the terrors of the conjugal future removed, and rushes madly into love—and housekeeping! What wonder that I, a long-suffering and patient master, who have been served by the reticent but too imitative Chinaman; who have been 'Massa' to the child-like but untruthful negro; who have been the recipient of the brotherly but uncertain ministrations of the South Sea Islander, and have been proudly disregarded by the American Aborigine, only in due time to meet the fate of my countrymen at the hands of Bridget the Celt—what wonder that I gladly seize this opportunity to sing the praises of my German handmaid! Honour to thee, Lenchen, wherever thou goest! Heaven bless thee in thy walks abroad, whether with that tightly booted cavalryman in thy Sunday gown and best, or in blue polka-dotted apron and bare head as thou trottest nimbly on mine errands—errands which Bridget O'Flaherty would scorn to undertake, or undertaking would hopelessly blunder in! Heaven bless thee, child, in thy early risings and in thy later sittings, at thy festive board, overflowing with *Essig* and *Fett*, in the mysteries of thy *Kuchen*, in the fullness of thy *Bier*, and in thy nightly suffocations beneath mountainous and multitudinous feathers! Good, honest, simple-minded, cheerful, duty-loving Lenchen! Have not thy brothers, strong and dutiful as thou, lent their gravity and earnestness to sweeten and strengthen the fierce youth of the Republic beyond the seas, and shall not thy children inherit the broad prairies that still wait for them, and discover the fatness thereof, and send a portion transmuted in glittering shekels back to thee!

Almost as notable are the children whose round faces have as

frequently been reflected in my *Spion*. Whether it is only a fancy of mine that the average German retains longer than any other race his childish simplicity and unconsciousness, or whether it is because I am more accustomed to the extreme self-assertion and early maturity of American children, I know not; but I am inclined to believe that among no other people is childhood as perennial, and to be studied in such characteristic and quaint and simple phases as here. The picturesqueness of Spanish and Italian childhood has a faint suspicion of the pantomime and the conscious attitudinising of the Latin races. German children are not exuberant or volatile; they are serious—a seriousness, however, not to be confounded with the grave reflectiveness of age, but only the abstract wonderment of childhood. For all those who have made a loving study of the young human animal will I think admit that its dominant expression is *gravity* and not playfulness, and will be satisfied that he erred pitifully who first ascribed 'light-heartedness' and 'thoughtlessness' as part of its phenomena. These little creatures I meet upon the street, whether in quaint wooden shoes and short woollen petticoats, or neatly booted and furred, with school knapsacks jauntily borne upon little square shoulders, all carry likewise in their round chubby faces their profound wonderment and astonishment at the big busy world into which they have so lately strayed. If I stop to speak with this little maid who scarcely reaches to the top boots of yonder cavalry officer, there is less of bashful self-consciousness in her sweet little face than of grave wonder at the foreign accent and strange ways of this new figure obtruded upon her limited horizon. She answers honestly, frankly, prettily, but gravely. There is a remote possibility that I might bite, and with this suspicion plainly indicated in her round blue eyes, she quietly slips her little red hand from mine, and moves solemnly away. I remember once to have stopped in the street with a fair countrywoman of mine to interrogate a little figure in *sabots*—the one quaint object in the long, formal perspective of narrow, gray bastard-Italian façaded houses of a Rhenish German *Strasse*. The sweet little figure wore a dark blue woollen petti-

coat that came to its knees, grey woollen stockings covered the shapely little limbs below, and its very blonde hair, the colour of a bright dandelion, was tied in a pathetic little knot at the back of its round head, and garnished with an absurd green ribbon. Now, although this gentlewoman's sympathies were catholic and universal, unfortunately their expression was limited to her own mother-tongue. She could not help pouring out upon the child the maternal love that was in her own womanly breast, nor could she withhold the 'baby talk' through which it was expressed. But, alas! it was in English. Hence ensued a colloquy, tender and extravagant on the part of the elder, grave and wondering on the part of the child. But the lady had a natural feminine desire for reciprocity, particularly in the presence of our emotion-scorning sex, and as a last resource she emptied the small silver of her purse into the lap of the coy maiden. It was a declaration of love, susceptible of translation at the nearest cake-shop. But the little maid, whose dress and manner certainly did not betray an habitual disregard of gifts of this kind, looked at the coin thoughtfully, but not regretfully. Some innate sense of duty, equally strong with that of being polite to strangers, filled her consciousness. With the utterly unexpected remark that her father *did not allow her to take money*, the queer little figure moved away, leaving the two Americans covered with mortification. The rare American child who could have done this, would have done it with an attitude. This little German *bourgeoise* did it naturally. I do not intend to rush to the deduction that German children of the lower classes habitually refuse pecuniary gratuities; indeed, I remember to have wickedly suggested to my companion that, to avoid impoverishment in a foreign land, she should not repeat the story nor the experiment, but I simply offer it as a fact—and to an American at home or abroad a novel one.

I owe to these little figures another experience quite as strange. It was at the close of a dull winter's day—a day from which all out-of-door festivity seemed to be naturally excluded; there was a baleful promise of snow in the air and a dismal reminiscence of

it under foot, when suddenly, in striking contrast with the dreadful bleakness of the street, a half-dozen children, masked and bedizened with cheap ribbons, spangles, and embroidery, flashed across my *Spion*. I was quick to understand the phenomenon. It was the Carnival season! Only the night before I had been to the great opening masquerade—a famous affair, for which this art-loving city is noted, and to which strangers are drawn from all parts of the Continent. I remember to have wondered if the pleasure-loving German in America had not broken some of his conventional shackles in emigration, for certainly I had found the Carnival balls of the 'Lieder Kranz Society in New York, although decorous and fashionable to the American taste, to be wild dissipations compared with the practical seriousness of this native performance, and I hailed the presence of these children in the open street as a promise of some extravagance, real, untrammelled, and characteristic. I seized my hat and—*overcoat*—a dreadful incongruity to the spangles that had whisked by—and followed the vanishing figures round the corner. Here they were re-inforced by a dozen men and women, fantastically but not expensively arrayed, looking not unlike the supernumeraries of some provincial opera troupe. Following the crowd, which already began to pour in from the side-streets, in a few moments I was in the broad grove-like *allée*, and in the midst of the *masqueraders*.

I remember to have been told that this was a characteristic annual celebration of the lower classes, anticipated with eagerness and achieved with difficulty, indeed often only through the alternative of pawning clothing and furniture to provide the means for this ephemeral transformation. I remember being warned also that the buffoonery was coarse, and some of the slang hardly fit for 'ears polite.' But I am afraid that I was not shocked at the prodigality of these poor people, who purchased a holiday on such hard conditions; and as to the coarseness of the performance, I felt that I certainly might go where these children could.

At first the masquerading figures appeared to be mainly com-

posed of young girls of ages varying from nine to eighteen. Their costumes—if what was often only the addition of a broad, bright-coloured stripe to the hem of a short dress could be called a *costume*—were plain, and seemed to indicate no particular historical epoch or character. A general suggestion of the peasant's holiday attire was dominant in all the costumes. Everybody was closely masked. All carried a short, gaily-striped *bâton* of split wood, called a '*Pritsche*,' which, when struck sharply on the back or shoulders of some spectator or sister masker, emitted a clattering, rasping sound. To wander hand in hand down this broad *allée*, to strike almost mechanically and often monotonously at each other with their *bâtons*, seemed to be the extent of that wild dissipation. The crowd thickened: young men with false noses, hideous masks, cheap black or red cotton dominoes, soldiers in uniform, crowded past each other up and down the promenade, all carrying a *Pritsche*, and exchanging blows with each other, but always with the same slow seriousness of demeanour which, with their silence, gave the performance the effect of a religious rite. Occasionally some one shouted; perhaps a dozen young fellows broke out in song, but the shout was provocative of nothing, the song faltered as if the singers were frightened at their own voices. One blithe fellow, with a bear's head on his fur-capped shoulders, began to dance, but on the crowd stopping to observe him seriously, he apparently thought better of it, and slipped away. Nevertheless, the solemn beating of *Pritsche* over each other's backs went on. I remember that I was followed the whole length of the *allée* by a little girl scarcely twelve years old, in a bright striped skirt and black mask, who, from time to time, struck me over the shoulders with a regularity and sad persistency that was peculiarly irresistible to me; the more so, as I could not help thinking that it was not half as amusing to herself. Once only did the ordinary brusque gallantry of the Carnival spirit show itself. A man with an enormous pair of horns, like a half-civilized satyr, suddenly seized a young girl and endeavoured to kiss her. A slight struggle ensued, in which I fancied I detected in the girl's face and manner the con-

fusion and embarrassment of one who was obliged to overlook, or seem to accept, a familiarity that was distasteful, rather than be laughed at for prudishness or ignorance. But the incident was exceptional. Indeed, it was particularly notable to my American eyes to find such decorum where there might easily have been the greatest license. I am afraid that an American mob of this class would have scarcely been as orderly and civil under the circumstances. They might have shown more humour, but there would have probably been more effrontery; they might have been more exuberant, they would certainly have been drunker. I did not notice a single masquerader unduly excited by liquor—there was not a word or motion from the lighter sex that could have been construed into an impropriety. There was something almost pathetic to me in this attempt to wrest gaiety and excitement out of these dull materials—to fight against the blackness of that wintry sky, and the stubborn hardness of the frozen soil, with these painted sticks of wood—to mock the dreariness of their poverty with these flaunting raiments. It did not seem like them, or rather, consistent with my idea of them. There was incongruity deeper than their *bizarre* externals; a half-melancholy, half-crazy absurdity in their action, the substitution of a grim spasmodic frenzy for levity, that rightly or wrongly impressed me. When the increasing gloom of the evening made their figures undistinguishable, I turned into the first cross-street. As I lifted my hat to my persistent young friend with the *Pritsche*, I fancied she looked as relieved as myself. If, however, I was mistaken—if that child's pathway through life be strewn with rosy recollections of the unresisting back of the stranger American—if any burden, O Gretchen, laid upon thy young shoulders be lighter for the trifling one thou didst lay upon mine, know then that I too am content.

\*            \*            \*            \*            \*            \*

It is possible that my *Spion* has shown me little that is really characteristic of the people, and the few observations I have made I offer only as an illustration of the impressions made upon two-thirds of American strangers in the larger towns of Germany.

Assimilation goes on more rapidly than we are led to imagine. As I have seen my friend Karl, fresh and awkward in his first uniform, lounging later down the *allée* with the *blasé* listlessness of a full-blown *militaire*, so I have seen American and English residents gradually lose their peculiarities, and melt and merge into the general mass. Returning to my *Spion* after a flying trip through Belgium and France, as I look down the long perspective of the *Strasse*, I am conscious of recalling the same style of architecture and humanity at Aachen, Brussels, Lille, and Paris: and am inclined to believe that, even as I would have met in a journey of the same distance through a parallel of the same latitude in America a greater diversity of type and character, and a more distinct flavour of locality, even so would I have met a more heterogeneous and picturesque display from a club window on Fifth Avenue, New York, or Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

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### KINDERGARTEN.

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We were so sorry that our letter last month was too late for the MUSE.

We hope all our friends of the MUSE had as jolly a time Christmas as we did. Santa Claus was good to us all. We were gladder to get our books about animals than any other present. Another nice present some of us had, was a quantity of nice pictures, animals, birds, and other pretty things. Miss —— says we must write a separate letter next month. We will try. Hoping it is not too late to wish our readers "Happy New Year," we will say good-bye.

KINDERGARTEN CLASS,  
St. Mary's School, Raleigh, N. C.

# ST. MARY'S MUSE,

PUBLISHED MONTHLY,

BY THE

## DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC.

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A "HAPPY NEW YEAR!"

TO OUR FRIENDS, FAR AND NEAR!

CHRISTMAS has come and gone. The death of the old year has ushered in the birth of a new one. 1880 is upon us; the darkness of its unknown future, flecked by many a bright and sunny hope;

“So kind friends we greet you,  
Send blessings to meet you,  
And many good wishes for all the new year.  
May each happy day,  
As it passes away,  
Leave you some memory untroubled and clear.  
Bright skies shine above you,  
And may all those who love you  
Be constant and true as the friends one holds dear.”

THE NEW YEAR finds us again at our desks, and busy with our books, with a keen sense of approaching examinations.

ON SUNDAY, the first of 1880, Bishop Lyman officiated in our Chapel, giving us one of his pleasantest "talks," and administering the Holy Communion.

OUR CHRISTMAS holidays, with all their merriment, are passed and gone, and the monotonous routine of school duty again employs our time and thoughts.

MARRIED, in the Church of the Good Shepherd, on Dec. 16th, by Rev. Mr. Rich, Miss Kate B. Snow to Mr. A. W. Barron, brother-in-law of the officiating clergyman.

NOVEMBER saw two St. Maryites of Morganton united in the holy bonds of matrimony: Lilian Walton to Mr. F. H. Burr, of Wilmington, and Mary E. Sprague to Mr. McIntosh, of Greenville, S. C.

THE "NEW TERM" will begin on Friday, January 30th. We have reason to expect a good many accessions to our number, and it is worth while to note an unprecedented fact—that no name is to be dropped from the present roll. Send for circulars, and let us hear from you in time to secure places.

IT MAY INTEREST our friends elsewhere to have some account of the various events which combined to make this a most enjoyable season to us. In the first place, our family remained almost intact. Very few of the girls disregarded Mr. Smedes request, that they would not go away, as the recess would be so short—only two days. So we did not have the deserted feeling that usually makes a holiday wearisome—"the more the merrier," is a good old proverb, the truth of which is again verified. And oh! the "boxes" of Christmas and comfort that came to heal every little pang of disappointment. Numberless, bountiful and rich in all "goodies" they came, and continued to come. Day after day feasts were spread by the grateful and generous recipients, who on hospitable thoughts intent, were yet scarcely able to find guests who were not as well supplied as they. There's

nothing like a Christmas cake from home—or a turkey cooked in the *home* kitchen—to make glad a homesick girl!

But indeed our pleasures here were home-like, too, and the sweet “peace and good will” of Christmas-tide mingled with the joy that every heart instinctively feels at this glad season, to make us all happy.

THE CHAPEL, on Christmas eve, was decked in her festival robe—“the fir tree, the pine tree, and the box met together to beautify the sanctuary, and to make glorious the place of the feet of the Holy Child Jesus. A preparatory service at night, with appropriate sermon by the Rev. J. E. C. Smedes, attuned our hearts for the full, rich service of the morrow—when, with all our hearts, we joined our voices to the grand harmony of the organ and “shouted the glad tidings” with exultation to our little corner of the blessed earth.

Somewhere in the wee sma' hours Santa Claus went on his accustomed rounds, and daylight found us all rejoicing in the gifts he dropped in every alcove and on every dressing table—while “Merry Christmas” was caught up by every voice, until the very air seemed to ring with it.

OUR CHRISTMAS dinner left us nothing to wish for—oysters and turkeys, and mince pies, and all the appendages of nuts, raisins, &c., were as plenty as blackberries, and a good deal nicer. Then at night we had a Christmas Tree! a veritable Tree! Devised by Fraulein Blume, and arranged by her (with the assistance of Mr. Sanborn) in her own loved German fashion, it was simply magnificent. Most mysteriously had the parlor been kept closed all that afternoon, and when the doors were opened and we marched in in procession, singing the Carol from the December MUSE, the beautiful vision met our astonished gaze. A great holly, reaching from floor to ceiling, stood in the centre of the otherwise darkened room, fairly ablaze with numberless tapers and heavy-laden with fruits of Santa Claus' providing. The dear old Saint on this occasion was, we were told, the agent of Mr. Smedes and the “faculty” to bring pleasure to us, their children. A thing of light and beauty it was, and as something pretty and

“sweet” for everybody was handed down, we thought nobody could want kinder friends nor a happier Christmas.

THE LECTURES AT ST. MARY'S.—By invitation of the Principal of St. Mary's School, Mr. Ed. Graham Daves, of Baltimore, visited Raleigh and delivered to its citizens and the pupils of the school upon Monday and Tuesday evenings two lectures upon the miracle plays of the middle ages, and particularly upon their famous modern representative—known as the Passion Play of Ober-Amurgau.

Although a North Carolinian by birth—one of the Newbern family of Daveses—this has been the first visit of Mr. Daves to the capital of his State since the beginning of the war. Resigning his professorship of Greek at Trinity at that time, he spent twelve years in Europe, to return to this country as professor of *Belles-Lettres* in the city of Baltimore.

The subject of Monday evening's address was the history of the miracle plays—the collections of them preserved and known as the Coventry, the Chester and the Townley series—the manner of their exhibition, their effect and usefulness, their defects and excellences, which points Mr. Daves discussed and amply illustrated by quotations and illustrations.

While anachronisms and absurdities of many kinds are abundant in these plays, there are fugitive flights of purest poetry, and authorities were mentioned and argument employed to show their importance in teaching sacred truths and facts to the people of an age when books did not exist practically for them, when the Bible was sealed or forbidden to common use, and the church services rendered in an unintelligible tongue. Rude in their execution, exhibited upon a portable scaffold at convenient places in the street, or, later, in a church building badly adapted for dramatic performances, these miracle plays were effective in their influence and became a great feature of holiday observances, as on the occasion of Elizabeth's visit to Leicester, as the reader of Kenilworth will remember.

But a synopsis of the lecture is impossible within the limits of a “local,” nor is any repetition of the history of the miracle plays

of mediæval Europe necessary in the face of the intelligence of a Raleigh audience.

On Thursday evening the lecturer confined himself to a minute description of the Ober-Amergau Play, at which he was present in 1870. This fact enabled him to make peculiarly interesting (beyond his scholarship and the winning qualities which make interesting any theme he touches) his vivid description of this great play.

Ober-Amergau is a little Alpine village of Bavaria, remote from the world, where tourists seldom go. A plague, produced by the miseries of the wars of Gustavus Adolphus, afflicted its inhabitants in 1630, and they vowed to the Virgin that if she would stay the plague, a passion play would be ever celebrated in her honor. The vow was heard and well has their faith been kept since 1632, when the first representation took place.

The lecturer failed not to point out that we owe this, the greatest and only remaining play of its nature—a play in honor of the Holy Virgin—to, at least indirectly, the great champion of Protestantism, Gustavus Adolphus himself.

The play represents the passion of our Lord, following with hardly an exception the literalness of the Bible narrative.

It is given in an uncovered structure, seating seven thousand, in which is a very broad and deep stage, the scenes being streets in Jerusalem, and showing the residences of Annas and Pontius Pilate, the Governor.

The chorus consists of twenty voices, and in all the number of participants exceeds five hundred.

The play is in three parts, occupying the whole of one day in its delivery, and is given upon Sundays and holidays of summer time once in every ten years.

Introductory to the representation of the incidents of the passion are tableaux of scenes taken from the Old Testament, the relation of which to the parts of the passion itself are told in song by the chorus.

As said above, no account of the lectures is a substitute for hearing them; it is enough that the audiences which greeted Mr.

Daves felicitate themselves in being so fortunate as to have enjoyed the most intellectual treat that has been offered Raleigh for many a day.

ON NEW YEAR'S EVE the Vocal Class entertained us, and our friends of the city, with Abt's operetta of "Cinderella." Like the "Red Riding Hood" of last year, our new heroine won all hearts. Old and young were true to the love of folk lore, and duly sympathized with the abused and neglected sister, and shared the joy of her triumph over "envy and hate." The singers rendered the choruses accurately and with good spirit. An occasional solo or duett gave a pleasing variety, and ever and anon the magnificent voice of Miss Blume (our Singing Teacher) poured forth strains of wondrous power and sweetness in the role of "Cinderella," which had been assigned to her.

The scenery was freshly painted by Miss Norwood, assisted by some of her pupils, and would have ornamented a stage of greater pretensions than ours. The costumes were new, tasteful and striking. The *mise-en-scène* was excellent, and the tableaux were beautifully effective.

The "sleep of the Fairy Birds"—the gorgeous "King's Fete," and the combination of all the characters in the "final scene," were particularly admired.

We offer our thanks to the ladies of the household who so unselfishly gave their time and work to aid in making this Operetta a success, and we take this opportunity of thanking those gentlemen from the city who composed the "Orchestra," for without the help of their instruments our best efforts would have lost their chief charm.

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### PRIZE QUESTIONS.

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A prize will be given at the end of the scholastic year in June to any girl who, *honor bright*, from her own knowledge or diligent research, and without any other assistance whatever, shall have sent in the greatest number of correct answers, *provided* that they

amount to three-fourths of the whole number of questions proposed in the series which she may select. The answers, whether from St. Mary's or other schools, must be sent in under a pseudonyme, accompanied, in the first instance, by the real name, which will be known only to the person in charge of this department, addressed to "THE MUSE," and indorsed "Prize Questions" on the envelope. These are open to *any* school-girl from *any* school.

A great deal of interest has been manifested in these "questions," and we hope to have answers representing a number of schools and localities.

#### JUNIOR SERIES.

20. How was Marie Stuart descended from King René?
21. By whom was the first written Arithmetic published, and when?
22. What was Beethoven's physical infirmity, and at what age did it affect him?
23. The origin of "Man proposes but God disposes?"
24. What is the difference between the battles of Ipsus and of Issus, of Chaeronea and of Coronea?
25. By the birth of what two great men was the year 1564 rendered illustrious?
26. Who was the founder of the city of Palmyra?
27. Who were the "Seven Champions of Christendom?"
28. What is meant by the Year of Jubilee, and how often does it come?
29. What is a "Venice glass"?
30. What is the meaning of the word "Selah"?

#### SENIOR SERIES.

21. What three men have been masters in the arts of the silversmith and the gem-engraver?
22. What is the origin of the term pasquinade?
23. Who was the "faultless painter"?
24. What great personages, mythical or historical, have been blind?

25. What Englishman is at once an artisan, an artist, a painter and a poet?

26. Who have ever received the great papal gift—the Dove of Pearls—and for what?

27. Who was David Alroy?

28. What is a Barmecide Feast, and what the origin of the expression?

29. In what modern novel do we find a vivid description of Florentine Society in the time of Lorenzo the magnificent?

30. What modern novel gives the life of the parents of Erasmus?

### ART NOTES.

THE ARTIST COROT.—The late J. B. C. Corot produced a great number of paintings during his long and active life, and some idea of his industry may be gained from the fact that even in the years immediately preceding his death—that is from 1870 to 1875—the veteran artist painted thirty-nine finished pictures, without counting sketches, and unfinished work. He died aged eighty.

AMONG the art-treasures of the Louvre is a curious collection bequeathed to the Musée in March, 1874, by M. and Madame Phillipe Lenoir. This collection is wholly made up of snuff-boxes, miniatures, bonbonnières, jewelry, &c., comprising in all some three hundred and eighty objects. The snuff-boxes with miniatures constitute the most important part of the legacy. On these tiny caskets the goldsmiths of the eighteenth century have lavished all their skill and art.

In many instances a celebrated workman has not disdained to inscribe his name on the little *chef-d'œuvre*, but even when this is lacking, particular signs still exist to guide all researches as to the date of the work. These signs are the ancient trade-marks of the Jewellers of Paris.

Experts in these matters are learned in the different marks

used by different artists, and those that belong to the work of particular epochs.

The Lenoir collection has been arranged in five divisions :

The first comprising the objects in *pietra dura*, mosaic or inlaid work ; the second those in gold, gold and enamel and cameos ; the third the enamelled snuff-boxes ; the fourth those set with paintings ; the fifth the miscellaneous objects, such as ivory earrings, bonbonnières, &c.

One of the most gorgeous objects in the first case is a snuff-box composed of ten plaques of oriental agate, of a semitransparent white lined with pink. The cover is adorned with a group of fruits made in precious stones in high relief. The mountings are of three shades of gold.

A snuff-box in rock-crystal, with mountings of wrought gold, bears upon its cover an enamelled miniature portrait of Madame de Montespan.

A very peculiarly formed snuff-box is in the shape of a sarcophagus. It is of gold, mounted with a small finely painted miniature of Cosmo III., Duke of Tuscany. The work is of the seventeenth century. The gold is of three shades.

Another box of gold and blue enamel is adorned with a fine miniature of Marie Antoinette by Sicardi.

A peculiar and interesting historical souvenir is a box of tortoise-shell, bearing on its cover of chased gold, the portrait of Louis XVI. The miniature is surrounded by a gold bordering, on which is the inscription—"He would still reign, had he known how to punish."

The collection of miniatures is not very extensive, but it includes some fine Petitots, notably a portrait of Queen Christina of Sweden, and one of the great Condé.

There is also a beautiful miniature portrait of the ill-fated Princesse de Lamballe.

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*German* scholars have the advantage of conversation and reading with a highly educated native German.

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6th. AN ART DEPARTMENT, lately refitted with the best models from Europe, and under the charge of a teacher from Cooper Institute, who has had the additional advantage of constant study and practice under one of our finest artists.

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## A Monthly Magazine,

EDITED BY THE

PIERIAN CLUB OF ST. MARY'S SCHOOL.

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No. 6.

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# St. Mary's Muse.

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VOL. II. RALEIGH, N. C., FEBRUARY, 1880. No. 6.

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## *"LET THERE BE LIGHT."*

(COMPOSED BY A YOUNG SOLDIER OF WESTERN NORTH CAROLINA WHO PERISHED DURING THE LATE WAR.)

When first Jehovah's high command  
Bade Earth to her existence leap,  
Thick darkness lay o'er all the land,  
And on the bosom of the deep.

God spake: and o'er the young earth flashed  
The glorious light—unknown before—  
And the bright waves of ocean dashed  
Her sun-dyed jewels on the shore.

Thus when Sin's heavy mantle lay  
Like night, and all our race enfurled  
Shut out the light of Heaven's bright day,  
And dimmed and veiled a fallen world,

God loved; and lo! a beauteous gem  
Rose glittering on the brow of Night;  
Hope's Star, the Star of Bethlehem,  
And gave all Nations life, and light.

Lord, as we drive o'er Life's dark wave,  
Let Mercy's light be on our path,  
Save us, thy erring children save,  
From the red lightning of Thy wrath.

*BLIND.*

---

A TALE—TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF PAUL HEYSE.

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(CONTINUED.)

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## CHAPTER II.

The children had been put to bed in two rooms in the upper story of the parsonage, and on the northern side. For lack of shutters, the windows were carefully hung with dark curtains, so that on the brightest day it was scarcely twilight within. The Parson's ample, quiet orchard abundantly shaded the house, and kept far away the bustle of daily life.

The doctor had enjoined the greatest prudence, especially with regard to the little girl. All that depended upon him had been successfully accomplished. Now nature must quietly do the rest, and the excitable temperament of the girl demanded the greatest care and precaution.

In the hour of trial, Marlina had been undaunted. When her mother had burst into tears at the sound of the doctor's step on the floor, it was she who had drawn near to comfort her. The doctor began with the boy who, agitated, but with good courage, sat down, and bore all; only he would not let them hold him during the operation, till Marlina's persuasions induced him to permit it. When the doctor took away his hand for a second from the unveiled eyes, he screamed loudly, half in terror, half in joy. Marlina shivered convulsively, but endured the brief pain in her turn without a sound. But tears gushed from her eyes, and her whole frame trembled so that the doctor hastily fastened the bandage, and himself helped her to her room, for her limbs failed her. There laid on her little bed, sleep and unconsciousness long struggled for the mastery; but the boy kept assuring them that he was perfectly well, and it was only at his father's command that he finally lay down. But he did not soon fall

asleep. Mysterious, gayly-colored figures, colored for the first time, danced before him; figures which were nothing to him, but which would be so much if those who had been congratulating him were right. He asked his father and mother, who sat by his bed, a hundred questions which science itself could not have answered; for what does science know of the fount of life? His father begged him to have patience, that by God's help he would soon gain a clearer insight even into his doubts. Now he must have rest, and so must Marlina, whom he might awake by his chatter. Then he grew still, and listened at the wall. He asked them in a whisper to open the door, that he might hear if she slept, and was not groaning with pain. His mother granted his request; and he lay motionless and listening till the peaceful breathing of his little sleeping friend finally lulled him to sleep.

So they lay for hours. In the village it was more quiet than usual. Whoever was obliged to pass the parsonage with a vehicle avoided all noise. The school-children, too, admonished by their teacher, did not storm out of school, as usual, but went two-by-two, past the house, glancing at it timidly, and whispering, as they sought a distant play-ground. Only the birds on the boughs did not hush their song; but when has their tune disturbed or troubled the weariest child of man?

Not till the curfew did both children awake. The boy's first question was whether Marlina had called him. Then he asked her in an undertone how she felt. Her heavy slumber had scarcely rested her, and her eyes burned under their light bandage. But she forced herself to say that she felt better; and she chatted brightly with Clement, from whose lips poured the strange creations of his brain. Late in the evening, when the moon had already risen above the forest, a child's hand knocked timidly at the parsonage door. It was the little girls from the village, with a wreath of the choicest flowers for Marlina and a nosegay for Clement. When they brought them to the boy his face brightened. The fragrance and the cool dew were refreshing to him. He said, "Give them my best thanks, they are kind girls; I am still sick, but when I can see, I will take their part

against the boys." Marlina, when they laid the wreath on the bed by her, pushed it gently away with her little pale hands, and said, "I cannot! My head swims, mother, when the flowers are near me. Take them to Clement;" and she fell back into a feverish doze.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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### CROWNS.

---

From time immemorial, crowns have been used as emblems of power, and as rewards of excellence of character or attainment.

We learn, from the annals of the most ancient nations, that crowns were at first worn only by kings, or by those who held supreme control over the people; whence we infer that their original use was to denote power.

We do not know when, or with what country, the custom of wearing crowns began, for early historians seem to have accepted them as an essential mark of royalty, and, therefore, leave us entirely in the dark as to their origin. Milton, indeed, in his *History of Britain*, says: "This Dunwallo (700 B. C.) was the first in Britain that wore a crown of gold; and therefore, by some reputed the first king." Herodotus speaks familiarly of the crowns of the kings of Egypt, which were handed down in regular succession from father to son. Perhaps this custom began in Assyria or in Babylonia, the two oldest kingdoms according to Biblical records; for the sculptures and bas-reliefs in the ruins uncovered by Layard reveal crowned kings, crowned eagles and crowned lions. The last were doubtless gods.

If, indeed, the origin of the crown is due to these two countries, Egypt followed their example, and added to the outward dignity of her Pharaoh by placing this emblem of royalty upon his head. At festivals, the Pharaoh wore the crown either of Upper or of Lower Egypt. The former was a kind of conical helmet; the latter, a short cap, with a point behind; but on state occasions,

there was often tied around the head of the king the figure of an asp. The head-dress (for it can hardly be called a crown) of the Queen of Egypt deserves mention because of its peculiarity. It was in the form of a vulture with outspread wings, the bird's head projecting over the forehead, the wings falling on either side, while the long tail-feathers extended behind.

Persia was not behind her sister nations, for her kings wore magnificent crowns. Her radiate circle graced the head of Cyrus the Great; or, perhaps, it would be better to say that that illustrious man gave an additional grace to the crown. He was indeed worthy of this emblem of power; through him had Persia gained her independence, and by him was laid the foundation of her after greatness.

The crown is used as an emblem of ecclesiastical as well as of secular power. The High Priest of the Hebrews wore the mitre by divine command. In the Book of Exodus we have a description of this crown: "And thou shalt make a plate of pure gold, and grave upon it like the engravings of a signet, 'Holiness to the Lord.' And thou shalt put it on a blue lace, that it may be upon the mitre: upon the forefront of the mitre it shall be. And it shall be upon Aaron's forehead, that Aaron may bear the iniquity of the holy things." It is said that the word here translated "plate" properly signifies a flower. Jesus, the son of Sirach, calls it a crown. "It was adorned with three rows of the flower which is now called the blue bottle. The Jewish Doctors say that it was two fingers broad, of a circular form, suited to the shape of the head, and so long that it reached from ear to ear, and was fastened upon a blue lace of riband which was tied behind the head; the remaining part of the riband was highly ornamented with artificial flowers."

We have already said that crowns were used not only as emblems of power, but also as rewards of excellence or virtue. This latter use seems to have arisen in Greece, and to have been adopted later by the Romans, and merged into the triumphs granted their victorious Generals. It was the custom in Greece for competitors from the different states to meet at certain peri-

ods, and engage in contests, both physical and intellectual. These meetings were called national games; and the best poet, the greatest philosopher, and the finest athlete were rewarded with crowns. These were not made of gold and precious stones; they were simple wreaths of leaves or flowers. But he who was considered worthy of receiving one of them had nothing left to desire. His praises were sung by the poets; and he returned in triumph to his home, crowned not only with perishable leaves, but with deathless fame. Four different crowns formed the prizes at the respective seats of the games. To the Olympic hero was awarded a chaplet of wild olive; to the Pythian, a wreath of laurel; the Nemean received one of olive or of parsley; and the Isthmian, one of pine.

It was natural that the stern Romans, whose chief pursuit was war, should use the crown principally as a reward of valor. They invented a great variety of them, each having its peculiar name and value. Those which conferred the highest honor were the "Corona Obsidionalis" and the "Corona Civica." The former was presented by a besieged city to the General who raised the siege, and it was made of weeds and wild flowers gathered from the spot where the brave deed was done. The latter was his reward who saved the life of a fellow-soldier in battle.

The custom of crowning poets with laurel, has come down to modern times. Among the number who have received this crown stand Petrarch and Tasso, the great Italian poets. The appellation, "laureate," was derived from the Latin *laurus*, "laurel," in allusion to this ancient practice; and thus the court poet of England receives his title of "Poet Laureate."

The crowns of modern kingdoms differ much both in form and in material. Thus that of Lombardy is made of gold encircled with iron, rendering it peculiarly suited to the hard life and stern and sterling nature of the Lombard. This, in addition to two others, was afterward bestowed upon the German Emperors.

The Pope's crown is triple-formed, and consists of a long cap or tiara of golden cloth encircled by three coronets, one rising above the other, surmounted by a globe and cross of gold. It is

altogether peculiarly adapted to denote the ecclesiastical, civil and judicial rule he assumes.

There is a crown for every career in life, though it may not be made of leaves, of gold, of precious stones, or of anything material. The mother's crown is the love of her children; the school girl's, the approval of her teachers, and the happiness of her parents; the good master's, the confidence of his servants and their implicit obedience; and the servant's, the commendation of his master. The artist's crown is the appreciation of the few; the statesman's, the applause of his country. But no crown can be obtained except by hard labour. The Greeks, in order to gain the races, practiced the strictest temperance, and underwent many privations. The mother has many and bitter trials in training her children, and the artist has many disappointments. But the greater the suffering and trials, the greater is the glory of the crown. Therefore, most glorious of all is the Christian's crown of immortality. Nor is the struggle hard when the prize is ever held before us; not to be won by intermittent effort, but by constant toil. "Be thou *faithful unto death*, and I will give thee a crown of life."

---

## HIGHER MATHEMATICS.

---

BY EDWARD E. MAGOVERN, STEVENS INSTITUTE, HOBOKEN, N. J.

---

It is with the greatest diffidence that I approach a subject of this kind—diffidence arising from a knowledge of my own incapability of treating a subject so grand and so extremely broad in its significance that it would be impossible to treat it fully in a short series of articles. I therefore will not, in course of any of the articles on the various divisions and subdivisions of our subject, attempt to enter fully into any of them, but will present, as best I can, the ground work, so to speak, either to be forgotten or

reared into a full, complete structure by each individual. I will also append to each of my articles examples, illustrating the principles which I have tried to demonstrate, and will be glad to receive from any of my mathematical friends the solutions, which will be duly acknowledged in the succeeding copy of the MUSE.

Higher Mathematics is supposed to include all that part of pure Mathematics succeeding higher Algebra, plain and solid Geometry, and plain and spherical Trigonometry. This, therefore, includes Cöördinate Geometry, Fluxions, Quaternions, Differential and Integral Calculus, Calculus of Variations, Elliptic Functions, etc. Of the first, i. e., Cöördinate, or, as it is sometimes called, Analytical Geometry, I shall have little to say, as the text-books on that subject are so large in number, and differ so much as regards to their manner of treating the subject, that no person need fear to attack it.

As regards "Fluxions," I may here observe that the subject of Calculus fully comprehends and contains it, I therefore postpone it for the present.

I suppose, to fully one-half my readers, the term "Quaternions" is unknown, yet this science, still in its infancy, has solved problems which were believed to be incapable of solution before its time.

Quaternions is a system of Mathematics, invented by Sir Wm. R. Hamilton in 1843. It comprises four fundamental units, and from thence it derived its name. These units are, Vector, Tensor, Scalar and Versor.

Vector implies the transference of a point in a given direction, a given amount; it is geometrically expressed by a parallel right line to the transference, and whose length equals the amount of transference, it is analytically expressed by a letter of the Greek alphabet. In the beginning of an analysis, we fix transference in a given direction, as positive, and one in a contrary direction as negative. This is purely arbitrary.

*Principles.* Equal Vectors are such as are parallel, and are of equal lengths.

Parallel Vectors are multiples of each other.

A Unit Vector is a vector whose length and direction is given, and whose length is unity.

A Tensor is the numerical factor by which a Unit Vector must be multiplied to produce a given vector.

If two oblique vectors be multiplied, or divided by each other, the quotient or product is composed of two distinct parts, one part of which is numerical, and is called the *Scalar*. The other being a vector, perpendicular to the plane of two given vectors. A *Scalar* is represented by the letter S, written before an expression, as S B.

A *Versor* is supposed to turn a line from one vector to another.

If we take any triangle, say A B C, represent A B by vector A, and BC by vector B; CD by vector C. The transference of a point from A to B, then from B to C, is obviously the same as if we were to transfer it at once from A to C. This is in Quaternions, expressed in the form of an Equation, as  $A+B=0$ , but "plus" and "equal" do not have an algebraical signification, but the expression is read "a point transferred an amount expressed by vector A, and vector B is equal to a transference expressed in amount and direction of vector C.

I will now apply the preceding principles to the solution of a simple geometrical example, viz: If the opposite sides of a Quadrilateral are equal, they will be parallel. Let the unit vectors along the sides be represented by B, A, C, S, respectively, then let m and n be the Tensors whence the sides are nB, ma, nc and ms, we then have by the preceding paragraph  $mA+nC+mS+nB=0$  or  $m(A+S)+n(C+B)=0$ , but since m and n are mutually independent, we have  $a=s$  and  $C=B$ , hence opposite sides are parallel. Q. E. D.

I have endeavored, in this short article, to give my readers a slight insight into this subject, and I think that there is nothing so well fulfills the expression of the proverb, "Great oaks from little acorns grow," as this, for it was from the attempt to geometrize the algebraic imaginary  $\sqrt{-1}$  that has opened this new field for investigators.

I give this month two problems for solution; solvers will please direct their solutions to EDW. E. MAGOVERN, Stevens Institute, Hoboken, N. Y.

- No. 1. { The square of  $x+y=5$ (1) } to solve by Quadratics or  
 { The square of  $y+x=3$ (2) } Higher Equations.
- No. 2. { The cube of  $x$ +the cube of  $y=351$ .  
 {  $xy=14$ , to be solved by Quadratics.

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### LETTER FROM CALLIOPE.

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DEAR SISTER EUTERPE:—I regret that Mercury in his last circuit found me unprepared with the letter you perhaps expected from me. Many are the things going on around me, the description of which might entertain you; this being the busiest season of the devotees of your Art of Music. But I too have been so busy in my own employment, that I had no opportunity to write. I must therefore give up waiting upon Father Time and make him serve me for an hour or so, by stopping short while I pen you a little scroll, lest you should think I am forgetting you; for I have somewhat to tell you of.

I happened in a recent ramble to enter one of the concert-rooms of the city, and was tempted to linger and listen to a musical entertainment given by the New York Vocal Union, under the leadership of a gray-haired votary of yours, who in his old age still keeps young in his love for Music. With a faltering step he came upon the stage; but his head was still erect, and his eye full of the fire of eloquence in the Soul-language in which he was about to speak. The choral band numbered above sixty, and was supported by an efficient organist, pianist, violinist, and soloists.

The concert-room is named Chickering Hall, after one of the greatest makers, as you know, of the modern lyre,—that sweet instrument which of old I was wont to hear you play upon with

such delight. It is interesting to me, as I glance down the centuries of the great World-Drama, to observe how Mortals have applied the ingenuity of their minds to improve the ancient form of the Lyre. For you alone, by your superhuman skill, could by playing upon it in its primal shape bring out its full power and rich sweetness of tone. They first enlarged it, added many strings, and placed its pedestal upon the ground, in the form of the Harp. Not content with this, they raised it up and placed it on its side, supporting upon feet; and thus produced the Dulcimer. They then applied to it the Key-board of the organ, and struck the strings with the clucking quills of the Clavichord. Next it received the damper, and with the addition of other contrivances to make the harmony more distinct, became the Spinnet, or Harpsichord. At length the quills were changed to hammers, and the mutable instrument finally reached the form of the Pianoforte. From that time on, the makers gradually improved its shape, size and material in various ways, until at last men have turned the ancient Lyre into the grand Piano of the present day. By all these mechanical aids, they now produce tones from it that nearly equal the perfection of your immortal touch! This is but another illustration of what I remarked in my last letter to you,—the efforts of the human mind to overcome material obstacles. But in no case has their Promethean patience and perseverance been so nobly displayed, as in the production of the Piano.

Chickering Hall, the name of which has provoked this long digression, is a very model of a music-auditorium. It is neither too long nor too short, too broad nor too narrow, too low nor too high. Even the arrangement of the seats,—in a graceful arc, row behind row rising in a gentle slope, and the seats in the low, horseshoe-shaped gallery similarly placed,—seems to put everyone at ease, and in a good humor. The audiences are almost invariably goodnatured, if not enthusiastic, and the most timid *debutante* could wish for no better place in which to appear, to ensure a hearty and indulgent reception. The hall is provided with a fine Roosevelt Organ, in three sections, one on each side of

the stage, and the third an echo-organ above the ceiling of the room, where through a circle of open work proceed, at the will of the organist, distant strains of the flute, celeste, and a vox-humana which is a wonderful imitation of a hidden choir of human voices. An exquisite-toned Chickering Grand Piano stands upon the stage, brim-full of delightful capabilities; and I felt that I could not fail to enjoy the performance, even before I looked at the programme.

The Concert opened with a joyous chorus, a Hunting Song by Benedict, sparkling with all the sunlight of a dewy May morning.

The following quartette, "Lady, arise! Sweet Morn's Awakening," by Smart, was of the same gleeful nature; and brought to mind a vision of some shepherd lad, with happy face shining in the first rays of the rising sun, singing beneath the window of his slumbering sweetheart, and inviting her to an early stroll among the fields blinking with the still sleepy daisies! Then came a Madrigal which we might fancy the merry pair singing as they trip along hand in hand:

"Hark! how the birds on every bloomy spray,  
With joyous music wake the dawning day.  
Why sit we mute when early linets sing—  
When warbling Philomel salutes the Spring?"

A charming beginning for a musical entertainment, think you not, sister mine?

The conductor then led forward a tall, slender youth with broad, open brow, and flowing hair, who performed upon the violin, in the most approved style, Paganini's arrangement of Rossini's "*Di Tanti Palpiti*." With careless ease he executed all the customary violin gymnastics of the virtuoso; and being encored, played a simple Scotch air, and then in a series of variations showed us how much a good melody can be racked and tortured without being annihilated. Finally, to show how lightly he regarded the foolish music he had been performing, and to indicate his estimate of an audience which could enjoy such trash, he closed the last variation with an exquisitely deli-

cate, long-drawn note up in the highest harmonies,—and suddenly executing a ridiculous *pizzicato* cadenza which transformed the violin into a vulgar banjo, bowed until his long hair almost touched the floor, and vanished like a daddy-long-legs, as he was !

Far different were the emotions which the next selection, Mendelsshon's Cantata "Lauda Sion," awoke in my heart. Now we heard not the buoyancy of the madrigal, nor the flippancy of the violin arpeggio, but the grandeur and beauty, the richness and glory of the Oratorio. Solos, quartettes and choruses rang out the praise of God, in devotional harmony and melody such as none but a master like Mendelsshon could produce. This work especially displays his power in the use of the Chorale, much of the score being in that style. It was well rendered, and must be reckoned the chief effort of the evening.

The second part of the programme opened with a Chorus by Sullivan, "Say, Watchman, What of the Night?" This was plain and good, being a question by the male voices, answered by the full chorus, and so on in alternation; and all in Sullivan's best style of composition. The next numbers were: Song, "I Love my Love," by S. P. Warren, pleasing, but without much purpose: Male Chorus, "O World, Thou art so Wondrous Fair," a very pretty glee; Scena ed Aria, from Faust, "Dear Gift of my Sister," rendered in good style by Professor Alberto Lawrence.

This brought us to the closing number, a Chorus by Schubert, entitled "Laughing and Crying." It was a well selected piece to conclude with. Its name strikes the key-note of its character; and the free and perfect grace with which the laughing motive is handled, manifested at once the greatness of the genius of this apostle of your Art, one of the Golden Age of Music. Even in the treatment of so light a subject as this sparkling glee, Schubert shows his superiority over the ability of the lesser composers whose works formed the bulk of the programme. In spite of their beauty, these all made one feel the restraint of the fetters of Rule; but what to them were iron gyves, were to the master Schubert a shining cincture of gold, and hung about his neck an ornament, and not a chain of slavery !

You may be sure I thoroughly enjoyed the "Laughing and Crying;" and when the concert was over, I left the hall with many a backward glance of regret. I hope ere long to find other such pleasant things to tell about, and I promise you my loving efforts to write soon again. A sister's greeting to the fair Pierian Maids!

Very faithfully,

CALLIOPE.

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### LOGIC.\*

Logic has been called the Grammar of Thought, for it teaches us not how to think, but how we do think; it is the "Science of the necessary laws of Pure Thought." But, in order to think we must have something to think of; and this something, which we call knowledge, is obtained first through the senses; and it is by comparing the intuitions thus received, subtracting and adding marks or qualities, that we obtain a conception or knowledge of a class of objects. This we immediately stamp with a name, thus fixing it in our minds. We think, therefore, in classes.

But we should never be able to communicate our thoughts to one another if there were not some laws in accordance with which all men think, and these laws we find; though, of course, owing to the great differences and varieties of the human intellect, they are few and meagre in order that they may apply to all. We have, in fact, but two; "All thought must be consistent with itself," and "All thought must be consequent." The first law, which is the only one necessary for analytic thought, may be explicated into the three rules of Identity, Non-Contradiction, and Excluded Middle. These laws we find very useful in the formation of judgments. Before continuing, we must distinguish between *judgment* and a *judgment*. By judgment we mean that act of mind by which we affirm or deny the agreement of one concept

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\*Selected from the examination papers of the Logic Class at the close of the term in July.

with another ; and by a judgment is meant the statement of this affirmation or negation.

Judgments have quantity, quality and relation. They are universal or particular in quantity according as the predicate is affirmed or denied of the whole, or of a part of the subject ; affirmative or negative in quality as the predicate is affirmed, or is denied of the subject ; and superior, inferior or co-ordinate when compared in a hierachy. A categorical judgment is a simple statement, and a conditional is one with a condition attached ; but the latter, which at first sight might seem compound can easily be reduced to a simple form.

According to Aristotle there are only four possible forms for a judgment, and to these he gave the name of A, universal affirmative ; E, universal negative ; I, particular affirmative ; O, particular negative.

This system of Aristotle's is founded on the thorough-going quantification of the subject. Hamilton invented another method in which he thoroughly quantified the predicate ; but this is only expressing in words what is clearly entertained in the thought, and the only case in which we make much use of the Hamiltonian method is in the matter of conversion. It is with judgments that we deal in reasoning—not with the matter, however, but with the form ; and in this form we deal with a subject, predicate and copula, which last must always be in the present tense of the verb to be ; for, though the things thought of may be past or future, the mind is acting in the present and can only act then. We distinguish in logic between two kinds of reasoning, Mediate and Immediate. By immediate, we mean without a medium or third term. In this reasoning we gain no new knowledge, but simply change the form of an assertion already made ; and this change may be effected in three ways, by Infinitation, by Opposition, and by Conversion. To express what we mean by infinitation, we will divide the universe into two classes ; one, (that of which we are speaking,) we will call A, and the other, which contains all objects outside of A, will be called not-A. A will necessarily be finite, compared with not-A, which

will be infinite. To change the infinitation of an object, we would take it out of the class A and put it in the class not-A, or *vice versa*: as "This man is just;" changing the infinitation, "This man is not unjust." The meaning remains the same. The second method is by opposition, it may exist between judgments of the same quantity, but different quality, as between the contraries A and E; or between judgments differing in both quality and quantity, as between the contradictories A and O, E and I; also between the sub-contraries I and O, and between the subaltern A and I, E and O. Conversion is of three kinds, simple, *per accidens*, and by contraposition. Simple conversion exists between E and E, I and I, because in E both subject and predicate are fully distributed and may, therefore, change places; and in I both subject and predicate are particular. Conversion *per accidens* exists between A and I, E and O, judgments of like quality but unlike quantity; and Contraposition exists between A and E, I and O, judgments of like quantity, but unlike quality.

It is necessary to understand Immediate reasoning before we go on to the Mediate or Syllogistic, otherwise called Dialectics, in which, however, Logic proper consists. By "reasoning mediately," we mean reasoning through a medium, a third or middle term; for "In so far," says Aristotle, "as the other terms of a syllogism agree or disagree with this third term, in just so far do they agree or disagree with each other." This canon, as it is called, may be explicated into six rules for the syllogism: I. A syllogism must contain three judgments and no more: II. A syllogism must contain three terms and no more: III. The middle term must be distributed in at least one of the premises. IV. From two negatives no conclusion can be drawn: V. No term must be distributed in the conclusion which was not distributed in the premises: VI. When one of the premises is negative the conclusion must be negative. The name major premise is given to that judgment in the syllogism which contains the major term; the minor premise to the one containing the minor term. In both premises the third term must appear; but in the conclusion only the minor term, its subject, and the major term, its predicate, appear.

As, in Grammar, verbs have mood and tense, so, in Logic, syllogisms have mood and figure. Their figure is determined by the position of the middle term, and accordingly we have four figures. In the first the middle term is the subject of the major premise and predicate of the minor. In the second, it is predicate of both. In the third, subject of both. In the fourth, predicate of the major and subject of the minor premise. This last figure is very seldom used. The mood of a syllogism depends on the quantity and quality of its judgments. There are sixty-four possible combinations of the four judgments A, E, I, O, taking them by threes; but, as the conclusion must follow from the premises since it only expresses what is already contained in them, we need only take them by twos, and this gives us eight valid moods, moods which violate none of the rules laid down for syllogisms. But of these only certain ones can be used in the different figures; four in the first, four in the second, six in the third and five in the fourth. There are rules governing these moods in each figure; but, with the help of the ingenious mnemonic arrangement composed by the Schoolmen, we can at any time, discover them and need not burden our memories with them. For instance, in the moods of the first figure, AA, EA, AI, EI, we can readily see, that the major premise must be universal, and the minor, affirmative.

Thus far, we have spoken only of Categorical syllogisms; but it is through the Conditional that the ordinary reasoning of everyday life is carried on. We divide the Conditional into three classes: Hypothetical, Disjunctive and Dilemmatic. In these the condition is attached only to the major premise, the other judgments, (for in the Disjunctive and the Dilemmatic syllogism there can be any number) and the conclusion must be categorical: if the doubt were carried through the syllogism we should not be able to draw any conclusion. The form of the Hypothetical is, If A is B, C is D; A is B,  $\therefore$  C is D; of the Disjunctive, A is either B or C, A is B,  $\therefore$  it is not C; of the Dilemmatic or horned syllogism, so called from the many tossings from one premise to another, If A is B, C is either D or E, A is B and C is D,  $\therefore$  it is

not E. The Hypothetical syllogism has two moods, the *modus ponens*, or mood of affirming, and the *modus tollens*, or mood of denying. The Disjunctive has also two, the *modus ponendo tollens*, denying by affirming, and the *modus tollendo ponens*, or affirming by denying. The Dilemmatic makes use of all four.

Though Logic treats of syllogisms in the perfect state, that is with all their parts, yet in the ordinary reasoning of life we find one or other of these parts suppressed; and from these Enthymemes, as they are called, we form a whole chain of reasoning, to which the name of Sorites is given. With this ends the study of syllogisms or Logic Proper. Applied Logic deals with the matter of thought, and shows us what fallacies or instances of unsound reasoning may occur. Logic is a most important study, if only for the mental training it gives; and though it was misused for a long while in the universities, it has now quite regained its former dignity; and with a very few slight improvements, the system remains the same as that taught in the fourth century B. C.

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## LECTURE TO HER ART STUDENTS.

BY MISS NORWOOD.

PAPER No. 2.

I have a very pleasant task to perform this evening, young ladies; that is to speak on a very delightful theme to an audience from whom I feel sure of a kind reception, and in whom I am deeply interested—I mean my Art Class. I hope that I shall not abuse your goodness, and try your patience by detaining you too long, but you are aware that when we begin to talk about things which interest us very much, we find it right hard to stop. Sometimes when my girls are together in the evening I think they experience this difficulty themselves—at least it seems to me that they pass some very beautiful stopping-places without knowing it, and perhaps I shall do the same thing to-night, but

if I do, I hope you will forgive me on account of our common weakness in this direction.

The consideration of subjects connected with the study of Art will perhaps fail to be attractive to some of you, because it introduces you into a new field of thought and research—one which is unexplored, and therefore a little formidable, but which will prove more and more fascinating as you go farther on.

It is very difficult for an Art student to see much beyond the position which he has attained by his own study.

His progress advances him from one point to another, and the view continually widens before him. It is like climbing a mountain. As you ascend, and the road winds around the successive spurs and ridges leading to the main height, you first have a view of the valley beneath with its surrounding hills, where the quiet homes are nestled among the trees, and you see the curling smoke going up in the fresh morning air.

The mountain tops still tower above you, and a little brook falls over the ledges of rock by the road-side, and makes bubbling music that keeps time to the songs of birds in the tree-tops. A little farther on and you lose sight of the homes in the valley, and the rugged peaks come nearer, and nearer; but this is not all you seek; we go higher yet, so you toil on up the winding road; going round a cliff on the right, and under arching firs on the left, and close by the edge of a frightful precipice where you look off into dark ravines lying far below; and now there is an opening higher up, and, yes, we see now—and we look far away on the blue, blue mountains, the peaceful, lovely mountains, receding, like waves, and growing dimmer and dimmer in the distance.

There to the east you see one solitary point with faint clear outline against the sky, and far away to the south a plain that extends and mingles with the pale warm clouds that tell where lies the distant horizon.

But *this* is only a peep; we must go higher still, we are inspired now by the fresh, invigorating mountain air that comes up over those innumerable tree-tops, and so we go on, and on, up, and up, and care no longer to linger by the way. The little

brook is now far down below, and the bare cliffs of rock are all around us. Our feet stumble over the twisted roots of fir-trees, and sink in beds of velvet moss, and now we begin to climb in real earnest, it is hard work now, as we cling to rocks, and pull ourselves up by trees, and roots, and branches of hardy laurel, but we are never going to give up *here*—we only stop to breathe—and oh, what air we breathe! No one can be long weary in such a breeze as this. So fresh, so sweet, it ripples over you and bathes you with refreshing coolness, that you are ready to believe its exhilarating, life-giving power will realize the dreams of a fountain of youth.

Still a little higher, and we stand on a bare rock—a huge grey mass of granite, a pinnacle that crowns the highest point of the mountain—all is still—at our feet are the tops of the waving, whispering fir-trees; beneath us are the valleys, and dark forests, but so far below that a veil of blue interposes between—around us is—what? The sky, the pure blue sky, we seem now to have left the earth, and to be lifted up into the stillness, the beauty and holy solitude of the heavens. Involuntarily we grasp the slender mountain shrub which has found a foot-hold in the deep crevices and cling to it as if the rock-bound mountain were a floating ship that would carry us off, and lose us in the viewless waves of the upper deep.

And now we see—yes our range of vision seems boundless, and we almost need new powers of sight to take in this wonderful panorama, but it is impossible for any description to paint such beauty because it is in Nature something which we feel even more than we see, and words cannot do more than faintly recall the impression. I might write a volume, and yet fail to give you any idea of the loveliness of one single cloud-shadow that is floating slowly over the undulating hills, and changing the tints of sunlight into lovely tones of violet and blue.

But we will remember that beauty such as this is seen and enjoyed only from a great height, and so you will find in all Aesthetic study that you must do some climbing before you can enjoy the reward.

Only from a height can the eye take in so much of grandeur,

and sublimity, and only from a height can the mind's eye, and the soul's eye ever enjoy the beauty of that world of Art which holds so many treasures for the loving heart that has not feared the toils of the way.

But this *climbing* is not all effort, and work, by any means, almost every step reveals new beauties, and the very thought of going upward is an inspiration and a stimulus. The study of Music, Poetry, Painting, and sculpture calls into exercise the highest powers of the mind, and tends directly to elevate, and perfect those rarer faculties which seem to belong more especially to our spiritual Nature. The more these higher plains of culture and development are reached, and become the peculiar home of the mind, the more will the spiritual nature gain ascendancy over that which is of the earth, earthy; and surely no one will contend that we should ignore our birth-right of immortality, and live only for the material life whose belongings perish with time.

The power of seeing true beauty, and of loving it and enjoying it, belongs to the refined and elevated mind; the power of creating it is born with the strong pure soul that can wing its unwearied flight to the mountain tops and dwell in the purer air.

But, to return to what immediately concerns us; there is more to be gained in our work than mere appreciation of beauty, though that is a source of inexhaustible pleasure,—our Art-study tends to develop what it requires, and therefore we will consider some of the things which you will require in order to be successful Art-students, and then we will know what habits of mind are likely to be formed, and what dispositions encouraged.

In the first place one most indispensable requisite is love of Truth, or to express it in a more limited sense, *correctness*. In the conscientious Art-student this love of truth grows continually. He is not satisfied with careless and inaccurate out-lines; he will not be contented with false lights and shadows; the glaring opposition of colors distresses him, and he seeks everywhere for the true harmony that is seen in Nature. He seeks her perfect and beautiful modeling of forms, her exquisite gradations of light and shade, her lovely harmonies of color, and, pervading

all things, her infinite repose. This study of the beautiful as exhibited in the works of God, is a climbing upward which we surely cannot think is labor lost. We are learning to distinguish the false from the true, and to trace the source of true beauty to the fountain head of all blessing and all perfection.

Another important thing, and indeed another indispensable, and necessary thing, is a habit of close attention, a concentration of the mind on its work, and a perfect clearness of thought. Because we must have *clearness of conception*—there must be no vagueness, and confusion in your ideal of what must be done. Your success depends upon your correct, and truthful representation of your models, whether you find them in Nature, or in Art, and you can work only from a mental conception or picture which you form in your own mind by close study of your original. How can you make a thing without knowing what you are making? There can be no carelessness here.

You cannot sit down idly, and slide your pencil from left to right, and from right to left, and suppose that you will make a picture.

That picture must exist in your own imagination first, or it will never appear on your drawing-paper. Now without *attention of mind* that mental picture can never be formed.

The water must be clear, and still that reflects as in a mirror, the trees and sky above it, and a pebble thrown in destroys at once the stillness, and the reflection.

Just so all sorts of idle distractions sometimes come into your minds, and the poor pencil soon loses itself among a confusion of lines and zigzags, and the result is something that would puzzle the old Egyptians.

Then again, you need courage, and decision. Perhaps this has not occurred to you, but when an Art-student reaches the more difficult problems of his Art, and depends more and more upon the efforts of his own imagination; he must learn to act promptly, and decidedly.

Beautiful visions are revealed to him, but do you think they will wait for him while he hesitates and timidly doubts as to how he shall put them on his canvas? Not at all. Down they must

go while yet they shine in all their color and freshness. They are as fleeting as the rainbow which fades from the clouds while we watch it.

Now if you are to be Artists, and catch the delicate beauty of earth and sky; you must strive to learn this quickness, and decision—and if you strive earnestly, you will certainly attain to it in some degree—a quickness born of ready thought, and impatient of idle dalliance. The habit of prompt thought, and prompt action is certainly valuable in many ways, for we know that the Human Will is the great motive power in our life, as Electricity is said by some to be the soul of the Material Universe; but it is the ready will, the prompt will, the decided mind that acts while the wavering one hesitates and loses the ascendancy. The bird whose wings are plumed for flight will be far on his way while some slow-moving companion still hovers in the air, and lingers on uncertain pinions, ready to be borne down by the passing breeze.

With many people this fashion of lingering, and hovering over everything they have to decide on, or to do, is merely a matter of habit, but I do not deny that knowledge is also necessary to make decision valuable. You must know where you are going before you can go there, either slowly or quickly, and this *climbing*, in your art study is to show you what you are aiming at. The higher you climb, the more clearly you will see your way. You cannot stand at the bottom and tell us what is seen from the top; we don't want your report unless you have been there,—it is useless to try to give it to us. So one of the best rules in painting is to paint what you know, and thoroughly understand. The pleasure we feel is not so much in the thing you picture for us, as in the manner in which you represent it. So if you will pause in your climbing, and study for us the little brook among the trees, and if you will paint it with something of its own gladness, and freshness, we will thank you, and linger over it until we fancy we hear again its rippling waters. Or even if you will seat yourself, under the arching rhododendrons, near that little mossy bank, which is so fragrant with the sweet smell of leaves and earth, you will see there a tiny vine with leaves most daintily

penciled, and flowers like pure white stars, so sweet, so small, so perfect. If you will picture that for us, lovingly, tenderly, beautifully, we will welcome it as breath from the forest glades, and it will speak to us as plainly of its mountain home as if we too could find it in its shady retreat.

Oh what a wealth of beauty there is if we only learn to see! What visions that come to brighten our days of joy, what lovely dreams that illumine our nights of pain and sad unrest! Everywhere God rests us, and gladdens us with this beauty; it is our fault if we fail to be made happier by it. Our daily life may be full of care while we say continually "What shall we eat? and what shall we drink? and wherewithal shall we be clothed?" But if we will sometimes turn aside, with the Poet and the Artist, to watch the unfolding of the wayside flowers, we may at least learn that "even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." 10.

---

### OLD SONGS WITH NEW WORDS.

---

The following verses, cut out of a newspaper, afford a curious illustration of how far the pronunciation of some English names has drifted away from the spelling. If the name at the end of the first line of each verse be pronounced correctly, there will be no difficulty in reading the whole verse, in spite of the queer spelling of some of the other words :

There was a young fellow named Cholmondeley.  
 Who certainly acted quite dolmondely.  
     When his girl said "Amuse me,"  
     He stammered "Excuse me,"  
 And then he apologized holmondeley.

His friend said his first name was Beauchamp,  
 (To pronounce it you never can teauchamp,)  
     He resided at Greenwich,  
     And lived upon speenwich  
 And artichokes when he could reauchamp.

*'A BOOK OF THE OPERA.'*

---

In the halcyon times to come, always supposing that the Music of the Future is not already finding its place among the Discords of the Past, the operatic composer is to provide his own libretto; he is to be at once poet and musician; no literary middleman, adjutant, or interpreter may step between him and his applauding audience. The great musicians of old, it must be confessed, were scarcely qualified to shine as men of letters. Profound students of the intricacies of their art, both theoretical and practical, their education otherwise was often deplorably deficient. The illustrious Beethoven has been accused of clothing his æsthetic thoughts in the language of 'illiterate awkwardness;' Mozart could boast little learning but of a professional sort; and the notion of connecting the idea of a thinker with good old 'Papa Haydn,' who, we are told, used to mumble 'aves' when inspiration failed him in his task of composing the 'Creation,' has been ridiculed as 'grotesquely incongruous.' Of course in later times the general rise in the tide of education has reached the musicians, and evidences of increase of literary capability on their part have not been lacking. Mendelssohn's graceful fluency of style is manifest in his private correspondence. Schumann enjoyed a university education, and was for many years the editor of a musical journal before he acquired fame as a composer; upon the literary cultivation of the Abbé Liszt there is little need to dwell. But when poet-musicians or musician-poets are under mention it is always with special reference to Herr Richard Wagner and his achievements. For in popular estimation he stands alone as the composer who has habitually and systematically supplied his music with its words, his operas with their books.

It is overlooked, perhaps, that what is called Wagnerism is not so much a system as a man; that its existence depends upon the survival of one who must soon be counted among septuagena-

rians. Let it be granted that the veteran composer has fully and admirably carried into action his theory that the sister arts of music and poetry should combine in opera, mutually supporting and enhancing each other, and that stage mechanism and scenic splendor should also aid to the utmost the general effect; who, when Wagner has ceased to ride the lyric whirlwind and direct the historic storm, will succeed to his place, continue his efforts, and fulfil his duties? Are there any shoulders ready and fitted to receive his mantle as it falls from the skies? Will it not rather, unowned, unclaimed, sink to earth and lie soiled and unheeded in the kennel, or like a lost balloon, rent by the winds, be completely carried away and lost in outer space?

Richard Wagner's earliest efforts as a dramatic author were made in his boyhood, when he was a rather unpromising pupil, thirteen years of age, of the Kreuzschule, at Dresden. He had been studying English, in order to understand Shakespeare; the result, we are told, was an enormous tragedy, a kind of compound of 'Hamlet' and 'King Lear.' As the author writes of his own production: 'I had murdered forty-two people in the course of my piece, and was obliged to let most of them reappear as ghosts in the last acts for want of living characters.' Apparently he made no attempt to compose appropriate music for this prodigious work. Of his early operas little now seems to be known, nor is it clear that at this time he invariably penned their books. His opera 'Das Liebesverbot,' founded upon Shakespeare's 'Measure for Measure,' was performed but once, at Magdeburg, 'without due preparation or marked success.' He regarded this work, we are told, as 'the ultimate result of the sensual fermentation of his storm-and-stress period, but not without a germ of purer artistic aims.'

Envy of the success of Meyerbeer brought with it some relaxation of the poet-composer's theories, or, as yet, these possessed him but imperfectly. He meditated an opera in the Meyerbeer manner, to be produced upon the stage of the Paris Grand Opéra, with a libretto by M. Scribe, Meyerbeer's *librettiste*. To Scribe, therefore, he addressed himself, sending him the plan or

sketch of an important lyric drama, founded upon Kœnig's romance of 'Die Hohe Braut,' asking him to write it out in French verse at the composer's expense, and to take the necessary measures to ensure its performance in due course at the Grand Opéra. To this extraordinary application Scribe sent no reply. The name of Richard Wagner was entirely unknown to him. He probably deemed the strange musician either very impudent or very crazy. Forthwith Wagner began upon an opera book for himself. He dramatised Lord Lytton's novel of 'Rienzi,' a work then enjoying much popularity. The libretto was of unambitious quality, displaying, as Dr. Hueffer describes it, 'a good deal of that slovenliness in diction and versification which the good-natured public of the Grand Opéra is used to tolerate.' 'Rienzi' completed, the composer carried it to Paris, furnished with letters of introduction from Meyerbeer to the theatrical managers. Paris, however, would have nothing to do with 'Rienzi.' Wagner's mission ended disastrously. He was, indeed, driven almost to the brink of starvation, compelled to the most humiliating tasks of musical drudgery in order to earn the scantiest of livelihoods. In his curious novelette, 'The End of a Musician in Paris,' he has related with much grim humor his troubles and distresses at this period of his career. 'Rienzi' was afterwards produced at Dresden, in 1842, and with considerable success, although the best that may now be said for 'Rienzi' is perhaps that it might easily be taken for a bad opera by Meyerbeer. For Wagner commenced by admiring and imitating Meyerbeer, who had indeed shown much kindness to the young and aspiring composer. In the end, however, Wagner conceived a strange aversion for his former exemplar, condemning his compositions with unjustifiable bitterness. A psychological explanation of this acrimony has been found in the fact that Wagner's first effort as a composer 'moved in the sphere of Meyerbeer and Hatevy'; and that from his later point of view those youthful errings and strayings seemed to demand deep reprehension and sincere repentance; he duly proceeded, therefore, to damn the sins he was no longer inclined to, and unreservedly denounced

his benefactor, Meyerbeer, as 'the most despicable music-manufacturer of the period.'

Opinions may vary touching the merits of Wagner's music, but the excellence of his opera-books deserves to be universally recognized. It may chance, indeed, that Wagner will be read as an author long after the world has grown weary of listening to him as a composer. His libretto of 'Der Fliegende Holländer' derived from Heine, who was inspired by Fitzball, who borrowed from an anonymous writer in 'Blackwood's Magazine,' may be counted among the best of opera-books—'a little masterpiece,' as Spohr described it, regretting that, for his own part, he had never met with so good a libretto to set to music. When Wagner had completed 'Der Fliegende Holländer,' he offered it to the directors of the Grand Opéra, Paris, with a suggestion that the text should be translated into French by a competent writer. The directors declined 'Der Fliegende Holländer' as they had declined 'Rienzi;' yet they did not fail to note the genuine worth of Wagner's libretto. Indeed, they rejected the score while they retained the poem—'purchased it for 500 francs,' says one account; 'stole it,' says another. They were rash enough, however, to entrust the book to the chorus-master of their theatre, M. Dietsch, a composer of very inferior quality, whose opera 'Le Vaisseau Fantôme,' produced November 9, 1842, failed completely. The production of 'Der Fliegende Holländer' in its integrity, with the original music of Herr Wagner, would certainly have been at once more enterprising and more profitable.

Wagner obtained no hearing in Paris until 1861, when his 'Tannhäuser' was produced at the Grand Opéra. Considerable difficulty had attended the translation into French of this most picturesque of opera-books, with its poetic sentiment and significance, its contrast of characters, impressive incidents, and grand situations. The task was entrusted to Edmond Roche, a young French poet, essayist, and critic; a musician, moreover, who played the violin skillfully, and had been accounted one of Habeneck's most promising pupils at the Conservatoire. A fervent

admirer of Berlioz, Roche regarded Wagner with real enthusiasm. That Roche should be charged to translate Wagner seemed a most appropriate and felicitous arrangement. Roche, at this time, however, knew little of *ce terrible homme*, as he learnt afterwards to designate the famous composer. M. Sardou, who supplied a biographical notice of Roche when his posthumous poems came to be published in 1863, writes that the poor translator devoted a whole year of labour, 'le plus assidu, le plus exténuant,' to the adaptation of the German text to the French operatic stage. Roche was fairly overwhelmed and crushed by the weight of the task he had undertaken. He has given an account of one of his days with Wagner:—

'He came at seven in the morning; we were at work without rest or respite until midday. I was bent over my desk, writing, erasing, "cherchant la fameuse syllabe qui devait correspondre à la fameuse note, sans cesser néanmoins d'avoir le sens commun;" he was erect, pacing to and fro, bright of eye, vehement of gesture, striking the piano, shouting, singing, forever bidding me, "Go on! go on!" An hour or even two hours after noon, hungry and exhausted, I let fall my pen. I was in a fainting state. "What's the matter?" he asked. "I am hungry." "True—I had forgotten all about that; let us have a hurried snack, and go on again." Night came and found us still at work. I was shattered, stupified. My head burned; my temples throbbed; I was half mad with my wild search after strange words to fit the strange music; he was erect still, vigorous and fresh as when we commenced our toil, walking up and down, striking his infernal piano, terrifying me at last, as I perceived dancing about me on every side his eccentric shadow cast by the fantastic reflections of the lamp, and crying to me ever, like one of Hoffmann's creations, "Go on! go on!" while trumpeting in my ears cabalistic words and supernatural music.'

Poor M. Roche! He had some reason to complain. Wagner seems to have scornfully used him, and sought afterwards the assistance of another translator. The 'Tannhäuser' met with a most unfavorable reception; it was nearly hissed from the stage.

The opera obtained but three representations in Paris, and the name of Edmund Roche was not allowed to appear upon the programme. Poor Edmond Roche!

The world, unkind to him in his lifetime, seems even now, when he has been dead ten years, insufficiently to esteem the memory of Hector Berlioz, fairly to be viewed as the *avant-coureur*, almost as the prototype, of Wagner, skilled both as author and composer. Berlioz wrote criticisms of a fierce and aggressive sort, and provided the book of his own opera, 'Les Troyens.' Of his first opera, 'Benvenuto Cellini,' he merely selected the theme, seeking the aid of his friends, Léon de Wailly and Auguste Barbier, to prepare for him the libretto. It was generally held that the subject was unpromising for dramatic purposes, and that the playwrights had produced an ineffective work. Berlioz was quite satisfied, however, and to the last maintained, staunchly and generously, that his opera did not fail because of its book. Moreover, M. Duponchel, the director of the opera in those days, was loud in praise of the libretto, while frankly regarding the composer as 'une espèce de fou dont la musique n'était et ne pouvait être qu'un tissu d'extravagances.' To tell the truth, 'Benvenuto Cellini' was produced because it was the work of the musical critic of 'Le Journal des Débats,' an influential newspaper with which M. Duponchel thought it prudent to maintain amicable relations. The opera failed in Paris in 1838 as completely as it failed when presented on the stage of our Italian Opera, Covent Garden, in 1853. 'Benvenuto Cellini,' although admirably executed, was permitted but one representation, much interrupted towards its close by jeers and hisses. The grand scene of the casting of the colossal statue of Perseus was found to be ludicrously ineffective, and resulted in a storm of ridicule.

[ TO BE CONTINUED. ]

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY,

BY THE

## DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC.

EDITED BY EUTERPE AND THE PIERIAN CLUB, UNDER THE  
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---

LATIN PUZZLE:—ra    ra    ra  
                  es    et    in  
                  ram ram ram  
                  vedi    vedi

OUR "RED RIDING HOOD" of last year has been produced in Wilmington by an amateur association, and boasts of \$455.00 as the earnings of two representations!

OUR LITTLE "DAISY" begins to peep out in the sunny hours of these soft spring days. On Sunday, the first in Lent, being just seven weeks old, she was baptized in the Chapel by the name of "Margaret Harvey." She is a second edition of Baby Bessie, and will doubtless be as much petted and caressed as her big sister has ever been.

MISS LOULY SMEDES left us for New Orleans, intending to reach that gay city in time for the festivities of Mardi Gras. We part with her regretfully, and hope for a repetition of her visit next winter. Miss Sadie Smedes, who was with us for a few short weeks has also left to meet some engagements with friends in Charlotte and Salisbury. May all joy and happiness attend them both.

THE OLD FRIENDS of Miss Ella G. Tew will be interested to know that she is once more an inmate of St. Mary's—this time in all the womanly dignity of a teacher! We are delighted to have her in any capacity, and find that she is likely to fill her present *role* as acceptably as she did that of the school girl in the happy days of yore. Long may she wield her sceptre of gentle authority in the class-room and reign in the hearts of her young subjects.

THE JANUARY "RECITAL" passed off very successfully. Miss Blume's exquisite song—Blumenthel's Requitel—was, as was to be expected, the gem of the programme. The next Recital will take place on Saturday, February 21st, when we shall be pleased to see any of our friends who will come informally. It is impossible to issue regular "invitations" to these monthly Soirées, but we believe it is generally understood that all who love music are cordially received.

OUR SPRING TERM has brought us sixteen new scholars! We begin to hope that the good old ante-bellum days are coming back when we see every seat in the large school room occupied—besides the additional ones recently placed in the Primary-Class room. We hear whispers of great "modern improvements" for next year—but in what direction we vainly conjecture. (Wonder if the new conservatory erected by the "Department of Music" is the initial movement?)

A YOUNG GENTLEMAN of Durham happened to be in Raleigh when "Cinderella" came off, and in blissful ignorance that there was "something to pay," quietly passed by the "money changer" at the door, and with his young lady, enjoyed the entertainment

without a suspicion that they were involuntary "dead-heads." Discovering his mistake some weeks later the *gentleman*—we write the word in its higher meaning—sent his apology and his dollar! All honor to such rare integrity—and thanks for the addition to our net proceeds. \$25 was sent to the authorities of St. John's Hospital as the result of our efforts in behalf of that most worthy charity.

THE LAST EVENING of the Term just closed was brightened by a visit from Bishop Lyman and his daughters, Miss Lyman and Miss Roma. The Bishop, in his usual happy vein, entertained us with a delightful account of some of the cities of Italy, and other places of note, which frequent visits have made so familiar to him. We were particularly interested in his description of the beautiful home and happy life of Maximilian, the ill-starred and short-lived Emperor of Mexico. The burden of the royal crown weighed all too heavily upon that poor head, and we may well imagine how often the sad heart yearned for the happy life it had known on the shores of the laughing Adriatic. There is a peculiar fascination in these talks of our dear Bishop which ever insures him a warm welcome and an interested audience. Would that he could, from the multiplicity of his engagements, spare us more frequent evenings.

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### PRIZE QUESTIONS.

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A prize will be given at the end of the scholastic year in June to any girl who, *honor bright*, from her own knowledge or diligent research, and without any other assistance whatever, shall have sent in the greatest number of correct answers, *provided* that they amount to three-fourths of the whole number of questions proposed in the series which she may select. The answers, whether from St. Mary's or other schools, must be sent in under a pseudonyme, accompanied, in the first instance, by the real name, which will be known only to the person in charge of this depart-

ment, addressed to "THE MUSE," and indorsed "Prize Questions" on the envelope. These are open to *any* school-girl from *any* school.

It seems that some of our "Prize Questions" have attained the honor of being sent to the *New York World* for solution. We deem it but justice to ourselves to guard against the imputation of copying said questions from the said paper, by calling the attention of our readers to the respective dates of issue of the MUSE and the *World* in which questions Nos. 13, 16, and others taken from the MUSE, Vol. II, No. 4, appeared.

#### JUNIOR SERIES.

31. With what nation did the original story of William Tell take its beginning?

32. In what language was the Book of Daniel written?

33. Who is supposed to have invented gunpowder, and in what battle was it first used?

34. A noted Bishop of the 4th century disciplined a powerful monarch. Who were the individuals and why was the penance inflicted?

35. What is meant by "The Field of the Cloth of Gold"?

36. What King of Great Britain was at once the 1st, 2nd, 3rd and 4th of his name?

37. Who were the Asmonean Kings, and why so called?

38. What is Queen Victoria's *first* name, and what is her *family* name?

39. What books of the Bible end with precisely the same verses?

40. What is the value of a "mite" in United States money?

#### SENIOR SERIES.

31. What led to the foundation of Venice—when?

32. Who was the Winter King?

33. What is a clepsydra and when was it first used?

34. What town is sometimes called "old Sarum" and why?

35. What noted ancient Queen had a celebrated philosopher as chief counsellor, and who was the philosopher?

36. What is the legend concerning the name of the river Humber?

37. In whose reign and in what play did the first English actress appear on the stage?

38. What modern tale is based upon an episode in the life of the great Scanderbeg?

39. Whence did the river Severn receive its name?

40. Who was Toussaint L'Ouverture?

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Vol. II.                      RALEIGH, N. C., MARCH, 1880.                      No. 7.

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# St. Mary's Muse.

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[The following poem was sent us by a friend with the request that it should be published in the MUSE:]

## *THE ELDERS AND THE CHILD.*

---

Softly fell the touch of twilight on Judea's silent hills ;  
Slowly crept the peace of moonlight on Judea's trembling rills :

In the Temple's court conversing seven Elders set apart ;  
Seven grand and hoary sages, wise of head and pure of heart.

"What is rest?" said Rabbi Judah, he of stern and steadfast gaze,  
"Answer" ye whom toils have burdened through the march of  
many days.

"To have gained," said Rabbi Ezra, "decent wealth and goodly  
store  
Without sin—by honest labor—nothing less and nothing more."

"To have found," said Rabbi Joseph, meekness in his gentle  
eyes,

"A foretaste of heaven's sweetness in home's blessed paradise."

"To have wealth and power and glory, crowned and brightened  
by the pride

Of uprising children's children," Rabbi Benjamin replied.

"To have won the praise of nations—to have worn the crown of  
fame,"

Rabbi Solomon responded, loyal to his kingly name.

"To sit throned, the lord of millions, first and noblest in the land,"

Answered haughtily Rabbi Asher, youngest of the reverend band.

"All in vain," said Rabbi Jarus, if not *faith* and *hope* have traced  
In the soul Mosaic precepts, by sin's contact uneffaced.

Then uprose wise Rabbi Judah, tallest, gravest of them all ;

"From the heights of fame and honor even valiant souls may  
fall ;

Love may fail us, Virtue's sapling grow a dry and thorny rod,  
If we bear not in our bosoms the unselfishness of God."

In the outer court sat playing a sad featured, fair-haired child,  
His young eyes seemed wells of sorrow—they were God-like  
when he smiled.

One by one he dropped the lilies, softly plucked by childish  
hand,

One by one he viewed the sages of that grave and hoary band.

Step by step he neared them closer, till encircled by the seven ;  
Then he said in tones untrembling with the smile that seemed of  
heaven :

"Nay, my fathers! only he within the measure of whose breast  
Dwells the human love with God's love can have found life's truest  
rest rest.

For where one is not, the other must grow stagnant at its spring,  
Changing good things into phantom, an unmeaning, soulless thing.

Whoso holds the precepts truly, owns a jewel brighter far,  
Than the joys of home and children, than wealth, fame and glory  
are ;

Fairer than old age, twice honored, far above tradition's law,  
Pure as any radiant vision ever ancient prophet saw.

Only he within the measure faith-apportioned, of whose breast,  
Throbs the brother-love with God-love knows the depth of perfect rest."

Wondering gazed they at each other: "Praised be Israel evermore;  
He has spoken words of wisdom no man ever spoke before."

Calmly passing from their presence to the fountain's rippling song,  
Stopped he to uplift the lilies, strew the scattered spray among.

Faintly stole the sounds of evening through the massive outer door;  
Whitely lay the peace of moonlight on the Temple's marble floor.

Where the Elders lingered, silent, since he spake—the Unde-  
filed—

Where the wisdom of the ages sat, amid the flowers of a child.

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### *TWO FRIENDS.*

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A breeze, roving through a forest one bright morning in Spring, came suddenly upon a clear little stream that sang softly as it glided on, to the flowers and grasses fringing its banks, and he proposed that they, the breeze and the streamlet, should travel in company. The little stream murmured assent, and the two went on merrily together, making happier as they passed every glad living thing that rejoiced in the light and freshness of the beautiful day. They even ventured to sport with the grand old trees. The breeze would sway their branches and whisper gaily to the laughing leaves, while the little stream below bathed gently their scarred and knotted roots with her cool, soft fingers.

In the course of their wanderings, while passing through an open space in the woods, they came upon a little child asleep on a sunny bank. No sign of a dwelling was near, and the friends, unwilling to leave the helpless little one alone, lingered near it a moment perplexed, till, hearing at a distance a woodcutter's ax, they determined to lead the child to the spot whence the sounds came. So, the streamlet, aided by the breeze, sprinkled a few drops of water into the child's face to awaken it. As the startled blue eyes opened, and the baby, scrambling to its feet, looked around, uncertain which way to go, the streamlet leaped foaming and sparkling over a heap of stones, and danced on before the child, murmuring to it so coaxingly that it followed, delighted. But suddenly an unexpected danger arose. The streamlet in its course fell over a large rock and formed a deep pool at its base. The child, bending over, fascinated to look into the foaming, whirling water, would have fallen in had not the breeze come to its rescue. Shaking down from a flowering tree a shower of blossoms upon the little head, and bearing some of the bright petals on its wings, it flew before the little one, enticing him on till the danger was passed. In this way the companions led the baby on, till, near a clearing where stood a small cabin, they met a woman with a wild, frightened face, who caught him up in her arms, and covered his face with tears and kisses. But she did not stop to ask how he had come back to her ; and the breeze and the streamlet went on their way, too pure and single-hearted to dream that they had met with ingratitude.

## HIGHER MATHEMATICS.

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### PAPER No. 2.

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#### "DIFFERENTIAL CALCULUS."

This second paper of our series brings us to one of the noblest instruments of investigation known to Science, and with its complement, "Integral Calculus" may be said to be the basis of a greater part of pure Mathematics; for as Algebra is a more general form of Arithmetic so the Calculus may well be said to be the most general form of Pure Mathematics. He who is so fortunate as to possess a thorough knowledge of this branch is in the possession of the most powerful weapon of analytical research. To the student who obtains a clear and pointed idea of the fundamental proposition shortly to be set forth, the pure science of Differential Calculus will present no difficulties. I say pure science, for I need hardly say that in the applications of it to certain parts of the "Theory of Plane Curves," such as the interpretation of results, etc., the obstacles are only overcome by years of study, and are only the products of a master mind.

The student who has advanced through Algebra, has doubtless remarked the fact that all quantities which are presented to us in a mathematical discussion always belong to one of two classes, viz :

1. *Constant Quantities* whose value is the same throughout a discussion, and,

2. *Variable Quantities* that assume different values successively.

Constant Quantities are usually represented by the first letters of the alphabet, as a, b, c.

Variable Quantities are represented by the last letters of the alphabet, as x, y, z.

If two quantities are so dependent on each other that a knowledge of the value of one will lead to the determination of the

other's value they are said to be *functions* of each other, and if the value of one being known, the value of the other is obtained by simple algebraic substitution, the second is called an *explicit* function of the first, while if an equation has to be solved after fixing one's value to determine the other, the first is said to be an *implicit* function of the second.

An explicit function is written  $y = Fx$ , and is read "function of  $x$  equals  $y$ ."

An implicit function is written  $F(y, x)$ , and is read "function  $x, y$  equals zero."

The object of Differential Calculus is to investigate the laws of increase of functions having various forms, when such changes are produced by an arbitrary change in the value of the variable upon which the values of the functions depend.

The fundamental proposition of Differential Calculus is:

"To determine the form of development of any function of the algebraic sum of two quantities such as  $F(x+h)$  arranged according to the powers of the second,  $h$ ."

1st. There must be one term in the development which contains  $Fx$ , and the other terms must contain  $h$ . For as this is supposed to be a general development it must be true when  $h$  is zero, and we shall have  $F(x+0) = Fx$ . Hence we may write, using  $A, B, C, D$ , as functions of  $x$ , and  $a, b, c, d$ , as undetermined constants.

$$F(x+h) = Fx + Ah^a + Bh^b + Ch^c + Dh^d + \&c. \quad (1)$$

( $Ah^a$  is read  $Ah$  raised to the power denoted by  $a$ , and is regarded as an exponential.)

2nd. No exponent can be negative, for if it could be so, let one term be  $Bh$  raised to the minus  $b$  power. This is evidently equivalent to  $B$  divided by  $h$  to the  $b$  power, which when  $h$  became zero would become infinite, and placing an infinite expression equal to a finite one, which is manifestly absurd.

3rd. No exponent can be fractional. For if it be possible, let us have one of the form  $Dh$  raised to the  $\frac{r}{s}$  power. Now this is equivalent to  $E$  times the radical quantity. The  $s$  root of  $h$

raised to the  $r$  power. Now this can have as many values as there are units in  $s$ , and consequently the right member of equation (1) can have  $s$  values, while the left member only admits of one, hence the hypothesis is absurd.

Hence the general form of expansion of  $F(x+h)$  is,  $F(x+h) = Fx + Ah + Bh^2 + Ch^3 + Dh^4 + \&c.$  Q. E. D.

Now we have arrived at such a point that the elementary processes of differentiation can be taught, and I shall for brevity's sake merely state the rule and solve an example in each case.

Case 1. Two functions of a single variable.

Rule. "Multiply the differential of one function by the others and take sum of results."

Example. Differentiate  $3axz$ .

Put  $y = 3axy$ , then the differentiation of  $y$  is written  $dy$ , and  $d$  is not regarded, but merely indicative of a process, and the expression is read "differential of  $y$ ." In the second member we first form the differential of  $x$ , for this purpose the rule is, "Multiply the coefficient of the quantity by its exponent, subtract unity from its exponent and multiply by  $dx$ ; hence the differential of  $3ax$ , disregarding for the time  $z$ , is  $3a$  multiplied by exponent of  $x$ , which is unity, equals  $3a$ ; now diminish  $x$ 's exponent by unity, which makes it  $x$  to the zero power, which is equivalent to unity; now multiply by  $dx$  and we have for the differential  $3ax$ ,  $3adx$ , but by the rule above we must multiply by  $z$ ; proceeding similarly with  $z$  we have for the total differential,  $dy = 3adz + 3adzx$ .

Case 2. If there be more than two factors, as  $u = vyz$ .

Rule. "Multiply the differential of each factor by the continued product of all the other factors, and all the results.

Example. Differentiate  $u = vyz$ .

$$du = dvyz + dyvz + dzvy.$$

Case 3. To differentiate a fraction,  $u = \frac{y}{z}$ .

Rule. "Multiply the differential of the numerator by the denominator, subtract from this the product of the differential of the denominator times the numerator, and divide the whole by the square of the denominator.

Example. Differentiate  $u = \frac{y}{z}$ .

$$du = \frac{dyz - dzy}{z^2}.$$

Case 4. To differentiate the power of a single variable as  $x$  to the  $u$  power.

Rule. "Multiply the given power ( $x^n$ ) by the exponent, (producing  $nx^n$ ) diminish the power by unity (producing  $nx^{n-1}$ ) and multiply by the differential of the root ( $dx$ ).

Example. Differentiate  $y^s$ . (The results of the successive steps of the rule are written out)  $sy^s, sy^{s-1}, sy^{s-2}, \dots, sy^{s-1}ds$ .

#### ADDITIONAL EXAMPLES.

Differentiate  $y = ax^2(bx+c)$  this is equivalent to  $y = abx^3 + acx^2$ . (Applying Rule 4.)

$$dy = 3abx^2dx + 2acxdx = \frac{dy}{dx} = 3abx^2 + 2acx. \quad (2)$$

The quantity  $\frac{dy}{dx}$  is read differential  $y$ , function of  $x$ , and is the first differential coefficient.

### 'A BOOK OF THE OPERA.'

(CONTINUED.)

As originally planned, 'Les Troyens' was of prodigious length. It would have occupied some five or six hours in performance. It was founded upon the second and fourth books of the 'Æneid.' Berlioz flattered himself that he had accomplished 'un grand opéra traité dans le système shakespearien;' he had been employed during three years and a half in correcting, changing, enriching, polishing, and repolishing his work. It became necessary, however, to divide this voluminous grand opera into two parts. 'Les Troyens à Carthage,' produced in 1863 at the Théâtre Lyrique, then under M. Carvalho's direction, was but half of the original

score; and after the first representation many numbers were suppressed. The opera did not fail absolutely; it enjoyed, indeed, twenty-one performances; but it scarcely succeeded; the public held somewhat aloof, and 'Les Troyens' was played to unremunerative houses. The work was designed for the Grand Opéra; it needed a large stage and lavish scenic decoration. Berlioz, like Wagner, looked for the co-operation of all the arts in the production of opera; painting and architecture were to combine with poetry and music. On the limited stage of the Lyrique, the composer was much cramped; his designs were frustrated, his intentions misunderstood. He wanted 'plusieurs chutes d'eau réelles;' he had to be content with painted cascades; his dance of satyrs was executed by a group of little girls of twelve, who were not allowed to carry lighted torches—'les pompiers' were afraid of fire. The chorus of nymphs, instead of running about the stage picturesquely dishevelled, remained in the wings, and were scarcely audible. The thunder was weak, the orchestra scanty; the grand effect of 'la chasse pendant l'orage' failed completely, and led to a pause in the performance of fifty minutes' duration to enable the bungling machinists to change the scene. Moreover, fault was found with the book! Berlioz was accused of employing 'les mots en usage dans les guinguettes et les théâtres de vaudeville,' expressions altogether unsuited to an epic subject. After the completion but before the production of 'Les Troyens,' he wrote his two-act comic opera of 'Béatrice et Bénédict,' founding the libretto upon Shakespeare's 'Much Ado about Nothing.' 'Béatrice' was presented with some success at Baden in 1862, the part of the heroine being sustained by Madame Charton, a charming singer, who afterwards appeared as Dido in 'Les Troyens à Carthage' at the Lyrique in 1863. Certain critics from Paris pronounced that the score of 'Béatrice et Bénédict' contained 'beaucoup de broussailles,' and that the dialogue lacked spirit. Berlioz explained that the dialogue closely followed the text of Shakespeare. Berlioz, however, knew little English; he professed deep love and veneration for the poet, but he studied him through the mists of a translation. The spirit of the original

might well have evaporated in the process of converting the translated comedy into an opera-book.

Berlioz held much less steadfastly than Wagner the dogma that a composer should be his own poet. It was with great satisfaction that he obtained at one time a libretto, 'La Nonne Sanglante,' from Scribe, the most adroit and successful purveyor of opera-books. But MM. Roqueplan and Duponchel, directors of the Grand Opéra, persuaded Berlioz to resign his books into their hands. They promised him the post of conductor, and explained to him that by a ministerial rule no *employé* of the opera-house could be allowed to produce upon its stage any composition of his own. He was not appointed conductor, however; he avows that the directors never really contemplated such an appointment for one moment; they only wanted his libretto. Naturally he felt himself duped. He had already composed two acts of the opera, but these, with the exception of two arias, he afterwards destroyed. He was much addicted to the destruction of his own composition. Still, in surrendering 'La Nonne Sanglante,' it is clear that he did not lose much, although to the last he was wont to inveigh against the insincerity of the directors, and even accused Scribe of aiding and abetting them. 'La Nonne Sanglante' proved to be one of the worst of Scribe's books. It was offered in turn to Halévy, to Verdi, to Grisar; they each in turn declined it. Berlioz thinks they were influenced by delicacy in his regard, and that they viewed Scribe's conduct in the matter, 'comme un assez mauvais procédé.' It is probable that they did not like the book. Gounod finally accepted it, and his 'Nonne Sanglante' duly appeared at the Grand Opéra in 1854, to enjoy only 'un quart de succès' and to vanish.

The musician-poets or poet-musicians are indeed few in number unless we may count among them the lively Frenchman, M. Hervé, and the new Italian composer, Signor Boito, who has himself provided the book of his opera 'Mefistofeles,' a new setting of the Faust legend. It is a long step down, however from Berlioz and Wagner to the composer of Chilpéric and other musical extravaganzas and buffooneries. But M. Hervé's gifts, if they are

small, are many; composer and playwright, he is in addition actor and singer. Not content with producing the books of his operas, he personates his own heroes and sings his own songs. Probably it is a matter of regret to him that he cannot at the same time preside in the orchestra; for M. Hervé is an admirable conductor.

There is a story told of an English composer who, after a fashion, supplied the verses of an opera he was required to produce. It was in the year 1830 that Mr. John Barnett, presently to become famous for his 'Mountain Sylph' and other works, was engaged by Charles Kemble, then manager of Covent Garden Theatre, to compose the music of an opera to be entitled 'The Carnival of Naples.' William Dimond, at one time famous as the author of various melodramas,—'The Conquest of Taranto,' 'The Lady and the Devil,' and 'The Foundling of the Forest,' being among them,—had agreed to furnish the libretto of 'The Carnival of Naples.' Mr. Dimond lived on the continent, however; pecuniary and other troubles and liabilities kept him permanently apart from his native land. He sent from abroad a sort of skeleton book, a sketch in prose of his subject, desiring Mr. Barnett to select the situations most adapted for musical embellishment, and to write nonsense-verse in such metre as he might think appropriate; Mr. Dimond promising that he would by-and-by substitute regular and intelligible rhymes for the composer's doggerel. He undertook, indeed, to fit his words to the music without ever hearing it or seeing the score, his sole guide being Mr. Barnett's nonsense-verses. But by some accident, when the opera came to be read in the green-room to the assembled actors and singers engaged to take part in the representation, the nonsense-verses and not the poet's rhymes were placed in the hands of the stage-manager, Mr. Bartley, who officiated as reader upon the occasion. Now, Mr. Bartley was a skilled elocutionist, rejoicing in his fine vocal tones, holding always that, if the sound of a speech was properly attended to, the sense might be left to take care of itself. He knew nothing of the mischance that had placed the wrong manuscript before him. In his best manner he entered upon his task

and declaimed the first lyrical piece in the drama, beginning with some such lines as—

The beauteous orbs of day amid the silent skies  
Are laughing all serenely beneath the raging main.

The audience murmured approval. Some whispered 'Charming!' others, 'Chaste! So like Dimond! There's no mistaking his style!' Only the composer was ill at ease, recognising his own rubbish. Still he thought it prudent to hold his peace until the reading was concluded. He then took Mr. Bartley aside, whispering to him: 'Do you know that you have been reading my doggerel instead of Dimond's poetry?' Bartley was much amazed, and then, dreading that much ridicule might attach to his own share in the business, entreated secrecy. 'I'll make it all right,' he said; 'I'll take care that the prompter has the correct copy. For Heaven's sake, don't breathe a word of this to mortal creature, or I shall never hear the last of it!' The opera was duly produced with Mr. Dimond's verses. It contained some fifteen numbers, songs, duets, trios, choruses, concerted pieces, and finales, coupled with nonsense lines in the first instance, and afterwards finding a more suitable match in Mr. Dimond's sense, assuming that his effusions, could be so described. 'The Carnival of Naples' proved completely successful. It introduced to a London audience a charming singer and actress in Miss Taylor, afterwards known as Mrs. Walter Lacy.

The operatic composers of the past were certainly not careful about their books. The little French melodrama upon which Beethoven founded his 'Fidelio' was hardly worthy of his regard; it resembles a poor pebble magnificently set in massive gold. Leonora is perhaps the grandest character in the whole repertory of opera; the other of the *dramatis personæ*, however, are insignificant and uninteresting enough. But as Stella declared of Swift that he could write beautifully about a broomstick, so it may be affirmed of Beethoven that he composed sublimely upon the poorest of themes. And even in Beethoven's time 'Léonore, ou l'Amour Conjugal,' was a trite subject, already set to music by

Gaveaux and Paer. Weber, though he trusted to others for his books, so far anticipated Wagner as to hold the principle 'that the dramatic stage should combine as much as possible all the excellences of every sister art,' incurring thereby the ridicule and the reproaches of Tieck for troubling himself about 'frivolous and absurd minutiae.' Tieck protested, indeed, that it was beneath a man of influence and genius to display so much little-minded' anxiety about scenery, decoration, and 'machinery nonsense. Still, Weber was not to be dissuaded from attending to the 'mounting' of the opera of 'Der Freischütz;' 'every scrap of scenery,' writes his biographer, 'every trifle among the properties, every effect of lighting was examined, rehearsed, altered, and improved under his direction.' He took heed that the eagle and the owl introduced in the course of the drama should be properly manufactured, and made the theatrical costumier consult certain carved mediæval figures of huntsmen, exclaiming, 'Now copy me these old fellows for my Freischütz people.' His next opera, however, was to incur something very like failure for all his anxiety and labour to obtain a likely and promising book. He had first thought of setting the 'Cid' to music, then of a libretto upon the story of Dido; finally he trusted himself to the untender mercies of an elderly poetess, Helmine von Chezy; the deplorably dull book of 'Euryanthe' was the result. No wonder the wits dubbed the opera 'Ennuyante;' just as the French version of the 'Zauberflöte' of Mozart, 'Les Mystères d'Isis,' came to be commonly known among the comical as 'Les Misères d'Ici.' It should be added, however, that the apparently childish drama of the 'Zauberflöte' has been invested by some critics with deeply significant symbolism. Though composed avowedly as a Singspiel for a Viennese Volkstheater, the 'Zauberflöte' so charmed Goethe, much possessed by mystical tendencies during his later years, that he offered to write an opera-book continuing the subject.

It is to be observed that no operatic subject can be monopolised by a composer; he cannot hinder other musicians from borrowing his libretto and attaching it to a new score. There is a

'Medea' by Benda and there is a 'Medea' by Simon Mayer, as well as a 'Medea' by Cherubini; Lully's 'Armide' did not hinder the production of Gluck's 'Armide' or of Handel's 'Rinaldo'; there is a 'Barbiere' by Paesiello and there is a 'Barbiere' by Rossini; the story of Semiramis had been set to music by both Catel and Bianchi before Rossini took it in hand; Spohr produced a new opera upon the subject of *Zémire et Azor* (Beauty and the Beast) which Grétry had already rendered famous; the books of Auber's 'Philtre' and Donizetti's 'Elisir d'Amore,' of Flotow's 'Marta' and Balfe's 'Maid of Honour,' of Auber's 'Gustave III.' and Verdi's 'Ballo in Maschera' closely correspond; Carafa's 'Masaniello' preceded Auber's 'Mutte de Portici.' In his autobiography Spohr relates that he had projected an opera upon the story of 'Der Schwarze Jäger,' when he learnt that Weber was already at work upon 'Der Freischütz.' Forthwith Spohr abandoned his plan; 'for with my music,' he frankly avows, 'which is not adapted to please the multitude and excite the popular enthusiasm, I should never have met with the unexampled success obtained by "Der Freischütz."' Weber at one time contemplated as a subject for an opera that mediæval legend of Tannhäuser which Richard Wagner was afterwards so prodigiously to set to music. Spohr's 'Faust,' it may be noted, did not really anticipate the 'Faust' of Gounod; Spohr's fable has little in common with Goethe's or even Marlow's version of the legend, but has for heroine a lady called Cunegonda whose lover is named Hugo, the most prominent events in the drama being the siege and destruction of an enchanted castle.

While Wagner was eager for the translation of his opera-books into French, Rossini opposed any such tampering with his works, holding that Italian operas should be sung in Italian, German operas in German, French operas in French. Nevertheless, versions of 'Otello,' 'Il Barbiere,' and 'Semiramide,' were prepared for representation at the Grand Opéra, Paris. M. Méry, who had provided the French edition of 'Semiramide,' proposed to submit his translation to the composer. Rossini replied: 'Je vous regarde comme mon ami; vous m'avez assuré que vous teniez à

mon amitié. Eh bien, si vous y tenez réellement, ne me montrez rien.' The opera of 'Guillaume Tell,' however, was expressly composed for the Grand Opéra, and Rossini himself re-arranged his 'Mosé in Egitto' for the same establishment. And apart from translation, a certain convertibility has attached to opera-books in reference to questions of religion, of politics, and of copyright. In England, although we have tolerated Auber's setting of the parable of the Prodigal Son, it has been deemed necessary in the interest of propriety to transform the Moses of Rossini's opera into Zoroaster or Peter the Hermit, and Verdi's Nabuco into Nino or Atrato. Before Italy was free and united, it was usual to present 'Guillaume Tell' at Milan under the title of 'Wallace;' while at Rome 'Lucrezia Borgia' was called now 'La Rinnegata,' and now 'Elisa da Fosco.' The censorship further required that Bellini's 'Norma' should appear as 'La Foresta d'Irminsul,' for the word Norma, in the sense of *guide* or *rule*, had become ecclesiastical property from its connection with such books as 'Norma per vivere devotamente;' 'Norma della prima comunione,' &c. In Russia it has also been required that certain operatic subjects should undergo changes of nationality and of character to render them inoffensive to an absolute government.

Copyright difficulties in regard to opera-books have occurred chiefly in France. In 1840, Victor Hugo contested the right of the Italian librettists to make free with his dramas, and obtained of the law-courts a decision in his favour. Forthwith the authors of 'La Pie Voleuse,' 'La Grâce de Dieu,' &c., sought to restrict the representation of 'La Gazza Ladra,' 'Linda di Chamouni,' &c. When Mr. Lumley in 1850 undertook the management of the Italian opera-house, he found himself unable to produce such works as 'La Fille du Régiment,' 'Ernani,' 'Rigoletto,' &c., without the consent of the original authors of the dramas upon which those operas were founded. He applied to Victor Hugo for permission to present 'Lucrezia Borgia;' M. Hugo peremptorily refused. He had been annoyed, perhaps, by certain evasive performances in the French provinces of his play, with Donizetti's music, under the new name of 'Nizza di Grenada;' and he

alleged that his 'Lucrèce Borgia' was about to be produced at the Français for Mdlle. Rachel. Mr. Lumley sought the aid of Rachel, who interceded on his behalf with the dramatist, while she disclaimed all intention of ever appearing as Lucrèce Borgia. Terms were at last arranged: Mr. Lumley was permitted six representations both of Donizetti's 'Lucrezia' and Verdi's 'Ernani,' on condition that payment was made to M. Hugo of ten per cent. upon the gross receipts of each evening. The system of 'authors' rights' is firmly rooted in France, and spreads widely its branches. It has even been decided that the descendants and heirs of Beaumarchais are still entitled to share in the profits arising from any performance in France of Mozart's 'Nozze de Figaro.'

To a librettist it may be said that nothing is sacred: he considers everything in its relation to the uses of music. Literature is to him so many opera-books. Now he seeks subjects in the pages of Scripture, now in historical records, in fairy tales, the legends of romance, in the works of poets and playwrights, of novelists and story-tellers of all periods and countries. Usually he deals with dramas of established popularity, however, studying them with songs, if need be converting their prose into verse, and arranging effective concerted pieces and *ensembles*; for it has been judged that the public likes best operas founded upon familiar subjects, the union of music with thoroughly intelligible themes, lest the intentions of the composer should be misconceived, or his interpreters should fail to make themselves understood. It may be difficult to gather the signification of a story, however melodiously illustrated, that is not told in plain speech but in song, sometimes in sing-song. Probably it was due to the popularity and the fame of M. Hugo's plays, less than to any special fitness they possessed for operatic purposes, that they were transferred one after another to the musical stage; and in like manner may be accounted for the gradual annexing by the composers of the tragedies and comedies of Shakespeare, the plays now of Voltaire, now of Corneille, of Racine, Beaumarchais, Goethe, Byron, Goldsmith, and many more. Even now the suc-

cess of any play is a sort of justification of its conversion into opera. The prosperity enjoyed by the melodrama of 'The Duke's Motto' fully excused its appearance as 'Blanche de Nevers,' an opera by Balfe, at Covent Garden; 'La Dame aux Camélias' produced 'La Traviata;' from 'Don César de Bazan' came 'Maritana;' from the 'Colleen Bawn,' 'The Lily of Killarney.' The late Mr. Fitzball has narrated how he once planned to found an opera-book upon the favourite drama of 'The Corsican Brothers:' Mr. Balfe had agreed to provide the music, and Mr. Sims Reeves had undertaken to personate the twins Fabien and Louis; the project, however, was not carried into execution. Shakespeare, it may be observed, has been the inciting cause of many musical compositions, and certain of these are charmingly graceful and melodious; but no opera quite of the first class has been founded upon a Shakespearean play. The operas are born and perish; but the plays live on immortal. There are at least half-a-dozen operatic settings of 'Romeo and Juliet,' without counting the symphony of Berlioz: but in no case has the composer risen to the height of the poet. At one time there was promise that a musician really worthy of the dramatist had taken one of his plays in hand. M. Scribe had moulded the 'Tempest' into the form of a libretto: some violence was done to the poet, no doubt, and yet, from the point of view of French opera, the task was not unskilfully performed; and Mendelssohn had consented to compose the music within a specified period. 'I shall try to do it,' he wrote, 'try with all my heart, and as well as I can.' But his ardour cooled, or he lost heart; he liked Scribe's libretto less and less. By-and-by, Mendelssohn dead, it fell to the ingenious but uninspired M. Halévy to set to music Scribe's edition of Shakespeare's play. The result was one of those successes that are merely failures in disguise. The most admired number in Halévy's score was an arrangement of Dr. Arne's 'Where the Bee sucks;' it was no longer a song, but Carlotta Grisi danced exquisitely to the melody.

Operas are sometimes weighed down by the badness of their books; they are as bank-notes wrapped round stones and sunk.

On the other hand, a good book may float mediocre music. Some French opera-books are so excellent, that in a translated form they have shone independently as plays, dispensing with the music for which they first existed. Divorce is occasionally obtained in regard to the marriage of music and immortal verse. For music is not really of long life, although here and there may be found exceptional instances of longevity. Few operas that are more than fifty years old now find a place upon the musical stage.

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## BLIND.

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A TALE—TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF PAUL HEYSE.

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(CONTINUED.)

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### CHAPTER II.

As the day dawned, she grew calm, and the doctor, who came early in the morning found her out of danger, which he had scarcely hoped. He sat a long time by the boy's bed, listened smilingly to his wonderful questions, kindly recommended to him rest and patience, and left with an assurance that all was going well. But what is the use of recommending rest and patience to one who has caught a momentary glimpse of a land which he has for many a year longed to see! His father must spend all the time he could steal from his duties to come to his boy's sick room and talk. The door must be left open so that Marlina too could hear the beautiful stories, legends of holy men and women whom God had visited with heavy infirmities, whom afterwards He had restored. The legend of Prince Henery, for whom the pious maiden Elsie would have sacrificed herself in her humility: and how God brought about a happy ending at the last; and whatever other edifying histories the worthy pastor

could remember. If the tale insensibly moved the good man to thanksgiving, or if his wife raised her clear voice in hymns of joy, Clement would also fold his hands, or sing with his mother. But the next moment he would ask new questions, which showed that he took more interest in the story than in the song. Marlina asked nothing. She was gentle to everybody, and no one suspected how many thoughts and questions were settling in her brain. The children grew visibly better day by day, and on the fourth day after the operation, the doctor allowed them to get up. He himself supported the little girl, as weak and trembling she went from the dark room to the open door where the boy stood, joyfully stretching out his eager hands to her. He held her hand firmly and begged her to lean on him, which she did trustfully. They walked up and down the room, and he with the keen sense of locality which the blind always possess, carefully led her past the chairs and book-cases standing near the wall.

“How are you?” he asked. “Very well,” was the answer to-day, as always. “Come,” he said suddenly, “lean firmer, you are still weak. It would do you good to breathe a little of the fresh air, for the air is close and heavy here. But we cannot do it yet, the doctor says. The light will wound and blind our eyes if we see it too soon. Oh, now I know what light and darkness are. The note of a flute is not as sweet as a flood of light around your eyes. It hurt me, I must confess, but I could have stood gazing at its brightness forever, so sweet was the pain. You, too, will feel it. But many days must yet pass before we can enjoy it. But then, I will do nothing all the day long but see. One thing I should like to know, Marlina. They say everything has a different color. Of what color are your face and mine? Dark or light? It would be horrible if they were not beautifully bright. I wonder if I will know you with my eyes. At present, by groping, I could tell you from among all the world, only by using my little finger, but hereafter we must learn to know each other all over again. I know now that your cheeks and your hair are soft to the touch. I wonder if your eyes are so, too? I wish I knew, and it is so long to wait!”

In this way he chattered incessantly, nor noticed that Marlina was silent. Many of his words sank deep in her heart. For herself, she had never believed that she would see, yet scarcely knew why she thought so. She had heard of mirrors without understanding what they were. She thought now, that as soon as she should open her eyes, she would see herself.

When she was once more in bed and the Pastor's wife thought her sleeping, she remembered Clement's words 'it would be horrible if our faces were not bright.' She had heard of beauty and ugliness, and that ugly people were pitied, and often were less loved. If I am ugly, she said to herself, he will have nothing more to do with me! Before it was all the same to him. He loved to play with my hair, and called it strands of silk. That will all end if he finds me 'horrible.' And he, if he is ugly too, I will seem not to know anything about it, but will still love him. I know he cannot be ugly, not he!

Long did she ponder on this new sorrow and curiosity. It was sultry, in the garden the nightingales were calling to each other in short, sharp, anxious cries, and a blast of west wind shook the panes. She was alone in the room, for her mother's bed, which had been by hers, had been carried out of the small room on account of the heat. She no longer needed a nurse at night, for her fever had entirely passed away, but to-night it came again, and she lay tossing on her bed until, long past midnight, she fell into a short, unquiet slumber. In the meanwhile the storm which had been growling all round the horizon for half the night, gathered in its might, came down over the forest and there rested for the wind had died. A burst of thunder awoke Marlina, and half dreaming, she raises herself up. She knows not what she does or thinks she tries to rise, her pillows are so hot. Now she is standing by the bed, and hears the heavy rain beating outside, but it does not cool her burning head. She tries to collect herself and thinks, but finds nothing in her heart but the same sorrowful thoughts with which she went to sleep. She makes a strange determination: she will go to Clement, he too is alone. What shall hinder her from putting an end to all her uncertainty

and seeing him herself. Of this only does she think, and all the doctor's warnings are forgotten. She goes without waiting for a moment, just as she left her bed, to the door, which is half open; finds the head of the bed, steals on tip-toe to the side of the sleeping boy, and bending over him with suppressed breath, quickly pulls the bandage from her eyes. But horror seizes her, for it is as dark as before. She has forgotten that it is night, and that she had been told, that every one is blind at night. She had imagined that a flood of brightness would flow before her eyes, and lighten herself and everything. Now she feels the gentle breathing of the boy on her eyes, but distinguished no form. Confounded and despairing she is about to go, when a flash of lightning blazed for a second through the uncurtained window, a second, a third, the air quivers with light, thunder and rain increase in fury. The girl stares for a moment at the golden head softly pressing the pillow; then the picture vanishes, her eyes are flooded with tears, and trembling with unspeakable anguish, she flies to her room, pulls down the bandage, and sinks on her bed; and something within her says—she knows it is the truth—she has seen for the first and last time.

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### CHAPTER III.

It is a few weeks later. To-day, for the first time, the strength of the children's eyes is to be tried in full daylight. The doctor, who in the meanwhile, has sent out from the city the simple directions necessary, is himself to be present and enjoy the fruit of his care. Instead of curtains the windows were hung with garlands; and both rooms were gayly decorated with festoons of leaves and flowers. The Baron and whoever in the village was related to either family had come together, old folks and children, to congratulate and rejoice with the convalescents. Marlina, in anguish, was squeezing herself in a corner when Clement, glowing with ecstasy, stood before her and seized her hand. He had begged to be allowed to see her first: so at the same moment they loosed both bandages.

An Ah! of wordless joy burst from the boys lips. He remained rooted to the spot, a brilliant smile on his lips, his bright eyes glancing hither and thither. He had forgotten that Marlina was to stand before him, nor did he know indeed what a human form was. She stood without moving, only the eyelashes which shaded her clear, brown, dead eyes quivered. Yet none suspected. They thought amazement on seeing so many strange things, stunned her. But when the joy of the boy broke out as they told him, "it is Marlina," he, according to his old habit, stroked her cheeks with his hand, and said, "You have a bright face," she burst into tears, and shaking her head passionately, said inaudibly, "it is all dark to me; everything is the same as before!"

[ TO BE CONTINUED. ]

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### BACH'S ST. MATTHEW PASSION.\*

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In producing Bach's St. Matthew Passion music for the first time in New York, the Oratorio Society did well in prefixing to the little book of the words an explanatory page abridged from the excellent notes of Mr. John S. Dwight. This told the listeners what they were to expect; it indicated, in a few well chosen phrases the character of the great—we had almost said this unique—music; it described the peculiar plan of the work; it pointed out, not all of the most famous numbers, but at least some of the most striking and interesting passages; in a word, it taught the audience how to listen. Without some such guide, many of them would probably have been lost. Bach's Passion is singularly unlike all the music with which we are familiar; not in its deep religious sentiment and its ineffable tenderness and sorrow (for many modern works share these qualities in a lesser degree), but in the form of its melodies and the manner of treating the musical idea. Most people, we dare say, neither

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\*Bach's Passion Music was very finely rendered in Boston last year.—ED.

comprehend nor enjoy it at the first hearing. He must be a dull listener, it is true, who remains insensible to the opening chorus, "Come, ye daughters," or the final chorus, "Around thy tomb," or the alto solos, "Grief and pain," "O, pardon me, my God," and "Ah, Golgotha;" or to the chorals, introduced with such tremendous effect, as when the solemn hymn, "A head, all bruised and wounded," follows with a short pause after the dramatic narrative of the crucifixion. Still the forms of much of the music are so strange to us that they need a more thoughtful attention than the ordinary concert audience is inclined to give them. The same causes which make the *Passion* difficult to appreciate make it still more difficult to sing, and we can hardly praise too highly the zeal of the Oratorio Society which crowns a season of remarkable industry by the production of such a stupendous composition. The Berlioz performance was child's play by the side of it. The cuts made in the score last night were no more than were necessary to bring the work within reasonable limits of time. The whole of it requires five hours in the performance; Dr. Damrosch, by judicious excisions, reduced it to three.

The choice of St. George's Church for the performance was in some respects an advantage. The religious spirit in which the *Passion Music* ought to be listened to, if one would understand it, was stimulated by the associations of the place, and the air of decorum and recollection which pervaded the assembly. The singing, however, was not favorably affected by the situation. The chorus was placed on temporary benches covering the chancel; the orchestra was necessarily divided into two wings, pushed back under the galleries and wholly separated from each other by the body of singers. As a natural consequence, the voices and the band were not always together. The arrangement was the more to be regretted because the chorus, having had little experience in this kind of music, needed all the help it could get, and creditable as its efforts generally were, it was not quite at its ease. The comfortable assurance which distinguishes most of its work was lacking here—as well it might be.

Of the solo singers it is difficult to speak with exact justice. The important and beautiful part of the *Evangelist* (tenor) was given with great feeling and delicacy by Mr. William J. Winch. Mrs. Anna Granger Dow had the soprano solos, Miss Matilda Phillips the alto, Mr. George E. Aiken (bass) had the part of *Jesus*, and the other bass solos were sung by Mr. John F. Winch. The gentlemen were better fitted for their tasks than the ladies, neither of the latter being at her best in Bach's music.

The beauty not only of the solos, but the choruses, was undoubtedly affected by the extremely slow time in which the work was taken. The metronomic marks affixed to the score by Robert Franz indicate a much quicker tempo than Dr. Damrosch allowed himself. No conductor, however, is bound to accept Franz's judgment of what Bach probably intended, and Dr. Damrosch's deliberate opinion in a question of interpretation is entitled to great respect.—*Exchange*.

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### BEASTS, BIRDS AND INSECTS IN IRISH FOLK-LORE.

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Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes  
 Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,  
 The bird of dawning singeth all night long:  
 And then, they say, no spirit dares stir abroad:  
 The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,  
 No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,  
 So hallowed and so gracious is the time.—*Hamlet*.

The greater number of superstitions regarding animals, so common in all parts of Ireland, like those of France, Germany, Denmark and Sweden, relate to the part played by the brute creation during Christ's life on earth. It is generally supposed that these stories had their origin in Pagan times, and that the early Christian teachers, despairing of being able to eradicate the superstitious observances of the people, thought fit to divert them to

their own use, and rebaptised the ancient myths and legends. The reader of 'Farrar's Life of Christ' will remember the extracts given from the Apocryphal Gospels, which relate how the ox and the ass in the stable knelt in adoration at the Saviour's birth. To this old tradition, and to the fact that the ass's colt was ridden by Christ, and has the mark of a cross upon its back, may be traced the esteem in which the ass is held throughout Ireland. The people consider it lucky to have one of these animals to graze in the field with their cattle, thinking its presence a protection from witch or fairy. The Roman Catholic peasantry of the county Donegal gravely assure you that every ass falls upon its knees at midnight on Christmas Eve, and brays three times; and many of them are ready to swear that this is certainly the case, they having remained awake until the holy hour, on purpose to see and hear it for themselves. In Derry, Antrim, and Tyrone the people say that all the animals in the stable do the same. The reader will be reminded of the Breton legend that the ox and ass receive the gift of speech for the space of an hour upon Christmas Eve.

The cock is also held in very high esteem, and is believed to be well aware of the reason for rejoicing at Christmas-tide, since for nine nights at that season he crows all night long. Nor is this belief altogether confined to Roman Catholics. A Presbyterian family in Carrigans, a village in the county Donegal, had some years ago a hen so piously disposed, that she imitated her crested spouse, and crowed loudly on Christmas Eve. Now, as the crowing of a hen is at all other times considered a most unlucky omen, the mistress of the house exclaimed in consternation from her bed, 'Whisht, you villain of a bird! Just wait till tomorrow, an' I'll wring your unlucky neck.'

'Deed you will not!' cried the master. 'You'll no stir thon hen, for she has more wit nor many a Christian.'

So the crowing hen lived on; but had she happened to crow at any other time than Christmas Eve, she would have been thought the herald of death or misfortune to the family, and would have

met with a speedy end. Everybody in Ulster knows the old saying—

A whistling maid and a crowing hen  
Was never good in one town end.

The insect known in some parts of England as the 'devil's coach-horse,' in others as the 'coffin-cutter,' and in Ireland and the highlands of Scotland as the *diaoul*, or devil, is everywhere in evil repute. If one of the old legends regarding this insect is to be believed, it earned the enmity of mankind very early in the world's history. It is said to have eaten the core of the apple thrown away by Eve, and to this day a strong smell of apples is perceived when it is crushed. But this ancient sinner is hated by the Irishman for quite another cause. Judas, on his way to betray Christ to His enemies, met a number of *diaouls*; who turned up their tails to indicate the direction in which He had gone. The Roman Catholic in Cavan, Louth, and Meath says that anyone killing a *diaoul* before it has time to turn up its tail is forgiven seven sins; and if so fortunate as to kill it on a Friday, the sins of the whole week are remitted.

The common black beetle has gained a still worse reputation. The reason given in all parts of Ireland for the evil odour in which this insect is held, is the following: Some days before our Saviour's Passion, when the rulers of the Jews sent men to apprehend Him, they met a young man at work in the fields, of whom they inquired whether Jesus of Nazareth had passed that way.

'Yes,' replied the young man.

'But when?' No answer.

A black beetle, however, raised its tiny head, and said, 'Yesterday, yesterday;' since when it has always been considered a praiseworthy action to kill a beetle wherever encountered. The Roman Catholics believe that they are forgiven seven sins if they kill it on any day in the week except Friday; but if on Friday, they are absolved from the sins of the whole week. The Irish-speaking peasant, while crushing it, exclaims, 'Nie, nie, a-gaddah!' *i. e.*, 'Yesterday, yesterday, you thief!' Should an educated Pro-

testant ask why this insect is persecuted with so much rancour, he is not always told the story given above, but sometimes receives this answer: 'The black clock is listening; it will tell something.' A favourite cure for whooping-cough in Derry and Donegal is to catch a beetle which flies against you unawares (you must not be on the look-out for it), and to cork it up tightly in a bottle. As it slowly dies, the patient is supposed to get better. Perhaps this last superstition may somehow be connected with the virtuous action involved in the destruction of a beetle.

Before leaving the subject of Irish superstitions relating to Christ's life on earth, we may mention that in Ireland, as in other countries, the robin is believed to have plucked a thorn out of the crown of thorns, and to have got its breast stained in so doing.

Tinkers are looked down upon in Donegal for the following reason: When the blacksmith was ordered to make nails for the Cross, he refused, but the tinker consented to make them; and Christ condemned him and all his race to be wanderers, and never to have a roof of their own to cover them, till the world's end.

'Can that be true?' we asked the woman who told us the foregoing story. 'Is it not the case that tinkers must wander from place to place in order to ply their trade?'

'Na, na, Miss: it's the blessed Lord's judgment on them that keeps them from having a house o' their ain.'

The same person declares that she has seen the sun dance for joy on Easter morning. 'She' (the Irish peasant always makes the sun feminine) 'was just risen above the mountains, when she gave three wee skips for joy that Christ is risen. Sure I seen it wi' my ain eyes.'

The cock is esteemed very highly for his wisdom, inherited, in all probability, from the ancestor that crowed when Peter denied his Lord. Should he crow at an untimely hour, such as from six P. M. to eleven P. M., he is believed to prophesy some event affecting the family, and the mistress hastens to feel his feet. If they are cold, her heart sinks, for she knows that he foretells a death; but if warm she is comforted and reassured, sure that the house

prophet is but rejoicing at the expected arrival of a good letter from America, or some other piece of luck.

All readers are aware that

The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,  
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat  
Awake the god of day ; and, at his warning,  
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,  
The extravagant and erring spirit hies  
To his confine.

The writer has been told by a poor woman of an interview she had with her dead sister, who came to her bedside, and laid a chilly hand upon her breast.

“Why do you come, Peggy dear ?” says I.

“Just to bid you quit your crying an’ lamenting, Grace,” says she ; “for in troth you’re keeping me frae my rest.”

“An’ what is it makes the hand of you that cold, Peggy ?” says I, for the cold of it went to my heart.

“Troth,” says she, “you kept me flying about between earth an’ heaven, an’ it’s cold there.”

“An’ was it my lamenting did it on you, mavourneen ? for if it was, sorra another tear I’ll drop for you.”

“Whisht,” says she,

“The cocks do crow,  
And I must go ;”

and wi’ that she faded away.’

‘Did she never return ?’

‘Na, na, miss, dear ; she got to her rest, for I lamented nae mair ; an’ forbye that I lived three year poor and hungry, till I gathered the price of masses for her soul.’

In Cork and Kerry the crowing of a cock at night is thought to give notice that a ghost is in’ the house, and then whoever is still afoot hurries to bed in trepidation and draws the blanket over his head.

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OUR old schoolmate, Sallie Pate, has taken a school at Winston, and we are told, fills the position with great satisfaction to her pupils and their parents.

WE LEARN that our dear old friend, Mrs. Steiner, and her daughters, Bessie and Adèle, have left earlier than they anticipated, and have gone to their home in Austin, Texas. May every joy and blessing attend them!

IT IS rumored that at an early date the social entertainment of Saturday evening will be taken in charge by the Primary and Kindergarten Departments. We expect great things from our little sisters, and doubt not our expectations will be fully realized. Look out for your laurels, girls, when the little ones come to the front.

THE LENTEN FAST is rapidly passing away, and pretty soon the glories of the "queen of festivals" will be ours. In a ceaseless round of "service" and of studies, the weeks have glided by. The constant rains have shut us in more effectually than ever from the outer world. Our evening "readings" are always a pleasant feature of Lent, and we feel sure that in days to come the remembrance of these holy seasons will be among the most cherished of all our school life.

THE magnificent painting, "The Shadow of the Rock," by Rev. J. A. Oertel, which excited so much attention in the Art Gallery at the Centennial, has been donated by the artist to the University of the South. The authorities of the University, with a due appreciation of this munificent gift, have assigned it a prominent place in the Theological Hall. We rejoice that this noble picture has found so fitting a shrine; one where it can best fulfill its author's great desire, and prove an effective educator in the cause of Christian Art.

WE HAVE to record with grateful pleasure another delightful visit and lecture from Bishop Lyman. His "Notes of Foreign Travel" seem to be inexhaustible. This time he took us from Cairo "by the way of the wilderness of the Red Sea" to Mt. Sinai, and back again by the Suez Canal to Joppa, and so, up to Jerusalem. The desert of the Sinaitic Peninsula is dreary enough, but his bright and genial companionship made it anything but dreary to us. Full of instruction, yet never flagging in interest; scrupulously minute in detail, yet never degenerating into monotony—his vivid descriptions and edifying comments enchained our attention from first to last. The theme was quite different from any other upon which the Bishop has discoursed to us, but the scenes through which we passed seemed not unfamiliar as they recalled the successive chapters of that dear old story which falls on our ears with ever-increasing interest from the time when, first at our mother's side, we hear about "Joseph and his Brethren," to our latest hour, when, life and wanderings all over, we stand on Pisgah heights and see "the Canaan that

we love" lying, in all its peaceful beauty, on "the other side" of Jordan.

Over that unchanging Oriental land a solemn, shadowy stillness has ever brooded. The aspect of the country is in all its main points the same as when Moses, more than three millenniums ago, led his great multitude of fugitives out of their land of bondage. Our route, after it had reached the eastern shore of the Red Sea, was undoubtedly the same that they had followed. The waters of Marah we find to be as bitter as of yore. At the welcome oasis of Elsin, "we encamped by the waters" as they did, and rested for our noonday meal under the grateful shade of the three-score-and-ten palm trees.

Our camels (no less than fourteen were provided for a party of four persons) bore us slowly but surely over the desert waste, and at last we stood, with a sense of awe, on the great triangular plain at the base of Sinai. It was here that the Israelites were grouped when Moses went up alone into the Mount to commune with God and to receive from His hand the tables of the law; it was here that, impatient of his return, they made and worshipped the golden calf; here they built the tabernacle, and were taught all the minutia of their religious ceremonial; and from here they started again on the journey which for forty years was to keep them wandering hither and thither in the wilderness, until but three of their number should be left to enter into the promised land.

Oppressed by so many awful recollections, we were not sorry to retrace our steps, and go by the more modern route to Joppa and Jerusalem. But we must not weary our readers with any more of our reveries on this pleasant lecture, to which no written account can do justice. We tender to the good Bishop our sincere thanks for his many kindnesses.

WE ACKNOWLEDGE the receipt of the following exchanges:  
*College Mercury*, spicy and very readable as a college paper.

The *Columbian Echo*, we cannot read, on account of its print.

The *Musical Record* is a good weekly and has a good amount of valuable matter.

*Kunkel's Musical Review* is very good reading, but not very reliable in some of its musical statements.

The *Pee Dee Bee* is one of our most acceptable exchanges, and is always awake in all matters of interest.

*The Guardian*—"Christ and the Church"—is a new church paper, which has found its way to our table. It is full of excellent church matter, and promises to be a valuable addition to its class.

*The Old Church Path* contains seasonable and earnest words for all. We will at once forward subscriptions sent to us, and for \$1.00 will send it and the MUSE for one year.

The *Hurricane* has sent us its first blast. It is edited by a young lady of twelve years. Excellent.

*The Madisonian*—always good.

*The Randolph Macon Monthly*—neat and interesting.

*High School News.*

*Gathered Sheaves.*

*Amateur Advertiser.*

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## ART NOTES.

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IN THE Rue Lafitte exhibition a beautifully painted fan, labelled "Un Assiégé," has been sold for 7,000 francs. The artist was M. Louis Leloir.

AN ART sale for the benefit of the Irish sufferers will take place sometime during this month at the American Art Rooms, No. 6, East Twenty-third street, New York.

THE young ladies at St. Mary's who have been painting plaques in water color, will be interested to learn that some of the artists of Paris have not disdained to occupy themselves in the same manner.

CHARLES CLÉMENT's work on Michael Angelo, Leonardo and Raphael, has been translated into English, and published in Lon-

don. Of Michael Angelo Mr. Cléments says, "He had all the characteristics of those extraordinary beings, who owe to circumstances nothing but the possibility of freely developing their wonderful faculties."

THE San Donato sale of pictures at Florence is attracting hosts of connoisseurs from all parts of Europe. The palace of Prince Demidoff, when the sale takes place, is filled with flowers, brilliant illuminations, and strains of music. Among the notabilities who are attending the sale, are Alphonso Rothschild, and Mlle. Marie Heilbron, the prima donna at the Grand Opera.

THE recent exhibition of the water color society in New York has attracted a great deal of attention, and proves that the art of painting in water color has advanced with very rapid strides in the last few years among our American artists. The pictures by A. F. Bellows were particularly admired, though many others might be mentioned as excelling in beauty of expression and delicacy of coloring.

AN EXHIBITION has just been opened in London, consisting entirely of paintings, drawings, and sculptures by members of the dramatic profession. The late Charles Matthews is well represented, and Mr. Joseph Jefferson sends several charming landscapes. Mr. Rendal contributes two portraits, one of which was painted in odd moments snatched night, after night from the business, or the scant leisure of the theatre.

A LONDON firm has been exhibiting a new process for copying statuary, and specially intended for the enlargement, reduction or reproduction of the celebrated statues in the British Museum. The instrument employed for copying is simply an enlarged pantograph, the tracing point is passed over the work to be copied, and the other point, which carries a suitable tool, removes the superfluous plaster from the copy. An exact reproduction, or an enlarged, or reduced copy is thus obtained, it is said, at a very low cost.

### PRIZE QUESTIONS.

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A prize will be given at the end of the scholastic year in June to any girl who, *honor bright*, from her own knowledge or diligent research, and without any other assistance whatever, shall have sent in the greatest number of correct answers, *provided* that they amount to three-fourths of the whole number of questions proposed in the series which she may select. The answers, whether from St. Mary's or other schools, must be sent in under a pseudonyme, accompanied, in the first instance, by the real name, which will be known only to the person in charge of this department; addressed to "THE MUSE," and indorsed "Prize Questions" on the envelope. These are open to *any* school-girl from *any* school.

#### JUNIOR SERIES.

41. Give the names of the seven sons of Japhet, and the modern nations that have sprung from them?
42. What are the Apocryphal books of the New Testament?
43. The origin of "*Athanasius contra mundum*?"
44. By whom and of whom was it written "Thy soul was like a star and dwelt apart?"

#### SENIOR SERIES.

41. What Pope caused the Creed to be publicly set forth in the church graven on two great silver plates, one in Latin, the other in Greek?
42. The author of "*quod semper quod ubique, quod ab omnibus*?"
43. Who was Joseph Balsamo?
44. How many general councils of the Church have been held, when, and where?
45. What Pope sent a crown to one whom he would recognize as Emperor, and what was the inscription upon it.

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# St. Mary's Muse.

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VOL. II.

RALEIGH, N. C., MAY, 1880.

No. 9.

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## *"THE WITCH OF THE NEUSE."*

A CENTENNIAL STORY IN VERSE.

CONTINUED.

### CANTO III.

#### THE MESSAGE.

The bells were just chiming for morning repast,  
As Ferguson hied to his home  
In proud Carolina's brave Palace and vast,  
That o'er fair New-Berne reared its tall dome.  
In lofty ceiled chamber, by genius adorned  
With paintings of royalty, grand and serene  
Sat Martin—on whom a few sycophants fawn'd,  
And flattered, and blinded, with assurance I ween,  
While fast from his grasp the frail staff of his pow'r  
Was passing away—in anxiety sat,  
And waited the coming, at that very hour,  
Of the warrior youth who should bear his fiat  
To the bold Scottish chieftains, McDonald, McLeod,\*  
Who never to foeman had yielded or bow'd.

---

\*George Martine, supposed uncle of Ferguson, Colonel in the British army.

"Come hither brave youth!" said his uncle, "with speed—  
 Mount! haste! at the call of thy country and King.  
 From the choice of my stable, go pick thee a steed,  
 And haste at Cross Creek, our banners to fling!  
 Thou child of my sister! what honors be thine;  
 When thou crushest these rebels the fairest domain  
 In all this broad land shalt thou hold; and I'll twine  
 Bright laurels of fame round thy brow. No thought of thy  
 brain  
 Shall equal the grandeur and wealth thou shalt gain."  
 To which kind address his nephew replied,  
 While cautious and crafty the speaker he eyed,  
 "Obedient I stand, brave uncle and good,  
 To depart on this instant and carry thy word  
 To the loyal McDonold. Farewell then, I go—  
 And before two more suns thy commands he shall know."

## MOON-LIGHT.

'Tis night, and the moon in pale majesty smiles  
 As her image returns her calm glance from the wave;  
 Now dancing, now gliding, now still,—with her wiles,  
 That lure o'er the waters, the timid and brave.  
 From a light laughing bark echo music and mirth,  
 As New-Berne's fair maids and brave youths glide along  
 On the calm flowing Trent; fairest river of earth,  
 On whose verdant banks sweet flowers do throng.  
 On an instant, a blackness the heavens o'er casts,  
 And anon, the pale moon peeps trembling between  
 The thick folds of gloom; now the bright gleam is past,—  
 And now it is dark, and she cannot be seen.  
 The timid ones shrink, and their joyousness dies,  
 As the dark waters gurgle the quick oars among;  
 Now swift for the landing the strong boatman plies,  
 As the clouds thicken fast and the billows grow strong.

As the bark shuns the deep and her keel grates the sand,  
 An oarsman\* strikes out with a powerful arm.  
 Now lost in the darkness, no eye from the strand  
 Can tell if he lives, or is lost in the storm.

Beneath the green bank, by thick foliage concealed,  
 Lay moored the canoe of fierce Ferguson.  
 A flash from the clouds, on his features revealed  
 The passion that preyed his dark soul upon.  
 "Now would some bright star from the heavens look out,  
 "Precursor of good! bright omen benign!  
 "This sad heart no longer kind fortune would doubt,  
 "Would fly to sweet Annie, and bliss should be mine.  
 "No fair omen cheers me from yon blacken'd sky—  
 "Shine on me O star of my bright destiny!  
 "Burst thy black curtain and lighten my way  
 "To the feet of the maiden whose calm gentle sway  
 "Shall check this chafed spirit and sooth with her song  
 "This soul that hath pined for repose a life-long.  
 "Aha! comes the moon, in compassionate zeal,  
 "Indignantly spurning the dark clouds that wheel  
 "In incessant succession between her fair face  
 "And this sad troubled world—the evil one's place.  
 "Ah! there—flashes now the bright star of my hope;  
 "From the bower of my goddess, it blesses my sight;  
 "And ere fair Aurora the rose portals ope,  
 "That Phoebus may travel majestic in might—  
 "Yes, long ere the rose-entains rise, that the king  
 "Of the morning may know that his chariot is near—  
 "The Prize shall be mine; and proudly I'll fling  
 "My reins to good steed, as he gaily shall bear  
 "The proudest and bravest and happiest knight  
 "That ever sought honor, or won lady—bright."  
 With the tread of a conqueror, the green terrace past,  
 He ascends to the portal! Appalling his wrath!!!

---

\*Ferguson on his way to the dwelling of the fair Annie Bryan.

He grinds his clenched teeth ;—his brow is o'er cast  
 With the wing of the demon that governs his path.  
 Now rigid with rage, his large eyes expand—  
 Now start from their sockets—a madman he glares—  
 And now with dread anger, he lifts up his hand,  
 And vengeance on Annie he ruthlessly swears.  
 High 'mid the dense boughs the Catalpa extends,  
 O'er the dwelling of Annie, sat Ferguson grim,  
 With the craft of the tiger his cute hearing bends,  
 To catch the soft whispers that breathe not for him.  
 Beside her all rapturous, a manly form stands,  
 Her bright orbs beam on him with love's certain ray,  
 He saw—and fierce Ferguson, wringing his hand  
 With rage, swore that light-heart to fill with dismay.  
 "O, would I could crush ye this moment, curst pair,  
 "O, why grasp I not the swift weapon of death!  
 "Revenge! sweet revenge! by yon pale moon I swear!  
 "They shall die—in agony dire shall yield up their breath."  
 And now, his strong arm with fierce energy nerved,  
 He plies the quick oar, and the waves dashes through;  
 He hastes for his steed, in the gloom unobserved,  
 And ere two grey dawns his quick journey drew  
 Near the camp of McDonald; and now his dread ire  
 Rose fiercer and fouler, as near him he viewed  
 The brave men and daring, with sword and with fire  
 Ever ready to battle in licge leader's feud.

---

The McDonalds and McLeods had emigrated from Scotland, and settled in Cumberland county, on Cross Creek, now Fayetteville. They had fought for the house of Stuart in Scotland, and had now sworn allegiance to the house of Brunswick, enlisted in the British army, and propose to fight against American Independence. Though it is said that after the battle of Moore's Creek they repented their treachery, and offered their swords to the Americans.

## CANTO IV.

FERGUSON ARRIVES AT CROSS CREEK.

## THE ROYAL COMMISSION.

Donald McDonald,\* the Highland chief bold,  
 Stood in his hall, whence he straight could behold  
 Who advanced up the hill from the forest of pines,  
 Or daringly ventured to pass the confines  
 Of his lordly domain. His eagle-eye glanced  
 Quick as light on the horseman who eager advanced,  
 As if press'd by some foe; or else to impart,  
 Some errand of danger to friend of his heart,  
 His country or King; or perchance to defy  
 To mortal encounter who ne'er did deny  
 To foe or to friends his strong arm, and true.  
 All foaming his steed; with a slacken'd pace drew  
 The rider his rein; and now with hot haste  
 He springs to the ground, as if fearing to waste  
 One moment that press'd on the danger or weal  
 Of the cause that demanded his arm and his steel.  
 "I greet thee, brave chief," said the warrior youth,  
 As he bow'd to McDonald; "but it grieves me in truth  
 "To impart the sad errand my duty demands  
 "To the erst happy dwellers on these peaceful lands.  
 "The rebels have risen; and are now at the door  
 "Of the Governor, defying our sovereign's power.  
 "Their lawless Assembly, at this moment, dare  
 "To threaten my uncle, and bid him prepare  
 "To yield up allegiance, or fly for his life.  
 "What else can he do? While rebellion is rife—  
 'No army supports him—and friends has he none.  
 "It is better to fly than, a traitor undone,

---

\*The brother of the famous Flora McDonald.

"To crouch and betray to the curst rebel hounds  
 "His King and his country, while echo rebounds  
 "With his shame and disgrace. No! sooner he'll die,  
 "Than fasten such blot on his integrity!"  
 "Welcome! most welcome, brave youth to this hall,  
 "The home of McDonald, the loyal and true;  
 "For his King and his country his loud trumpet's call  
 "Shall wake up his warriors, till echo renew  
 "Their loyal huzza and gladsome halloo.  
 "With speed shall be quelléd the vain braggart boast  
 "Of these craven traitors; and England's dread host  
 "Shall cover their lands as the locusts of yore,  
 "Till no germ of falsehood shall vegetate more.  
 "And full time it is that our vengeance should rise,  
 "When their impious resolves now ascend to the skies  
 "From old Mecklenburg,\* where our sovereign is dared,  
 "And free independence to rebels declared.  
 "Then haste we good youth, our allegiance to show,  
 "And lay these vain boasters in infamy low."  
 Thus spake the fierce chieftain, and then with a smile  
 To Ferguson turned; in all kindness the while,  
 Invited the youth to good cheer and repose,  
 For rest had he none since two suns arose.  
 "And here," said the Brave as he drew from his breast  
 A parchment with seal of authority press'd;  
 "And here—Noble Chief, a commission I bring,  
 "To *Gen'ral* McDonald from our gracious King.  
 "My uncle, brave Martin, from New-Berne ere now,  
 "Has fled to Cape Fear, where our banner still waves  
 "From the masts of the *Cruiser*, and sooner their graves  
 "Will he and his compeers invite, than behold

---

\*The Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence was made on the 20th of May, 1775, as proved by fourteen eye and ear witnesses, and copies in distinguished and reliable hands.—*Hawks' History of North Carolina.*

"That proud flag succumb to base rebels and bold.  
 "Yet fears has he none, as he bade me declare,  
 "In McDonald he trusts, and his foes he will dare  
 "To their worst, when your Scots join the resolute band  
 "That from England's good ships will speedily land,  
 "Led on by Lord Campbell, and Clinton the brave,  
 "And Parker, renowned on the broad ocean wave.  
 "He bids me entreat thee to haste with all speed,  
 "And thy brave Scottish band with quick diligence lead  
 "To the mouth of Cape Fear; there with ease he can crush  
 "These rebels. Their strength, to his power compared, is a rush."  
 Thus spake the brave youth, and McDonald the bold  
 Responded in darings and threat'nings tenfold.

---

## CANTO V.

### THE BATTLE OF MOORE'S CREEK BRIDGE.

---

#### THE FIRST BATTLE FOUGHT FOR AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

Now quick flew the tidings adown Cape Fear River,  
 McDonald was hasting with broad-sword to shiver  
 Our meaner-wrought blades of American steel.  
 And will Carolina's stout champions falter  
 To lay their proud hearts and good swords on the altar  
 Of Heaven-born Freedom—their glad vows to seal?  
 No—in their own hearts-blood the compact is written,  
 To conquer—or die—by their tyrant lords smitten,  
 Ere writhe in the horrors of slavery's chain.  
 No! triumph they must. Now throughout their firm column  
 The watch-word is, "Ready!" With quick step and solemn  
 They hail the wish'd "Charge!"—from their Lillington's voice.  
 The Pibroch is sounding, the Tartans are flaunting,

And boasting McLeod\* the Scotch bravery is vaunting,  
 And rashly advancing the frail † bridge upon.  
 Alas! for McDonald ‡ who painfully lingers  
 Beneath the still tent, where listless his fingers  
 No more grasp his broad-sword or death-dealing gun.  
 Brave words to his troops by quick messengers sending,  
 He trusts to inspire and their pliant wills bending,  
 To act out the deeds of his murderous hand.  
 But vain is his effort ;—a thundering volley  
 Of musketry covers the doomed men, whose folly  
 Too late is discovered to rescue the band.  
 And now, from the dense files of patriots pouring,  
 A hail-storm of shot every Highlander lowering,  
 And with them McLeod to the earth is o'erthrown.  
 Carolinians triumph! the Tories are routed!  
 While the right of their cause, by no honest man doubted,  
 Brave Caswell and Lillington proudly make known.  
 To Caswell's calm wisdom all praise be awarded;  
 And to Lillington's ready maneuvering is due  
 That their lov'd Carolina's bright honor was guarded,  
 And her sons in their first fight proved valiant and true.  
 With nought now to damp their tried valor they gather  
 Around their brave leaders from mountain to coast,  
 And shoulder to shoulder stand forth son and father,  
 Resolved to be free—while in heaven they trust.  
 To heaven they look for protection and guidance,  
 In heaven they felt that their foes were condemned,  
 From heaven they knew must come their deliverance,  
 From unrighteous thraldom by heaven contemned.

---

\*Descended from McLeod of St. Kilda, who was descended from Princes of Norway.

†The bridge gave way and the Scots were overthrown.

‡Tradition tells us that the sickness of McDonald was feigned, notwithstanding his boasting. Conscience restrained him. His ingratitude to Americans stung him too deeply, it was thought by many.

Escaped from the slaughter, the bloody marauder  
 Fierce Ferguson flies with his band of outlaws,  
 To rocky King's Mount on our far southern borders  
 And blackmail from every unguarded home draws.  
 There high 'mid the steeps of that cavern-cleft mountain,  
 The fierce Highland ruffian no venging hand fears ;  
 He ruthlessly revels, though many a fountain  
 Of grief has he opened, deep flowing with tears.  
 At his dread approach the young maidens tremble,  
 The aged lift piteous hands up in vain,  
 Their peaceful abodes in flames are enveloped,  
 And every one breathing is savagely slain.  
 The cries of the innocent now rise to heaven  
 For speedy redress from their merciless foe,  
 And never unheard has the suppliant striven,  
 Who kneels in firm faith and humility low.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

---

*BLIND.*

---

A TALE—TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF PAUL HEYSE.

---

CHAPTER IV—CONTINUED.

On the second day of their journey they spent the night at a lonely house, noted for its vicinity to a mighty water-fall. They had travelled far that day, and the two ladies were utterly worn out. When they reached the house the pastor and his wife entered at once, without trying to penetrate further into the valley, although the noise of the cataract was distinctly audible. Marliņa, too, was exhausted, but she wished to follow Clement, who

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NOTE.—Towns were devastated, persons plundered, houses burned, and families either murdered or driven from their homes without pity.

did not yet care to go in. So the two again descended the steps, and ever clearer, as they advanced, sounded the roar of the falls.

Half way down a steep hill, Marlina's strength gave way. "I will sit down here," she said, "go on to the water-fall, and when you have seen all you care to, come back to me." He begged her to let him first carry her into the house; but she had already seated herself, so he left her and went on towards the cataract, filled even more and more with a happy awe at the loneliness and grandeur of the place.

The girl sat upon a stone and awaited his return; it seemed to her that he would never come. An icy coldness seemed to enfold her, and the roar of the falls made her shudder. "Why does he not come?" she said to herself. "He has forgotten me in his joy, as he always does. How I wish I could find my way into the house, and get warm." So she sat and listened intently to the distant sounds.

Suddenly it seemed to her that she could distinguish his voice calling her. Trembling, she rose. What should she do? Involuntarily she took a step forward, but her foot slipped, she tottered and fell. Fortunately the stones near the path were covered with moss. Her fall deprived her of all strength, but she called loudly for Clement.

Her voice did not reach him, as he stood near the edge of the cliff over which the cataract dashed. The house, also, was too far distant. A feeling of sharp agony darted through Marlina's heart, as she lay between the stones forsaken and helpless. With tears of despair in her eyes, she raised herself slowly and with great difficulty. All that had ever been dearest to her, appeared at that moment hateful, and the bitterness that inwardly consumed her deprived her of the comforting thought of God's nearness.

Thus was she found by Clement, who for her sake, had forcibly torn himself away from the enchantment of the mighty picture.

"I am coming," he called out to her, while yet some distance off. "I am glad now that you did not go with me; the place on

which one stands to look over, is so narrow that the slightest mistake would prove fatal. It made me tremble to see the water dash down until it reached the rocks below, and then boil and seethe, sending up clouds of spray. Just feel how wet I am. But what is the matter with you? You are as cold as ice, and your lips are trembling; come, it was wrong for you to remain in the open air; God grant you may not be made sick from it."

Marlina remained obstinately silent, and let him lead her back to the house. The pastor's wife was frightened at her aspect. The delicate, clearly cut features of the girl were distorted. A warm drink was quickly prepared for her, and she was put to bed, nothing further being elicited from her than that she felt sick.

Truly she was sick,—so sick that she longed for death. She hated life, so adverse to her. With bitter and rebellious thoughts, she lay on her bed, angrily striving to break the last thread that bound her to life. "I will go out to-morrow," she said. "He himself shall lead me to the place where one false step will cost me my life. Little matters my life to him. Why should he carry further the burden which through pity he has borne so far?" Ever more closely she nourished in her heart this evil resolution. What had become of her secret, bright courage which had supported her during the months of her greatest grief? She thought of the consequences of her intended crime without pain, and frequently said to herself, "Then they will see how I have borne the knowledge that I must always be blind. And he will have no more before his eyes, the sad image which destroyed his pleasure in this beautiful world." That was always the last thought which came to her when there occurred to her a doubt as to whether her resolution was right. In the adjoining room, which was separated from Marlina's only by a thin partition, sat the pastor and his wife. Clement was lingering without under the trees; he could not tear himself away from the mountains and the stars, and the sweet music of the water.

"It worries me," said the pastor's wife, "to see Marlina so weak and pining. She trembles for the slightest cause; she can-

not live if this extreme weakness continue. I wish you would speak to her and urge her not to take the inevitable so terribly to heart." "I only fear that I will effect nothing," answered the pastor. "If her education, the love of her parents and our daily care have not spoken to her, the words of man can do nothing further. If she felt true humility towards God, she would bear this affliction which has left her still so much, with thankfulness instead of murmurs."

"But He has taken much from her." "True, but not forever ! That is my hope and my prayer."

"The power to love, and esteem above all things the love of God and man, seems to have departed from her. But it will return to her if she returns to God. In her present state of mind she does not long for Him. She hugs too closely her ill-humour and repining thoughts. But her heart is too true to allow those evil companions to remain in it long. Then, when discontent has left her, God will again enter her heart, and love will find there once more its old station. And all within shall be as the day even though night rest upon her eyes."

"God grant it ! and yet thoughts of her future continually worry me." "She will not be lost if she does not lose herself. Even though all who love and protect her should be taken away still love would not die, and if she will only rightly esteem the the Hand of God and the path through which He leads her, she will one day bless her blindness, which has urged her from her earliest years to seek the true light."

Clement interrupted the conversation. "You cannot imagine," he called out from the doorway, "what a wonderfully beautiful night it is. I would part with one of my eyes if I could give it to Marlina so that she might see the glory of the stars. If the noise of the water-fall would only let her sleep ! I cannot yet forgive myself for having let her sit out in the open air."

"Speak more softly, my son," said the mother, "she is asleep in the next room. The best thing you can do is to go to sleep too." The boy told them good-night in a whisper. When the mother went into Marlina's room she found her quiet, and to all

appearances sleeping. The discontented expression of her countenance had given way to a gentle softness. The storm had passed and nothing within her was the worse for it. Even shame and repentance did not overwhelm her, so entirely was she filled with the joyful peace of which the good pastor had spoken in her hearing. Evil acquires the mastery slowly, and with all the subtleties and cunning wiles of a serpent, the conquest of good is quickly gained.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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*“THE PRISONERS OF THE CAUCASUS.”*

---

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF X. DE MAISTRE.

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The mountains of the Caucasus have been for a long time included within the Russian Empire, without actually belonging to it. Their fierce inhabitants, separated by language and by divers interests, form a great number of small tribes, which have few political relations among themselves, but are all animated by the same love of independence and of pillage. One of the most numerous and most formidable of these tribes, is that of the Tchetchen- ges, which inhabits the great and the little Kabarda provinces, whose high valleys extend even to the summits of the Caucasus. The men of these provinces are handsome, courageous and intelligent, but thievish and cruel, and in a state of continual warfare with the troops of the line. It is in the midst of these dangerous hordes, and in the very centre of this immense chain of mountains that Russia has established a way of communication with her Asiatic possessions. Forts, erected here and there along the road, serve as a protection as far as Georgia; but no travelers would venture alone across the country which lie between them.

Twice a week, a convoy of infantry, furnished with cannon and

accompanied by a considerable party of Cossacks, escorts travelers and bears the government dispatches. One of these fortifications, situated at the foot of the mountains, has become a small borough, rather thickly populated. Its situation has given it the name of Waldi-Caucase: here resides the commander of the troops who perform the dangerous service of which we have just spoken.

Major Kascambo, of the regiment Wologda, a Russian nobleman of a family originally from Greece, was to take command of the post of Lars, in the gorges of the Caucasus. Impatient to repair to his post, and brave even to rashness, he had the imprudence to undertake this journey with an escort of about fifty of the Cossacks under his command, and the still greater imprudence to speak and boast of his project before its execution. The Tchetchenges who are near the frontiers and are called the peaceful Tchetchenges, are submissive to Russia, and consequently have free access to Mosdok; but the greater part preserve relations with the mountaineers, and very often join in their robberies. The latter, informed of the journey of Kascambo and of the very day of his departure, gathered in great numbers on his route and constructed an ambuscade.

At twenty verstes\* from Mosdok, at the turn of a little hill, covered with bushes, Kascambo was attacked by seven hundred horsemen. Retreat was impossible; the Cossacks dismounted and sustained the attack with much firmness, hoping to be re-inforced by the troops from a fort not far distant.

The inhabitants of the Caucasus, although individually very brave, do not understand the attack "*en masse*," and consequently can ill oppose a trained company, but they have good arms, and aim correctly. Their great number, on this occasion rendered the combat too unequal. After a considerable discharge of musketry, more than half the Cossacks were killed or placed *hors de combat*; the rest had made, with the dead horses, a circular rampart, behind which they fired their last cartridges. The Tchetchenges, who always have with them in their expeditions some Russian

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\*A verste=3,501 feet.

deserters, whom they use when necessary as interpreters, cried to the Cossacks: "Deliver the Major to us, or you shall be killed to a man." Kascambo seeing the certain loss of his troopers, resolved to give himself up so as to save the lives of those who remained. He gave his sword to his Cossacks, and advanced alone toward the Tchetchenges, whose fire immediately ceased, their only object being to take him prisoner in order to obtain a ransom. Scarcely was he delivered to the enemy, when he saw approaching in the distance, the re-inforcements sent to his relief. It was too late; the brigands hurried him away. His denchik\* had remained behind with the mule which bore the equipage of the Major. Concealed in a ravine, he awaited the issue of the combat, when the Cossacks found him and related the misfortunes of his master. The brave fellow instantly resolved to share his fate; leading his mule, he proceeded in the direction in which the Tchetchenges had retreated, being guided by the tracks of the horses.

When he was beginning to lose his way in the darkness, he met a straggler of the enemy, who conducted him to the rendezvous of the Tchetchenges. One can imagine the emotion which the prisoner felt on seeing his denchik coming voluntarily to share his unhappy fate.

The Tchetchenges instantly distributed as booty the baggage which he brought. They only left to the Major a guitar, which they found among his equipments, and gave him in derision. Ivan (this was the name of the denchik) took possession of it, and refused to give it up, as his master advised. "Why should we be discouraged," he said to him, "the God of the Russians is great; it is to the interest of the brigands to preserve you; they will not harm you." After a halt of some hours, the horde was going to resume its march, when one of its men who had just arrived, announced that the Russians were continuing to advance, and that probably the troops from the other fortifications would unite in order to pursue them.

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\*Soldier servant.

The chiefs took counsel. It was necessary to conceal their retreat, not only for the purpose of holding their prisoner, but also in order to turn aside the enemy from their villages, and thus avoid their vengeance. The horde dispersed by divers roads. Ten men on foot were appointed to conduct the prisoner, while one hundred horsemen remained together and marched in a different direction from that which Kascambo was to follow. They took from the latter his iron-bound boots, which would have left an unmistakable imprint on the ground, and they obliged him, as well as Ivan, to walk bare-footed during a part of the morning. Having arrived near a stream, the little party, went up along the banks on the grass, for the distance of half a mile, and descended in the part where the banks were steepest, in the midst of thorny bushes, carefully avoiding leaving any trace of their passage. The Major was so fatigued that, in order to bring him to the stream, it was necessary to support him with ropes. His feet were bleeding; they decided to give him his boots, that he might finish the journey. When they arrived at the first village, Kascambo, more worn with anxiety than with fatigue, appeared to his guards so feeble and so exhausted that they feared for his life, and treated him more humanely.

They allowed him to rest, and gave him a horse for the journey; but in order to mislead the Russians in the search they might make, and to render the prisoner unable to give his friends information of the place of his retreat, they conveyed him from village to village, and from one valley to another, frequently taking the precaution to bandage his eyes. In this condition he crossed a very large river, which he supposed to be Sonja. They cared for him well during these trips, by giving him sufficient food and the necessary rest. But when he had reached the distant village in which he was to be finally imprisoned, the Tchetchenges suddenly changed their conduct towards him, and made him endure all kinds of ill treatment. They placed irons on his hands and feet, and a chain around his neck, to the end of which was attached an oaken block.

The denchik was treated less severely ; his irons were lighter, and permitted him to render some services to his master. With each new insult which he received, a man who spoke Russian came to see him and advised him to write to his friends in order to obtain his ransom, which they fixed at ten thousand rubles. The unhappy prisoner was unable to pay so large a sum, and had no other hope than the protection of the government, which had ransomed some years previous a Colonel, fallen like himself, into the hands of the brigands. The interpreter promised to furnish him with paper, and to insure the delivery of his letter, but after having obtained his consent he did not re-appear for several days. and that time was employed in forcing upon the Major an increase of hardships. They deprived him of food ; took away the mat on which he slept, and a Cossack saddle-cushion which served for a pillow. Finally, when the interpreter returned, he announced to him in a confidential manner, that if his friends refused the sum demanded, or if they delayed payment, the Tchet-chenges were determined to kill him, in order to spare the expense and uneasiness which he had caused them. The aim of their cruel conduct was to compel him to write in the most pressing manner. They finally gave him paper and a pointed reed, according to Tartaric custom. They removed the irons which bound his hands and neck, that he might write freely ; and when the letter was written and translated to the chiefs, they undertook to send it to the commander of the line. After that Kascambo was treated less severely, and was loaded with but one chain, which bound his foot and right hand.

His host, or rather his jailer, was an old man of sixty years, of gigantic stature and ferocious aspect, which his character did not contradict. Two of his sons had been killed in an encounter with the Russians, a circumstance which led to his being chosen among all the inhabitants of the village, as the prisoner's keeper. The family of this man, called Ibrahim, was composed of the widow of one of his sons, aged thirty-five years, and a young child of seven or eight years, called Mamet. The woman was as ill-natured and more capricious than the old keeper. Kascambo's

sufferings were great, but the caresses and child-like confidence of the young Mamet, were a distraction and even a real comfort in his misfortunes. This child felt such a great affection for him, that the threats and the harsh treatment of his grandfather could not prevent him from coming to play with the prisoner whenever he found the opportunity. He had given the latter the name of Koniak, which in the language of that country signifies a guest and a friend. He shared with him, in secret, the fruits which he procured, and during the forced abstinence which they had compelled the Major to endure, Mamet, touched with compassion, skilfully took advantage of the momentary absence of his parents to carry him some bread and potatoes, baked in the ashes. Some months had passed since the sending of the letter, without any remarkable event.

During this interval Ivan had gained the good will of the woman and of the old man, or at least had succeeded in rendering himself necessary to them. He understood all the arts pertaining to the table of an officer. He mixed the kislitchi\* marvelously well, dressed the salted cucumbers, and had accustomed his hosts to the little delicacies which he introduced into their household.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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## *PETER THE GREAT.*

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CONTINUED.

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Ridicule was his favorite weapon in bringing any custom of which he disapproved into public disrepute; and many a one did he laugh out of existence with grim, lumbering, elephantine humour. The priests looked with sour visages on all his reforms, and indeed the sympathy of the people was rather with them than with him. The following was the device he adopted to re-

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\*A kind of beer.

instate himself in public favour and turn the laugh against the clergy, who had been advancing what are now called Ultramontane claims. His object in this story was to poke fun at the office of Patriarch, which the priests and people desired, against Peter's wish, to have revived. He resolved to create his clown, who was in his eighty-fourth year, a kind of mock patriarch. It was determined to marry this motley, and a strapping widow of thirty was chosen as his bride. Four poor stutterers, who took a quarter of an hour to get their tongues round each word, were victimised by being sent round to invite the guests, a deep draught of brandy having previously been administered to promote their fluency of utterance. Four fellows with tremendous physical exaggerations, fat, inflated, and clumsy, were appointed to run as heralds and footmen; their movements, also, being made erratic by drink. A few helpless paralytics and lamesters were deputed to play the part of bridesmen and waiters. The open carriage in which the young couple made their glorious procession to church, amid drums beating, banners flying, discordant instruments playing, was dragged by four roaring and frightened bears, amid the uncontrollable laughter of the populace. To crown all, the marriage between this Patriarch of the Church and this poor victimised widow was celebrated by a toothless and wrinkled centenarian priest, deaf and blind, for whom the aid of a prompter had to be provided. On such a grand scale of hospitality was this state marriage conducted that there was hardly a sober person to be found in the whole city of Moscow; and the Czar brought it to a climax by giving an entertainment at the senate house, where each guest was forced, probably under the threat of Siberia, to quaff the contents of the 'double-eagle.' Again and again was this heavy horse-play repeated, till the office of patriarch became associated with ridicule in the minds of the populace forever. And what kind of society must that have been where such a scene as the following could be looked on as proper? Previous to the Czar's ordinance by which mixed assemblages became compulsory, the ladies and gentlemen met in separate rooms. At one of the grand dinners

given by the Czar, a huge pie was placed in the centre of the gentleman's table, out of which, when the startled carver broke crust, a beautiful dwarf lady, *in puris naturalibus*, all except a head-dress, stepped, proposed in a set speech and drank in a glass of wine the health of the company, and then retired into her snug retreat and was carried from the table. A man dwarf was substituted at the ladies' table. Did not Peter say he could reform his people, but not himself? A dinner-party of the Czar's must indeed have been a sight not conceivable out of Bedlam, and could only have been planned in the maddest brain on earth, if a MS. among the Sloane papers in the British Museum is believable. Such practical jokes! such wild, grotesque gambolling! the frolics of leviathan! the laughter of a Titan, as frightful in his fun as in his fury! There was accommodation at the Czar's table for about a hundred; but the grim humourist always issued invitations to twice or thrice that number, and left his guests to elbow, jostle, and fight for chairs and places, and retain them against all comers and claimants if they could. Not unfrequently a free fight was extemporised, and noses tapped, and even the sacred persons of ambassadors have been profanely touched and trifled with. The Czar sat at the head of the table, a broad grin on his face, rolling the spectacle like a sweet morsel under his tongue. The guests are so closely packed that feeding room is not to be thought of, and ribs are often blackened and almost driven by inactive and vigorous elbows, provoking fierce recriminations and quarrels. The kitchen is so near to the dining-hall that there floats through the latter a fragrance of onions, garlic, and train oil, mellowed and tempered by the more delicious aroma of the roast. The more knowing and initiated guests wave away soups and such-like edibles, and manifest a special appetite for tongues, hams, and viands that cannot be tampered with, or made the vehicles of practical joking, for as often as not it happens that a bunch of dead mice will be drawn out of the soup or discovered snugly embedded in a dish of green peas; and sometimes, when his guests have well partaken of certain pastries, the Czar will courteously inquire if the cat, wolf, raven, or

other unclean animal proved a savoury or delicious morsel, with what result let the imaginative guess. The approach to a regular Donnybrook was hastened on by liberal supplies of brandies, strong ales, and wines so adroitly served out as to expedite the grand climateric of drunkenness. But one plate was allowed to each guest; and if, reserving his appetite for some sweeter dish, he left off when but one-half of his serving of soup, or raven, or roast was consumed, it was a serious perplexity how he was to get rid of the rejected victuals and get his plate cleansed for a new supply. There was nothing for it but to empty the contents on his neighbor's plate; and then followed a game of battledore and shuttlecock, ending in blows, till the more peacefully disposed of the two bowlers threw the bone of contention under the table, wiping his plate with his finger, and giving it a final polish with the tablecloth. A loving and brotherly frame of temper having thus been diffused throughout the festive throng, the Czar decrees that no one is to leave the filthy, crowded and heated room till midnight, the dinner having begun at noon; but before the parting hour arrives, the guests, between the loss of blood and loss of wit, are incapacitated for leaving, and make their beds promiscuously where they fall. Was ever such a lawless, chaotic orgy seen in a royal palace on earth since Belshazzar's feast, or will it ever be seen again? 'Nature brings not back the mastodon,' nor Peter the Great.

M. de Staehlin, giving an account of his ordinary manner of life, especially in his latter years, says that his table was frugal, that he preferred plain fare; hot-potch, roast pork or beef, and cheese, washed down by a little beer or the red wines of France and Hungary. He could not eat fish; and in his early youth he lived chiefly on fruits, pasteries and farinaceous diets. He usually dined at one in the afternoon, after which he retired to his bed-room for a couple of hours' sleep; and at four he revised the work of the forenoon. Summer and winter alike, he rose at four in the morning, and after a light and hasty breakfast devoted his attention to affairs of State. He acquired a taste for strong liquors in his youth; and his taste, it was alledged, was rather

fostered than curbed by his sister Sophia, who was regent during his minority, and who had designs on the throne herself. His carousals, of which he often boasted, were frequent and deep; but M. de Staehlin represents him in his latter years as having over-mastered the vicious craving. Hot pepper and brandy was his favorite tippie for a while. He was in England for four months finishing his shipbuilding education, and he and his shop-mates often retired to a public house near Tower Hill to recruit their exhausted energies with beer and brandy. In compliment to Peter, Boniface christened his house 'The Czar of Muscovy.' Here is the bill of fare of another of Peter's dinners, eaten this time in England; it is recorded in a letter from Mr. Humphrey Wanley to Dr. Charlett, and is preserved among the papers of Ballard's collection in the Bodleian Library:—'I cannot,' says Mr. Wanley, 'vouch for the following bill of fare which the Czar and his company of twenty-one ate at Godliming, in Surrey, but it is attested by an eye-witness who saw them eating, and who had it from the landlord. Breakfast: half a sheep, a quarter of lamb, ten pullets, twelve chickens, three quarts of brandy, six quarts of wine, and seven dozens of eggs, with salad in proportion.' A goodly breakfast, surely! but listen to the dinner: 'Five ribs of beef, 42 lbs. in all, one sheep, 56 lbs., three quarters of lamb, a shoulder and loin of boiled veal, eight pullets, eight rabbits, two and a half dozen of sack, a dozen of claret.' The Czar's visit must have seriously disturbed the meat markets of England if this is the record, not of a feast, but of an every-day meal.

In personal appearance Peter was tall and robust, quick and nimble of foot, and dexterous and rapid in all his movements. His face was plump and round. His eyes were large and bright, with brown eyebrows. His hair was short and curling and of a brownish colour. His look was fierce and restless, his gait quick and swinging. That superfine and satirical young lady, Wilhelmina, Margravine of Baireuth, describes him as tall and well-made. 'His countenance,' she says, 'is beautiful, but has something in it so rude and savage as to fill you with fear.' When she saw him during his visit to Frederick William's Court in 1717, he was dressed like a sailor, in a frock without lace or ornament. A fine, noble,

heroic face the portraits represent him as having; only his gross eating and deep drinking, and low morals, had impaired its majesty, and given it rather a sensual and fallen expression. From his youth he had been subject to a spasmodic affection of the nerves which always attacked him in his hour of rage. It is said to have resulted from a fright he received in early boyhood; some rebel soldiers forced their way into the convent where he was brought up, and flashed their naked swords round his head. The spasms showed themselves by a contortion of the muscles of the neck and of his face. Dining at Berlin, Wilhelmina tells how such an attack took place. 'At table the Czar was placed beside the Queen,' Wilhelmina's mother. 'There took him a kind convulsion, something like Tic, or St. Vitus, which he seemed quite unable to control. He got into contortions and gesticulated wildly, and brandished about his knife within a yard of the Queen's face, who, in great alarm, made several times as if to rise. The Czar begged her to retain her composure as he would not hurt her, and took her by the hand and grasped it so violently that she shrieked out in pain. The Czar laughed heartily, and added that she had not bones of so hard a texture as his Catharine.' 'After supper a grand ball was opened, which the Czar evaded, and, leaving the others to dance, walked alone homewards to *Mon Bijou*,' a palace which Frederick William had placed at his disposal, and in which the Czar and his suite made fearful havoc, almost breaking the thrifty King's heart. The sight of a beetle, it is alleged, had the effect of throwing him into such a fit, and the sight of a beautiful young woman had the effect of taking him out of one. M. de Staehlin says that when the Czar was so attacked the Empress was instantly sent for, and failing her, the first young lady that came in the way was conducted to the Czar's apartment; and, as if she had been sent for, was introduced with the formal announcement, 'Peter Alexievitz, this is the person you desired to speak with.' The soft voice and agreeable conversation and sweet presence of the charmer had such an effect on the Czar, that instantly the convulsion ceased and he was himself again, his visage calm and his humour sweet. Would

that this had been the only spell or exorcism that such a presence could wield over him, but it seemed to awake more devils than it expelled. Peter's flesh was rebellious—by no means obedient to the higher sovereignties of his nature. The Czar and Czarina during their visit to Berlin were attended by a suite of ladies—ladies on the one hand, and washerwomen, cooks, housemaids, on the other, as circumstances required—almost every one of whom carried in her arms a richly robed child. On its paternity being inquired after, the chameleon mother replied, 'Le Czar m'a fait l'honneur de me faire cet enfant.' The following story shows both the weak and the good side of Peter's character. He fell in love with a beautiful young lady of the bourgeoisie class residing at Moscow, and commanded her father to send her to his court. In horror and despair, the girl, without letting her parents know her intentions, left her home at the dead of night and sought shelter in the house of her old nurse. The Czar stormed and raved, and threatened her parents with Siberia unless they at once produced her. Their grief for their lost child at last persuaded even the Czar that they were innocent of the crime of thwarting his will. A 'hue and cry' was raised, and so large were the rewards offered for her recovery, that the whole country joined in an ineffectual search. The husband of her protector had built a hut of logs, thatched with brackens, on an oasis in the centre of a marsh surrounded by thick woods. Here she lived alone for a year, seeing no one except the woodman and his wife, who carried food to her in the dead of night. Here one day she was discovered by a huntsman, a colonel in the army, who had wandered far in pursuit of game. He entered into conversation with her, and her cultured voice and refined manner betrayed that she was not the peasant maiden her dress represented her to be. He taxed her with being Peter's lost heroine. In great fear she confessed; and, on her knees, with a broken voice, pleaded that he would not betray her hiding-place. He assured her that all danger was passed, that Peter had forgotten her, and that she might return to her home. What experienced novel-reader cannot guess the rest of the story? The colonel

took the news home to her sorrowing parents; but he did more, for he told the story to the Empress Catharine, and that kindly lady at once agreed to inform the Czar of the poor girl's sufferings, and ask His Majesty to forgive her. Peter had the rare virtue of being able to forgive those he had wronged. He at once settled a pension of 3,000 roubles a year on the girl, gave her the colonel for a husband, provided such a marriage feast as only a Czar can, gave away the bride, and congratulated the colonel on having secured the most virtuous woman in Russia as his wife. Captain Bruce, who was military tutor to the Czar's eldest son, testifies that this story, romantic though it seems, is true, and that he had it from the heroine's own lips.

The history of the Czarina Catharine is equally romantic. She was a mild, loving, kindly woman; and her influence over her irascible and savage husband was always on the side of mercy, and never used to inflame his fiery temper. Many a head did she save from the gallows, and many a back from the knout. The Margravine of Baireuth describes her as 'short and lusty, and remarkably coarse, without grace or animation. At first sight, any one would have judged her to be a third-rate German actress. Her clothes looked as though made for a big doll, they were so old-fashioned and decked with tinsel. Along the facing of her gown were orders and little things of metal; a dozen orders, and as many portraits of saints, of relics, and the like; so that when she walked it was with a jingling, as if you heard a mule with bells to its harness,' a description which must be liberally discounted to get at the truth. The Margravine saw oddities wherever she looked, and was smart first and truthful afterwards. In her early life the Czarina's name was Martha. Her mother was a Livonian serf. She was left an orphan at the age of three. A Lutheran clergyman named Gluck saw her at the house of the priest of her native parish, who seemed to have constituted himself the guardian of the poor, friendless orphan, and took her into his house in the capacity of nurse or 'slavery.' In exchange for her services she received her food, a fair education, and her clothing. As she grew up to girlhood she had her

fair share of admirers, of whom she specially favoured a Livonian sergeant of the Swedish army. The day after their marriage the town of Marienburg was stormed by the Russians, and Martha's sergeant slain. As the captives filed past the Russian General Bauer, Martha's grief, tears, beauty and youth provoked his sympathy. Learning her story, he took her into his own household as housekeeper and mistress. Here Prince Menzikoff one day saw her, and in his turn was fascinated by the romance of her story and the beauty of her person. He begged her as a present from the General. Martha was called in to decide whether she would go with the Prince or stay, the advantages of both alternatives being fairly set before her. She made a deep courtesy to the two gentlemen and retired, not having spoken a word. There can be little doubt in what capacity she lived with the Prince, at whose house the Czar one day saw her, and in his turn succumbed to her persuasive influence. In the year 1704 she, being then seventeen years of age, became the Czar's mistress, and afterwards his empress, first by a private and then by a public marriage, and finally, at his decease, autocrat of All the Russians. The Czar got deeply attached to her, and was never happy when 'my Catharine' was absent. She was cheerful and lively, of a sweet, pliable disposition; never peevish or perverse; and moved around her bear of a husband, anticipating his every want. She bore the burden of the honour to which she had not been born with meekness and lowliness, and never forgot her humble birth and upbringing.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

# ST. MARY'S MUSE,

PUBLISHED MONTHLY,

BY THE

## DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC.

EDITED BY EUTERPE AND THE PIERIAN CLUB, UNDER THE  
PATRONAGE OF THE LADY PRINCIPAL.

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SUBSCRIPTION.—One copy, per year, 50 cents. Single numbers 10 cents.

✉ Correspondence solicited.

Advertisements inserted at lowest rates.

Copies of the MUSE can be had at the bookstore of A. Williams & Co.

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Subscribers not receiving a copy by the 20th of the month, are requested to notify us at once. The MUSE will be issued monthly during term time, or nine numbers a year, and advertisers will be given the space in ten numbers as a year's contract. All matters on business should be addressed to the MUSE, St. Mary's School, Raleigh, N. C.

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OUR city subscribers will hereafter find the MUSE at the bookstore of A. Williams & Co. Mr. Harrell, the junior partner of that obliging and enterprising firm, is authorized to receive subscriptions for the next year.

DAYS AND HOURS, hearts and minds are all full of preparation for the Commencement exercises. How varied are the interests concentrated upon the momentous week! Hard study for the final examinations; ceaseless practice for musical and literary performances; Calisthenic drills, &c., &c., keep us pretty busy. And yet we strongly suspect that most of us find time to spare a few thoughts on Flora McFlimsey's troublesome question—as well as on its cousin-german "Whom shall we invite to the reception?"

But then over our mind sweeps a shadow of the measles, as it runs through school at such a pace as makes us think maybe

nothing will come of our efforts after all. For "A," and "B" and "C" seem such important characters that if they should be sick just then, we surely could do nothing without them.

Then, dreadful thought to each of us! "Suppose 'I' should 'catch it' just at the end, and lying on my sick bed should hear the omnibus roll up, and sounding its merry horn, carry off troops of happy girls and leave me behind to pine for health and home." But "away with melancholy!"—Buoyant Hope asserts herself and wins us to her bright and comforting side.

Meanwhile mathematical problems haunt our sleeping hours. Visions of compositions and concerts; chronology and chemistry; costumes and calisthenics; poetry and prosaic "themes;" dance through our brains in inextricable confusion. Then comes sweet Hope, again and again, and pointing to the end whispers, "beautiful order will soon be evolved from all this chaos; remember your own legend, '*Finis Coronat Opus.*'"

THE Arkites will be interested to know that their antediluvian abode has succumbed to the waves of "modern improvement." Its inmates, emigrating westward (guided perhaps by the "star of empire"), have found rest in what they are pleased to call the "Aviary" of the West Rock-House. The Department of Music has taken possession of the deserted building and converted it into a "CONSERVATORIUM" of Fine Arts. No longer shall sweet sounds of melody meet our ears at every door and landing place, for the pianos are all to be moved to the multitudinous rooms prepared over there for their reception. Query: Is the Director ready for our congratulations upon the perpetual serenade of mingled sounds which is to fall upon his devoted ears from this time forth? Two new pianos have taken the places of old ones, and we doubt whether any school can boast of a "Department of Music" as complete as that of St. Mary's under its energetic and accomplished Director.

WE GIVE a copy of the Programme of Commencement Week. As may be seen, the exercises will begin with the services of Sunday, June 6th. Bishop Atkinson's continued ill-health throws many of his appointed visitations upon his Assistant; so that we

fear lest Bishop Lyman, after all, may not be able to preach the sermon before the school. But if so, he will appoint a substitute who doubtless will be most acceptable to us all. The rest of the programme, we hope, will be strictly carried out, and hereby an invitation is extended to all former pupils, to friends of the school, and to strangers who may be in the city, to allow us the pleasure of seeing them during the week.

PROGRAMME:

*Sunday, June 6.*

**SERMON BEFORE THE SCHOOL AT 5:30 P. M.,**

BY THE RT. REV. THEO. B. LYMAN, D. D.

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*Monday, June 7.*

\*EXAMINATIONS FROM 9 TILL 2.

PREPARATORY CLASS ENTERTAINMENT, 8 P. M.

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*Tuesday, June 8.*

\*EXAMINATIONS FROM 9 TILL 2.

FRENCH AND GERMAN RECITATIONS, 8 P. M.

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*Wednesday, June 9.*

\*EXAMINATIONS FROM 9 TILL 2.

MUSICAL AND LITERARY RECITAL, 8 P. M.

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*Thursday, June 10.*

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES AT 10 A. M.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE ALUMNÆ AT 3 P. M.

GRADUATES' RECEPTION AT 8:30 P. M.

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\*Examinations not public.

ASSENSIION-DAY is never a holiday at St. Mary's. Rather is it kept as one of the five great Festivals of the Church, and has a peculiar interest, as being the one Holy-day, when we all, day-scholars and boarders, unite in the Eucharistic Feast as one flock of the Good Shepherd of us all. The services are necessarily long, and when they are concluded school work is suspended for the rest of the day.

ON SATURDAY the vigil of Whitsunday, the Assistant Bishop of the Diocese made his annual visitation to St. Mary's. Evening Prayer was read by the Rector, the Revs. J. E. C. Smedes and E. R. Rich being also present. At the appointed time eight young girls presented themselves as candidates for the sacred rite of Confirmation. When the solemn "sealing" was over the Bishop addressed them in words of earnest feeling and affectionate exhortations that their lives might be answerable to their profession and not conformed to this world, as is so sadly the case with many who call themselves Christians. May his earnest words abide in their hearts always, and in time of temptation recur to them with all the solemnity of that hallow'd hour

"When beckon'd up the awful choir  
 By pastoral hands towards Christ they drew;  
 When trembling at the sacred rail,  
 They hid their eyes and held their breath,  
 Felt Him how strong, their hearts how frail,  
 And longed to own Him to the death.  
 Forever on their souls be traced  
 That blessing dear, that dove-like hand,  
 A sheltering rock in Memory's waste,  
 O'ershadowing all the weary land."

ARRANGEMENTS have been made for enlarging and improving the MUSE next year. New subscriptions begin with the June number. Terms \$1 a year.

THE last Monthly Recital of the session, which was prepared for Saturday, 22d inst., is necessarily omitted, on account of the indisposition of several young ladies to whom prominent parts had been assigned.

NEW "Catalogues" are in the printer's hands, and will be ready for circulation by the 24th inst.

WE HAVE heard of a certain clergyman of "moderate" views, who being invited to dine with the "Fathers" of a ritualistic "brotherhood," was treated, according to his own account, to "cod-fish for dinner and Jeremy Taylor for dessert." Wholesome and most excellent every-day fare, but rather lugubrious for the gastronomic taste of our Rev. friend at holiday seasons. So do we find "Butler and Paley" most edifying companions ordinarily, and mean them no disrespect when we acknowledge to a thrill of gratification at the prospect of a respite from them for a few days. Our Rev. Rector gives us this indulgence because the Diocesan Convention meets at Winston next week, and his presence there is so important as to compel him to lay aside minor duties during its session. We wish him a pleasant visit to the headquarters of our good "Church Messenger," and assure him we will make the best use of the leisure hours his absence gives us.

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### PRIZE QUESTIONS.

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Our "Prize Questions" were completed in the last issue, and the prizes for the largest number of correct answers were announced. For the benefit of any who may not have seen the April number, and also may wish to compete for either of the three prizes, we quote:

"The prize offered for the largest number of correct answers in the Senior Series is TEN DOLLARS WORTH OF MUSIC, to be selected from any catalogue. That for the largest number in the Junior Series is a volume of Poems by some distinguished English or American author."

All competitors for the prizes to be awarded at the Commencement (10th of June), must send in their answers on or before the first day of June.

So much interest has been manifested in these questions, that we have determined to give an additional prize to any girl who will send the largest number of correct answers to the entire series

of 100 questions. This will be *Free Tuition at St. Mary's School for One Term*, in the English Course, in Music, or in Art—at her option. It is understood that the answers must amount to not less than three-fourths of the whole number of questions proposed in the series chosen, and also that the competitors must have obtained the answers by their own study, and without assistance from others. They are open to school-girls or students of any age.

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### ALUMNÆ MEETING.

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On Friday afternoon, May 14th, in pursuance of a call through the morning newspapers, about fifty ladies, former pupils of St. Mary's, assembled in the Sunday School room of Christ Church. A spirited and stirring address was made by Bishop Lyman (a synopsis of which we hope to give our readers), explaining to the ladies the reason why they had been called together, and in his own hearty way, saying such good words of St. Mary's as went straight to the hearts of all present.

The following "paper" was then read, and by vote of the meeting, ordered to be "published in the MUSE," and a copy sent to every old scholar whose name and address could be discovered:

*"To the former Pupils of St. Mary's School:*

"The "Association of the Alumnæ of St. Mary's" was organized on Thursday, June 19, 1879. Mrs. Wm. Boylan, by virtue of her seniority among those present, was elected President, Mrs. C. D. Myers, of Wilmington, Vice-President, Miss Kate McKimmon, Secretary and Treasurer, and Mrs. R. S. Tucker, Mrs. Wm. R. Cox and Mrs. George Snow were appointed a committee to draw up a constitution.

"It is desired to add to the names then enrolled, as many others as can be obtained, of former pupils, whether residents in Raleigh or elsewhere, and to secure as large an attendance as possible, at the first annual meeting of the association, which will take place on Thursday, June 10th, immediately after the clos-

ing services of the academic year, in the Chapel of the School. At that time a constitution and by-laws will be presented for consideration and adoption, when the association will be prepared to enter upon its work.

“Our object is not only to maintain a friendly interest in each other’s welfare, and to preserve a cordial affection and good-will for our *Alma Mater*, but to give *tangible expression* to those sentiments.

“It has been proposed that the fee for membership (\$1 per year from each) shall be appropriated to founding one or more scholarships for the education of orphan or needy daughters of our old school-mates, or of others whose claim upon us may be judged to be equally strong. Piteous tales of girls growing up without the educational advantages to which by birth they are entitled; enquiries as to the existence of free scholarships (which are so common in other church schools); application for reduced rates, and the like, are constantly coming to us. These appeals have suggested the desire to provide a fund which may be relied upon for aid to meet them, and we must begin the good work without delay.

“By the kindness of Rev. Mr. Smedes we are authorized to say that \$250.00 a year will provide a full scholarship—board and tuition. Among the thousands of Christian women all over our land who look back with loving gratitude to what St. Mary’s has done for them, surely a sufficient number may be found to contribute so small an amount yearly from the abundance, or even from the poverty, which God has given them.

“In former days these scholarships were uncalled for. The large-hearted benevolence of our revered founder was to some extent supplemented by the fortune which many years of labor had amassed; and it is well known that his private means were unsparingly used in the free education, and often in the support of his scholars.

“The present Rector inherits the spirit of benevolence, but alas! the means are no longer at hand to enable him to continue his unbounded liberality.

"Then what more appropriate tribute to that father can be imagined, than that we his "daughters," rising up to call him blessed, should carry on in some measure the good work which so beautifully illustrated his life, and for which he is doubtless now reaping a glorious reward?

"Let us, therefore, one and all—old and young—unite in this work and have the happiness of seeing it year by year bringing forth fruit an hundred fold in furnishing some child of our adoption with all that can make her a holy and useful member of society and of our own sisterhood.

"From every town and every house where dwells an old St. Maryite we hope for a response. We ask the co-operation of *all* in gathering up the names and present addresses of former pupils, and beg that they may be forwarded as early as possible to Miss Kate McKimmon, St. Mary's School, Raleigh, N. C."

The meeting was very successful in arousing the interest of the ladies present. Many names were added to the nucleus begun last year, and on motion, it was resolved to call another meeting on Friday, 21st inst., that such as had not been aware of this, may have the opportunity of signifying their wish to join the association before the formal annual meeting on June 10th.

# ST. MARY'S SCHOOL,

RALEIGH, N. C.,

(FOUNDED 1842.)

**THE REV. BENNETT SMEDES, A. M.,**

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The Principal is determined that the advantages offered by St. Mary's in EVERY DEPARTMENT shall be UNSURPASSED.

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For circular containing terms and full particulars, address the Rector.

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